



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, MAY 19th, 1937



WITH OUR JUNIORS

By Michael Vrhovnik, Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges

Celebrate in June

"Oh! What is so rare as a day in June!
Then, if ever, comes perfect day;
When heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it, softly, her warm ear lay."

The month of JUNE, to most boys and girls of school age, means the beginning of VACATION DAYS, the beginning of rounds and rounds of play lasting through nearly three whole months; but this year, JUNE takes on another significance among our Juvenile members... For the first time in the history of our Society, a special period of the year has been set aside to be devoted primarily to the promotion and increase of activity, interest and membership of our JUVENILE DEPARTMENT. That special period is the month of JUNE.

The members of the Supreme Board, realizing the importance of our Juvenile Department to the future progress and growth of our Society, and knowing full-well that our Juveniles are to be the leaders of tomorrow, that the very LIFE, HOPE and PROSPERITY of our Society will hinge on the amount of responsibility they will be ready and willing to assume when the time comes for them to step up, unanimously approved and adopted a resolution designating the month of JUNE of each year as SSPZ JUVENILE MONTH and, thereby, making every day in JUNE an SSPZ JUVENILE DAY.

The month of JUNE should be fittingly celebrated by each and every Vrtec unit in the Society. Administrators/trices are urged to collaborate with their Vrtec officers and other adult members in planning a special program of entertainment for their members, parents and friends. It may be an indoor affair calling for a party with a short program of recitations, songs, etc., or an outdoor event such as a picnic or outing with appropriate games and recreation. None need be to elaborate or expensive. Refreshments, of course, should be one of the high

Vrtec No. 72, Sygan, Penna., Enrolls 8 New Members to Take Lead From Pioneers and Trail Blazer, Jrs.

JUNIOR WHEEL OF PROGRESS

(Standing as of May 1, 1937)
GROUP "A"

Vrtec No.	Location	New Members
72	Sygan, Pa.	8
1	Forest City, Pa.	6
139	Chicago, Ill.	6
5	Cleveland, Ohio	5
169	Bridgeville, Pa.	5
11	Cleveland, Ohio	2
3	Slovan, Pa.	1
Total		33

GROUP "B"

140	Pierce, W. Va.	5
126	Power Point, Ohio	3
121	Russellton, Pa.	1
Total		9

GROUP "C"

131	Coverdale, Pa.	4
31	Chicago, Ill.	3
62	Krayn, Pa.	2
Total		9

GROUP "D"

138	Harmarville, Pa.	2
163	Louisville, Colo.	1
Total		3

spots of every celebration and back of every celebration, too, should be the idea of gaining new members and keeping the WHEEL OF PROGRESS ROLLING ON and ON and ON...

"Get a new member" shall be the CAMPAIGN SLOGAN of the month for not one day in JUNE shall be complete without gaining at least one new member... Boost the JUNIOR WHEEL OF PROGRESS membership campaign by inviting your friends to attend your JUNE celebration. Show them a good time and then ask them to join your Vrtec.

Frank Mivec and William Pevc Top Literary Groups in April

Well, boys and girls, here's the news you've been waiting for since the third Wednesday in April... With the publication of this issue of the Vrtec Section comes the names of the JUNIOR LITERARY CONTEST winners for last month and we're not one bit surprised,

The second month of our JUNIOR WHEEL OF PROGRESS CAMPAIGN finds a new leader in the pilot's seat setting the pace for NATIONAL HONORS. Vrtec No. 72, led by sister Julia Kramzar, mother of the secretary of this Vrtec, gained eight (8) new members and, in doing so, displaced the leaders of a month ago. At that time, if you recall, Vrtec No. 1 of Forest City, Pa., and Vrtec No. 139 of Chicago were tied for first place. Today, these two units are still even in the number of members gained and tied for second best honors. A very fine spurt was made by Vrtec No. 169 of Bridgeville, Pa. Here, sister Christine Kvartich, administratrix, put her shoulder to the WHEEL and enrolled four (4) new members, to bring the two month's total to five (5). With the exception of GROUP "A", no changes took place in the three remaining groups. For further campaign news, turn to the E. S. L. Section of the Naprede.

as we glance over the names of the prize winners, to find that there are a number of repeaters on the HONOR ROLL.

The outstanding literary "gem" of the month came from the pen of FRANK MIVEC, popular president of Vrtec No. 9; Indianapolis, Ind., in form of an original story entitled, "Pompadori! Pompadori!"... His poetic creations, also, showed real talent and a promising future in the literary field. FIRST PRIZE, in Group "A", went to FRANK MIVEC.

ANNE GACNIK, brilliant secretary of the "Outlookers," Vrtec No. 11; Cleveland, Ohio, and WILLIAM PEVC, active president of the Pioneers, Vrtec No. 1; Forest City, Pa., who won first prizes in March came thru again, the former finishing a very close second in Group "A", and the latter once more having things pretty much his own way by copping the first and only place in Group "B". Both were excellent contributions.

The poem, "Study Hall," recalled memories of by-gone days for, when I was a boy, many and many a spitball sailed overhead, and as FRED BASHEL so eloquently puts it, "Whang, Oh! It landed onto the teacher's hair"... Those were happy carefree days when the only regrets came with the sting of a paddle or spending an hour or two, overtime, in school after regular hours. THIRD PRIZE, in Group "A", was won by FRED BASHEL, member of the "Outlookers."

In addition to the regular prizes, the judges awarded two consolation prizes, one going to FRANK M. ZAKRAJSEK of Vrtec No. 9; Indianapolis, Ind., and the other to JULIA M. KRAMZER of Vrtec No. 72; SYGAN, PA.... Cash awards were as follows:

GROUP "A"

(Ages 13 and older)

Place—Name	Prize
1st—Frank Mivec	\$1.50
2nd—Anne Gacnik	1.00
3rd—Fred Bashel	.50

CONSOLATION AWARDS

4th—Frank M. Zakrajsek	.50
5th—Julia M. Kramzer	.50

GROUP "B"

(Ages 12 and under)

1st—William Pevc	1.50
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If you were among those who failed to win a prize last month, don't feel discouraged, but keep right on trying... The JUNIOR LITERARY CONTEST has four more months to go and in that time twenty-four monthly prizes will be awarded; surely, if you try hard enough, you can win at least one of them. TRY AGAIN... and to those of you who have yet to write your first article for the Vrtec Section, do let's hear from you! There is room for your name on the HONOR ROLL, too!

Let's Play

SLAP JACK—The players stand in a circle, clasping hands. One player runs around the outside of the circle and tags another as he runs. The player tagged immediately leaves his place and runs in the opposite direction. The object of

(Continued on page 4)

Lukec in njegov škorec

France Bevk

Škorec je stikal po krovu. Pod je bil čist, deske bele, špranje s črno smolo zamazane. Klepec je zdaj jezno piknil po njem. Tu ni bilo črvov ne polžev. Pod stropom ni viselo vipavsko grozdje kot v domači koči.

Pustil je iskanje in si rajši ogledoval potnike. Radoveden in stikav kot je bil, je našel marsikaj zanimivega. Neki izseljenec je imel spodal razcefrane hlače. Škorec m je odtrgal nekaj niti in prinesel Lukcu plen. Drugemu je zgrabil za vrvco na čevljih in mu jih odvezal. Tretjemu je padla pomaranča iz rok. Klepec je s krikom letel za njo, le nerad jo je vrnil lastniku.

Tako je hodil škorec po krovu, kakor da je v koči na Vipavskem. Temu je raztrgal časnik, drugemu je odnesel kaj svetlega. Izseljenci so ga že prvi dan poznali po imenu.

Za ceno sladkega prigrizka se je pustil pobožati. Prijeti pa ne. Da bi ga privabili, so mu včasih ponujali ništro. Škorec je bil moder. Poškilil je z enim očesom med prste. Če ni zagledal ničesar, kar bi ga mikalo, se je naredil gluhega. Ali pa je udaril sitneža s kljunom:

"Bedak* Bedak!"

Opoldne je zapel zvonec. Izseljenci so se postavili v vrsto in dobili dva krožnika jedi. Sedli so v jedilnici za preproste mize, ali pa so počenili kar po krovu in jedli. Lukec in škorec sta jedla iz enega krožnika. Klepec je bil izbirljen. Ni poskusil vsake jedi. Kadar se mu je stožilo po vipavskem grozdju, je skočil Lukcu na ramo, ga vlekel za uho in vpil.

Po večerji je krov oživel. Ljudje so sedeli in govorili. . . Tudi mati in Lukec sta slonela ob ograji. Slokar je kadil cigareto.

"Jutri se bomo ustavili v Marseju," je dejal. "To je na Francoskem. Čez nekaj dni v Lisabonu na Portugalskem. Nato do Amerike nič več."

"A!" se je čudil Lukec. Njegove misli so bile odsotne. Tudi mati je mislila na dom. Tiha, drobna žalost se je oprijemala njenega srca. Spomnila se je na moža.

"Bog ve, če je oče dobil pismo."

14.

"Zemlja! Zemlja!"

Potniki so postali nemirni. Na severu se je prikazal rjav pas zemlje. Videla so se pobočja, nato drevesa in hiše. Nad parnikom so letali galebi. Iz meglene daljave je raslo mesto. Marsej. Parnik je zapiskal in zavil v pristan.

Vseokrog so stale ladje. Na bregu je bilo živo vrvenje. Mornarji, težaki in potepuhi. Rjavi ljudje s fesi in belimi turbani. Zamorci s kratkimi, zvitimi lasmi. Tuja, neumljiva govorica.

Nekateri potniki so zapustili parnik. Prihajali so novi izse-

ljenci . . . Lukec je gledal in poslušal. Živega vrvenja na bregu bi se nikoli ne bil naveličal. Pa se je spomnil na nekaj, kar ga je že dolgo mikalo.

V nekatere dele parnika je bilo potnikom prepovedano vstopiti. Kaj je tam? Lukec je bil še bolj radoveden ko škorec. Čakal je prilike, da bo lahko pogledal skozi ta ali ona vrata.

V tistem trenutku so bili vsi mornarji zaposleni. Častniki so stali ob vhodu. Izseljenci so gledali na breg. Še škorec je bil vtaknil glavo skozi ograjo, lovil glasove, ki so prihajali s pomolaj.

Lukec se je tiho, po prstih nameril v notranjost ladje. Tedaj se je škorec ozrl: "Luka!" Rad ga je imel, a v tistem hipu bi ga bil udaril. "Molči!" mu je zamahnil z roko. Klepec je mislil, da ga Lukec kliče. Že je bil pri njem.

Vzel ga je na ramo. Grozil mu je s prstom, naj molči. Škorec je molčal. Pogledal mu je v uho, nato ga je pocuknil za lase. Lukec se ni upal zavpiti.

Zašel je v temen hodnik. Po dveh stopnicah je stopil v ozek, prazen prostor. V steni je bilo dvoje okroglih oken. Eno je bilo odprto. Na tleh je ležal svitek vrvi. Konec je visel skozi odprtino.

Kam se vidi skozi okno? Lukec je vrgel škorca na tla. Vtaknil je glavo skozi okence. Videl je zaliv, ladje in čolne. Vrv je visela od okna do vode. Vrv se je oklepval v sivo oblečeni gospod in plezal navzgor.

Lukec je od začudenja olešenel. Kaj to pomeni? Sivec pod njim je bil ves zaripel v obraz. Plezal je počasi, a vztrajno. Ped za pedjo. Bil je že blizu okna.

Škorec ni bilo po volji, da ga je Lukec postavil na tla. Stopical mu je nekaj časa okrog nog, nato mu je skočil na hrbet. "Luka! Luka!" Splezal mu je do vratu, iskal primerne špranje, da bi tudi on pogledal skozi okence.

Nenadoma je škorec odskočil in zavpil: "Potep! Potep!" V tistem trenutku je zgrabila Lukca trda roka za obleko na hrbtu. Nekdo ga je potegnil iz okna s tako silo, da mu je posnelo kožo desnega ušesa . . . Pred njim je stal dolgin v beli obleki. Gledal ga je kot bi ga hotel požreti. Polglasno, sikajoč so mu letale jezne, nerazumljive besede iz ust.

Lukec ni vedel, kaj se z njim godi. Bilo mu je jasno, da mora bežati. Škorec se je postavil za svojega gospodarja. "Bedak!" Razprostrl je peroti in dolgina junaško piknil v čevlji. Lukec ga je popadel in jo hotel odkuriti. Začutil je brco, da se je opotekel po tleh.

"Aj!" je zaječal. Pobral se je in tekkel po stopnicah.

(Dalje prihodnjič)

SIROTEK KUŽEK

Našli so ga spečega na vse zgodaj pred vrati neke bogate hiše. Okrog vratu je imel navezan listek, na katerem je bilo napisano:

"Lepo prosim, kdo bi se usmilil tega malega kužka in bi skrbel zanj. Moja mati mi ne dovoli, da bi ga imel pri sebi."

Malo besedi, a te pričajo o doživeti tragediji v duši malega otroka.

Ko so prvi žarki vzhajajočega solnca padli na mesto Knoxville, Tenn., je neki do smrti žalosten otrok končal to pisanje na strganem koščku papirja. Bledi objokani obraod neprespane noči se je sklazek, zmršena in trudna glava njala čez napisano noto in debele solze so kapale na okorne velike črke. Ko je svojo željo izročil papirju, je vtaknil svinčnik v usta in se zamislil: Kako bi mogel ljudem povedati, kako je to, kako se imata deček in kužek rada. Vsako noč ko je šel spat, je pritekel k njegovi postelji kužek, se vse del pred posteljo, mahal z repkom in cvilil, dokler ga ni vzel k sebi. Kako bi mogel ljudem povedati, kako srčen je bil ko je ovil svoje roke okrog kužka in sta tako spala do jutra skupaj. Kako toplo mu je bilo vedno pri srcu če se mu je posrečilo dati kužku svoj košček mesa, ne da bi ga bila videla mati. Kako lepo, kako dobro ga je vedno gledal njegov kužek. To so stvari, si je mislil ta otrok ki jih odrasli ljudje ne morejo razumeti.

A morda si deček ni ničesar mislil, morda je samo ubogal kar mu je zapovedala njegova mati. Tudi njegov kužek je samo ubogal.

Ko je bilo v sobi še vse temno, se je potihoma dvignil iz postelje, si oblekel hlače, prijel kužka in odšel bosonog v kuhinjo. Tam je odtrgal košček papirja in napisal svojo prošnjo. V predalu je našel košček vrvce, preluknjajal s svinčnikom papir in navezal listek kužku na vrat. Kužek misleč, da si je deček izmislil zanj novo igro, si je na vse načine prizadeval dobiti listek v svoj gobček. Deček je stisnil kužka pod suknjo, tiho zaprl vrata in se zgubil v cesto.

Dolgo je blodil po ulicah in iskal hiše, ki bi se mu zdela dovolj varno zavetje za njegovega kužka. Tudi daleč je moral odnesti kužka, da ne bi našel poti nazaj. Ceste so bile še prazne, vse je še počivalo. Prekoračil jetrgovski del mesta in se približal stanovanjskemu. Krenil je v ulico najbogatejših domov. Same velike krasne hiše z obširnimi vrtovi. Tu mu je ugajalo. Zaželel si je, da bi se med temi ljudmi našel človek, ki bi vzljubil njegovega malega kužka.

Dečku je postajalo čedalje težje. Tihe solze so se spremenile v pridušeno ihtenje. Kužek ga je gledal s svojimi žalostnimi očmi in mu lizal solze.

Pri številu 1320 Fremont Pl., se je deček ustavil. Pred njim je stal mogočen dom. Velikanski vrt se je raztezal okrog hiše, dosti rož in dreves jo je obkrožalo. Ugajalo mu je. Tu bi se njegov kužek gotovo počutil dobro, koliko prostora za igranje bi imel. Na verandi pred glavnim vhodom je ležala mehka preproga. Deček je poslednjikrat stisnil k sebi svojega kužka in ga položil nanjo. Ko je kužek zaspal, se je deček tiho odstranil. Ihteč se je vračal skozi lepo bogato mesto na svoj uborni dom.

Mati je bila rekla, da ne mara imeti v hiši psa in on jo je ubogal.

Kratko nato je služkinja gospe Barkley na številu 1320 odprla vrata in skoro stopila na spečo živalico. Ko se je sklonila, je opazila košček papirja, ki je bil obešen na kužkovem vrafu. Prečitala ga je, nežno dvignila kužka in odhitela v sobo gospe Barkley.

Gospa Barkley je bila vsa ganjena. Odvezala je vrvico in odstranila listič. Malo je bilo besed, toda gospa Barkley je veliko razumela. Njeno srce si je zaželelo imeti tudi otroka, hotela mu je povedati, da je njegov kužek našel dober dom. Ko je telefonirala v redakcijo nekega lista, je bil njen glas še ves tresoč od ginjenosti.

"Vidite," je govorila gospa psa in dveh ne moremo imeti. Barkley, "mi imamo že enega Morda bi se našel med vašimi čitatelji dobro srce, ki bi se usmililo tega kužka."

Drugi dan je naslovna stran velikega Knoxvilleškega časopisa prinesla sliko kužka s privezanim lističem okrog vratu:

"Lepo prosim, kdo bi se usmilil tega malega kužka in bi skrbel zanj. Moja mati mi ne dovoli, da bi ga imel še pri sebi."

Poleg kužka z lističem so tisti jutro prinesli časopisi vse polno poročil o volitvah v državi Tennessee, o grozotah španske vojne in o konferencah v Washingtonu, toda mimovo vsega tega so ljudje čitali in govorili samo o siroti kužku in o ubogem dečku, ki mu ni bilo dovoljeno imeti niti kužka.

Telefon v hiši gospe Barkley je začel zvoniti. V prvi jutranji uri jih je poklicalo najmanj 12 ljudi. In ko je število interesentov za kužka naraslo na 200, gospa Barkley ni več beležila koliko ljudi se je zanimalo za kužka.

Neka družina potujoča z avtomobilom v Michigan, se je vstavila pri gospej Barkley in prosila, če bi mogli vzeti kužka s seboj. Po telefonu se je slišal otročji jok in prošnje, da bi dobili kužka. Neka gospa je telefonirala petkrat, da bi ga bila dobila. Može so telefonirali iz uradov ali sami prišli pogledat najdenčka. Zopet druga ženska je ponudila da bo kužek spal v njeni sobi na lepi mehki blazini, samo naj ga do-

(Dalje na 4. str.)

Letters From Our Vrtec Members

A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. — I am writing this to express appreciation for all the aid received from the senior lodge No. 22 in connection with the presentation of the play given in Slovene. We are equally grateful to all those who took part in the play, the name of which was "Kralj Herod." The cast of the play was as follows: Frank Mivec, Gasper; Frank Zakrajsek, First Student; Martin Dragon, Second Student; Valentine Stroy, Jera; Frank Zakrajsek, Branjevec; Louis Znidarsich, Prvi Hlapec; Tony Boyt, Drugi Hlapec.

I also wish to thank the members of the senior lodge who came to see the play and helped us out in various ways: Louis Znidarsich, Frank Golob, Steve Skorjanc, and Mr. and Mrs. Hvalica who helped us behind the scenes, particularly with the make-up, at the box-office and in serving refreshments after the performance.

I advise all the boys who want to go to Cleveland to play indoor ball at SSPZ Olympics to join our Vrtec No. 9 before June first. At our last meeting we discussed the question of the outfit for our team. I want all you boys to come to the next meeting and join our Vrtec. It will be held at the Slovene National Home on June 6, at ten o'clock. All members are urgently requested to be there.

Louis Znidarsich (Age 14), Treasurer, Vrtec No. 9.

(Editor's Note: The publication of this letter was delayed in order to publish it in the regular Vrtec section of Napredek. For this reason the June meeting date was used instead of the one for May.)

VRTEC AND SENIOR LODGE GIVE DANCE

MASSILLON, Ohio. — The SSPZ Benefit Dance, sponsored by the adult lodge No. 158, and Vrtec No. 110 will be held at the Transylvania Gardens on the Back Canton-Massillon road, Saturday, May 22nd. Music will be furnished by the Happy Hatters from Barberton, Ohio. So come one, come all, the admission is only 25c. Dancing from eight till 7.

We invite all the neighboring lodges, far, and near. We'll be looking for you all, so don't disappoint us.

Fraternally yours,

Josephine Selan, Vrtec 110, Secretary.

THE HISTORY OF THE TRAIL BLAZER JRS.

CHICAGO, Ill. — On the 25th of October in 1935, the first meeting of the Trail Blazer Jrs. was called to order. The members of the Supreme Board were introduced and explained the functions of the Vrtec units.

The work was really started in November, 1935 and with the help of our administrator Bro. Stanley Tome and the Supreme Board the officers were elected as follows:

Stephen Lavric, president; Henry Bezlaj, vice-president; Katherine Zadnik, secretary; Emil Brolick, treasurer; William Trsar, sargeant-at-arms.

On May 9, 1936, the Trail Blazer Jrs. put on an Amateur Show and with the Trail Blazer senior lodge's help it was a big success. The proceeds of this show were approximately \$60 and this put us on our feet.

On December 20, 1936 we gave a Christmas Party and Santa Claus paid us a visit.

In January, 1937, a new administrator Bro. Frank Pintar was appointed and the election of officers was again in progress. All of the officers remained in their office with the exception of Bro. Henry Bezlaj who was replaced by his brother Frank Bezlaj.

In the year and one-half that the Trail Blazer Jrs. were organized we have already 30 active members and 15 inactive members.

We have a treasury of about \$100.00 and we are waiting for summer to roll around so we can spend it.

Katherine Zadnik, secretary of Trail Blazer Jrs., Vrtec No. 139.

MAY, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MONTH OF THE YEAR

SYGAN, Pa. — Spring is here, and with it came all the happiness of life. Some of the early flowers and trees are beginning to bloom. Do you ever wake up in the morning, when the sun is shining bright, and hear the birds warbling and twittering in the trees? If you do, do you get the feeling that spring is here at last. Of course, spring began in March, but the beautiful spring days will be in May. May 1st is the most beautiful day of May. May 1st is celebrated in many countries but is mostly an international holiday in Yugoslavia, as my parents have told me.

How Yugoslavia Celebrates May 1st

As we all know Yugoslavia has many holidays but May 1st is the most important of all. On this day, no one goes to work, neither coal miners nor workers in factories. Nearly everyone takes part in something. Even the children, as well as the adults take a great interest in this holiday. About five o'clock in the morning the miners' band begins to play. They parade around the coal miners' homes. The bands play on until 10 or 11 o'clock. In the afternoon they meet at large clubs where they eat and drink and are entertained with music and programs. This is a custom of Slo-

vene people, which goes on year after year.

Do we celebrate the coming of May as Europe? Yes we do, but not as much as in Europe. The customs of this celebration differ greatly. For instance, in our churches and Sunday schools, May Queens are chosen who wear white gowns and carry flowers. After the queen follow children, who are also dressed in white and carry flowers. They all join in to sing.

How will our Juvenile Vrtecs celebrate May? Let's all cooperate, and do our part.

Miss Julia C. Kramzer, Sec'y of Sygan Vrtec No. 72 SSPZ.

WHITE VALLEY VRTEC

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — I would like to impress upon you members of Vrtec 103 a few points concerning our meetings. First of all our attendance is poor; second, the monthly dues have not been paid on time. The 20th of each month is the closing date for the lodge dues, so members please bear in mind the paying date.

We have come to the conclusion that June is the Juvenile month of our lodge Vrtec 103. Since it is the most pleasant month of the season, we juveniles have planned to have a picnic with the aid of the adult members of Lodge No. 142. We have set the date for June 13, 1937 for our picnic to be held at White Valley Slovene Hall. To our surprise and appreciation Michael Vrhovnik, Vrtec Director will be present at our picnic to show exciting pictures. I'm sure the public will appreciate his kindness as much as our Vrtec members.

Neighboring lodges please keep this date open in order that our Vrtec 103 picnic would be a success. You are all assured a wonderful time and an enjoyable evening this 13th day of June. More will be said about the picnic in the next issue.

Here is a poem which I have commenced to write in this issue.

Our Vrtec

We have been organized more than a year,
So look with your eye and listen with your ear.
We have a fine group of members,
These we will always remember.
SSPZ adults have stolen three of our active chaps
Do you know, we felt like giving them a slap.
We had a dance in April and October,
Plenty of fun because we were all sober.
December was a month of worry
Elections of course but we were not sorry.
Our officers in lodge doings were deep,
We wanted the same ones so our Vrtec wouldn't fall asleep.
At our March meeting we were visited by an Easter Bunny,
To active members, it doesn't sound funny.
Spring is here, and summer birds are humming,

Summer Morning

By Anne Gacnik

Early every morning, a certain bird perches in the apple tree just outside my window, and sings as though his throat will burst. His song is beautiful, and entirely different from that of any bird I've heard yet.

I was beginning to get curious; so, one morning I got up, just as he started to sing, and tip-toed softly—so as not to frighten the creature—around the corner of the house. There, perched on one of the lowest branches of the tree was a tiny bird.

Its plumage wasn't brilliantly colored. Instead, it was a dark grey with bits of delicate, shiny blue on the head, along the beak, and on the wings.

I stepped forward a bit in order to get a better view of this tiny, feathery creature bubbling over with happiness.

It stopped! Oh, dear, he saw me. To my dismay and intense disappointment he took to wing.

As he glided swiftly upward into space, he resumed his song where I had interrupted him. Its rich tones grew softer and softer as he flew higher and higher until at last he became just a tiny speck in the sky, and he could be heard no more.

I looked up again and the tiny blue and grey bird had disappeared entirely into the deep, blue, summer-morning sky.

We sure are glad for picnics are coming.

Boys and girls if you want to have a good time,
Join our Vrtec anytime.

Julia Kosmach, Sec'y
Vrtec 103 SSPZ

THE PIONEER VRTEC

VANDLING, Pa. — Vrtec No. 1 held its regular monthly meeting on May 9, which happened to be Mothers' Day.

Mothers' Day is a day set aside for the honoring of our best friend our Mother. The wearing of the red or white carnation is the visible manifestation of the event. It is celebrated by family reunions. Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, Pa., suggested Mothers' Day. Before a public meeting she crystallized the sentiment now back of its observance by saying "In honor of the best Mother that ever lived—your Mother."

We still celebrate Mothers' Day by presenting her with gifts.

The meeting of Vrtec No. 1 was not well attended. This was due to the practice for the celebration in town Sunday May 23. We were going to plan for an outing or an indoor party for the next meeting, but it was impossible for there weren't enough members to discuss anything. So please take more interest in the Vrtec meetings. Did we forget the "Wheel of Progress" campaign? Come to the next meeting and try to get new members so that we will be in

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Letters From Our Vrtec Members

(Continued from Page 3)

the lead for we surely have lost by not getting any this month, but hoping we shall have a great number next month. This month is very busy indeed for every one because school is coming to a close, which means some studying has to be done for the final examinations. When we close our school books then we should all get very busy and interested in our Vrtec and organization SSPZ by putting new spokes in the "Wheel of Progress." For there is no other organization or Vrtec that is so educational. This organization is the only one that offers such awards for securing new members.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the Junior Literary Contest judges for the prizes I have received from them for my monthly articles in the "Napredek." The amount was received with great appreciation.

Wm. Pevc,
Vrtec No. 1

OUTLOOKERS

CLEVELAND, O. — The Outlookers have started their spring training already. They say that they will beat the Spartan Jrs. again this year.

There were twelve anxious boys who like to be good ball players and make the team this year. In which I hope they do. John Azman one of our new members this year, has been out to practice already and hopes to make the team too, as well as the other eleven boys that were out too. There was another fellow out to practice, he is the other new member of our Vrtec, but I can't seem to remember his name. But anyway our assistant manager asked him if he could pitch and the boy answered by saying that he had pitched for his street team once in a while. Before I go on writing I might as well tip the Spartan Juniors off that they better get used to left-handed pitching before they are scheduled to play us this year. This fellow I've been talking about will be one of our hurlers of the team. I think that he will be one of the

first left-handers the Outlookers ever had and will have a good chance of showing us that he's good.

Edward Stefanic is out to be the other star hurler for his team. I hope Stefanic, Zaman, Azman, Slejko, Gacnik and Rudolph ??? are hitting the ball all around. It was too bad that our star second-baseman Elmer Pintar couldn't practice on account of having thirteen stitches in his right arm. We all hope that his arm will heal up readily before our next practice, because we can't afford to lose a swell player like him. Bobby Zaman sure had the toughest time in his life hitting all the balls being pitched by his brother Johnny.

The whole team seems to like our assistant manager Joe Meheli, because they cooperate with him as well as with the boys. So if anybody that wants to come out to see us practice, can come out on any Saturday at 4:00 o'clock at Grovewood Playground.

"The Handsome Grasshopper"

OAKLAND, Cal. — I laughed at these. You may also. Here it goes.

Lawrence: "Your suit begins to look a little rusty."

Karl: "Yes, my tailor guaranteed that it would wear like iron."

*

The story of William Stoker. His sister called him Willie, His mother called him Will, But when he went to college, To Dad 'twas Bil, Bil, Bill!

*

Teacher: "What parties have there been in our history besides the Democrats and Republicans?"

John: "The Boston Tea Party."

*

Mr. Adamson: I think my wife's mind must be breaking up.

Mr. Ottosen: How come?

Mr. Adamson: Because she is always giving me a piece of it.

*

Yours fraterally,

Lillian Nemanich, (Age 12)

WITH OUR JUNIORS

(Continued from page 1)

both runners is to get back first to the vacant place. Whoever succeeds, wins, and remains in that place, the one left out becoming the runner the next time. This game is one of the standard favorites for children. Try it sometime.

SHOPPING—The first player says, "I've been shopping today." Her righthand neighbor asks her, "What did you buy?" and she answers, perhaps, "An egg-beater." "How does it go?" she is asked. "Like this" ... and she imitates the action of the egg-beater. Her neighbor, in turn, tells her right-hand neighbor, and so on around the group, each one imitating the action of the thing she bought. This game can be made more difficult by

limiting articles bought to those beginning with certain letters.

MUSICAL NEIGHBORS — Half of the members present are blindfolded. They are then seated so that each has a vacant chair at his right hand. The remaining half of the players now gather in the middle of the room in perfect silence. At a signal each of the unblindfolded players takes one of the empty seats. When requested to sing, the unblindfolded ones must do so in unison, disguising their voices as they choose. The blindfolded members listen attentively, and each tries to guess who his singing right-hand neighbor is. No blindfolded player is to remove his bandage until he gives correctly the name of his right-hand neighbor.

Sirotek Kužek

(Dalje iz 2. str.)

bi ona. Ljudje so kar tekmovali, kdo bi mogel kužku nuditi boljši dom.

"500 kužkov bi bila lahko preskrbela tisti dan, če bi jih bila imela," je rekla gospa Barkley.

Nekatere družine so v svoji prošnji navedle vse družinske podatke. Natanko je bilo razloženo, zakaj si tega kužka tako žele in kako dober dom bo imel. Nekatere rodbine so celo navedle priporočila. In to vse samo zato, da bi bila gospa Barkley potolažena, da je oddala kužka v varne roke. Neka mlada mati je pisala, naj ji dajo kužka, ima sinčka-dvojčka in bi tako rada vzela tega psička, da bi se z njim igrala.

Neki deček je pisal: "Prosim gospa, jaz sem izgubil mojega kužka. Tako rad sem ga imel. Bil je bel in črne pike. Ime mu je bilo princ. Tako sem jokal ko ga ni bilo več nazaj. Prosim, dajte meni tega kužka. Tudi njega bom klical princ."

Gospa Barkley se je bila že odločila, da bo dala kužka temu dečku, ko je zvedela, da so mu prvega stariši sami odpeljali. Bila je velika družina in malo zaslužka. Težko je bilo vzdrževati se kuška.

"Jaz sem mala deklica, stara osem let," je pisal drugi otrok. "Imam dosti punčk in hišico zanje. Toda kužka bi imela še rajši. Spal bi v hišici za punčke. Prosim, dajte ga meni."

"Kako dobro, da imam telefon tudi pri postelji," je rekla gospa Barkley. Ljudje so še telefonirali pozno v noč in drugo jutro na vse zgodaj. Menda se je bila vse mesto Knoxville zainteresiralo za tega kužka in otroka.

Med tem ko se je odločala njegova usoda pa je mali svetlooki kužek spal v topli košarici na polički pol telefonsko mizico ali pa je igral z domačim psom, ki je gledal še nekoliko postrani tega vsiljivčka.

Končno se je morala gospa Barkley odločiti. Kužka je od-

dala neki gospej, ki jo je dobro poznala. Gospa French je imelo veliko lepo vilo, obrnjeno na reko Tennessee. Poleg hišice je bila velika trata in vse, kar si more pozeleti malo kužkovo srce.

Toda tudi tu ni bil kužek sam. Gospa French je imela še krasnega plemenitega psa z dolgim rodovnikom. Ubogi mali sirotek kužek pa je bil brez imena, brez rodovnika. Toda vsi so bili zelo obzirni. Nihče ni omenil njegovega rodu. Aristokratski pes in mali plebejski kužek sta bila neločljiva prijatelja.

Gospa French je dala kužku ime Trixi. Njenemu psu je bilo ime Trouble. In ko je nekega dne obiskal gospo French poročevalec lista 'American Weekly, da bi kaj podrobneje zvedel o tem kužku, ki je vzdignil toliko prahu po celi deželi in še izven nje, sta se Trixy in Trouble ravno podila po trati. Trixy mu je sedel na repu in Trouble ga je vlekel seboj dosti hitreje, kakor bi ga bile mogle nesti njegove kratke tačke. Na trati pri kužkih se je igral tudi osemnajstmesečni nečak gospe French, Egon Collins. Odkar je bil pri hiši Trixy, je bil tudi otrok vedno pri svoji teti.

Mnogo ljudi je tudi še pozneje telefoniralo gospej French, naj jim odstopi kužka. Ponujali so zanj visoke vsote denarja. Toda gospa French ni hotela o tem ničesar slišati. Vedno je mislila na uboge dečka, ki je moral dati proč svojega ljubega kužka in je tako želel, da bi kdo dobro skrbel zanj. Za nobeno stvar bi ne mogla dati tega kužka proč. Dala bi ga samo, če bi prišla ponj dečkova mati in bi obljubila, da bo kužek imel dober dom.

Toda nihče se ne oglasil. Nihče ni poznal dečka, niti kdaj videl tega malega kužka na cesti. Sprva niso niti vedeli, ali je bil listek napisala deklica ali deček. Neki dober poznavalec pisav je ugotovil, da je pisel deček star šest ali sedem let. Po časopisih so iskali tudi dečka, da bi mu bili dali boljši dom, toda vse je ostalo brez uspeha.



VRTEC LIBRARY

(Books for Boys and Girls)

Programs for Springtime Celebrations	\$.50
The Children's Book (Miscellaneous)	.50
In Honor of Mother (Miscellaneous selections)	.35
Mother's and Children's Day Book	.40
Crowning May Queen	.35
When Polly Was Queen of May (Play or Pageant)	.35
Fancy Drills and Marches	.50
Ideal Drills and Marches	.50
Specialty Entertainment for Little Folks	.40
Ten Clever Plays	.50
Baker's Stunt and Game Book	.60

Tested Camp and Game Book	.60
The Initiation (One-act play)	.25
Jerry (One-act play)	.30
Otok je bolan (One-act Slovene play)	—
Triglavski Zvončki (Two-act Slovene play)	—
Grade School Play Book	.50
Baker's Minstrel Budget	.50
Do and Don'ts of Drama	.75
Little Folks' Pieces and Plays	.40
Photography for Fun	.25
You Can Write	.25
The Wandering Musician (two act Slovene Play)	—
(Mail all orders to Director of Juvenile Department)	