



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, NOVEMBER 16th, 1938

LET US BE THANKFUL

The year rolls 'round its circle,
The seasons come and go,
The harvest days are ended,
And chilly north winds blow.
Orchards have lent their
treasures,
And fields their golden grain,
To open up the doorways,
Thanksgiving comes again.

Anon

* * *

Almost every boy and girl, who has studied American History, associate Thanksgiving with the Pilgrims, who came in this country on the "Mayflower" and settled Plymouth Colony in 1620. But, while it is true that our own Thanksgiving holiday did originate with the Pilgrim Fathers, the real origin of Thanksgiving dates back centuries before our country was discovered. According to Biblical records, it is the revival of the Feast of the Ingathering mentioned in the Exodus, which was celebrated at the end of the year when the people had finished the harvest of fruit and grain.

One notable Thanksgiving celebration was held in Leyden, Holland on October 3, 1575 and was in commemoration of the deliverance of that city from the Spaniards. This celebration no doubt was still remembered by the Pilgrims and probably had some influence in causing them to establish the custom years later in the new land to which they had come.

The true spirit of Thanksgiving, among all peoples is exemplified in giving; sharing what we have with others who have been less fortunate in their struggles for a living... LIVE AND LET LIVE—an old, old saying, but just as true of these times as it was a thousand or five thousand years ago and yet, all around us we see misery, hunger and disease; homes without workers; children ill-fed, ragged and sick in mind and body. If only the rich and powerful would forget themselves for a moment and look around and honestly make an effort to help those who have little or nothing, I'm sure there would be reason for greater joy, happiness and Thanksgiving in every home in this wonderful country of ours where there is an abundance of everything for everyone.

To our boys and girls, members of our Vrtec Units, I say this—No matter how little you have as you travel life's path-

ways, always be ready to GIVE to someone in need, for it is in GIVING that the greatest joys of life are found. May all of you, givers and receivers, have much to be thankful for this coming Thanksgiving Day.

CONTEST CLOSES — XMAS EDITION NEXT

And so, with the printing and delivery of this issue of the Vrtec Section, comes to a close another highly successful Junior Literary Contest; one, I'm sure, everyone, contestants and non-contestants, juvenile and adult members alike, enjoyed from the first line to the last.

Month by month, stories, poems, news articles, biographies, travelogues and other compositions, many of them brilliantly written, have graced its pages and after each monthly contest, cash prizes have been forwarded from the Home Office to their respective winners. But now, other rewards await them for we have reached that stage of the contest when the year's outstanding writers must be selected from approximately fifty contributors who have submitted one or more compositions to the Vrtec Section. As soon as the winners are known, they shall be notified by letter.

The names and pictures of the Literary Champions of 1938 will appear in December's Christmas issue of the Vrtec Section which, as you have been informed a number of times in the past, will contain twice the usual number of pages and shall be printed on much finer quality of paper. The paper will go to press on the 21st of the month and all contributions should be in the hands of the editor a week before that date. Please keep this in mind.

In the meantime, trophies and other awards shall be ordered and engraved. These will be mailed to their winners in plenty of time before Christmas, so that they may be numbered among their gifts.

Although, the Christmas Vrtec Section will not be included in the 1938 Literary Contest, its contributions will be eligible for consideration when selections

are made for the *S. S. P. Z. BOOK OF BEST STORIES, POEMS, ETC.*, at the conclusion of the 1939 contest. CASH PRIZES, also, will be awarded to the month's winners; so, you see, your opportunities for reward are two-fold. Don't delay writing! Select your subject and then proceed with your work until it is done. Mail it to the editor at least *one week before the 21st of December!*

DO NOT ELECT OFFICERS IN DECEMBER

Many of our Vrtec Units are in the habit of electing their officers at the December meeting, the same as do the Lodges. The By-laws, however provide that election of Vrtec Officers shall take place at the annual meeting in January. The reason for this is logical enough, for the Administrator, who shall lead the Vrtec Unit during the 1939 term, is elected at the December Lodge meeting and holding the Vrtec election over to the following month gives him a chance to use his influence in having the most capable youngsters elected to serve as his assistants. So, remember to elect your officers in January instead of December.

The wise warm themselves by the fire, the foolish burn themselves.

—Slovene Proverb

LITERARY HONOR ROLL

Month of October

Valeria Artel
Outlookers
Fred Bashel
Outlookers
Marie Ermence
Balkan Jrs.
Florence Kmet
Hiawathans
Josephine Kovic
Outlookers
Frank Dolinar
Vrtec No. 72
William Peyc
Pioneers
Andy Elersich
Spartan Jrs.
Julia Kramzer
Vrtec No. 72



Spartan Juniors' Drill Team

By Ann Opeka

Through my first contribution to the Vrtec section since its origin, I want to convey a very important notice and announcement of a new activity which is being organized for all the Spartan Jrs., Vrtec No. 5 boys and girls.

You all know what a "drill team" is, don't you? One drill team is composed of 12 or 16 boys and girls who exercise military drills and marches, parade marching, exhibition marches, etc. Marching, you know, is one of the best exercises for you, it promotes perfect posture, timing, rhythm and attention.

Our two rehearsals were well attended, everyone paid strict attention to the orders and commands given, co-operation prevailed at all time, we got along beautifully, and I know that the group will progress and make one of the finest drill teams in existence.

The drill teams are open to every Spartan Jr. boy and girl between the ages of 6 to 17.

So far, the whole group has drilled as one team, but our aim is to segregate the members according to age and height, therefore the teams will vary, there will be teams with members ranging from 6 to 14 years and other teams will range from 14 to 17, which will make the teams more uniform. Those are the approximate ages.

If the boys and girls will co-operate, attend the rehearsals, and bear in mind that this newly organized activity, the drill teams, has been organized for YOU, for your enjoyment, for your benefit. Take advantage of this opportunity!

Your next rehearsal will be Friday, Nov. 25th at 7:00 p. m. sharp in SNH, room No. 1. Please be prompt. If you haven't joined our drill team as yet, be sure to come on Nov. 25. It's never too late to join!

Stanley's First

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — Hello everybody. I guess seeing this letter will be a surprise to most of you. This is my first time that I have written to the "Napredok" and I believe that I'm the first boy from the Kingsters to write. I'm not very good at writing, but all of a sudden I got that feeling to write and now I hope to write often, and also see more letters from the boys. Come on, boys, we are not going to let the girls run ahead of us, are we?

The Kingsters again had a very successful dance on October 16 at which we were surprised to see the boys from Ambridge. What happened to them? Say, Chuck, you disappointed a few girls by leaving all of a sudden. I wish that you all could have seen the Bridgeville and Sygan boys. If they didn't enjoy themselves, I don't know who did. After the dance, they began to play football.

A Challenger from Strabane had once again attended one of our dances. What kept him near the lunch counter? Say, John, was it the "kranjske klobase" or was it a Kingster that interested you. Our brunette asked a lot about a certain John. I wonder who it could be.

Why were the Bridgeville boys making fun of the "klobase"? Helen Sabec and Helen Princic ought to know, they sure do know how to hand them out. Was Josephine looking for Slugs? I couldn't say. Who was Mary keeping company? Could it be a Jake? I wonder? Can you picture Theresa selling beer. Boy! would a camera come in handy then. A motorcycle is seen setting in front of Julia Kosmach's place. Could it be that she's learning to drive one, or does it travel from Sygan. We'd like to see the owner, Jul. Did Helen show Ed Supancic home plate? I don't think so because she had to work. Who is the sophisticated one in our group? Oh! I beg your pardon.

Where were all of you "Evening Stars"? We don't see any of you at our dances.

On November 5, a few of our Kingster girls had taken a drive to Bridgeville to attend their big fruit dance, and as I have been told, they all had a wonderful time. Who is Ed? Helen talks a lot about him. I wonder if it's Ed. Supancic. Where did Mary and Helen get their red kerchiefs? They must be souvenirs from the boys. That's just what you needed Mary, now you may be a cowgirl.

Who is the girl that still listens to Tom Mix? Maybe you can tell us about that, Mary. Does Josephine Barber still listen to Frank Rebarnik's orchestra? I doubt if she could miss it. Who is Martin Serro's steady listener? I'm not giving you away, am I, Helen, or shall I say this is two (2) Helens.

It is time for me to sign off, but before I do I want to say

The First Thanksgiving

Let us turn back many, many years to a scene in England. A great many people were very unhappy because their king would not let them pray to God as they liked.

"Let us go away from this country," the unhappy Englishmen said and went far off into a country called Holland. It was about this time that they called themselves Pilgrims.

In Holland it was quiet and happy for a while until the fathers and mothers noticed that their children were speaking the Dutch language. They knew that it would never do, so after a lot of thinking and talking they planned to sail to a new land which is now America. They hired two vessels, Speedway and the Mayflower. But later on the Speedway was not able to sail that far, so all the Pilgrims had to go on the Mayflower. The Mayflower was very crowded, there were at least one hundred people.

One day the people spied land. When they came to shore they were very disappointed because they thought that they would see grass, flowers and birds, but there were only rocks and sand and hard bare ground.

Some of the fathers were brave. They went to see if they could find any people or houses but they only saw some wild Indians who ran away from them. They found Indian huts and corn buried in holes in the ground. Then later on they found a nice place to live called Plymouth Rock. The Pilgrim fathers started to build some houses and the first house was finished Christmas.

The winter was cold and many people got sick and many suffered. During the winter the Pilgrim fathers could not build any more houses because they could not get enough wood.

Many people were dying. By the time Spring came half of the people had died.

The snow started to melt, the sun started to shine and the leaves on the trees began to grow. The sweet spring had come.

During the winter some friendly Indians had visited them. One of the Indians, Squanto, showed them how to plant corn, peas, wheat and barley.

When the summer came, everyone was happy. Around the homes flowers were growing, and their crops were growing very well.

When autumn came, the fathers gathered their crops. They had enough food to supply them during the winter.

"Let us thank God for all the this. "If you missed the last affair held by the Kingsters, be sure not to miss the next. Members attend our next meeting as important plans will be discussed."

Stanley Previc

STORY OF MONTHS

January brings us snow,
All the children sleighing go.

February's days are 28,
29th is always late.

March brings us winds that blow
All our hats into the snow.

April brings us all the showers
That we need to grow our flowers.

May brings sunshine day by day,
All the children want to play.

June brings vacation for girls and boys,
Put away your books, get your toys!

July brings swimming all day long,
Everybody sings a song.

August brings picnics with ice-cream and cake
It always makes our stomachs ache.

September brings us good old school,
Where we learn the Golden Rule.

October brings us Hallowe'en,
When at night spooks are seen.

November brings Thanksgiving Day,
Let us all be thankful for that day!

December brings us Christmas Day,
When Jesus was born on a bed of hay.

Irene Rovon, Vrtec No. 30, Girard, Ohio

Roznik Juniors

CHICAGO, Ill. — The Hallowe'en Party that was held Oct. 30, 1938, by Roznik Jrs., was a great success. Every one present, young and old had an enjoyable time, I am sure. The members were in costumes, which made the party more interesting. Prizes were given for the best and funniest costumes. Then we had our fortune told by our good member of Roznik 227, Alma Gratchner. I hope some of our fortunes come true.

Then refreshments were served, and what refreshments, I must say. It was almost a feast. Then more games and more prizes, and of course, the party ended with dancing. The music was furnished by Ralph Townsley, which the members certainly enjoyed.

From what I hear all the members present at the party had one swell time and were hoping to have another soon. The winners of the tango were: Anne things he had given us," they said.

Then the Pilgrim mothers said, "Let us have a Thanksgiving Party and invite the friendly Indians and let us all rejoice together."

So they had the first Thanksgiving Party and a grand one it was. The men shot ducks, geese and wild turkey for the party and they also had deer meat which was brought by the Indians. The Pilgrim mothers made the corn and wheat into bread and cakes. They had fish and clams from the sea.

The Indians came with their chief and at the party there were at least one hundred people.

So you see how the first Thanksgiving was celebrated, and ever since that day every Thanksgiving has been kept in our country.

Elsie Ohojak (Age 13)
Vrtec No. 33

Videgar, Jeanette Beresheim, Angeline Mozina, Bernice Zlogar, Arlene Zupancic.

Prizes were awarded to Jack Marinich and Angeline Mozina for the best costumes, and to June Partekel and Thomas Gorup for the funniest costumes.

* * *

Come to our meeting on Nov. 20, 1938, to help us make plans for our Christmas Party, so as to make it as big a success as was our Hallowe'en Party. The party will be held on Dec. 25, 1938, at Berger's Hall, 2653 So. Lawndale Ave.

A short English play will be given and other entertainment also. Gifts will be given to all members, but one thing decided by the Rozniks was that all members must have their assessments paid to date in order to get their gift.

So, all members come to our meeting which will be held at the usual place, 2334 So. Ridgeway Ave., at 2:00 p. m.

Wilma Gratchner, Sec'y

HER FIRST LETTER

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — Hello everybody! This is the first time I have written to the "Napredok," and I'm going to continue writing often. I am 11 yrs. old and a proud SSPZ member. I always read our paper and I think it's swell. I would like to meet all you Vrtec boys and girls from far and near, soon. We will, I hope. Maybe in Indianapolis next year.

Let's see our members at the next meeting Nov. 20, 1938. Come on Hilda, Anna, Helen, let's show our girls what we can do. I'll close now but I'll be back again soon.

Edith Barber,
Vrtec 103.

Editor's Note: This letter was received too late for October issue of Vrtec, so part of it, referring to Hallowe'en had to omitted.



Indianapolis Jugoslavs' News

A play and dance will be given by the Hoosier Pals and Vrtec No. 9 on November 19, 1938. The play will be in Slovene, with a cast of well-known Vrtec members. Brother Vrhovnik will also be here with his pet movie camera to show us the pictures of the Vrtec Festival which was held in Chicago in May and the tournament held in Bridgeville in September. Each and every member is urged to participate in this coming event to make it a great success. We also wish to extend our cordial invitation to the neighboring lodges.

Wonder if we could possibly be surprised by the other English-speaking lodges of SSPZ.

We hope to see each and every one of you November 19, 1938 at the Slovene National Home.

Play starts at 7:30 p. m. sharp, followed by the movies and dance.

We will also have good refreshments.

Secretary

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. — Another interesting meeting of Vrtec No. 9 was held on Sunday, November 5, at the Slovene Home. The meeting was called to order by our new president Dolores Ivancic, who is succeeding Frank Mivec. The secretary then read the minutes of the previous month. The next important issue on the program was facts concerning the play to be held on November 19, 1938 at the Slovene Home. The play is to be given jointly with the SSPZ Lodge of Indianapolis. We are sure the play will be a success because it is being directed by our well known Frank Velikan. The president appointed various members of necessary committees.

Mr. Znidersich took the floor and gave a few comments about the Christmas party. He also stressed the importance of securing new membership for the S. S. P. Z. Federation.

Mrs. Hvalitza, our ever-faithful administratrix, then informed us that she had a few new members.

The meeting was then adjourned. Refreshments were served.

OFF AND ON

"Lil Abner" Zupancic, our hurling hero, is a member of the Washington High football team. (Good going, Gus.)

Rudolph "Chuck" Milharic was seen at the last dance with a very attractive looking young lady. (Stepping high aren't you, Chucky?)

John "Smokeball" Prapotnik will be seen in the next play in a role that will surprise all!!? (Come to see him.)

Frank "Popular" Mivec, now that he has acquired the art of dancing, has joined the Hoosier Pals. (We'll miss you, Frank!)

Anthony "Gene Raymond"

Bajt has been receiving mail from Pennsylvania. (It couldn't be a dish-water blond from Sygan by any chance?)

Charles "Rusty" Komlance will be seen flashing down the "hardwood" for his team. (Not too many points, Rusty.)

Dolores "Dee" Ivancic was the last to leave the party one early morning. (Did you fall asleep?)

Martin "Mutt" Dragon prancing around with his beautiful patent leather shoes. (Don't fight for him at the dance, girls.)

Alma Klemens getting new clothes for the big dance. (Do you expect to meet someone, Almy?)

Lois Znidersich walking home with a mob of girls from school. (He don't walk with the girls, they walk with him.)

Clara Madley's beautiful hair is causing jealousy among the girls. (It sure gets me, Mutt Dragon.)

Adolph "Slugger" Flajs roaming about the campus addressing all the young ladies in his usual manner!! (Just a few hundred of 'em.)

Dorothy "Dotty" Semenick will have a handful of boys at the next dance. (Better get a new pair of shoes "Dot"!)

Frank "Small Fry" Zakrajsek is seen playing golf at the miniature course. (Money maker Zaker.)

Dorothy Lusk doing some fast stepping at the party. (Where did you pick them up, Dot?)

Dorothy Semenick, Clara Madley, Dorothy Turk, Dolores Ivancic and the Mergole girls please take notice: All the young gentlemen will be present at our play! (Make use of the evening.) We shall all meet at the Slovene National Home on November 19, 1938, we hope!

Flash, Slam, Bang and One More

LISTENING IN

"Hey, Prap, come on out, I want to see you about something."

"Boy Zak, don't you think I ever work. I haven't time, come on in and help me read this book."

"Here comes Zaitz down the line, the scummy lookin' dog. I'll call him in to see the pictures, too."

And he hollered at Zaitz who was, as usual, walking lazily down toward Prap's.

"Hey, Zaitz, Mitz want to see you."

"Yea, what does she want this time?"

"Go on you dog, you act like you got 'em all made."

"Go on beat it, Sonny, before I sic' my dog on you. Oh, but your brother wouldn't bite you. Sa-a-ay what have you got there? Well, go on down brother, if it isn't the pictures. Hey man, look at that ferocious baby! Boy

you steal the milk. If you aren't the worst baby I ever saw."

"I wish I was as good looking as you." (He probably believes me, the rat.) "Phew, you stink, brother."

"Zak, who's that gal on the other side of you? Sa-a-ay I wouldn't mind having a date with her myself. Look at that Prap laugh. He thinks I don't recognize him. It takes more than that to fool me. But you really look good in that dress and wig Prap. You look like a second "Mae West."



Scene from "Fest Fant"

"That makeup and dress really changes Sophie. No wonder 'Zaitz' goes for 'Prap' in this play. You can't tell this is screwy play. Mrs. Feinhold, the oldest one in the play looks the youngest."

"Fest Fant" can't help but be a success with all the costumes and that keg of beer we're going to have on the stage, and with Frank Velikan directing. For once we started practice a month ahead of the play. Folks, here it is, what you were waiting for, the play of the year. "Fest Fant," a hilarious portrayal of Slovenian college life. The three students are in need of money and how they get it from one of their aunts and her secretary, furnishes one hour of laughs, thrills and romance. After the play Mr. Vrhovnik will entertain you with his movies. After this there will be a dance. Admission only 25c advance sale, 35c at the door. Tickets on sale now. Get them early, and assure yourself a seat.

When—November 19.

Where—S. N. Home.

Time—Promptly at 7:30 p. m.

Given by the Indianapolis SSPZ lodges.

"The Three Students"

SLOVENE PROVERBS

If Fortune does not wait for you, you cannot overtake her even with the fastest steed.

* *

There is no use building a fence around the garden to keep the gopher out.

SPARTAN JUNIORS

CLEVELAND, O. — "Mark time, left—left—left. Forward march, right face," the commands of the drill team instructor tumble out in hurried succession. Cutting intricate designs, the members of the drill team parade around the room. An hour of this and then the meeting.

A sharp rap, followed by a shuffling of feet and a sudden silence falls over the room as John Obat, our president, again opens another monthly meeting.

The meeting opened with a discussion of the necessary arrangements, and a committee was appointed with Frank Lube, vice-president, presiding. The committee will meet November 25, to discuss games and refreshments.

We decided to hold our meeting December 9. At this meeting we will elect new officers for 1939. The meeting will start at 6:30. Each person will bring a ten-cent gift. These will be placed in a box and numbered. Each person will get numbered ticket. As the number on the package is called, the person with the slip with corresponding number will come up and open it and let everybody see it.

The committee will settle the seemingly unsurmountable obstacle of this organization at present. There is difficulty in getting dance music. Recordings were considered, but no one was in possession of a portable phonograph. Eddie Stokel said he would do all in his power to get his band to supply the much needed music.

We had considered holding the party on a separate day, independent of the meeting. This suggestion was dropped because of the difficulty in getting space on such short notice.

Another problem was brought up. "What about the skating party?" piped up a girl in the front row. We decided to let the skating party go till the next meeting, so, now I say — So long.

Andrew Elersich, Spartan Jr.

RAINBOWS' MEETING

POWER POINT, O. — All of the Rainbow members had better attend the November meeting, November 27. Come on, members, get busy. You know who you are and see that you all come next time. We don't like to get angry. We had our October meeting and not many attended, so, get busy.

Clara Chuck, Sec'y

SLOVENE PROVERBS

Misfortune neither plows nor sows; nevertheless, it thrives well.

* *

Patience breaks in through iron doors.



The Outlookers Corner



"Outlookers' Corner", published as a section of the Napredak'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."

THE OUTLOOKER REPORTERS

(Who see all, know all, tell more. The names used in this article are fictitious. Should they coincide with those of actual members, the coincidence is purely unintentional. [?])

Were Andy Artel and Sylvia Kern trying to save on shoe leather together at the Outlooker's Hallowe'en party by not dancing with others, or was it just a sudden attack of —?

Olga Zaubi's disappointment over the fact that drummer-boy Willie was absent from our party was partially relieved by the attention paid her by a certain feature editor.

Our handsome new killer-diller, Bill Klein has positively fascinated our two fem editors to the extent that he won't let either wear his ring for fear that the other will develop a sad case of jealousy.

Two of our most eligible bachelors, Frankie Gacnik and Rudy Bratina, have decided to become hermits because their young ladies have announced their intentions of being bachelorettes.

Alice Bashel has gained the enviable reputation of being the lodge's hottest jitter-bug.

Stanley Slejko and Josephine Kovic renewed their old friendship at our party, after a period of time during which we were all worried that love's embers were dying down.

Gawsh! Were we disappointed when our handsome brute Johnny Azman didn't appear at our party in his dazzling crimson-trimmed panties. Aw shucks!

Surprise of the month! Our handsome Al Hribar finally blossoming out socially by dancing with gal after gal.

Wonder what opinion our vice-prexy Kovic's pappy had of us when he dropped in on us at a most inopportune moment at the party.

A certain two of our eds. can certainly keep us guessing as to the existing state of affairs between them.

Talk about the efficiency of our Indianapolis brothers, here's a hot one: Frankie Cerne writes Josephine Kovic postcard after postcard, asking her to continue a correspondence, and after she finally sits down and takes time out to jot him a jolly old word or two, the dashing young Jugoslav has sent no answering word of appreciation. (Are you sure you stamped your letter, Jo?)

P. S. He isn't the only Jugoslav cavalier from Indianapolis

A REVERIE

By Valeria Artel

*When weary of body and heavy of heart,
'T was down to the sea that I trod;
As I watched the great waves lash and whip 'round my feet,
I sent up my prayer to God.*

*The spray of the sea-foam I felt not at all,
And I sensed not the biting wind blow;
But I gazed 'cross the great blue expanse to Beyond,
Where often I'd hoped I could go.*

*I felt myself lifted away from the world
That thought me insane to believe;
And I thanked Him for's friendship and my happiness,
Which was greater than Man can conceive.*

*Too soon I returned; I was back on the shore,
Watching the reddening sun.
With her colorful cloak, Twilight stole towards old Sol
To tell him his day's work was done.*

*She drew her gay mantle down over his eyes,
And the light was made dim here on earth;
But I felt not the dimness; I had light from within
As my faith blossomed forth in rebirth.*

*No more weary of body or heavy of heart,
Back to Man's world I trod.
I cared not that Man scorned me and jeered in my face—
All was right with the world and with God.*

GOOD TIME AHEAD

Do you feel Christmas in the air? Well, the Outlookers sure do. They are going to hold a Christmas Social, December 8, on a Thursday evening. Looks like there'll be no snow or anything that brings that good old Christmas spirit.

All sorts of refreshments are to be served. There will also be refreshments (or shall we say "drinks") for the parents. And for those anxious feet, there will be plenty of waltzes, polkas, and jazzin' furnished by the Vrtec 11 orchestra.

The members desiring can exchange gifts. Anything from the dime store from either the dime or nickel side can be bought in order to exchange gifts. Names will be drawn at the meeting.

There will be a meeting before the party at 6:30 p. m. in the lower hall of the S. D. D.

So don't forget to come, both members and parents.

P. S. If you happen to find any stray crumbs around, I was eating some of Val's mom's extra-special home-made pretzels while writing.

Josephine Kovic

THANK YOU

Just a word of appreciation to Josephine Kovic and Olga Zaubi, through whose hard work we all had one grand time at the Hallowe'en Party. Thanks also to everybody else who helped make it a success, including Mr. Zaman, who has always, just as he did this time, been as co-operative as an administrator could possibly be.

We want to thank especially our "unsung heroes" Frankie that has left an Outloker maiden foaming at the mouth.

A DAY IN SCHOOL

By Fred Bashel

6:30 a. m.: R-r-r-r-ing! R-r-r-r-ing! What a ghastly hour to be awakened from one's peaceful slumber. Looking at the clock with one eye closed and the other partially opened, I attempt to close the alarm before it awakens the neighbors. In so doing, my hand falls short, disturbing the table, causing the clock to fall to the floor continuously ringing and causing much disturbance throughout the house. Jumping out of my warm blankets into the cold air, I grope around in the dark trying to locate the timepiece by its sound. Not being thoroughly awakened, I bump my head on the bed posts in stooping over. This brings from my throat some of the most distinguished English words ever spoken. (Hope nobody heard them.) Meanwhile, the clock stops ringing and I notice that my knees are shaking and knocking together from the cold. This causes me to jump back into bed, and pull the covers over my head. Remembering that the clock rings at 6:30, I know that I may stay in bed for a little while at least. Pretty soon, my eyelids grow heavier and heavier, my breathing becomes deeper and deeper, and once again I'm in Slumber Land.

7:10: Suddenly I hear from a distance — "Freddy, Freddy, Freddy—wake up. It's ten after seven."

(Continued on page 3 of regular issue)

Gacnik and Johnny Vadnal who gave up a lot of fun in order to play their accordions for us at the Hallowe'en party, and for our dancing class after the last meeting.

OUR PERSONALITIES

By Valeria Artel

Fred Bashel,
Feature Editor of Outlookers

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and thus it is that the time has come for the rest of us to turn on the young author of the Personalities column and pick him apart. Just as he has drawn out our merits and praised us unto the high heavens, giving others the impression that we are super-intellects of the highest degree, so shall we in turn disclose confidentially his faults and idiosyncrasies.

To begin with, by the coincidence that he was born on Thames Avenue in Cleveland, named after the Thames river which flows through England, the native land of the immortal Shakespeare, we have our first inkling that Baby Bashel was destined to be a great writer. He was born on October 9, and since I have had all kinds of math offered in schools, I was able to avoid Mr. Bashel's troubles and discovered his age to be seventeen.

His chief physical assets are his hypnotic brown eyes. He claims that, when angry, they flash into a pitch-black, but since he has never let himself go, emotionally, in my presence, I can't verify the fact. Brown hair, a contagious smile and a height just barely missing six feet. (O. K. Freddy, I won't tell them by how much it misses six feet) comprise his other distinguishing features.

Two of his various accomplishments are that he plays a mean guitar, and runs the noon movies at Collinwood High, where he is a high-and-mighty senior.

I have gathered from tete-a-tetes in the past that Ambitious wants, way down in his heart, to become either chemist or engineer. He has already invented several useful contraptions — but, I'd better not say more for fear of disclosing some tremendous secret he might have.

It is only the past few months that he has honored us by attending the meetings regularly, but he has proven himself a valuable addition. As feature editor, he has upon his shoulders the duty of turning out either a "personality column" or other feature worthy of the reader's notice. After this attempt at biography, I can appreciate any tearing of hair he may go thru in writing.

As a parting thought, might I add that our "killer diller" was not expressly interviewed for the article, and I am praying madly that I haven't made any misstatements or revealed any phobia he has been trying to hide.

Just so you won't miss his style too much, I shall bid adieu as he does, with an—

Adios.