



France Bevk

Lukec in njegov škorec

Nad lepo Vipavsko dolino je ležala jesenska noč. Nebo je bilo jasno. Sredi neba je plaval mesec. Podoben je bil velikemu zlatemu novcu. Njegov obraz se je zrcali v Vipavi, ki se je tiho vila med zelenimi lokami in polji. Mesečina se je razlivala po zelenem listju dreves, po rjavih rebrih. Blestela je na stenah spečih hiš, pred katerimi so se razpenjale brajde. Igrala se je z listi košatih murv in prilikavih smokev.

Sredi doline je ležala na holmu bela vas. S korci krite hiše so stale tesno druga poleg druge kot kokoši na gredi. Na samoti za vasjo je stala borna kočica. Spodaj je bila kovačija, a nad njo kuhinja in izba.

Skozi okno kočice je pokukal mesec. Ob steni je stala postelja. V nji je ležala mati Marjeta. Bila je zagrnjena do ust, iz sence ji je gledal šilast nos. Na široki klopi ob oknu je ležal njen sin Lukec. Eno roko je držal pod glavo. Usta je imel odprta, kakor da sanja o pečinih golobih, ki mu letijo v grlo.

Novi bratec

*Dideldom, dideldom,
moj očka ima svoj dom,
tam na koncu vasi
hišica stoji,
v nji se bratec
moj novi smeji.*

*Dideldom, dideldom,
ponoči nastal je grom,
štorklja se je oglasila,
bratca malega nam pustila.
Kaj hodila bi drugam?
Položila ga je kar
k naši mam'.*

*Dideldom, dideldom,
vedno ga vesela bom.
Pa kaj hitro rasti, bratec,
da te peljem v naši Vrtec,
Ne jokaj in ne bodi hrom,
dideldom, dideldom!*

*Dideldom, dideldom,
iz srca se smejala bom,
ko poklical bodeš mamo,
po štirih plazil se za mano.
Dideldom, dideldom,
kako te jaz vesela bom!*

*Dideldom, dideldom
in tvoj patron,
katerega sem izbrala,
da Tom te bom klicala.
Ti pa klicaj me kakor hočeš,
samo, da mi ne jočeš.
Dideldom, dideldom,
na zdravje tebi, Tom!*

A. Zaitz

Na Lukca je posijal mesec. Dolgo ga je gledal in se mu smejal. Deček se je zganil v spanju. Rahlo je odprl oči in zrl v svetlo oblo. V sanjah se mu je zdelo, da visi prav nad njegovo glavo rumen in dišeč kolač. Iztegnil je roke, zgrabil kolač in ga nasel k ustom. Ugriznil ga je, sladko se mu je razlilo po grlu. Ta kolač je imel čudovito moč, o kateri se bere v pravljičah. Lukec ga je pojedel, že mu je tičala na glavi čudodelna čepica, ki mu je visela prav do velikih ušes. Kdor ima tako čepico, se mu izpolni vsaka želja.

To je Lukec dobro vedel, saj je že nekatero pravljičico bral. Od veselja mu je poskočilo srce. Včasih si je srčno želel, da bi imel perotnice in mogel letati po zraku. Komaj je imel čepico, že je na tihem izrekel to željo. In glej, v tistem trenutku so mu zrasle perotnice na hrbtu.

"Ha!" Lukec si je želel: "Da bi bil daleč proč!"

In je že odletel na zeleno trato sredi črnega gozda. Okrog in okrog so stala visoka drevesa. Sredi trate je ležalo jezerce. Bilo je tako majhno, da je Lukčeva senca padala na drugi breg. In tako okroglo in jasno ko ribje oko.

Lukcu se je zdelo ko zrcalce. "Kakšen sem v kapi?" se je vprašal. Pristopil je, da bi pogledal, kakšna mu je glava in kapa na nji. Preveč se je nagnil, čudodelna čepica se mu je zmuznila z glave, mu štrbunknila v vodo. Potegnil je veter, kapo odpihal na sredo jezera.

"Jo!" Lukcu ni bilo le žal za kapo. Objel ga je tudi strah, kako si bo neki brez kape želel domov. Kraj je bil tuj, njemu popolnoma neznan; morda se je nahajal v Ameriki, ali v Afriki kje.

Toda Lukec ni bil mila Jera, da bi pretakal solze in pačil usta. Zavihal je hlače do kolen in hajdi po kapo. Toda — glej! Ko se ji je približal, se je kapa v njegovo grozo spremenila v velikega raka. Ta se je zadenski potegnil proti njemu in odprl klešče. Preden je Lukec tignil ubežati, ga je rak popadel za palec na nogi, ga tiščal in vlekel, da je bilo vesele.

"O, joj!" je Lukec zakričal od bolečine in groze — in se prebudil iz spanja.

Pred njim je stala mati. Majhna, blede in suhljata. Ona ga je bila potegnila za palec.

Zdaj ga je gledala z mežikajočimi očmi.

"Zakaj tako kričiš? Šolo boš zamudil."

Lukec je sedel na klopi. Pometel si je oči, se začuden oziral.

V izbo je sijalo sonce. Pod kočjo je rumenelo trtno listje. Med listjem so viseli težki črni grozdi. Deček se je spomnil sanj, zgrabil se je za glavo. Kje je kapa? Ni je bilo. Od razočaranja mu je bilo težko pri srečju.

"Kaj se grabiš za glavo? Ali še vedno sanjaš?" ga je vprašala mati.

"Kapo sem imel," je povedal Lukec. "Perotnice tudi. Frlel sem ko ptica, rak me je uščipnil..."

Mati ga je začudeno gledala.

"To pride od knjig, ki jih bereš. Ali si sinoči dolgo žgal luč?"

Lukec se je ozrl po mizi. Na nji je ležala knjiga. Pravljičice. Prinesel mu jih je bil stric in dejal. "Na, da se boš naučil brati po slovensko, ko samo po laško znaš." Spočetka je šlo to branje težko, a kmalu mu je teklo dovolj gladko. Šolskih knjig ni posebno maral, to je res. Pravljičice pa so ga priklenile k mizi.

Ni bil ugriznil v kolač, ni imel kape ne perotnic. Tudi kraljičine ni videl, rak ga ni uščipnil... Bile so le sanje. Sedel je, zvonil z nogama in gledal v mater.

"Umij se! V skledi je voda," je dejala mati. "Pa ne pozabi na nos in na ušesa!"

Lukec se ni rad umival. "Saj nisem umazan," je rekel. Potegnil je z rokama dvakrat čez lica, enkrat čez ušesa in nos. Na vrat in na čelo je pozabil. Ko se je brisal, je vprašal:

"Kje je škorec?"

"Na vrtu je. Ali misliš, da spi tako dolgo kot ti?"

Lukec si je s prsti počesal lasse. Stopil je na prag in poklical: "Klepec! Klepec!"

Tako je bilo klepetavemu in sitnemu škorceu ime. To ime ni imelo nič opraviti z junakom Petrom Klepcem, ki je na paši ruval drevesca in z njimi tepel sovražnike. Škorca so sprva imenovali "klepetec." Lukec je skrajšal ime v "klepec."

Ptič je stal razkoračen na vrtu. S kljunom je bil pravkar obrnil kamen in stikal za črvi. Na klic je pritekel, vpil veselo: "Luka! Luka!"

Druge besede je ptič rad pozabljal, to ime si je zapomnil. Deček je vzel škorca na ramo. Ta je vtaknil kljun v Lukčevo

uho. Ali mu je nekaj pošepnil? Ali je pogledal, če se je dobro umil? Nato mu je segel s kljunom na glavo, zgrabil šop las in potegnil.

"Aj!" je zavpil Lukec.

Ptič je kričal od radosti. Zamijavkal je kot maček in zalajal ko psiček. V izbi je poskočil na mizo. Pred njim sta se kadili dve skodelici kave. Pogledal je v dišečo tekočino, piknil po kruhu.

"Vse mi boš ponasnažil," ga je zapodila mati.

"Potep! Potep!" se je razhudil Klepec in korakal do Lukca. S pogledom mu je štel žlice, ki jih je nosil v usta.

Mati je spregovorila: "Lukec, po šoli boš stopil na pošto. Tam je pismo zame. Prinesi ga!"

"Kaj mi boste dali, če ga prinesem?" je vprašal Lukec.

"Kaj ti bom dala? Ali ni grdo, da si tak z materjo? Morda je pisal oče. Če pojdeva za očetom v Ameriko, mu vse povem. Vsak dan manj me ubogaš."

(Dalje na 2. str.)

Iz šole grede

*Iz šole grede
sta srečala se,
oba razigrana,
prej nepoznana.*

*"Kam pa ti hodiš
vse te nedelje?
Kam te največkrat
očka popelje?"*

*"V nedeljo ob desetih
naberi bosopetih,
tacihi tebi enakih,
pa čakaj očka in mene,
bomo šli skupaj tja,
kamor firbec te žene.*

*"Pa boš vedel
za moje nedelje,
vedel tudi,
kam me očka moj pelje—
v dvorano sredi mesta,
kjer ni nikoli prazna cesta.*

*Pa vzemi sabo balo,
ker po seji se bo metalo.
Ali boš prišel?
Jaz čakal bom na te.
Ali ni jasno vse?"*

*Sta razšla se vesela,
teško sta čakala,
kdaj bo nedelja.*

*Prihodnjo nedeljo
so skupaj prišli,
pri Vrteu na boljšem
so bili za—tri!*

A. Zaitz

LUKEC IN NJEGOVO ŠKOREC

(Dalje iz 1. str.)

"Vedno piše, da pojdemo v Ameriko, a nikoli ne gremo."

"Če boš tak, res ne pojdeva. Od same žalosti bom prej umrla."

Materine oči so bile žalostne. Škorec je stal pred njo in jo gledal v obraz. Ali je videl solzo v njenem očesu? Mati je molčala. Dvignila se je in odšla v vežo. Škorec je gledal za njo.

Lukec je popil kavo in si z ro-kavom obrisal usta. Ozrl se je pod strop. Na tramu je viselo nekaj grozdov. Šel je po prstih po izbi in pristavil stol. Stopil je nanj. Na tiho je odščipnil grozdčič, poskočil na tla.

Škorec je zagledal grozd v dečkovih rokav, začel je plesati ko norec. "Luka!" je vpil. "Luka! Luka!" Lukec je odtrgal jagodo in mu je vrgel na mizo. Klepec je poskočil, jo ujel s kljunom in že je ni bilo več. Tako je izginila druga jagoda, tretja... Ptič je med veselimi krikom pozobal vse.

"Luka! Potep!" je vpil, ko mu je deček obrnil hrbet. "Potep! Krr! Krr! Mijav!"

Mati je pogledala iz yeže.

"Da ga ne boš zmeraj pital z grozdom. To je za nas."

"Saj ga ne!" se je lagal Lukec.

Poiskal je klobuk in si ga poveznil na glavo. Čez ramo si je obesil torbo. Roke je vtaknil v žep in zažvižgal. Stopil je v vežo.

"Ali si se naučil?" ga je vprašala mati. "Ali si napisal nalogo?"

"Saj se ni bilo nič učiti," je odgovoril Lukec. "Naloga pa ne znam napisati. Mi bodo že pokazali drugi."

"Vedno isto," je vzdihnila mati. "Nato bom pa jaz klicana v šolo in te bom morala izgovarjati, ki laškega ne znam... Ali boš prinesel pismo?"

"Bom."

"Bom, bom," je ponovil škorec.

Lukec je postal pred kočo in se ozrl proti vasi. Spustil se je v beg, da je letelo kamenje za njim. Iz grmovja ob poti so se splašile ptice.

2.

V vasi so že prihajali šolarji iz hiš. Nekaterim dečkom se nikamor ni mudilo. Mikala jih je igra in razposajenost. Stali so na koncu vasi in gledali proti kovačiji na samoti. "Kod se mudi Lukec?" Ta je bil najdrznejši, najiznajdljivejši v igri.

Na klacu so zabobneli koraki. Prikazal se je Lukec, z dolgim vratom in široko glavo, do katere so mu štrlela ušesa. Pegasta lica so mu bila rdeča, oči kot dva oglja. Izpod prevelikega klobuka so mu gledali rjavi lasje, padali na čelo. Kratke hlače mu niso segale do gležnjev.

Ustavil se je pred tovariši in težko dihal. Prijel je z rokama hlače in jih potegnil do pasu.

Peter, ki je imel vdrte oči in

tenek nos, ga je podražil: "Danes pa ne pojdem v šolo. Šel bom po tvojega škorca."

Lukec je pogledal križem. Vsak dan so ga dražili s škorcem. Peter res ni imel torbe, dal jo je bil Tonetu. Lukec je imel bistre oči, opazil je zvijačo. Obraz se mu je razjasnil. Hotel je skočiti k Petru in ga kaznovati, ker ga je dražil. Peter je videl njegovo namero. Popadel je Tonetu torbo iz rok, zbežal proti šoli.

Ne, Lukec ni tekkel za njim. Ni se mu zdelo vredno. Le osle mu je pokazal. Nato se je obrnil do tovarišev:

"Kdo mi bo za konja?"

Nihče se ni oglasil. Lukca so predobro poznali. Tekel je ko žrebe, njegov bič je neusmiljeno udrihal.

"Pa bodi ti enkrat za konja."

Privolil je. Omotvozili so ga z vrvcem preko prsi. Tohe je zgrabil za prosta konca, udaril s šibo: "Hi, hi!" Šlo je po vasi ko blisk. "Hi, hi!" Lukec se je bil že naveličal, ko je zagledal učiteljico pred seboj. Prihajala je s kupom zvezkov po vasi. Lukec se ni ustavil. Bil je "konj." Letel je naravnost proti učiteljici. Ta je postala, odprla usta, da bi jih pokarala. V tistem hipu je bil "konj" že čisto blizu nje. Odskočila je, a tedaj je planil tudi "konj" na levo in zadel vanjo. Zvezki so padli v blato in se sesuli.

"Konj" se je spremenil v Lukca. Prepaden je stal ob strani in se grenko smehljal. Ostali šolarji so začeli pobirati zvezke in jih brisati ob hlače.

"V šolo!" je ukazala učiteljica.

V razredu je bilo vse tiho. Lukec je sedel poparjen v svoji klopi. Tovariši so ga drezali: "Danes jih boš pa dobil." A on: "Eee! Bojim se!" Bilo mu je vendar tesno pri srcu.

Učiteljica je vstopila. Pred začetkom pouka je poklicala: "Luka Brajnik!"

Lukec se je dvignil. Gledal jo je predrzno, naravnost v oči. Kaj bo?

"Zakaj se tako vedeš? Med vsemi si ti najporednejši."

Besede so bile izgovorjene v italijanščini. Lukec jih ni razumel, le slutil je, kaj pomenijo. Skomiznil je z ramen. Spomnil se je, da ga čaka kaznen. Zakrknilo mu je srce.

"Ne razumem."

Učiteljica je pogledala na odraslo učenko v zadnji klopi.

"Marija, vprašaj ga, čemu se je zalotel vame na vasi?"

Marička je živela več let pri teti v mestu, hodila v mestne šole. Med vsemi učenci je znala največ laščine. Tolmačila je učiteljici.

"Bil sem konj," je odgovoril Lukec drzno, ko je izvedel, kaj mu hočejo. "Kamor me je ta gnal," je pokazal na Toneta, "tja sem letel."

Tone se je otrese vsake krivde. Nastal je prepir. Učiteljica je udarila s palico po mizi.

"Tiho! Luka Brajnik, po pou-

SPARTAN JUNIORS

Preparations for United Lodges of Cleveland, SSPZ 10th anniversary are well under way. All lodges and Vrtecs of Cleveland are working together to make this affair a huge success. Neighboring and local lodges are asked to keep October 18th open and attend this 10th anniversary celebration of United Lodges.

All members should cooperate and attend rehearsals and meetings. Spartan Jrs., especially note, and attend regular rehearsals held every Wednesday evening 7 p. m. sharp on the stage of Slovene National Home.

Spartan Jr. members attend rehearsals and your meetings and make this affair one of the most successful in United Lodges history.

Soon, very soon, our series of ball games with Vrtec No. 11 for Cleveland championship will begin. All ball players attend practice this coming Saturday afternoon 1:30 p. m. at Gordon Park, diamond No. 4.

Emblems for members will be given out.

Our quota of emblems will be distributed amongst ball players. All other members wishing to have one of these emblems may have one for the small sum of 10c or a larger one for 20c.

Now everyone to work, attend rehearsals and meetings for the progress and success of our SSPZ.

"Uncle" Charlie

TRGOVEC

Misli si, mamica, da bi moral ostati doma in jaz da bi moral na pot v tujo deželo.

Misli si, da bi bil moj čoln pripravljen v pristanišču, do vrha natovorjen.

Zdaj pa dobro premisli, mamica, preden porečeš, kaj ti naj prinesem, ko se povrnem s potovanja.

Mamica, hočeš kupe in kupe zlata? Tam ob obrežjih zlatih rek so polja, polna zlate žetve.

In v senci gozdne steze kapljajo zlati čampovi cveti na tla. Nabrati jih hočem vse zlate v mnogo sto košev.

Mamica, ali bi hotela biserov, velikih kakor deževne kaplje jeseni?

Popeljem se k obrežju bisernega otoka.

Tam trepetajo biseri v ranem jutranjem svitu na tratnih cveticah, biseri kapljajo v travo in bisere prše na pezek v penah divji morski valovi.

Moj brat dobi kar krilatih konj, da bo letal z oblaki.

Očetu prinesem čarobno pero, ki bo brez njegove vednosti sa-

ku ostaneš eno uro v šoli."

Teh besed Lukcu ni bilo treba tolmačiti. Mrzlo ga je obšlo po životu. Ostati v šoli — najhujša kaznen. Spomnil se je na mater, šlo mu je na jok.

(Dalje prihodnjič)

Vrtec Members Will Sing

NOKOMIS, Ill. — How do you do everybody! It's a long time since you've heard from us isn't it? We're all O. K. and progressing as much as ever.

It's been so hot here in Nokomis and we didn't feel like writing much. I hope the winter weather will give us more energy.

We've been having our meetings right along. And our programs were swell. Thanks to the committee and donators.

Sorry sister Ann Strazar has left. (Hope you have a good time in Detroit, Ann.)

I suppose you've all read about the supreme board donating us some money for singing. We are starting now. Gee, wait till you hear us sing! I bet somebody asks us to sing over the radio. I'm sure we'll sing quite well because everybody is anxious to start.

Well "School Days" (Happy Days) are here again. Good luck to all Vrtec members in their grades.

Remember our meetings are held on the first Sunday of every month and we always expect a 100% attendance.

Florence

Potato Dolls Popular

Potatoes, the well-known spuds that used to be so cheap and plentiful that growers regularly used them for fertilizer, have become so dear and costly that many people have had to give up this wholesome food. Other folks have tried to reverse their lifelong friends by making up the few they have left into dolls for their young ones to play with. Incidentally, potatoes can be made into very attractive-looking dolls. When properly executed and dressed in the latest style they will be cherished by any young miss. Make one for your little girl. Here is how to do it:

Choose a long oval-shaped spud for the body of the doll and a small round one for the head. Fasten them together with a matchstick, pointed at both ends. Matchsticks, straws or twigs can be used for the arms and legs. The side of the small potato used for the head that is going to be the face can be peeled off to make it white. Then small beads can be used for the eyes. Or the nose, mouth and eyes can be sketched in with black ink. Suitable clothes for the doll, including a hat, can be fashioned from colored crepe paper or from scraps of cloth from the sewing basket.

mo pisalo.

Zate, mamica, pa moram imeti skrinjico in dragotino, ki jih je plačalo sedem kraljev s svojimi kraljestvi.

Rabindranath Tagore—

Al. Gradnik



WITH OUR JUNIORS

By Michael Vrhovnik, Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges

Stars At The National Meet

Who were the Vrtec Stars of our 4th National Athletic Meet? . . . Well, frankly speaking, stars of every size (big, little and mediocre) were seen. Some, like the stars in heaven, were too far off to be recognized and so I was unable to judge their radiancy and, consequently, their names will not appear among those listed in the following lines. Included among the brighter and bigger stars at the Meet, we found ANGELINE PEVC, secretary of the Pioneers of Forest City. Angy was not a contestant in any of the events, altho, she brought with her something for the "Hobby Show," which, unfortunately, due to the small number of entries, had to be cut out. She did, however, attend the games and cheered whenever a good play was made.

Accompanied by her mother and a contingent of happy Utopian contestants and rooters. Angy arrived at the National Meet Headquarters early Saturday morning of the opening day. It was my pleasure to welcome her at the breakfast table where I took the liberty of ask-

ing several questions pertaining to the long trip from Forest City, a distance of some 900 miles, or more, from Chicago. She admitted having had a pleasant and an interesting journey which was interrupted only once, that being a stop-over in Cleveland on Thursday night. The ride to her destination was not resumed again until the following evening in company with the Utopians mentioned above.

During her brief stay in Chicago, Angy and her mother found time to make a hurried tour of the "Loop" (The business center of the city) and the beautiful park scenery along Lake Michigan. With them, both as hosts and guides, went brother Anton Zaitz, assistant supreme secretary, his wife and son, Clarence. This, I'm sure, will be a treasured memory for years to come to our genial little friend from Eastern Pennsylvania. Perhaps, we can persuade Angy to write a few lines of her impressions while taking in the beauty spots of Windy City. Won't you do that for us, Angy?

More Vrtec Notables

A panoramic view of the scenes round about us disclosed another star that shone with more than average luster, that being JOHN PRAPROTNIK, secretary of Vrtec No. 9 of Indianapolis, Ind. And still another close by was FRANK MIVC, president of the same unit. Both lads enjoyed their visit over the week-end and took in as many of the events on the program as time permitted. It was my good luck to have Johnny and Frankie with me at the ballgames on Sunday where they took turns about carrying the camera case, films and tripod. Thanks once more for your help, boys, and may we meet again in the near future.

Shining brightly, but less prominently, we spotted KATHERINE ZADNIK and STE-

PHEN LAURICH, secretary and president, respectively, of the Trail Blazers Jrs. They, too, showed great interest in the big national affair. From the West Side came WILMA GRATCHNER, secretary of Vrtec No. 160 and her younger sister, Mary Lou. I may be mistaken, but it seems that I was introduced to ROSE GRADISHER, president of this unit. It was certainly grand meeting them all and a proud moment for me. By their appearance and speech, one had little reason to question their ability and fitness for the responsible positions to which they had been elected. Yes, the future outlook of the S. S. P. Z. is brighter than ever. Her youthful leaders have made that a certainty.

Administrators On The Scene

This may not be exactly the right place for this bit of news, but right or wrong, here it is... In the huge throng of S. S. P. Z. members and friends, who gathered at Palmer Park, at Stancik's Hall and the Riverdale Picnic Gardens, we spied four Vrtec Administrators. They were "Uncle" Charley Koman, director of the Spartan Jrs., brother Steve Skorjanc (accompanied by his wife and son, Louis) of Indianapolis, and

brothers Victor Zupancic of Chicago's near West Side and Stanley L. Tome, of the South Side. The first and last named represented their lodges in the softball tournament. And, incidentally, while we are on the subject of administrators, brother Zupancic is the oldest one and one of the most active administrators in the organization. His ideas for building-up the Vrtec strength and interest surprised me. Not only were

they constructively progressive, but also, modern in every respect. I'm anxiously looking forward to a swell surprise he is planning for his young charges. Wait till you read about it and won't the members of his Vrtec and their parents be pleased when they find out what it is! I'm sure, I would, if I were one of them.

Vrtec Ball Game Cancelled

Of course, it was one of those things no one could help, but it would have been nice to have two Vrtec teams from different parts of the country meet and battle it out for the softball supremacy of the S. S. P. Z. Lack of funds, a problem that every Vrtec and senior lodge has had to buck against, was the reason

why Vrtec No. 9 of Indianapolis failed to send their team to the Meet. Since we could not have them with us this year, we'll all patiently wait till 1937 before we cross our fingers and wish them luck. What say you to that, Johnny and Frankie . . . Are you on?

Stars In The Distance

And now, before moving on to the active Vrtec contestants, we're going to set down the names of as many of our Chicago Vrtec members who were seen at the Meet, in addition to those already mentioned, as can be recalled off-hand . . . There were the Tome twins, Conrad and Clark, handsome little fellows and well behaved), Jimmy Tisol (talkative and inquisitive), Bobby Stoffle (quiet until his tummy decided he wanted a bottle of pop), Ronald and Dolores Kuhel (a brother and sister team hard to beat), Margaret, William Jr. and Emil Rus (children of our Supreme sec-

retary), Leona Marie Stoffle (cute as a babydoll), Caroline Musich (always with her mother), Andrew Zadnik Jr. (one glimpse was all I got of him), Frank Bezljaj (assistant cameraman . . . Thanks Frankie), Billy and Frances Trsar, seen at most of the games), Lillian Bezljaj (grand little lady), Joseph, Emil, Frances, Lillian and Annie Torkar (one for all and all for one), Emil Brolich, (very much interested in the Trail Blazers Sr. team) and Fred, Philip and Edward Centa (the three musketeers of the Trail-Blazers Jrs.). There are the S. S. P. Z. Stars of the future, the "Cream of the Milky Way."

Our Vrtec Contestants

Although competition among our Vrtec members at the 4th Annual SSPZ National Athletic Meet, did not measure up to our earlier expectations, it did, nevertheless, pave the way to a greater and more successful VRTEC ATHLETIC MEET in 1937.

The rivalry between our Juniors was narrowed to a field of six contestants from four different Vrtec Units. Each lad (no girls among them) came thru with flying colors and in a manner befitting one of championship caliber.

Of the six boys who took active part in the events, four of them, namely, ANDY SHUBL and TONY KUCIC of the Pirate Jrs., JOHN AHACIC of the Challenger Jrs., and MAX BATIS of the Spartan Jrs., participated in the Senior softball games. Every one of these boys performed brilliantly. In fact, few of the older boys did as well. This is not surprising for among our Juniors one can find any number of youngsters ready for promotion to the Senior athletic ranks on short notice.

The playing of ANDY SHUBL, who patrolled the outer garden for the Pirates, was

one of the outstanding features of the entire softball tourney. No other player took care of his position with such alertness and steadiness as Andy did his. His long running catch of a fly ball, right off his shoe-tops in the eighth inning of a nip and tuck affair with the Trail Blazers, brought a tremendous cheer from all sides. The game was tied-up at the time, seven all. Had Andy missed this fly, the game would have been terminated then and there and instead of the Pirates winning, it would have been the Chicago boys . . . Andy continued his remarkable work in the track and field events, taking second place in the Junior 50 yard dash and competing with the adult boys in the running high jump until the bar was several inches over his head before being eliminated . . . We're going to train both eyes on this young fellow next year. He's sure to do bigger things.

TONY KUCIC, star catcher for the Pirates, caught everything that came within reach. At bat, he was just as potent and dangerous. His endless flow of conversation behind the bat and incessant fighting spirit

(Continued on page 4)

Our Recreation Facilities

Americans are perhaps the greatest playboys and playgirls in the world. According to the National Recreation Association the recreation-mindedness of all of us has increased twofold and facilities for leisure-time pursuits have more than doubled in the last 10 years. The association recently published in its yearbook a report of a 10-year review of leisure activities in this country. This review covered 2,204 communities and showed bathing beaches, public golf courses, ice skating areas and swimming pools doubled in number from 1925 to 1935. During that period schools and other buildings used in part for recreation centers, it showed, tripled, while the number of buildings used entirely for recreation quadrupled. Tennis courts and baseball diamonds were shown to have increased one and a half times and children's playgrounds and wading pools doubled.

This remarkable increase in recreation facilities also helped to reduce unemployment. During the decade mentioned from 17,000 to 44,000 men and women were employed in one capacity or another to care for these increasing facilities. They also helped to put more money into circulation. Proof of this is the report's citation of the fact that the amount of money spent for public recreation increased from \$18,816,615 in 1925 to \$37,472,400 in 1935. During 1935, however, over 25,000 of the employees and approximately \$16,000,000 were supplied through emergency relief funds of the federal government.

Which do you think are the most popular forms of public recreation? According to the association's report swimming, ice skating, softball, basketball, horseshoe pitching and tennis are the most popular sports. Picnicking, of course, led in informal outdoor activities, and hiking was especially popular. But the arts weren't and aren't neglected by any means. Thousands of children and adults go in for handcraft, pageantry, drama, music, folk dancing, etc.

Stunt With Coins

Here is a popular little stunt with coins that will test your nerves as well as your skill. Place four small coins (pennies, nickels or dimes) on the back of your best hand, one coin in the second joint of each of the four fingers. Having the coins so placed flip them into the air, then turn the same hand over quickly and catch the four coins with it, one at a time, before they hit the ground or floor. Many people can do the stunt on the first try and all but the feeble and clumsy should be able to do it once in three tries. Try your luck or skill.

Kosti

"Imate kaj kosti? Dobro jih plačam," se oglasi na pragu i-movite hiše deček z vrečo preko rame.

"Kosti? Čemu ti bodo? Mečem jih na dvor, da jih glodajo psi in mačke," zamrmra neprijazna kmetica.

"Ni pametno, mati, da mečete kosti na dvor. Kosti dajo zopet kosti, vzreajo naše rastline, našo živino in tudi človeka," razlaga mali kupec. "V šoli nam je pravil gospod učitelj, da so kosti najvažnejše hranivo pšenici in drugim rastlinam."

"Beži, beži! Po več let sem že videla kosti, ki so se valjale po njivi, pa pšenica zato ni bila nič boljša," ugovarja kmetica.

"Vem, mati," nadaljuje neugnani deček. "Vem pa še več! Kosti v tvornicah osmode v oglje, da z njim čistijo sladkor. Iz preostalega oglja znajo učeni moške dobiti neko snov tako, kakor znate vi iz krompirja spraviti skrob. Ta snov se imenuje fosfor, ki se prav rad vname in ga zato uporabljajo za vžigalice. Kaj bi vi brez vžigalic, mati!"

"No, no! Vsi ljudje vse vedo!" dostavlja mirneje gospodinja. "Pa vendar vžigalic tudi še nikdar nismo dajali pšenici."

"Ne vžigalic, pač pa uporabljajo umni kmetovalci za umetno gnojilo fosfor, ki se s kisikom spaja v fosforovo kislino," pojasnjuje umni deček. "Veste, mati, kostno oglje zdrobe v moko in jo prodajajo za superfosfat, ki prija vsem žitom, zlasti pa še ajdi."

"Kaj še! Saj še tako prebohotno rasto žita, ker imamo dovolj gnoja," zavrača kmetica. "Vse nam polega in gnije."

"Res je, ker gnojite s svežim, a ne s preležanim gnojem. Forforova kislina ne vpliva na rast, marveč se zbira največ v semenih, kjer dela beljakovine," poučuje kupec.

"In kako naj bi prišel fosfor v rastline?" vpraša gospodinja, ki jo je vse to jelo zanimati.

"Prav preprosto," odgovarja deček. "Fosfor se s pomočjo ogljikove kisline v zemlji razstopi, rastline ga s koreninicami použijejo, nato pa ga po stanihah krožeči sok zanese v semena, kjer čaka, da ga použijemo. V telesu se nabira v mesu, krvi, največ pa v kosteh."

"Če je tako, bom pa odslej skrbneje pazila na kosti," obljudi gospodinja odhajajočemu dečku.

"Kaj vse dandanes ti otroci znajo! Od njih se nam bo že treba učiti," mrmra sama v se.

Josip Lapajne

Visitor—This show is a fake. That fellow isn't a dwarf—he's at least five feet tall!

Carnival Manager—That is the amazing part of the show. He is the tallest dwarf in the world.

Know Any Bigger?

Sometimes the family jokes and stories become boring with constant repetition, but while H. B. Potts, of Byesville, Ohio, may feel like using the ax whenever he hears these two tales, there are other people who may be amused by them.

Uncle Jim Rodey used to laugh and tell about his young Durham bull killing himself. It seems the animal got peeved at something one day and in hooking the ground gouged out a sizable bumblebees' nest. Of course these insects have hot tempers on both ends and immediately went to work on the bull. The latter soon realized he was outnumbered, and started a strategic retreat around a large haystack. With the bees still busy at their task of teaching him repentance for his folly, the bull galloped faster and faster until finally he so gained on himself that the brush of his extended tail got into his eyes and blinded him causing him to step on his hind hoofs with his front ones, trip himself, and break his neck.

Then Uncle Jim would tell about painting their big farm house down in Noble county with that wonderful fireproof paint he invented. Some weeks after he had given the house two coats, the family returned

from town one day to find that the building had burned to the ground. But all except Uncle Jim were amazed to see the paint which previously had covered it still standing. Hundreds of sightseers came that summer to see the wonderful sight and enough admission fees were taken in to build Uncle a new house a few hundred yards away. Unfortunately he was unable to take in enough money to furnish the new house because in September a cyclone came through that region and blew the "paint" house down.

ANTS MAY BE GASSED

An ant may be a symbol of industry but when his industry turns to swarming over lawns and doorsills it becomes very annoying. Common ants may be conquered by pouring a tablespoon of carbon bisulfide into a hole extending eight to 12 inches into the colonies, closing the opening with soil, also a damp blanket if one is handy. One treatment is usually sufficient. A highly refined carbon bisulfide is not necessary, the "technical" grade being good enough and will not harm the soil. This fumigant should be used out of doors only and extreme care must be used in handling it as it is highly inflammable.

WITH OUR JUNIORS

(Continued from page 3)
made him a conspicuous figure on the ball field at all times. TONY, also, participated in the Junior 50 yard dash which he won by several yards. By taking part in the Senior track and field events, he contributed much to the Pirates' wide margin of victory. Here another Athletic Meet roils along.

JOHN AHACIC, Challenger catcher came thru pretty much as expected. John has had a number of seasons experience with the older Challenger boys in the S. S. P. Z. league as well as the Canonsburg city loop and so was ripe and ready for all kinds of competition.

MAX BATIS, Spartan Jr., played a bang-up brand of ball in every game. He batted and fielded sensationally and other-

wise proved a real nemesis to his opponents. In him the Spartans have a ball playing prospect that few teams will be able to match.

ANDREW ZACOUR, Challenger bat boy, and when needed a pretty fair softball player, performed his duties commendably. He was easily the loudest and most prolific rooter at the games.

WILLIAM OZANICH, representing Vrtec No. 169 of Bridgeville, Pa., was the Progressor's official mascot. He was "Billy on the job" every minute and no one had to ask him twice to do anything. Billy placed third in the Junior 50 yard dash. A first place always feels better, Billy; so, aim a little higher in 1937.

Campaigning For New Members

With our National Meet an issue of the past and our eyes trained on a brighter future, let's all hitch our WAGON OF PROGRESS to a STAR and see which Vrtec member and Vrtec Unit can gain the most new members by the last day of the year. A pleasant surprise awaits the winner . . . Remember to tell your prospective members that the medical examination is free and a gold-plated JUNIOR SSPZ EMBLEM will be given to each new member without cost. On top of that, the Society will pay each proposing member 50 cents for each certificate written-up, which means that a juvenile member may have two

certificates and be insured for double the amount of one if his parents or guardians so desire.

The month of August proved anything but fruitful. Only 34 new members were added to the Vrtec ranks. Of these, Vrtec No. 44 of Amridge, Pa., signed-up six; the Pirate Jrs. of Pennsy and Vrtec No. 103 of Export, Pa., received credit for five apiece and No. 28 of Clinton, Ind., obtained four. October's issue of the Vrtec supplement will carry a more detailed report of our membership drive. There is plenty of room on the WAGON OF PROGRESS for your Vrtec, too. Let's all get on!