

O RIBNICI IN RIBNIČANIH

Zapisi Janka Trošta



ABOUT RIBNICA AND ITS PEOPLE

Stories and Other Texts Written and
Collected by Janko Trošt



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MUZEJ RIBNICA
MUSEUM OF RIBNICA

Vsebina

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Promet

Promet



Janko Trošt - ZGODBA

Mag. Marina Gradišnik

OBLJUBA DELA DOLG

Marjana Starc

Janko Trošt – ZGODBAR

Mag. Marina Gradišnik

Janko Trošt – zgodbar

Na pobudo Muzeja Ribnica so Ribnico v obdobju od oktobra 2011 do decembra 2012 zaznamovali številni dogodki povezani z Jankom Troštom, po njem je to obdobje dobilo tudi ime - Troštovo leto. Tako kot je bil Trošt nekaj posebnega, je posebno tudi njegovo leto, ki šteje 14 mesecev. Zadnji projekt tega leta je prav izid zgodb, ki so pred nami. Nedvomno se spodobi, da najprej nekaj besed spregovorimo o Janku Troštu. Težko ga je opisati v nekaj besedah, pa vendar, za Janka Trošta (1894-1975), bi lahko rekli, da je bil človek številnih talentov: bil je dolgoletni ravnatelj in učitelj ribniške meščanske šole, ustanovitelj muzeja v Ribnici in Idriji, slikar, raziskovalec, topograf, lutkar, zborovodja ...

Rodil se je 20. januarja 1894 v Razdrtem pri Postojni. Po končanem osnovnem šolanju se je odločil za učiteljski poklic, ki ga je opravljal do upokojitve, v obdobju od leta 1930 do 1945 je bil tudi ravnatelj meščanske šole v Ribnici. V šolskem letu 1948/1949 je pričel s službo v Idriji, kjer je poučeval na nižji gimnaziji vse do upokojitve leta 1951. Na življenje Janka Trošta je imel močan vpliv njegov izjemno tankočuten odnos do dediščine. Že leta 1934 je opravil etnografski tečaj državnega muzeja v Ljubljani in tri leta po vojni še konservatorski tečaj. Bil je aktiven kot poverjenik Zavoda za zaščito kulturnih spomenikov Slovenije tako na Ribniškem in Kočevskem kot na Idrijskem.

V zgodovino se je zapisal tudi kot ustanovitelj dveh slovenskih muzejev, muzeja v Idriji in Ribnici, ter kot raziskovalec, ki je prvi strokovno opredelil prostor in panoge suhe robe. Po vrnitvi iz Idrije, leta 1956, nazaj v Ribnico, je veliko časa namenil seveda Muzeju, ki ga je ustanovil in do smrti vodil ter skrbel za ohranitev suhorobarstva na Ribniškem. Intenzivno se je ukvarjal z rešitvijo le-tega preko izobraževanja, publiciranja, njegov posebej velik angažma je bil na področju spominkarstva. Za časa svojega življenja je utrl mnogo poti in pustil globoke sledi povsod, kjer je deloval, tako da še danes zasledujemo rezultate njegovega dela na vsakem koraku.

V okviru Troštovega leta je bilo v Ribnici organiziranih več dogodkov in prireditev, med njimi sta bila najboljšežnejša dogodka razstava, posvečena Janku Troštu, in katalog, kjer so zbrana številna njegova likovna dela.

Ob zaključku leta pa predstavljamo še en njegov talent – zapisovanje pripovedi in dogodkov. Trošt je sicer veliko objavljaj, njegove številne objave najdemo npr. v Etnografu, kjer je objavil študijo o suhorobarski obrti ali v publikaciji Dolenjska, napisal je tudi prvi turistični vodič po Idriji. Njegove številne prispevke zasledimo v različnih časopisih in revijah, predvsem v strokovnem pedagoškem časopisju Razori, kjer je leta 1935 objavil edino humoresko za časa svojega življenja, zgodbo z naslovom Bajtarske. Pri načinu, kako so zapisane zgodbe o Ribnici in Ribničanih, najdemo precej podobnosti s to zgodbo, zato upravičeno sklepamo, da je verjetno prav v tem obdobju pričel tudi z zbiranjem in zapisovanjem ribniških zgodb. Večino od njih je zapisal verjetno v tridesetih letih 20. stoletja nekatere, manjše število le-teh, pa spadajo tudi v čas med in po drugi svetovni vojni, scenarij igre Veseli večer je Trošt napisal leta 1962, v okviru II. Ribniškega festivala. Kolikor nam je do sedaj znano, je to eden njegovih zadnjih zapisov.

Zgodb ne moremo natančno časovno opredeliti, ker ne vemo, kdaj so nastale. Nekatere sicer prepoznamo: gre za stare, tako rekoč ljudske zgodbe, kar sta zagotovo Ribniška nova maša ter Ribničan v peklu, medtem ko so druge pripovedi namenjene predvsem dogodkom iz vsakdanjega življenja. Glede na to, da je največ zgodb iz časa, ko je Trošt bival v Ribnici, lahko predvidevamo, da so zgodbe tudi del njegove osebne izkušnje.

Že na začetku smo omenili, da Trošta poznamo tudi kot karikaturista. Tako karikature kot zgodbe, ki so pred nami, ga predstavijo kot izvrstnega opazovalca okolja in ljudi, ki jih zna upodobiti izjemno doživeto, neposredno in zbadljivo. Ribničane na karikaturah predstavlja v različnih komičnih situacijah, na lovu, v sprevodu, kako preganjajo krizo ali kako sestankujejo v parlamentu. Šel je tako daleč, da je likovno poustvaril samostojna ribniška ministrstva, kjer je posameznim Ribničanom dodelil svoj resor, povezan z njihovim vsakdanjim delom.

Prav ta dar, ki ga zasledimo pri karikaturah, je skozi duhovite, iznajdljive in sočne opise in orise situacij in ljudi čutiti tudi v njegovih zapisih. Tako kot o značaju človeka, ki ga upodablja na karikaturah, sporoča poteza, se tu poteza spremeni v besedo. Ribniški trg preko zgodb pred bralcem oživi, gostilne so polne, pregovorna ribniška duhovitost pa je ne samo zabeležena na način kot obstaja, ampak je tudi zapisana v sočnem ribniškem narečju.

Ne glede na to, da je Trošt veliko časa porabil za svoj poklic, terensko delo in raziskovanje, je vendarle velik del svojega časa preživel v Ribnici, v ribniškem trgu. Kot učitelj je seveda zelo dobro poznal Ribničane, zaradi svojega zvedavega značaja pa se je rad zadrževal tam, kjer se je kaj dogajalo, rad se je družil in pogovarjal. Zvečer so se pri Cenetu redno dobivali za »ta dolgo mizo« ribniški kapišoni in seveda med njimi

tudi Trošt. Prav tu se je verjetno srečeval s prigodami ribniških purgarjev - kapišonov, posebnežev in vseh teh, ki jih opisuje v svojih zgodbah.

V tridesetih letih 20. stoletja, ki jih Trošt v svojih zgodbah najraje omenja, je šla v Ribnici lesna trgovina »v cvet«, čeprav ji je gospodarska kriza pokazala svoje »ostre zobe«, kakor je sam označil to obdobje. Prav tako so šle »v cvet« ribniške gostilne, kjer niso manjkali ribniški posebneži; Murgelj, Pfefer, Žakelj, prav tako pa ne različni ribniški veljaki - kapišoni ali pa celo sam dekan. Ribniški dekan Anton Skubic se je po navadi s svojo družbo srečeval v Slemenčevi gostilni, v Pakiževi gostilni je bil tako imenovani »ribniški parlament«, znana in cenjena ribniška gostilna je bila tudi že omenjena gostilna Pri Cenetu, kjer je že leta 1870 delovala prva ribniška čitalnica.

V Troštovih zgodbah spoznamo Križmana, ribniškega trgovca z lesom, ki je imel svojo žago, poleg tega je bil zagnan kolesar, ustanovitelj ribniškega kolesarskega društva, iz katerega se je kasneje razvil ribniški Sokol. V nekaterih zgodbah nastopa tudi tako imenovani grajski Marko, Marko Rudež, brat ribniškega graščaka Antona Rudeža, ki ga spoznamo kot zabavljača in veseljaka. Približa nam kapišona in oberkapišona, Pirkerja in Burgerja, prvi je bil trgovec, ki se je iz Kočevja priženil v Ribnico, drugi pa usnjar, zadnji, ki se je v Ribnici še ukvarjal s to včasih zelo razširjeno dejavnostjo.

Preko hudomušnih zgodb se dotakne obdobja modernizacije; vodovoda v samostojni zgodbi Ribniški vodovod, pa tudi elektrifikacije, prihoda železnice idr.

Poleg tega pa v zgodbah najdemo tudi številna zgodovinska in etnološka dejstva, geografske značilnosti okolja in seveda predvsem mentaliteto akterjev vsega dogajanja, Ribničanov. Spoznamo, kako je bila Ribnica nekoč povezana s Strugami, danes o tem priča le

še ime ulice v Ribnici – Struška ulica. Zavemo se, da Kočevje ni bilo tako daleč stran, kot se nam zaradi nemškega jezikovnega otoka mogoče zdi, ljudje so bili med seboj povezani s porokami in z delom, in znanje kočevščine je bilo pomembno tudi pri sklepanju poslov.

Zaključimo lahko, da so zapisi Janka Trošta o Ribnici in Ribničanih plemenit zapis vsakodnevnega življenja na Ribniškem, ki bralcu približa predvsem takratne ljudi, ki s svojimi lastnostmi in s svojim humorjem postanejo podobni današnjim, s katerimi se lahko poistovetimo.

Za konec pa bi rada poudarila, da je k temu, da so danes zgodbe pred nami takšne kot so, prispevala izjemna angažiranost Marjane Starc, ki je v projekt, vložila veliko svojega truda in znanja.

Mag. Marina Gradišnik

OBLJUBA DELA DOLG

Marjana Starc

Pričujoče tako imenovane Troštove zgodbe o Ribnici in Ribničanih mi je pred leti dal v hrambo gospod Tone Petek, tudi sam zbiratelj in zapisovalec podobnih povedk, rekoč, da bom jaz poskrbela za njihovo publikacijo. Ta moralna obveza me je spodbudila, da sem se na pobudo kustosinje Marine Gradišnik lotila prebiranja in jezikovnega urejanja le-teh.

Tone Petek mi je povedal, da je zgodbe našel v Troštovi zapuščini, da je rešil, kar se je rešiti dalo, jih prepisal na roke, pozneje pa fotokopiral in jih izročil meni. Lani, v tako imenovanem Troštovem letu, jih je v tipkopis prelila Vasja Pavlin in delo je tako steklo. Kam se je izgubil original, se ne ve.

Večinoma gre za humoreske, kratke šaljive pripovedi, v katerih so ljudje in njihova dejanja prikazani v smešni, vendar ne žaljivi luči, pripovedi, ki hočejo v bralcih zbuditi dobro voljo s smešnimi položaji, značaji in tudi besedno. Junaki so smešni po zunanosti, imajo smešna imena, smešno govorijo in tudi njihova dejanja so smešna. Humoreskam Trošt pridruži tudi anekdote, ki lahko pomenijo neizdan, neobjavljen spis ali dogodek, ki ga je zgodovinar zamolčal ali pa kratko, zabavno in manj znano zgodbico, navadno iz življenja kake znamenite osebe.

Tako v njih spoznamo geografsko in osebno oznako Ribnice in Ribničanov v glavnem iz časa med obema vojnama pa tudi po 2. svetovni vojni, ribniške kapišone, kar je oznaka za trške veljake in gospodarje, ribniške posebneže, zakonsko ljubezen po ribniško, vojno in svobodo po ribniško, zvemo kaj o dogodkih v Dolenji vasi in ribniških sosedih Stružanih, zapisa ne pa so tudi ribniške rečenice in vzdevki, Veseli večer na 2. Ribniškem festivalu 1962. leta ter znamenita Ribniška nova maša.

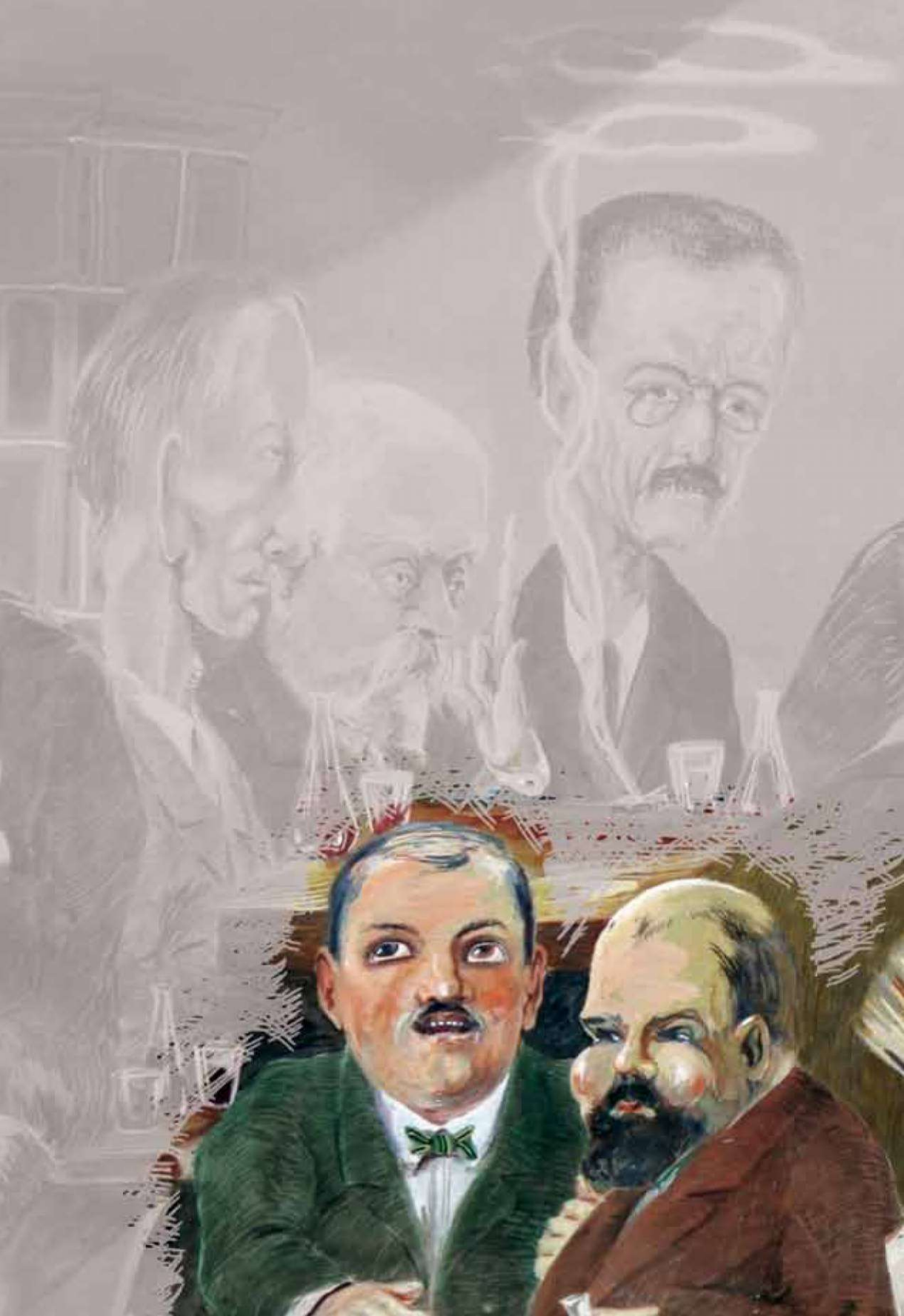
Večina pripovedi je zapisana v knjižnem jeziku, v narečju ali deloma knjižno deloma narečno. Pri zapisovanju narečja zapisovalec ni bil dosleden, kar je bilo treba urediti, videlo pa se je tudi, da sam ni bil Ribničan, zato je bilo potrebno narečje korigirati in zapisovanje poenotiti. Pod vsako zgodbo je za lažje razumevanje besedila tudi slovarček manj znanih besed.

Ribniški govor spada v skupino dolenjskih narečij. Tako se v besedilih pojavljata značilna aj in u namesto nekaterih knjižnih dolgih ozkih e in o, oziroma za praslovanski ě in cirkumflektirani o (je blu pred stu lajtə, najsəm povajdov, sosajda, nuč je bla ...). Knjižna dolga široka e in o se izgovarjata kot ja (tjata) oz. o (gora). Dvoglasnika ie in uo sta zapisovana enako, kot se izgovarjata (piet, bə juokov). Pri kratkih samoglasnikih je opazna redukcija predvsem kratkih i in u (nə, əldje < nič, ljudje) oziroma se namesto njih govori polglasnik, ki ga zapisujemo z ə (kə jəh je blu vidət), le pred r ga ne zapisujemo, čeprav se izgovarja (pršla, kufrčək). O v izglasju se govori u (dobru, drugu). E namesto a v predponah in predlogih na, za, nad (zetu, nezaj < nato, nazaj). Pri zapisovanju deležnikov moškega spola ednine zapisujemo -v, kadar se izgovarja -u (je dav, je vprašav), ali z -u, če se tako govori (je šu, je vidu). Predlog v je poenoteno zapisan z u. Na mestu, kjer je v knjižnem jeziku nj je v ribniškem govoru j (kojn < konj). U ponekod reflektira z ü.

Škoda je, ker v zapisu narečja ni slišati melodije pojoče ribniške govorice, tako značilne za naš kraj.

Na koncu bi se poleg že omenjenih Marine Gradišnik in Vasje Pavlin rada zahvalila še Vesni Horžen za urejanje zgodb in nasvete pri mojem delu, Tanji Debeljak za lekturo in jezikovne nasvete ter popravke in Neži Tanko za računalniške korekture. Brez njih delo ne bi bilo opravljeno tako, kot je.

Marjana Starc



**Geografska in osebna oznaka Ribnice
in Ribničana**

**Geografska in
osebna oznaka
Ribnice in
Ribničana**

Ribniški furmani¹

Ko še ni stekla kočevska železnica, sta vezali Ribnico s svetom cesta proti Ljubljani in proti Kočevju, iz Žlebiča na Bloke in Rakek ter dalje proti Trstu. V Ljubljano in Trst so vozili rezan in tesan les, krompir, fižol, seno, slamo, zaklana teleta, pozimi pa zaklane in očiščene prašiče. Promet je bil živahen in veselo pokanje bičev se je razlegalo takrat s cest in furmani so dobro služili. Ob cestah so imeli svoje oštarije², kjer so lahko spravljali vozove in konje, pa tudi sami so radi dali kaj pod zob in namočili suho in prašno grlo. Do Ljubljane so rabili do osem ur, če so odhajali dovolj zgodaj, so se šele proti večeru vračali. Treba je bilo konje nakrmiti in odpočiti, da so težke vozove peljali naprej. V Trst so rabili dva dni. Pod velikimi klanci so imele gostilne tudi pomožne konje, da so jih pripravili in vozili – furajtali – z dvema paroma v klanec. Tako so furajtali v strmi Boncar, iz Velikih Lašč pa v Lužarjev breg in na Notranjskem od Razdrtega pod Nanosom v Senožeče itd. V Ljubljani in Trstu so dobili pri trgovcih razno blago: kavo, sladkor, tekstilno robo in podobno, da niso šli prazni proti domu.

1 furman = voznik

2 oštarija = gostilna

Bločani so vozili pretežno samo z volmi, ki so jih mlade kupili kje na Kočevskem, doma so jih obredili³ in nekaj let rabili za vožnjo, potem pa porejene prodali mesarjem.

Slovele so stare furmanske oštarije, kjer se je jedlo in pilo na pretek in v njih se je nalagal glavni furmanski zaslužek. Kjer so gostilne imele kegljišča, so furmani radi kegljali za visoke denarje, vsaka kroglja se je točila tudi po sto goldinarjev. Tudi kartali so radi: maušl⁴ in ajnc⁵ in prevejani bankir⁶ je obral vse po vrsti, da so se vračali suhi domov. Igre so se vlekale dolgo v noč, konji so stali vpreženi pred gostilnami in tolkli s kopiti, nihče se ni zmenil zanje. In ko je bilo treba oditi, se je nabralo pred prvimi kolesi toliko fig, da jih je moral voznik odkidati, če je hotel odpeljati.

3 obrediti = zrediti

4 maušl = kvartaška igra

5 ajnc = kvartaška igra

6 bankir = kdor pri kartah skrbi za denar, tudi delilec kart, predvsem pri ajncu

Škrljev kevdrč, Velike Obrnišče in Miklov vinograd

Pešpot v Struge pelje najprej mimo Kračic z redkim gozdom, ki se vleče do Podrebri, to je do vznožja Male gore, kjer se na desno končujejo lepi travniki in Dolge njive. Prav v tem kotu levo od steze so še ostanki Škrljevega kevdrca¹, kamor je njega dni spravljal stari Škrlj pridelani krompir, repo, pa tudi seno, da je hodil s trga po potrebi iskat, ker ni imel doma dovolj prostora.

Škrlj je bil, kakor takrat večina tržanov, hud kvartač. Celo v košnji je nosil s seboj karte, da je v senci svojega kevdrca zaigral s kosci ob malici ali južini in jih obral za zaslužek. Rad je v igri kontriral z vsemi registri: kontra, ré, supra, mort, pa še enkrat, pa še enkrat in nazadnje za kevdrč, poln ali prazen, samo da je njegova obveljala zadnja. Še danes slišiš, če Ribničani igrajo karte in si dražijo stave, da se s Škrljevim kevdrcem konča, in višje stava ne gre. Če od kevdrca zaviješ po gozdu levo, kmalu dospješ najprej do Malih Obrnišč, nato pa do Velikih Obrnišč. Pod ovinkom trške ceste v Malo goro se širi ob strani velika goličava, danes že precej obrasla z grmovjem.

1 kevdrč = majhna klet

Zemljišče je razdeljeno na številne parcelice, ki merijo vsaka komaj po nekaj kvadratnih metrov. Kraj je zavarovan pred mrzlimi vetrovi in se koplje ves dan v soncu. Zemlja je globoka, črna in mastna. Zato so Ribničani tu gojili spomladi sadike zelja, pese, kolerabe, ki so jih rabili za svoja polja.

Celo v katastrski mapi so bile Obrnišče točno vrisane in oštevilčene. Značilno za Ribničane je bilo, kako so vsepovsod iskali zemljo, ki jo je bilo povsod premalo, in kako so znali izrabiti vsak najmanjši košček, da so si ohranili svoje hišne vrtičke le za domače potrebe.

Nedaleč od tu proti vzhodu se izpostavlja soncu že davno opuščeni Miklov vinograd, oprt v položno pobočje gore s škarpami, obloženimi z lomljenimi kamni. V 60-ih letih 19. stoletja si ga je sem postavil zadnji Miklovec.

Miklova hiša v trgu stoji še danes pred gradom in nosi številko dve, grad je imel številko ena, in bo verjetno med najstarejšimi trškimi stavbami. Desno od lepega kamnitega portala je v steni vzdana črna plošča z zlatimi črkami, ki priča, da je bil v tej hiši rojen dr. Arko, zdravnik v Škofji Loki.

Pokojni dr. Alfred Šerko, znani psihiater, ki je večkrat obiskal Ribnico, saj je imel tu številne sorodnike in znance, je hudomušno trdil, da se v Ribnici že rodijo doktorji in ko dorastejo, postanejo zdravniki.

Pri Miklovih je bila že od nekdaj gostilna, verjetno ena prvih v Ribnici. Znano je, da Ribničani radi pijejo kislo dolensko vino, po katerega so hodili v Belo krajino ali tudi v Suho krajino, kjer raste ob Liscu in Brleški gori pri Žužemberku najbolj znana kislica. Tam so mežnarji opolnoči zvonili, da so se kmetje v svojih posteljah preobračali, sicer bi jim kislo vino prežrlo trebuhe. No, in stari Miklovec je bil tudi tega mnenja, da vino ni nikdar dovolj kislo in

morda bi ravno ribniška zemlja lahko rodila domače vino, ki bo vzor domačega cvička.

Takrat so prišli v Ribnico Čiči² in Primorci, vajeni obdelovanja kamna, in pričeli podirati staro cerkev ter pripravljati gradivo za novo, ki še danes stoji. Stari Miklovec jih je nekaj najel in jih peljal v svoj tal³ nad Obrniščami, da so mu pričeli graditi škarpe za vinograd in pripravili zemljo. Sam se je odpeljal v Belo krajino po mladike žlahtne cvičkovine, da je z njimi zasadil novi vinograd. Prepričan je bil, da bo v nekaj letih že pridelal in naprešal domačega grizlinga⁴ toliko, da ga bo imel za svojo krčmo dovolj, če mu ga ne bo še celo ostajalo. Verjetno so bile mladike vinske trte le prežlahtne sorte in niso prenesle hladnega ribniškega podnebja. Zajci in srne so sproti obrali mlado listje in ves trtni nasad ni niti utegnil vzcveteti. Škarpe ob terasah pa danes še prav tako trdno stojijo kakor pred sto leti in to je tudi vse, kar je ostalo od Miklovega vinograda, ki ni nikdar rodil in nihče ni zobal njegovega grozdja, kaj šele žulil pristnega ribniškega cvička.

2 Čiči = prebivalci Istre, potujoči brusači, popravljalci dežnikov in cinarji

3 tal = parcela

4 grizling = rizling (sorta vina) ali se je Trošt malo ponorčeval, da je grizling kislo vino, ki grize po trebuhu



Ribniški parlament

Ribniški kapišoni so bili redni gostje nekdanje Pakiževe gostilne v Kravji gasi. Vsak večer se je tu zbirala častitljiva družba starih tržanov vseh strok in svetovnih nazorov, tu so se kresale misli in reševala vsa domača in tuja vprašanja. Zato so krstili oštarijo za ribniški parlament. Pri mizi ob peči so smele sedeti samo veličine, za ostale goste tu ni bilo prostora. Gostilna je bila kaj navadna, z eno samo sobo – postregli so ti lahko samo z dobrim vinom, ki ga je birt stalno dobival iz Vivodine, pristnim domačim žganjem, ob slovesnih dnevih morda tudi s črno kavo. Žemlje in pustne preste si moral že posebej naročiti, da so hodili sproti ponje v Novakovo pekarijo, z jedili pa niso postregli. Kdor je prišel v gostilno na četrto ali pol litra vina, je malico prinesel s seboj, jo na mizi pred seboj razgrnil in počasi použil ter zalival z vinom. Takih gostov se je proti večeru nabralo polno omizje ob častitljivi kmečki peči. Uradništvo je tako prilezlo iz svojih zaprašenih uradov iz sodnije in davkarije ter posojilnice in ko so trgovci in obrtniki pozaprli svoje obrate ali jih prepustili varnim in zanesljivim rokam, so sem zajadrali kar v delovni obleki. Zbirala pa se je tu le trška napredna družba, le tu in tam se je med pisano družbo znašel tudi suhorobar, še redkeje lončar. Pravih kmetov pa Ribnica z vso širno

okolico skoro ne pozna. Skratka, tu so bili zastopani vsi stanovi in kaste od najvišjih predstojnikov, preko navadnih uradnikov in pisačev, vseh vrst trgovcev in obrtnikov do trških revežev in klatežev. Pisana družba kot le kaj, kar je dajalo gostilni prav poseben značaj in pestrost. Prvo besedo so imeli seveda pri peči kapišoni, vsi ostali so sprva le spoštljivo poslušali, do besede so prišli šele pozneje, ko jih je ogrelo vino in jim dalo dar govora. Stregla je natararica Micka, stara in že betežna ženička, ki je s svojo brado segla komaj na mizo. Vsakemu gostu je postregla kar z miznega vogala, saj s svojo malo postavo in kratkimi rokami ni mogla segati čez mizo. Četrtnko vina in kozarec je nastavila na rob in ju tako spretno buhnila¹ z roko, da sta zdrsela po gladki ploskvi in se ustavila prav pred gostom, ki je vino naročil. Ostale ribniške gostilne so bile ob času zasedanja, ki se je začelo v mraku in držalo do večerje, docela prazne. Vsakdo, ki si je poželet kozarec vina ali se morda slučajno mudil v trgu, jo je ob takem času mahnil v parlament, ker je vedel, da bo tu našel vso ribniško družbo.

Dnevni red zasedanja je nastajal sam po sebi. Najprej so prišle na vrsto dnevne trške novice in važnejši dogodki, polagoma je kdo zasukal pogovor na politiko in opeglal² pretiete³ klerikalce. Javne občinske zadeve so prišle šele tu do pravega izraza in navzoči župan klerikalec je imel precej otepavanja⁴, da se je ubranil očitkov, in kot zaveden ribniški domoljub je znal vsakomur pritrditi, pri občinskih sejah pa je take sklepe javnega mnenja tudi znal spraviti do veljave, sicer bi lahko doživel v parlamentu neprijetnosti. Ob takih prilikah pa zasedanci niso poznali milosti.

1 buhiniti = poriniti, pahiniti

2 opeglati = ozmerjati

3 pretiet = presnet / zvraga

4 je imel precej otepavanja = se je moral precej braniti

Če je kdo kdaj preveč po svoje ukrepal, in to v javno škodo, ali kratil ugled častitljivega trga, ga je parlament javno obsodil in mu vzel mandat, da se ni dolgo več prikazal pred njegovo obličje. Vse javne zadeve so se najprej obravnavale v parlamentu in tu storjeni sklepi so se navadno uresničili. Na ta način je dobila Ribnica svojo meščansko šolo, četudi se je občinski odbor hudo branil. Posojilnica si je sezidala lepo lastno stavbo v ponos trgu. Ribnica si je zgradila vodovod in dobila električno luč in še marsikaj.

Seveda so imela v parlamentu vsa napredna društva in ustanove največjo zaslombo. Sokolu, ki je nad dvajset let gostačil⁵ po gostilnah in dvoriščih, je parlament pripomogel do lastnega doma. Težnje Ciril-Metodove šolske družbe ter Jugoslovanske matice pa Planinskega društva in še drugih je parlament obravnaval vedno v dobrem smislu in povsod vršil zanje najboljšo propagando. Tudi večjim sodnim pravam in procesom je parlament izrekel svoje sodbe, zlasti onim s političnim ozadjem. Seveda se takratna ostra politika ni dosti zmenila zanje.

Če ni bilo drugače, so v parlamentu govorili tudi o letini in o vremenu, o slabi trgovini, pa o dragem lesu in premajhnih zemljah, o Urbanovi kravi, ki se ni mogla obraviti⁶ itd. Še tako resna stvar se je lahko zaobrnila na smešno stran, vsakdo ji je dodal ocvirek ali jo počehljal z dovtipom, ji našel podobno in še bolj ošpičeno želo, zabavni del zasedanja je prišel in nikdo ni hotel zaostajati in padale so nove, težke in še težje šale. Svoboda govora je bila seveda zajamčena tako zagovornikom kakor onim nasprotnega mnenja.

5 gostačiti = gostovati

6 obraviti = oteliti, povreči teleta

Če je govornikoma zmanjkalo tehtnih razlogov za utemeljevanje enega ali drugega stališča, se je živahno prerekanje kaj rado sprevrglo v osebnotna obračunavanja. Tu sta si kapišona drug drugemu lahko vse obelila⁷ in si očitala grehe, če sta jih storila ali ne, pa tudi, če je kdo kaj zagrešil v sedmem kolenu sorodstva. Od ostale družbe so nekateri mirili, eni so se pogovarjali, drugi so natiskali, tretji so se smejali in sovpadali ter pomagali eni ali drugi strani. Končalo se je vedno na enak način.

Prvi: »Vajš, ti mə ne buoš pod nusam brbov, sə še premajhən, imaš še prenizko rt⁸.«

Drugi: »Kaj pa mislaš, de buoš mjanə mačke z nusa vlajku? Kej sə še ti, saj sə toku majhən, de te kumaj vidəm!«

Že sta drug drugega popolnoma ponižala in spravila na nič, pa se je zopet kdo od gostov oglasil in dodal novo podneto⁹, pa se je prerekanje znova začelo in nadaljevalo.

Parlament ni imel predsednika, govori so bili neomejeni, vladala je popolna svoboda. Gostilničar Emil je navadno dremal ob peči in se v pogovore ni vtikal, včasih pa je tudi imel glavno besedo. Navadno so padali po njem, pa se jih je znal pretietu braniti. Če je bila bitka le prehuda, so se navadno pobotali in splaknili vse očitke in žalitve z litri vina, včasih pa tudi ne. Toda prihodnji večer so včerajšnji nasprotniki sedeli spet skupaj in se prijateljsko pogovarjali, kakor da bi se včeraj prav nič ne zgodilo.

7 obeliti = razgaliti

8 prenizka rt = majhen, me ne dosežeš

9 podneta = netivo, spodbuda, pobuda

Kako so Ribničani molili

Poleg svojih priznanih vrlin so bili Ribničani tudi brumni¹ ljudje. Vsak večer so odžebali ne samo običajne molitve, ampak so tem dodajali še svoje dostavke, ki niso bili nikjer zapovedani in nikjer zapisani. Hišni gospodar je po večerji prevzel te dušebrižniške posle in vsa družina mu je kleče po vseh kotih odgovarjala. Čeravno so radi dražili sosedne Bločane, da molijo tudi za tiste duše, ki jih ni ne tu ne tam, so se sami zahvaljevali Bogu takole: »Še en očenaš, k nam je bug možgane ustvaru in dav pravo pamet, k nam je dav oči, de še prov vidmo, k nam je dav ušiesa, de poslušamo, k nam je ustvaru jazak, de se lohku pogovarjamo...« in tako dalje je šlo prav do rok in nog.

Nekega večera je nabiral hišni oče take dostavke: »K nam je vrat potiegnu, de lohku požieramo, k nam je želuodac ustvaru, de božje daruve lahku uživamo, k nam je dav tūd črajva, de jih lohku predajlamo ...«

Sinek, ki je klečal nedaleč od očeta, pa je bil vseh muh poln. Kdo ve, kaj si je še vse fantiček predstavljal, da je naenkrat bruhnil v smeh. Pa se je očetova roka stegnila prav do njegovih ušes in ga v sveti jezi privzdignila od tal.

1 brumen = pobožen

»Pošast od otroka! Kaj pa mislaš, fantičak, de b blu
zate bule, če b svuje drjake² u pjastə³ nosu?«



2 drjakə = človeško blato

3 u pjastə = v pesti

Brumni kos

Pri Belnih so bili pobožni ljudje. To si spoznal že, če si stopil v hišo, kjer je krojač Jur pridno ubadal šivanko, tik nad njim pa je visela velika slika sv. Krišpina – zaščitnika krojačev in čevljarjev. Gola hišica s hlevom in kravo pod isto streho je stala tik ob cesti, brez dvorišča ali vrtička, kamor bi lahko zložil drva in listje iz Ograde v steljniku pod Malo goro.

Ko so njega dni že pozno v pomladi snažili steljnik, je sinek Frenk ujel mladega kosa in ga prinesel v veliko veselje očetu. Kmalu so našli za kosa udobno kletko in mojster Jur mu je žvižgal od ranega jutra prav tja v noč – oba sta imela dovolj časa in prilike – razne viže, ki pa kosu nikakor niso bile po volji in njegovem okusu.

Nemirno je skakal s šprikle¹ na špriklo, ne da bi pri tem pokazal znak veselja, da mu je viža povšeči. Pa mu je Jur znova zažvižgal:

»Pa ribcam dobro grie,
kə imajo dostə vodie,«

in kosu tudi z besedami dopovedoval o lepoti pesmice, toda vse zaman.

1 šprikla = vsaka od tankih kovinskih palic

Stara Belna je včasih služila v gradu in slišala staro gospo, ko je sedla h klavirju in prepevala pesem o ljubem Avguštinu, ki je bila v tistih časih še vedno v modi in splošno poznana. Še Ribničani so jo zapeli:

»O, moj ljubi Avguštin,
vse je že hin!«

Spomnila je Jurja nanjo, češ, morda bi bila kosu leta viža povšeči in bi si jo zapomnil. In res jo je Jur zažvižgal, kos je že postal pozoren in kmalu se mu je kljun odprl, da je znal prvi takt. Kos je bil odprte glave in kaj kmalu je žvižgal vso pesem v veliko veselje družine in Ribničanov, ki so hodili mimo hiše.

Ko je pritisnila vročina, je Jur rad privoščil kosu tudi nekoliko zraka in obesil kletko pred hišo, da so mu šolski otroci žvižgali znano pesem in kos ni hotel zaostajati.

Toda v Ribnici je že od nekdaj tako, da se vsako še tako resno stvar rado preokrene na smešno. Niti Belni Jur niti kos nista bila tega kriva, kar se je pač zgodilo. Procesija Rešnjega telesa je morala mimo Belne hiše in se je ustavila na Johanovem vogalu poleg občine in nedaleč od Belnih, da bi prejeli tretji žegen. Bozbirtov stric je postavil kapelico, ženske so jo okrasile in je spokorna čakala, da odsluži že od nekdaj določeni tretji žegen. Belni kos je bil takrat v svoji kletki pred hišo in je začudeno gledal dolgo procesijo otrok, fantov in mož, deklet in žena za banderi² in zastavami. Zvonovi so v zvoniku pritrkovali, cerkveni zbor prepeval, ministranti so vihteli svoje kadilnice in zvončkljali, vse to je bilo za kosa nekaj nenavadnega. Pred kapelico se je procesija ustavila. Tehant³ je že pel zadnje obredne recitative, zbor mu je gromko odpeval. Ljudstvo je že pokleknilo, vse je utihnilo. Že se je tehant obrnil ter

2 bandera = prapori

3 tehant = dekan

še enkrat izpod monštranca⁴ pogledal, če vse kleči in zapel: »Treska in hudega vremena...« Zbor mu je odpel: »Varuj nas, o Gospod!« in tudi pokleknil – skoro smrtna tišina je zavládala po trgu.

Tehant je dvignil monštranco, da bi dal žegen⁵. Brumni⁶ kos se je še pravi čas domislil, da bi po svojih močeh tudi lahko k slavnosti nekaj prispeval pa jo zažvižga:

»O, moj ljubi Avguštin,
vse je že hin.«

Ljudje so sklonili glave in se v tla smejali in gospodu tehantu so se od smeha, ki ga je za monštranco zadrževal, roke zastresle pa je hitro končal z žegnóm, da se je lahko obrnil in se manj vidno sprostil smeha.

O, ti brumni žvižgavec! Koliko ljudi si takrat spravil v svoji preproščini iz največje resnosti v smeh in dobro voljo, menda prav vse, ki so poznali tvoj napev. Ljubi Bog ti tega ni mogel šteti v zlo in ti je tvojo preprostost rad odpustil.

4 monštranca = obredni pripomoček

5 žegen = blagoslov

6 brumni = pobožni



Ribničan v peklu

Ko je Ribničan Urban umrl, je moral v pekel.

»I, lejte sə no; saj ne buom majnde¹ sam, kukr səm biv rad po səmnəh. Buo, kukr buo!« se sam tolaži in prikrevsa do peklenskih vrat, ki niso imela ne kljuge ne ključavnice. Potrka s palico ob bron, da mogočno zadoni, toda nič se ne gane. Potrka drugič malo krepkeje – pa še vedno brez odziva. Jeza ga popade, da bije ob vratih in kriči:

»Vsə hudičə, mə buoste pa ja odprlə! Tülku səm mənde vraidən, ku drügə. Ne vajm, zekaj bə jest ne smu nuotr!?!«

Zamolκλο zacvilijo mogočna bronasta vrata v svojih tečajih in na pragu stoji peklenski vratar pa se zareži v Urbana:

»A, ti si, Urban iz Ribnice, si vendar priromal k nam! Toda krošnje pusti kar lepo pred vrati, kaj bi počel z njo v peklu, ko je že tako preveč vroče! Kar vstopi, da greva najprej do vrhovnega poglavarja, ki ti bo odkazal prostor, kakor si si ga zaslužil!«

»Kukr vajo!²« pravi jezno Urban, odloži krošnje in stopi za vragom, ki mu s smolnato baklo sveti po zasmojenih hodnikih, dokler ne prideta v ogromno

1 majnde = menda

2 kukr vajo = kakor vedo

prestolno dvorano. Molče si Urban ogleduje osmojene stene in vražje obraze, ki režijo vanj od vseh strani.

V sredi dvorane sedi na širokem prestolu sam Lucifer s kar štirimi rogovi na glavi, da se loči od ostalih, ki nosijo samo po dva nad čelom.

Peklenski poglavar si pase oči nad Urbanom. Mlad paž s kratkim repom prinese zasmojene debele bukve in jih položi Luciferju na kolena. Ta lista po njih, prebira, se tu in tam zareži in neznansko spačeni obraz se mu kremži, da je videti skoro dobre volje, ko Urbana ogovori:

»Že dolgo te pričakujemo, Urban iz Ribnice! Tvoje bukve³ so že popisane in se mi zdi, da niso utegnili vpisati vseh tvojih grehov!«

»Kukr oni vajo,« mu tiho in ponižno odgovori Urban in skoro v zadregi vrti med prsti svoj klobuk pa posluša.

Lucifer se znova zareži in govori nekoliko skozi nos: »Veliko si jih nakuril po širokem svetu in dosti grehov imaš na sebi, zastonj nisi prišel semkaj!«

»Kukr oni vajo,« pristavi pohlevno Urban, Luciferju se že skoro smili, ko reče: »Toda bodimo pravični! Tvoji grehi so prav posebne sorte, ker so bili storjeni v smehu in z dobro voljo, kar je vsekakor olajševalna okoliščina!«

»Kukr oni vajo!« se Urban hvaležno prikloni, a že ga Lucifer prekine:

»To bomo upoštevali in ti milostno dovolimo, da si peklensko kazen sam izbereš po svoji volji. Toda brez ognja ne bo šlo, pa tudi peči mora. Z mojim osebnim pribočnikom si pojdiva ogledat moje kraljestvo, in ko se vrneta, boš povedal, kakšno kazen si sebi izbral.

Pojdita, počakal bom na vaju!»

»Kukr oni vajo!» zopet reče Urban, se ponižno prikloni in odide za rogatim strežajem.

Ta ga vodi po vseh dvorana, kjer so grešnike cvrli v vrelem olju in pekli na ražnju, pa oblivali z vrelo smolo ali celo z žveplom, jih odirali na meh in močili s slano vodo in kisom, pa še trpinčili z mukami, ki jim Urban ni vedel niti imena. Marsikoga poznanega je na tem obhodu Urban videl, a nič ni mogel storiti, če ga je siromak tiho prosil: »Urban, pomagaj!» V temnem in zasmojenem prostoru je videl celo ribniškega Anə⁴, ki je še v peklju dreke rajtal⁵.

Sedel je v skodeli velike vage, pod njo je peklenšček kuril, mož pa je z rokami brodil po drekih in jih metal v drugo skodelo. Ko se je govna nekaj nabralo, se je Anə nekoliko dvignil in ga ni več toliko peklo v zadnjico, toda druga skodela se je vselej v zraku prevrnila in je mož zopet sedel na žerjavico.

»Pomagaj, Urban, če moreš!»

»I, vago bæ sæ prov uštimov, saj ne sujə sədiš, kukr vidəm!»

Nič preveč ni bil Urbanu všeč ogled pekla, skrbelo ga je le, če mu bo ratalo, da bi se izvil. Skoro skrušenega in pohlevnega pripelje pribočnik nazaj pred poglavarjev prestol in že ga Lucifer vpraša:

»No, Urban, si si ogledal moje kraljestvo; kje naj ti odkažem tvoj prostor, kakor sem ti ga obljubil?»

Urban nakrene glavo in kar najbolj ljubeznivo pogleda Luciferja pa še hitreje vrti svoj klobuk med prsti.

4 Anə = kapišon Burger; rad je uporabljal besedo anə (glej zgodbo Diplomatski pogovor ribniških kapišonov)

5 rajtati = šteti

»Vajo, prežlahtnə gəspud! Səm ranku malu glüh in ne vajm, če səm prov slišov, koku ste prajt rjaklə, de brez ognja ne buo šlu pa pečt de muore tūd?«

»Prav tako sem rekel in ne bom prav nič odnehal. Ogenj mora biti pa žgati te mora tudi!« še enkrat ponovi Lucifer.

»Al rajs, prežlahtnə gəspud, al rajs, prov zerajs? Tūd jest səm žjalu in səm sə že zbav, če žihr⁶ povajm,« hiti Urban.

»Torej, povej že, ne utegnem več imeti s tabo posla.«

»Buom pa povajdov, saj smo možje in besajde, vajm, de ne buoste požrlə – saj naj kojn,« se moško postavi Urban. »I, kaj mə buoste dalə – i, fajfo⁷ pa kakšən frakəlc domače slivovke pa naj žge, külkr če. Fajfa ne buo brez ognja, slivovka buo pa tūdə žgala, če je kaj prida!«

Vsa dvorana se je gromko zarežala in sam Lucifer se je nasmehnil. Ukazal je: »Dajte Urbanu fajfo in slivovko, kakor želi, četudi sem to drugače mislil. Odprite mu vrata, zanj v peklu ni prostora. Vse podložnike bi mi lahko spridil.«

»Kukr oni vajo pa zdravə ostanite,« se je še enkrat priklonil Urban, kakor se spodobi, in odšel do peklenskih vrat. Tu ga je že čakal kosmat strežaj, mu na pladnju ponudil prižgano fajfo in slivovko. Zgrabil je za fajfo, frakelj pa nagnil k ustom in na dušek izpil.

Globoko se je oddahnil, saj ga je tudi požgala po grlu. Strežaja je potrepljal po rami in rekel:

6 žihr = lahko

7 fajfa = pipa

»Fina je! Pretietan⁸ ne buoda, dānās sām sǎ jo pa tūd
zeslūžu – recite gāspudā, de jih pāstim še ankrat lepu
pozdravēt in naj mā ne zemierjo. Nākul več jih ne
buom nedlegvov!«

Oprtal si je krošnjo, ki ga je še vedno čakala za vrati,
in jo dolgi korakov pobiral v široki svet – po kupčiji
seveda, kakor hodi še danes.



OD IH KASHIH KAPISHONU

Feetel: Letas M6 Dovozh:
 Otago: hjalte OBERKAPISHONE
 he so tvoje Noge Ma Katone

BERKAPISHON Ba Feetel:
 Tuo Li Ga Masfa he soj ANI
 Feetel: efen:
 ... Lega, ... ega, ... AUPPIN.

MARKO halosten:

MIT MIB IS NIX



RIBNIŠKI kapišoni¹

RIBNIŠKI KAPIŠONI

Premočna pokušnja

Tisto leto, ko se je mladi Cene ženil, je bilo slabo na svetu. Povsod je gospodarila kriza in se ukierla¹ tudi v deželo suhe robe. Številne lesne trgovce in lubadarje je burja že davno posnela, le najbolj žilavi so še vztrajali in hodili vsak dan k dopoldanskemu vlaku pričakovat odrešenika, ki naj bi vsaj deloma izpraznil z lesom zatrpna skladišča. Ljubosumni drug na drugega so hodili od vlaka še k Cenetu, da bi še do dobrega preverili, da ni kdo od lesnih lubadarjev po kakšni skrivni poti zalezel v Ribnico. Tu jim je Cenetov ata delal slast s svojim poznanim apetitom do vseh dopoldanskih riht², ki jih je zaporedoma pospravil, ko je pojedel jetrca, pljučka, golaž in proti enajsti uri naročil še leberflajš³. Šele nato se je vdano potolažil z zagotovilom: »Zdaj pa magari⁴ če do južne nač ne jejm!«

Tiste jeseni je bilo izredno dobro vino in mladi Cene ga je šel iskat k svojemu tastu prav v Gadovo Peč. Srečno ga je pripeljal prejšnji večer, naslednje dopoldne pa spravil v klet.

1 ukieriti = ugnezditi
 2 dopoldanska rihta = dopoldanski obrok
 3 leberflajš = jeterno meso
 4 magari = četudi

S postaje se je tedaj pripeljal na kolesu stari Križman, grajski Marko je pridefeliral⁵ kar po trgu, dolgi Pardon pa za vodo. Srečno so se sešli kakor vsak dan za mizo pod sv. Notburgo, da odžebrajo⁶ svoje litanije o moreči krizi in slabih časih. Pa jih mladi Cene povabi v klet na pokušnjo novega vina. Sicer so se sprva nekoliko izgovarjali na zgodnjo uro, toda vinski firbec je bil le močnejši, zlasti še, ko jim je mlada Cenetova postregla tudi s prigrizkom.

Že iz prvega soda je bilo vino kot rzalja⁷, iz vsakega naslednjega, ki jih pa ni bilo malo, pa še boljše. Kar samo je tjaklu po raskavih grlih in Križman je skoro nehote zavidal Pardonu za najdaljši vrat. Usta so se jim kmalu razpotegnila do ušes in prej čemerni pusteži so jih začeli užigati po ribanškā šegā in so bili zopet navadni ljudje.

Poldne je že zdavnaj odzvonilo in treba je bilo slavnostno pokušnjo zaključiti. Prvi se povzpne iz kleti dolgi Pardon, ki se je zaletel v prvi kamniti opornik pred kletjo in ga s svojo dolgo postavo ovil kakor trta in kar na njem tudi obvisel.

Grajski Marko se mu je sicer še iz kleti smejal, toda kmalu je izprevidel, da tudi sam ne more brez Cenetove pomoči čez nekaj kletnih stopnic. Hitro ga je Cene spremil v finfarcimr⁸, ki je bil najbližji in pripravljen nalašč za pijance. Le stari Križman, kot nekdanji kolesarski dirkač, je negotovih korakov poiskal svojo staro šklobiedro⁹ in jo srečno zasedel. Privozil je z njo le do Štekličkovega vogala, ko je že štrbunknil na pločnik: »I, kaj ze vraga je danəs s to mujo kolieštro¹⁰?« je premišljeval stari dirkač in znova skakal na kolo po svoji stari navadi zadaj, ki

5 pridefelirati = hoditi kot v paradi

6 odžebati = odmoliti

7 rzalja = dobro, plemenito vino

8 finfarcimr = ničvredna soba

9 šklobiedra = kripa, dotrajano kolo

10 kolieštra = dotrajano kolo

pa mu je s svojim prednjim delom ušlo naprej, da je znova padal in padal. Navsezadnje se mu je le s težavo posrečilo, da je kolo ukrotil. Toda kod vse ga je križem kražem vodilo z ene cestne strani na drugo, ko ga je nazadnje vrglo v Žoržkovo vežo, kjer sta se s kolesom čudila drug drugemu. Žoržkova mama je zaslišala silni padec in prihitela v vežo pogledat, če se ni morda sesul kamniti baročni portal.

Dobila pa je svojega svaka na tleh, blatnega od temena do peta, poleg pa njegovo častitljivo kolo, ki je pa tudi kazalo znake zunanega in notranjega pretresa.

»I, sam lübə Bug, France, od kuod te je pa vəndr vrglu, al sə še kaj živ? Koku se muorš vəndr vozət s takəm koliesam, kə ima sjadlu obrnenu in ročice mə pa tud gliedajo nepraj nemajst nezaj!«

»I, lej nu vraga, səm ranku¹¹ rajs neumən, de təga najsəm praj zemierkov!«



Ribniški vodovod

Ribničani niso imeli le svojega slovitega lončenega basa, ampak so si njega dni napeljali tudi vodovod z lončenimi cevmi. Koliko vode je po njem priteklo, pa nihče ne ve. Res je pa, da bi še danes lahko držal, če bi cevi poprej ne popokale. Še danes pogledajo ti konci pri izkopavanju na beli dan, in če vprašaš Ribničana, kaj naj te lončene črepinje pomenijo, ti bo resno pojasnil, da je to ranku še od rimskega vodovoda.

Pa najsi bo s to zadevo že kakorkoli, Ribnica je dobila pozneje prov zerajsən¹ vodovod z železnimi cevmi, vodo pa je dal in jo še danes daje sv. Frančišek v Jurjevških stelnikih².

Tedaj je v ribniškem trgu odprl novo kavarnico stari Lovšin, Pertutti, in jo opremil z vsem udobjem. Vode ni napeljal samo na točilno mizo, celo v stranišču je šumljala ter oplakovala steno za malo potrebo. Tu je bleščal tudi pravcati WC, ves v belih ploščicah. Če bi bile vse te novotarije še električno razsvetljene, o, to bi bilo še za danes pravo razkošje.

Novo kavarnico je prišel pogledat tudi mlakarski, točneje sv. Roka list, Nata. To vam je bil precej

1 prov zerajsən = čisto zaresen, pravi

2 stelnik = kjer se grabi stelja

zajeten možakar, s počasi zaokroženim trebuhom in ni mogel seči s pogledom preko svojega pasu.

V družbi je bilo veselo petje, saj so bili sami štigəlcə, cajzəlcə inu səničce. Kdo bi štel maseljce³, ki jih je prijazna Ana kar sama nosila na mizo. Potem je ona vedela za število in povedala račun. Toda še taka posoda se navsezadnje napolni in treba jo je bilo izprazniti. Nata ni prav nič prenehal in pel še na novem stranišču o štigeljcih in cajzeljcih ter preslišal vodno šumenje. Ko se mu je zdelo, da je svoje nujno opravilo že končal, se mu čudno zdi, da sliši še vedno šum in brbot vode pa pomisli: »Petnajst al šestnajst masəlcu muore dat tudə tukaj ta suje, kar še en malu postujmo še enmalu zepujmo... naj tjače, naj tjače, de se buo vidlu dnu!«

Ampak voda še prav nič ne prestane, še vedno šumlja svojo enakomerno pesem. Čuden srh ga prešine po vsem telesu, kurja polt se mu razleze po koži in mrzel pot ga oblije, da nasloni trudno glavo ob mrzlo steno. Voda pa še kar naprej suje⁴. Nič več ne more tega prenesti. Ves prestrašen in v čudnih slutnjah zakriči s svojim mogočnim basom: »Možie, pomagajte! Nesrieča!«

Zaskrbljeni kapišoni prihite na stranišče in vidijo nesrečnega Nata, kako ves skrušen tišči glavo v zid.

»I, Nata, kaj se je pa vəndr zgudlu?«

»Nemara se mə je voda utrgala, kar neprav z mjane lije!«

3 maseljč = vrčək

4 suje = teče/lije

Nemogoče

Birt¹ nekdanjega ribniškega parlamenta, pokojni Emil Pakiž, je bil blaga duša in se je znal pošaliti, pa tudi od srca nasmejati dobremu dovtipu. Imel je dobro ali slabo navado, da je po južini rad malo zadremal kar ob peči na goli klopi s pestjo pod glavo. Dopoldne se je vrtel v svoji tkalnici žičnih mrež, proti večeru in do policijske ure je birtoval v slovitem parlamentu, kjer je bil zbran ves razumski in gospodarski cvet suhorobarske prestolnice, neredko pomnožen z gosti spodnjega in gornjega konca Ribniške doline. Zato je v opoldanskem odmoru rad ujel pet tihih minut, da je lahko ob gostilniški peči zadremal.

Pa ga pride nekoč po južini budit njegov učenec iz tkalnice in mu ves prestrašen poroča: »Stric, brž vstanite, u našə delavəncə gori!«

Emil počasi prihaja k sebi, se potiplje za žep pri suknjiču in fantička zavrne: »Šieməšče² neumnu, kaj buo u našə delavəncə gorajlu, če imam pa jest kluče u aržetə³!«

1 birt = gostilničar
 2 šieməšče = prismoda
 3 v aržetə = v žepu



Zamenjani vlogi

Stari Križman, ki so mu rekli tudi ta bašulastə, ker je imel kravžljaste lase, je bil v mladih letih znan pretepač, kar mu je zlasti v tedanjih politično burnih časih prav hodilo. Pripadal je starim liberalcem, ki so postavili za svojega kandidata v državni zbor dr. Tavčarja, klerikalci pa dr. Šušteršiča, ki se je rad pobahal, da je ribniški rojak.

S kapišonom Pirkerjem sta se namenila razbiti klerikalni shod, ki je bil napovedan pri Vovku na večer neke zimske nedelje. V gostilni se je zbralo že precej suhorobarjev in lončarjev, med njimi tudi jezikavi Brbec iz Blat. Prav ta je tukaj osumil oba liberalca, da nista prišla na shod z najboljšimi nameni. Opletal je z jezikom okrog in po njiju, da sta imela kmalu dovolj in se držala še bolj trdno le kota premajhne gostilne. Bojni načrt je bil takoj gotov: Pirker naj udari po brleči lampi, Križman pa po Brbčevi glavi. Res sta udarila oba hkrati in vnel se je splošen pretep. Brbca so našli šele po končani bitki dobro opečatenega¹ pod mizo, ko se mu je zopet vračala zavest. Shod je bil seveda razbit.

Seveda je vložil Brbec proti Pirkerju tožbo, češ da mu je le-ta prizadejal težko telesno poškodbo, Križmana pa je predlagal za pričo.

1 opečaten = pretepen

Na dan obravnave vpraša sodnik obdolženega Pirkerja: »Ali priznate, da ste udarili Brbca po glavi, da se je onesveščen zvrnil pod mizo? Ali se čutite krivega?«

Pirker: »Nikakor ne morem priznati te nesramne trditve, da sem Brbca udaril in se ne čutim prav nič krivega.«

Sodnik: »Dobro, bo pa predlagana priča povedala, če ste ga udarili ali ne. No, priča Križman, boste lahko prisegli, da Brbca obtoženi Pirker ni udaril po glavi?«

Križman: »Prisežem, da Brbca ni udaril Pirker. Kolikor časa je gorelo, sva bila skupaj in bi to moral videti. Ko je pa lampa ugasnila, pa tudi drugi niso mogli tega opaziti, ker je bila popolna tema!«

Sodnik: »Sodišče je na podlagi izpovedi zaslišane priče ugotovilo, da obtoženi Pirker ni kriv, in ga obdolžitve oprošča!«

Diplomatski pogovor ribniških kapišonov

Oberkapišon Marko in njegov pribočnik (njegova desna roka) Pirker sta bila kaj različnih značajev, toda vedno dobra prijatelja; Marko – dobričina, Pirker pa skoporitec¹ in stiskač pa prevejan² do mozga, vendar sta se čudovito ujemala, ne da bi drug drugemu kratila dobre ali slabe lastnosti.

Vsak večer sta se sešla pri Ulčarju in pila vsak svoj maselj³ ali pa skupaj polič. Sprva sta oba molčala, ko se je pa Marko že ta suje pribral⁴, jih je klenkal od danes in od včeraj prav do njega dni. Močno pa je uporabljal v vseh mogočih prilikah svoj anu⁵ in anə, pa anga, mu znal dati tudi vse mogoče slovniške oblike, da nisi vedel, o kom pripoveduje, kaj se je zgodilo in kje se je zgodilo. Pirker je večinoma tiho molčal in poslušal in le, kadar je bil pri volji, dal pogovoru kratko pripombo.

Tistega večera si je oberkapišon Marko že ta suje pribral in znova pričel razgovor. »Vajš, dragə muj kapišuon, tu je blu pa le un dan, kə səm biv ljaṇdə⁶.

1 skoporitec = skopuh

2 prevejan = zvit, prebrisan

3 maselj = vrček (3,5 decilitra)

4 ta suje pribрати = ta svoje povedati

5 anu = eno (Marko Burger je rad uporabljal besedo anə, anga... kot jezikovno mašilo, kadar ni znal ali ni hotel osebe ali stvari poimenovati ali o njej kaj povedati.)

6 ljaṇdə = tam

Tamkeja⁷ se je kar trlu əldi. Pa pravəm pr sja**bə**: »Pa pajmo ən mav pogliedat, pa me že srieča anə, k səm ga kumaj še spoznov, saj se najsva že nəč kulku cajta vidla.«

Pirker ga pre**kine**: »I, i, pa koga pravəš, de sə sriečov?«

Marko: »No, vəndr, pa unga, k se je k**jakeje**⁸ pržjanu in je le-uno vze**v**, kaj ga ne buoš poznov!«

Pirker: »Nu, nu, nu, i, i, kaj ga nja**bə**!«

Marko: »No, pa ga vprašam, koku kaj unga, koku je z unəm, pa sma prjadrala h un**mə**. Anu pa sma ga ne vajm kulku anə preangavala⁹. Kaj bə ga ne, sevajde, besajda da besajdo; jest de ja, le-un de ne, jest de ne, le-un de ja, pa tu in unu, pa səm pa ke, in je blu žie ne vajm kulku ura, ku səm domu prkrevlov. Rjačem pa, de səm vesev, k səm spet unga starga vidu in se preangavov z njim. Kaj pa ti, kapišuon, pravš ne tu?«

Pirker: »I, i, i, kaj naj rjačem, de mə je žov, k najsəm biv zdravən!«

7 tamkeja = tam

8 kjakeje = tja

9 preangavat = pregovarjati se/pomenkovati

Kdo naj plača cieho¹?

Ko sta se oberkapišon Marko in njegov pribočnik Pirker že dobro namenila², pravi Marko: »Ti, kapišuon, dənəs səm take vuole, de bə dav tud zeksar³ ze cvancgarco⁴, bom pa jest plačov najno cieho.«

Pirker: »Naka, Marko, moj lübə oberkapišuon, dənəs je cieha muja, pa mirna Bosna, i, i, i, ja!«

Marko: »Nekukr ne, kar səm skljanu bom tūd sturu, besajde ne bom vzev nezaj. Hej, Ulčar, plačat!«

Pirker: »I, i, vajš, Marko, zekaj bə se mədva sprla ze tako malenkost, kə je prov vse glih⁵, kdu jo plača, al jo plačam jest, al jo plačaš ti, i, i, pa jo daj ti!«

1 cieha = runda/zapitek

2 nameniti = pogovoriti

3 zeksar = manjši denar, vreden petino krone

4 cvancgarca = dvajsetica/dvajsetak/srebrnik za dvajset krajcarjev

5 vse glih = vseeno



Marko je v zgodnjem jutru na semanji dan v Črnomlju urejal svoj štant¹. Iz Ribnice je odpeljal že prejšnji večer in vozil svoje kože preko Roga in Maverlena², pa je med potjo kupil od polharjev rešto³ polhov. Ker je bilo še zgodaj in trg brez ljudi in da ne bi izgubljal po nepotrebnem časa, je vzel Marko svoj žepni nož in začel devati polhe iz kože. Odrte polhe je pokladal na razgrnjeno plahto, kožice pa navesil na motvoz⁴, da bi se osušile. Polhi so bili imenitni, sami starci, dobro podloženi z maščobo in za dlan široki, da jih je bilo veselje samo gledati. Kmalu se je nabrala okrog njega družba domačinov, ki so Markota radovedno gledali. Iz bližnje gostilne je pritekla oštirka⁵ in prosila: »Vsaj par polhov mi odstopite, Marko, hči mi je obolela in kar naprej kašlja pa bi ji polšja mast gotovo pomagala.«

Marko: »Tudə mjane rad kašəl drži, saj səm ranku nedušljiv⁶!«

Približa se starejši uradnik, ki bi tudi rad polšjo pečenko in ravno tako prosi: »Boter Marko, nekaj

1 štant = stojnica
2 Maverlen = kraj na poti proti Črnomlju
3 rešta = niz, vrsta
4 motvoz = vrv
5 oštirka = krčmarica/gostilničarka
6 nedušljiv = astmatičen

polhov mi boste pa ja dali. Žena ni nič prava in bi ji rad kaj dobrega privoščil!«

Marko: »Mjanə je žie ta prva od slabustə umrla pa sə muorəm drügo zegvišat⁷, muj dragə!«

Pride boljša ženska in v zadregi vrti svoj prazni cekar: »Meni jih pa boste vendar nekaj privoščili, to se pravi, ne meni, ampak mojemu možu, ki ga kar naprej po trebuhu kolje in vem, da mu bo polšja pečenka še najbolj zalegla, pa tudi pomagala.«

Marko: »Križ božji! Kaj je u Črnomlə že vse bovnu ze poušjo koliko⁸! Vajste, mjanə se pa vse toku zdi, de ste Črnomalcə le gliedat pršlə, koku so Ribəncanje povhe drlə, kə bə jih sami radə požrlə.«

7

zegvišat = zagotoviti

8

kolika = krči v trebušnih organih

Kako je Pirker konju štatljivost¹ odpravil

Pirker je bil sila podjeten in se je lotil vsega, kar je upal, da mu bo neslo. V trgu je imel manjšo trgovino z vsem mogočim blagom, na Mlaki je zgradil veliko opekarno, seveda s tujimi sredstvi, v Jelendolu je postavil parno žago, kupčeval je z graščinami in graščinskimi gozdovi ter hkrati gradil cesto Sodražica – Loški Potok. S to cesto si je nehote zagotovil nesmrtno ime v nekem ovinku, ki bi ga lahko skrajšal, če bi čez ozko dolinico napravil majhen nasip. Raje je zavlekel cesto okoli dolinice in ovinek je dobil ime Pirkarjev komovc in ga tudi danes nihče drugače ne imenuje. Rad se je sukal v vsaki družbi in če je le mogel, rad pil na tuj račun.

Sodraška lovska bratovščina ga je nekoč povabila na zadnji pogon, kjer ga je čakal dober zalogaj divjačine in dobro vino, ki bi ga nerad zamudil. Imel pa je tisti dan poslovne opravke na Blokah in se je tja peljal na vozičku s kobilico, ki je bila sicer krotka in bistra žival, toda imela je napako, da se je kar nenadoma ustavila sredi ceste brez vzroka in tam obstala, dokler se ji ni zazdelo, da je potegnila naprej.

Pirker se je tedaj vračal z Blok že na večer in se mu je skoro mudilo, saj bi pajto lovsko večerjo² v Sodražici nerad zamudil.

1 štatljivost = trma, muhavost

2 pajta lovsko večerja = večerja, ob kateri se poje

Pod Žigmarškim klancem pa se kobilica naenkrat ustavi sredi ceste in noče več naprej. Pirker jo sprva poganja z vajetmi, potem z bičem, toda kobilica se ni niti zganila. Stopi tedaj s svojega šuparčka³ in prime kobilico za uzdo, da bi jo spravil čez kočljivo mesto, toda vse zastonj! Razjezil se je, da bi zaradi konjske muhavosti zamudil dobršen del lovske pojedine, in začel z bičem mlatiti po živali, najprej s tanjšim, potem pa kar z debelim koncem. Pa vse brez uspeha. Kobilica se je pač nekoliko ozrla sedaj na desno, sedaj na levo stran ceste, dvigala je le svoj rep in ga vihtela kakor turški prapor, naprej pa ni hotela za nič na svetu. Ves obupan skoči Pirker na voz, iz toka vzame samokres, da bo kobilico ustrelil. Z levico drži za vajeti v upanju, da se bi morda le спушила⁴, z desnico pa vihti samokres in žuga kobilici, da jo bo ustrelil. Še sedaj se ni spametovala in je le vihtela svoj košati rep.

»Na, pošast!« in Pirker sproži. Rep se je v trenutku povetil, kobilica se vzpne na zadnji nogi in z velikimi skoki oddirja po cesti naprej, medtem ko se je Pirker pobiral na vozičku, kamor ga je vrgel sunek. Naenkrat sta bila v Sodražici pred Fajdigovo hišo, kjer mu je hišni hlapec pomagal izpreči. Kobilica je bila vsa potna in rep ji je bil prestreljen. S tem je bila pa ozdravljena svoje bolezni in nikdar več se ni skujala in spuntala sredi ceste. Pirker pa je rad ob vsaki priliki poudaril, da ima štatljiv konj svojo bolezen v repu.

3 šuparček = voz/koleselj
4 спушити se = premakniti se







RIBNIŠKI posebneži

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Tomažev Polde in Janezek Javornik (Čik – Janez)

Tomažev Polde je bil sin zadnjega postiljona¹, ki je vozil pošto iz Ljubljane v Ribnico in seveda tudi nazaj. To je bilo še njega dni, še predno je stekla kočevska železnica.² O Poldetu so ljudje trdili, da je ravno prav gluh in da sliši samo tisto, kar njemu prav hodi, vse drugo pa da rad presliši. Kljub tej telesni pomanjkljivosti je bil mož vnet za glasbo in je igral bisernico, bugarijo in menda celo berde v tamburaškem orkestru, in bil sploh prebrisan. Kot lesni strokovnjak je nabavljал po dolini les, poleti je vsej soseski klepal kose in sam kosil, pozimi pa je še raje presedel marsikatero noč pri kartah. Trdil je, da je glasbeno nadarjenost podedoval po svojem očetu, ki je s poštnim rogom dramil zaspane Ribničane s svojim tra-ra, tra-ra, prav tako pa tudi veselje do kartanja, ki je rodovini že močno prešlo v meso in kri.

Po prvi svetovni vojni je lesna trgovina v Ribniški dolini veselo cvetela in šla v klasje, kdor se je le količkaj spoznal nanjo. Tomažev Polde je imel tedaj dela čez glavo in ga je težko sam zmagoval. Zato si je poiskal pomočnika v osebi Javornikovega Janezka, ki je bil tudi mož svoje sorte.

1 postiljon = voznik poštne kočije

2 še predno je stekla kočevska železnica = pred 1893

Po poklicu je bil čevljar, s tem delom pa se ni ravno preveč ukvarjal, stare škarpe in čevlje je flikal³ in popravljajl skrivaj, ker ni imel zato obrtnega dovoljenja. Prva povojna leta je odprl svojo delavnico sredi kočevske prestolnice, toda že prva stranka ga je pognala na kant⁴, ker mu je odnesla plačilo za popravljene copate. Napovedal je konkurz⁵ in se preselil nazaj v Ribnico. Poznal je tudi nekaj nemških besed in prav to je bilo Poldetu kaj dobrodošlo, da ga je mogel uporabiti za nakup lesa tudi med Kočvarji. Svoj posel je pričel seveda v gostilni v družbi trdih Kočvarjev in jim razlagal: »Unzre firma kaufen olz!⁶« Tako je sklenil marsikatero kupčijo in jo tudi izpeljal. Za likof⁷ Kočvarji niso bili ravno skopi in vino je teklo od miz, denarja ni manjkalo in Janezek je pridno ordiniral⁸ podnevi in ponoči. Tomaževemu Poldetu je postal desna roka in morda še več.

Nekoč je Janezek odšel po poslovnih potih na Kočevsko. Na Frtnatovi⁹ žagi je že primanjkovalo lesa za rezo, pogodba se je iztekala in treba jo je bilo čim prej izpolniti. Z dobro nabito denarnico se je Janezek odpravil na pot. Kolovratil je od gostilne do gostilne po znanih kočevskih vaseh, toda v Ribnico ni hotelo biti že peti dan ne Janezka ne kočevskih furmanov ne lesa. Žaga je že počivala, pa še nikogar od nikoder, niti najmanjše vesti o Janezku, lesu in denarju. Poldeta je vseeno zaskrbelo, kako naj bi ga poiskal in pripravil nazaj. Dolgo časa je gruntal in nazadnje le pogruntal, da je treba za Janezkom poslati tiralico, ki jo je z velikimi črkami kar sam napisal in obesil na cestni telegrafski drog.

3 flikati = krpati, popravljati

4 pognati na kant = napraviti ga revnega, ubogega / spraviti ob vse

5 konkurz = stečaj

6 Unsere Firma kauft Holz. (nem.) = Naše podjetje kupuje les.

7 likof = pitje po končanem delu

8 ordinirati = pregledovati bolnike / v prenesenem pomenu popivati

9 Frtnatovi = Fortunatovi

Glasila se je pa takole: »Zatekel¹⁰ se je Janezek Javornik – cigansko ime Devesi – je špičastega obraza in dolgega gobca, postave je srednje in suhljate pa temne polti. Gleda bolj čukasto, na levem licu nosi bunko od čika! Hodi bolj krevljasto, obleka nič prida, klobuk brez pankelca¹¹. Kdor ga najde živega ali mrtvega, dobi nagrado.«

Janezka pa je prignala bolj prazna mošnja kakor domotožje zopet domov. Dolgo časa je stal pred lepakom s svojim opisom, morda je samo podzavestno slutil, da ni nekaj v redu, kajti prebrati ga ni mogel, ker ni bil pismen.

Vsekakor pa sta bila naša možakarja pristna in svojska pa drug drugega vredna. Oba prebrisana sta si ob dnevih suhih krav¹² kaj rada očitala storjene grehe, kako sta drug drugega ali skupno druge goljufala. Seveda je ostalo le pri besedah, kajti kupčija je kupčija in Unzre firma ni mogla poslovati, še manj pa obstajati brez predstavnikov take kompanije¹³.

Janezek, že po naravi bolj slaboten, se je na svojih poslovnih potih službeno prehladil in resno v postelji obležal. Vročina ga je kuhala, izgubljal je zavest in blodil pa vpil v sanjah nerazumljive besede, le tu in tam se je še zavedel. Polde je gledal s skrbjo nanj in že obupoval, da ga bo za vedno izgubil. Janezek je zopet premeteno pogledal okrog sebe in s slabotnim glasom potožil: »Veš, Polde, slab sem, slab!«

Polde je seveda brž poprijel: »Res je, Janezek, morda bo pa le prav in dobro, če bi poslal po gospoda? Sam stopim v farovž¹⁴, če to želiš!«

10 zatekel se je = izgubil se je

11 pankelc (pri klobuku) = trak, trakec

12 dnevi suhih krav = dnevi revščine, bede

13 kompanija = podjetje z več solastniki

14 farovž = župnišče

Janezek se je zamislil, ga svetlo pogledal in mu odgovoril: »Nič ne rečem, da bi ne bilo prav. Toda ti, Polde, veš za vse moje in najine lumparije. Če greš že v farovž, jih gospodu kar tam povej pa mu boš pot prihranil, da mu ne bo treba do mene!«

Prežlahtna cvetica

»Prežlahtna cvetica,
kə maš tako lastnust,
de kmieta, gəspuda
prpravəš u norust!«

Štori je služil za hlapca v nekdanji kolodvorski restavraciji. Bil je že v pametnih letih, vendar še nezanesljiv in je rad popustil, če je prilika nanesla, zlasti pri vinu in veseli družbi. Sicer je vodil svoje posle v redu tako v hlevu kakor na dvorišču in gostilniškem vrtu. Gospodar Johan se je že skoro nanj zanesel in mu marsikaj zaupal, čeravno si ni bil svest¹, da ga ne bo polomil.

V gostilni je zmanjkalo cvička in treba je bilo v naglici ponj. Johan pokliče Štorija in mu naroči, da zapreže voz, naloži prazni sod in se odpelje v belokranjski Maverlen po vino. Štori prikima, vzame pismo z naročilom in denarjem ter se lagodno odpelje čez kočevske in roške klanke proti Beli krajini. Ustavi pred znano zidanico, izroči gospodarju pismo in denar, položi konju krme in gazdi² pomaga privaliti sod v zidanico.

1 si ni bil svest = ni bil prepričan

2 gazda = gospodar

Že duh po vinu je Štorija zapeljal, kaj šele polna majolka, ki jo je gazda postavil predenj.

Sodček je bil kmalu napolnjen, toda konju je bilo treba še počitka, majolko pa je bilo treba večkrat napolniti, da se ga je Štori pošteno natreskal. Že pozno popoldne se je odpravil nazaj proti domu in težko je lahki konjiček privlekel obe polni posodi do vrha, kjer se roške planjave začno spuščati proti kočevski deželi. Navzdol je seveda šlo hitreje, skoro že prehitro. Štori je sprva pel svoje pesmi, toda vino ga je nazadnje le premagalo, da je zadremal in v sladkih sanjah prepustil vso svobodo konju, saj je bil pametna žival in skoro ni poznal ne biča ne zavore. Toda klanec je bil le prehud, teža na vozu precejšnja in v zadnjem koprivniškem klancu konj ni mogel več obvladati položaja. Šlo je na desno in na levo – nazadnje čez cestni rob in v dolino. Le Štori se je srečno prekucnil z voza in obsedel na mestu, sod se je kotalil in odskakoval in bil prvi na ravnici. Konjiček se je vedno bolj zapletal v ojnice in vajeti ter izgubil vsako oblast nad njimi, rad bi se rešil vezi in jo prosto odkuril kamorkoli že. Nekaj časa se je tako vrtilo, voz in konj, slednjič je moral konj obležati s polomljenimi nogami in voz brez koles.

Štori ni poskušal na voz niti na konja in jo je kar peš udaril naprej proti Kočevju in Ribnici.

Johan je računal, da bo večernim gostom lahko postregel z novim vinom, toda Štorija ni hotelo biti od nikoder. Vso noč je Johan prebedel ves v skrbeh in navsezgodaj že napregel drugi voz, da bi šel naproti, pa jo Štori brez voza in konja prižvižga po dvorišču do Johana, ki ga je strmo gledal. Štori je zardel in vedel, da mora nekaj reči: »Gæspud Johan, samu de smo še zdravø!«

Pfefer - revizor

Pfefer ni hodil rad raztrgan, oblačil se je gosposko, saj se ga je od številnih sošolcev vsakdo rad čimprej odkrižal, da mu je zavalil¹ ponošeno obleko, perilo ali čevlje in še kakšno kravato povrhu. Nekaj časa se je kot pravi gospod sprehajal po trgu, dokler ni pritisnila suša², da je moral novo obleko pretopiti³ in poiskati staro.

Železniški postajenačelnik Čelofiga je pričakoval uradni obisk – revizorja. Pri zadnjem večernem vlaku izstopi čedno oblečen gospod z melono⁴ na glavi in malim kovčkom v roki. Čelofiga ga oceni, da mora biti prav ta napovedani revizor in nihče drugi. Prijazno ga pozdravi, stopi k njemu in se mu predstavi. Gospod nekaj zamrmra in že se mu postajonačelnik ponudi, da bi šla skupno v kolodvorsko restavracijo, češ da revizije vendar ne bo začel ob taki pozni uri. Gospod se je takoj znašel in vabilo rade volje sprejel. V restavraciji se je kmalu zbrala vesela ribniška družba in se ob dobrem prigrizku in še boljši pijači zabavala pozno v noč.

1 zavaliti = dati/podariti

2 suša = žeja

3 pretopiti = prodati

4 melona = polcilinder

Milega gosta so končno le spravili do sobe, mu želeli prijeten počitek in naj se zjutraj nikar preveč ne dviza k reviziji.

Ko sta se v sosednji sobi krčmar Johan in gospa Matilda odpravljala k počitku, je bistra žena vseeno izrazila možu svoj dvom: »Veš, vse se mi tako zdi, da ta gospod ni nihče drug kot Pfefer!« In resnično je bil, kajti prihodnje jutro ga ni bilo več v sobi in ne v pisarni železniške postaje. Ko je o možu podvomil tudi sam gospod Čelofiga, je takoj poravnal račun vesele gostije in prosil Johanove, naj molče o vsej zadevi, kajti lahko bi se našel škribar⁵, ki bi znal napisati Gogoljevega Revizorja v ribniški izdaji.

Pfefer - geometer

Pfefer pride v pozni jeseni v Struge. Kmalu najde še dva pajdaša, da vsakemu v roke dolgo palico, sam pa vzame lesene količke, meri z dolгим metrom in zabija količke čez njive in vrtove, postavlja figuranta¹ s kolcem še dalje, kakor da bi merili za cesto ali železnico.

Skraja so Stružanci molče gledali zemljemerce, majejo z glavami, končno le nekdo spregovori in vpraša:

»Slišjo, gəspud, kaj bo pa s təga ratalu²?«

»Železnica bo v par mesecih stekla tod,« odgovori Pfefer in veli figurantu, naj postavi palico skozi vežo bližnje hiše. Strmečega gospodarja obliva pot, žena obupuje in joka: »Pa vəndr naj trajba, de bə šla štreka³ glih čez⁴ našo hišo!«

»Nič se ne da predruĝaćiti, mora biti tako, tak je cesarski ukaz. Ovinkov ne bomo delali, železnica jih ne trpi, torej bo šla proga kar skozi vežo in potem naprej! Tako bo in nič drugače! Figuranta, s špago pojdiva dalje skozi vežo in jo potegnita skozi kuhinjsko okno na dvorišče!

1 figurant = pomožni delavec pri zemljemerskih delih

2 ratalu = nastalo

3 štreka = proga

4 čez = skozi

Hlev, ki je tam v napotje, bomo pa podrli!«

Hišna gospodinja se je skoro sesedla od strahu, ko je izvedela, za kaj gre.

Mož se je boječe približal Pfefru in ga pocukal za rokav cesarske suknje ter ga povabil v hišo na kozarec mošta: »Žjana buo pa tüd rada kaj čez ponu⁵ vrgla, če buoste tlə, samu de se buomo mi pogovurlə!«

Pfefer je velel ustaviti delo in odredil odmor, saj je tega komaj čakal. Žjana je ves dan cvrla in pekla, odmor se je povlekel že v noč, ko jo je komisija sita in napojena ucvrla po najbližji poti zopet čez Kurji grič v Ribnico.

Sodnijski sluga Murgel

Sodnijski sluga Murgel je bil špasen možiček, majhen po postavi, toda z rokami je prav lahko segel do tal, da se mu ni bilo treba pripogniti, če si je zavezoval čevlje ali se je hotel popraskati po gležnjih. Žena je bila pobožna in je rada hodila v cerkev, sam pa je živel v veri, da je dovolj, če obiskuje cerkve od zunaj, oštarije pa od znotraj. Dolgo vrsto let je shajal s svojo vero, toda nazadnje, ko se ga je lotila huda bolezen, se je le dal pregovoriti ženi, da se bo spravil z Bogom¹ in izrazil željo, da ga obišče sam gospod dekan.

Po jutranji maši stopi žena v zakristijo in prosi dekana, da bi osebno prišel previdet² bolnega moža. Dekan Dolinar da ženi koretelj³ in štolo⁴, češ naj to nese domov in pripravi vse potrebno, sam bo pa prišel peš, čim bo to utegnil. Žena prihiti domov in položi koretelj s štolo na moževo posteljo, pripravi vse, kakor ji je dekan naročil, ter ga vdano čaka na hišnem pragu.

Murgel gleda pripravljeno mizo, pogrnjeno z belim prtom in prižganimi svečami na vsaki strani križa, pa vidi tudi koretelj in štolo na svoji postelji, ki ju je prinesla žena gotovo zanj, da se bo opravil. In res si s

1 spraviti se z Bogom = sprejeti zakramente pred smrtjo

2 prevideti = podeliti zakramente umirajočemu

3 koretelj = kratko belo liturgično oblačilo katoliških duhovnikov

4 štola = širok trak okoli vratu kot znamenje duhovništva

težavo povleče koretelj čez glavo in obesi štolo okoli vratu ter potrpežljivo čaka na dekanov prihod.

Dekan Dolinar pride kmalu, stopi v sobo in vidi Murgla v koretlju in štoli za vratom. Na ves glas se začne smejat in vpraša bolnika: »Ja, gospod Murgel, kaj ste se pa tako našemili?«

Murgel mu pa hiti pojasnjevati svoje mnenje: »Vajo, gəspud, tiehant⁵, səm vajdu, de so tu ceremonje, prajdən človk odrajsa ne le-unə svajt; de so pa take, təga pa najsəm mislu!«

Uradne ure

Stari Murgel je bil na ribniškem sodišču eksekutor – izterjevalec. Med uradnimi urami je rad stisnil pod pazduho nekaj uradnih spisov in odšel po robo v bližnjo gostilno Pri Pildarju ali še raje v Pickovo štacuno, kjer so točili tudi žganje, da si je dušo privezal. Sodni svetnik Mejač ga je takrat seveda zastonj klical in iskal, da bi mu dal svoja posebna navodila.

Nekega dopoldneva, ko je Murgel razkladal svojo pravno učenost trškim mojstrom, zbranim vsak s svojim frakeljčkom¹ v roki, pri Picku, ga je svetnik Mejač zastonj klical in iskal po vseh uradnih prostorih, celo sodne zapore je pregledal. Seveda Murgelna nikjer. Ves nedolžen, pa seveda tudi primerno nakresan, je Murgel pribentil do svoje uradne mize in jezno vrgel šop uradnih spisov po njej, ko ga po dolgem iskanju vendar zaloti svetnik Mejač. Brez vsakega uvoda in izpraševanja ga začne oštevati in mu očita zanemarjanje uradnih dolžnosti in tudi pijanost v službi.

Murgel, še vedno pokrit z visoko uradno kapo, ga je poslušal stoje; ko pa je svetnik Mejač končal s svojo pridigo, mu Murgel mogočno salutira in v svoji pozi javi: »Gospod svetnik, sedaj so uradne ure!«

1 frakeljček = steklenička za osminko litra



Danski Golob

Kakšen vrišč je nastal vselej v vasi, kadar je prišel danski Golob. Celo krdelo otrok je šlo za njim.

»Golob, ure, ure popraviti!« so vpili in ga oponašali, on pa jim je pretil in se jih otepal z debelo palico.

Bil je majhne postave in širok. Na glavi je nosil včasih klobuk, včasih pa staro kapo kakega trškega uradnika. Oblečen je bil snažno. Na nogah je nosil velike čevlje, ki očitvidno niso bili njemu umerjeni. S seboj je nosil sveženj obleke in nekaj klešč. Ker je bil urar – samouk, je nosil na svežnju kot znak privezano številčnico od ure.

Ko je prišel v kakšno hišo, se je najprej ozrl, če ura stoji. Zatem je šele vprašal, če imajo kakšno uro za popraviti. »Znam fejest¹,« je trdil.

»Ja, kje imaš pa kramp?« ga je včasih kdo vprašal.

»Kogá?« je vprašal z zateglim glasom.

Včasih, kadar je bilo več fantov skupaj, so se zmenili in mu prinesli v popravilo kakšno staro uro. Jakob jo je razdrl, razložil kolesje po mizi in ga nato brisal in čedil s petrolejem. Fantje so mu med tem radi skrili kak del ure. On se je začel jeziti in storilca oštevati.

1 fejest = dobro

Nato so mu tisti del skrivaj vrnil in ga dražili, da pač slabo vidi. Ako se mu je posrečilo, da je ura stekla, je z velikim zadovoljstvom zatrjeval: »Ste videli, kako znam?«

Če ura po popravilu ni hotela steči, jo je skrivaj pobral drugam.

Nekega dne je prišel v vas z velikim zabojem na rami in z veliko trobento pod pazduho. Navdušeno je pojasnjeval ljudem: »To je gramofon: igra, poje, govori in se krega. Če boste kaj plačali, ga bom navil, da boste poslušali.« Ko mu je nekaj ljudi plačalo, so ga prisilili, da je gramofon pognal v tek. Seveda vsi niso plačali, ki so poslušali, kar ga je silno jezilo.

Ker je bil gramofon težak in neroden, ga je prodal in si kupil aparat za elektriziranje.

»Halo! Dajte se elektrizirat! Je zdrav!«

»Kaj bo tista tvoja elektrika!« mu je kdo ugovarjal.

»Boš videl, kako ti bo vilo parklje! No, kdo da groš?« je ponujal. Plačati je bilo treba vnaprej.

»Ti, ta mlada, sem pojdi! Boš držala, boš videla, kako sije!«

Zbralo se je vedno dovolj radovednežev, ki so se norčevali iz njegove naprave. Ako ga je kak šaljivec le preveč ujezil, je svoj aparat tako zavrtel, da ga je pošteno vilo in si je to zapomnil in ni več rad prijel za njegov aparat.

Posebno pa je ta človek ljubil pernice. Ko je prišel v kakšno hišo, je šel rad potipat posteljo. Če je zalotil pernico, je začel takoj barantati za ceno prenočišča. Če se je le pogodil, je potem ležal na pernici in ga tudi po dva dni ni bilo na spregled.

Golob kot jedec

Klatež Golob se je moral dostikrat boriti s težavami popotništva. Lačen in žejen je prikolovratil v vas in hodil od hiše do hiše, da bi dobil kaj za pod zob, vsaj žgance in mleko ali nekaj krompirja in zelja. Ljudje so poznali njegovo učenost in spretnost pri popravilu ur in ga pošiljali naprej, da so se ga čimprej znebili. Ker ni šlo drugače, je moral zategniti pas še za luknjo ali dve, sicer bi zgubil hlače. Kadar mu je bilo nebo milostno, je tudi naletel na izobilje, zlasti po praznikih in semanjih dnevih, da si je lahko privoščil vsega, če tudi jedi niso bile vse tako sveže in vabljive.

Na pustni torek je prikrevsal k Cenetovi mami, ki mu je rada privoščila vsega, kar je lahko pogrešila. Postrgala je kangle od golaža, jeter in pljučk, zalila z govejo in suho juho, naložila še krompirja in mu navrgla kruha. Vsega že za dober pominjek¹. Cenetov ata, tudi sam dober jedec, ga je od strani opazoval in mu prigovarjal, da mora vse pospraviti. Golob je samo z glavo kimal, hlačni pas si je že dvakrat odpenjal pa jedel naprej, da je kar z ušesi migal. Vse je pospravil v dobri veri, da bo tako vsaj za nekaj dni preskrbljen. Celo pijače mu je prinesel ata: »Še to popij, da ne boš žejen!« Tudi vino je popil in gosti so ga že hodili gledat, ko jim je ata povedal, da je Golob gladko pospravil za cel pominjek golaža.

1 pominjek = posoda za pomine

Veliki jedec se je samo smejal in rad polokal vino, če mu je kdo kaj prinesel. Na praznoto navajeni želodec pa se je začel upirati in po drobu ga je začelo zvijati. V dve gube zvít se je zavlekel na dvorišče, hodil sem pa tja in stokal od bolečin. Raznekov Francek ga je pred hlevom opazoval in kmalu ugotovil, da ga bo razneslo. Brž najde pomagača in že sta si edina, da je treba Goloba povezati z vrvjo, če ne bo trebuh počil ko bomba. Le-ta, že ves brez volje, se je dal povezati na tesaško kozo in skrbno sta mu moža povila trebuh z vrvjo. Raznek je prinesel celo staro žlajdro², ki sta jo zategnila okoli trebuha. Ljudje so ga hodili gledat in zbijali šale. Nekdo ga je celo vprašal: »Golob, ali ti je že kaj odleglo?«

Z jokavim glasom je odgovoril: »Odleglo mi še ni, ampak bolj brez skrbi se čutim!«

Godovno voščilo

Raznekov Francek je bil za svojih mladih let auskneft¹ pri Cenetu in razprezal ter naprezal je vprege furmanov², ki so prihajali in odhajali iz Ribnice. Dočakal je čez osemdeset let, seveda ni bil v tej dobi več za rabo. Imel je tudi razglašeno harmoniko, ki jo je rad raztegnil ob vsaki priliki, seveda bolj za smeh kakor zares. Hodil je srečo voščit vsem trškim gospodarjem in gospodinjam in je imel vse te godove rdeče zaznamovane v svoji pratiki.

V tem svojem poslanstvu ni izpustil niti graščaka Rudeža niti tiehanta³. Pa se zgodi, da je tisto leto tiehanta smrt pobrala. Ker pa je dobival za svoja voščila po srebrno krono in še kos belega kruha in kozarec ta zakmašnega⁴ vina, je bil Francek v zadregi, kako naj napravi, da pride do svojih rednih prejemkov.

Na kresni dan, ko je bil dekanov god, pride Francek kakor ponavadi v farovž s svojo harmoniko in jo raztegne, da je vse hreščalo. Novi dekan prestrašeno pogleda iz pisarne, kaj naj to pomeni.

1 auskneft = hlapec/pomočnik (iz nemškega Hausknecht)

2 furman = voznik

3 tiehant = dekan

4 ta zakmašno vino = boljše vino, ki se pije pri maši

Francek mu skromno pojasni: »Vajo, gəspud, səm
pršu rajncəmə⁵ tiehantə gud vuoščət – pa kruonca
naj mə dado!«

Francek, nekoliko omejen možic, toda prefrigan⁶
in prevejan, kadar mu je šlo za svoje koristi, je na
pojasnilo novega dekana: »Moj god je šele o božiču!«
odgovoril: »No, buom pa še takrat pršu!«

5 rajncə = pokojni

6 prefrigan = prebrisan

Raznekov Francek in žakelj

Raznekovega Francka so tržani radi dražili in vlekli za nos ob vsaki priliki. Očitali so mu, da je v mladosti živel na koruzi¹ s Cotarjevo Mico, ki bi kmalu imela z njim otroka. Francek se je tudi zavedal svoje nizkosti in se ni ravno preveč razburjal zaradi tega. Pač pa je nagajivce potolažil: »No, no, no, kar molčimo, molčimo! Ti pa lažeš, če pravāš, de bā imajla Mica z mano otroka. Pa ga naj imajla nākulā; čeprov je bla trinajst majscu šroka² pa se je pol vse zljajpa rezšlu!«

Otroci so Raznekovega Francka radi dražili s tem, da so vpili, kjer so ga videli, najbrž zaradi dolge zapete suknje: »Žakelj, žakelj, dva moža!« Francek je bil seveda hud, nekaj časa jih je lovil po vežah in vrtovih, ujeti pa ni mogel nikogar.

Nekega večera pride Johanov Tonček klicat svojega očeta v Pakiževo gostilno, tam pa je tudi Francek žulil svoj frakelj, ko ga Tonček zagleda. Še bolj samozavesten in še predno je povedal očetu svoje naročilo, je stopil do birta Pakiža in vprašal: »Stric, ali je ta žakelj (s poudarkom), ki je v veži, vaš, ali naj ga zanesem k Johanovim?«

1 živeti na koruzi = živeti v skupnosti, a ne biti poročen

2 široka = noseča

Francek je ob tem vprašanju kar vztrepetal, Tonček pa se je seveda stisnil k očetu in mu na uho povedal mamino naročilo.

Francek je popustil žganje in stopil do Tončkovega očeta ter ves ogorčen potožil: »Sramota, gəspud Johan, de imajo tacga sina, k pravə mjanə zenalašč žakəl in me ne pəsti pr mierə³. Le dajte ga!«

Komotni¹ prosjak

Raznekov Francek je bil tisti čas med brezposelnimi v Ribnici. Cenetov ata se je nad njim razjezil, ga oštel, da je uritnil² in šel leč v senco. Ko se je tam naspal, je bil lačen in žejen, toda tudi Cenetova mama ga ni mogla z nobeno besedo pripraviti do tega, da bi mu mogla postreči z jedjo. Bil je užaljen do smrti in bi tudi raje umrl od lakote, kakor pa pri Cenetovi hiši še kaj okusil. Že star, bil je pri osemdestih, in nadložen samemu sebi in drugim, se je Francek odločil, da bo pač beračil po trgu, če mu bo kdo kaj dal.

In tako priprosači do Zæskædnikarja, kjer je skozi okno v prvem nadstropju gledal trški učitelj in opazoval življenje po živahnem trgu. Francek pogleda proti oknu in prosi: »Gæspud, al vajo, sæm tak rajvež, najmam ne očieta ne matere. Če bæ mæ kaj pomagala!« Učitelj zbere ves drobiž, ki ga je imel pri sebi in mu ga vrže skozi okno na tla. Drobiž se je seveda raztekkel v bližini. Francek to bogastvo nekaj časa gleda, se ozre zopet na okno in zakliče: »Gæspud, vajo, če bæ pršlæ še pobrat!«

1 komotni = udoben, na lahko

2 uritniti = užaljeno oditi



Ribniška previdnost

Pokojni Gavželj je bil sicer dobričina, toda z vsemi žavbami¹ namazan in vedno brez denarja. Krene k Pildarčku z desno roko v hlačnem žepu, kakor da tiplje za denarjem, ter zahteva četrtingo vina. Pildarček ga nezanesljivo gleda, vendar prinese vino in čaka na plačilo. Gavželj prime čašo z levico in dobro polovico odpije in potegne prazno desnico iz žepa. Pildarček je takoj izprevidel, da ne bo dobil plačila, zagrabi neizpito čašo in skoro vzdihne: »Rajšimo, kar se rajšet da!«

1

žavba = mast, krema



Pakižev Lipe

Ko je bil Pakižev Lipe dvajset let star, bi se že rad oženil. Korajžno stopi pred očeta in mu pove svojo željo.

Oče ga je mirno poslušal pa mu je položil roko na čelo in zmajal z glavo in mu z vso resnobo govoril: »Tjabə, fantičək, je u glavə hədu. Pajdə no k materə u kuhno pa naj tə nəvieže čjasna okul vrata, de tə buo odljaglu. Lej, lej, že par dni se mə je dozdejvalu, de te najkaj vročina kuha!«



Ni vsakomur dano, da bi norel

Jare je bil dolga leta v ribniški graščini za pastirja. Ni bil prov skuzə¹ in preveč brihten tudi ne. Grajska služinčad se je rada z njim ponorčevala, prav zato je bil najraje pri svoji živini, ki jo je v hlevu glajštal² in pasel za gradom in po Ugarju. Vsak večer je prignal čredo na Bistrico, jo napojil in spravil v hlev. Nekega večera ga opazuje z mosta mladi graščak Rudež in se mu zahoče, da bi se s pastirjem pošalil, pa mu zakliče:

»Jare, pravijo, da se ženiš pri Bobkovi Marjanci. Kdaj greva snubit in za pričo ti bom šel!«

»Hm, hm, gəspud Rudež, kaj pa norite, če vam naj danu!«

1 prov skuzə = iznajdljiv
2 glajštati = gladiti, krtačiti



FLA STRAINE V DIONICI ADMCMXXI

Zakonska LJUBEZEN PO RIBNIŠKO

Zakonska LJUBEZEN PO RIBNIŠKO

Piltavor in izgubljeni jezik

Piltavorjeva hiša z dvoriščnim¹ hlevom je stala na ovinku tedanje Posojilnice. Piltavor je imel vse lastnosti pravega Ribničana. Velik in močan, s košatimi brki, ki sta mu krasili obraz kakor dva veveričja repa. Bil je samo krošnar v pravem pomenu besede, zgovoren, žaljiv in zafrkljiv, nikdar pa surov, kakor je pač nanese, in pripovedovati je znal svoje zdomarske prigode v najbolj čisti ribniščini na svojski način, da se mu je vse smejalo. Nič zato, če si je tu in tam pomagal z lažjo, ali kaj po svoje napihnil, vselej je tako povedal, da je imelo rep in glavo in tehtno šegavo vsebino. Krošnaril je po Liki in Dalmaciji in s konjičkom vozil suho robo od kraja do kraja, pa prifural² zopet domov z nabito denarnico. Žena se je doma sama ubijala z otroki in zemljo in huda je bila na moža, ki se doma ni hotel oprijeti dela, ampak je le hodil po krčmah, praznil pollitre in zabaval goste. Če se je žena razsrdila, je bil pri hiši tihi teden, zastonj jo je mož ogovarjal in ji dopovedoval – za vse na svetu mu ni odgovorila.

Piltavor, ki se je rad menil s komerkoli in bi se tudi z ženo, zlasti če se je natreskan vrnil domov, bi ji rad povedal marsikaj, za kar podnevi ni bilo prilike ali pa je šlo le trdo z jezika.

1 dvoriščni hlev = v Ribnici so imele trške hiše hleve na dvorišču

2 prifural = pripeljal z vozom

Dolgo časa je gruntal, kako bi jo te šate³ odvadil, končno se mu je to posrečilo. Kaj kmalu se mu je ponudila tudi prilika. Žena je zopet kuhala svoj rilec in to se je vleklo že v drugi tihi teden. Tiho je prinašala možu na mizo zajtrk, južino in večerjo in prav tako tiho zopet odnašala prazno posodo. Zastonj je mož skušal izvleči besedo iz nje, nobena beseda, ne lepa ne grda, ni prišla. Nekega večera je izvlekel svoj voz iz podstraže⁴ in začel nalagati in ravnati nanj obode, škafe, podna in drugo leseno ropotijo. Žena, ki mu je pri takem delu navadno pomagala, ga je le molče opazovala skozi kuhinjsko okence in ni prišla blizu. Piltavor je še pregledal vprego, ki je s komatom visela pred hlevom, vse je bilo torej nared in pripravljeno, da gre zdoma. Odšel je v bližnjo trafiko, se oskrbel s tobakom za svojo nepogrešljivo fajfo, napravil še majhen ovinek do Pakiža in zvrnil še pol litra cvička ter se kmalu vrnil domov, povečerjal in legel v posteljo brez besede. Zjutraj je bila še tema, ko je vstal in odšel v hlev, da nakrmi in opremi konja ter vse uredi za odhod. Žena mu je med tem pripravila zajtrk, ki ga je Piltavor hitro pospravil – vse brez vsake besede. Že je vstal in prižgal vozno lampo, vzel iz kota bič, šel v hlev po konja ter ga zapregel. Skoro bi že pognal z dvorišča, ko se nečesa domisli in začne iskati pod voznim sedežem, dvigne odeje, sname svetilko in pregleduje po vozu in pod njim – toda zaman. Žena ga ves čas začudeno opazuje, možakar gre tiho mimo nje s prižgano svetilko naravnost v hišo, sveti pod mizo in pod klopjo, pobrskava v podpečku, spodi spečo mačko – vse brez uspeha. Stopi še v kamro in se po vseh štirih plazi po tleh, gleda pod posteljo in pod omaro in godrnja sam zase: »Pretietu buodə, saj vəndr naj toku majhnu, de bə ga ne muogu najt!«

3 štata = navada

4 podstraža = spodnji del strehe

Sedaj pa je bilo tudi ženi že preveč in se ogласi: »I, kaj pa vāndr iščeš?«

Piltavor se kleče zravna in globoko oddahne: »Pa tuj⁵ jazək – hvala bogu, de sām ga vāndr njašu⁶! Kar spriezə⁷ – ne griem nəkamr!«

5 tuj = tvoj
6 njašu = našel
7 spriezə = izprezi



Mojster Lukež in žena Jera

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Mojster Lukež in žena Jera sta hodila vsak večer složno v oštarijo. Jera naprej, Lukež pa za njo. To pa zato, ker jo je mož težko dohajal. Jera je bila dolga suha rangla¹, Lukež pa majhen in širok možiček. Nekega dne sta se sporekla in Lukež jo je zvečer sam pobrisal k Ulčarju. Jera ga je seveda kmalu našla. Lukež se je že ustrašil, ko jo je zagledal na vratih in bi jo najraje kam pomaknil. Jera pa se hitro usede poleg njega in mu z grmečim glasom zavpije: »Vouk, ké² se daj! Ne buoš vsəga sam požəru!«

1 rangla = drangla/prekla

2 ké = tja



Vsak pol

Gavželj je bil nakladač lesa na železnici ali vagonar. Bil je že dokaj v letih, dolg in suh in gledal je nekoliko navzkriž. Pa oženjen je bil tudi in šaljivec in dobričina, kakršen je bil, je svojo Mico vedno imenoval lintver¹. Le kadar je bila poleg njega, je bila lintverček. Rad ga je pokronal, če je imel le denar, ker je trpel na večni in neugasljivi žeji.

Ob sobotah, ko je prejel tedenski zaslužek, je seveda takoj zavil k Pildarčku ali k Ulčarju in popil pol litra. Mica ga je vedno poiskala, da bi mož vsega zaslužka ne pognal po grlu in pa, ker ga je tudi sama rada srknila. Tiho se je prikradla v gostilno, sedla poh² moža s pozdravom: »Vouk, ke³ se bəl daj, ne buoš vsəga sam požəru!« In potem se je začelo: žena je bevskala in revskala ter pila, Gavželj pa samo pil, gladil in ženo pregovarjal, kako jo ima rad in bi rad zanjo vse storil, samo če bi mu pustila več denarja za njegovo osebno uporabo.

Nekega večera sta se vračala domov čez most proti Mlaki, ko je Mica še vedno vreščala nanj, pa ji Gavželj stvarno dokaže svojo ljubezen: »Glied, Mica, zekaj me zmieraj špuotaš, kə vəndr vajš, de bə vse

1 lintver = zmaj

2 poh = poleg

3 ke = tja

zate sturu, tud v udo⁴ skuočəm zate, lej!« in že se zakadi čez kamniti zid sredi mosta naravnost v sicer pohlevne valove Bistrice. Ko pa si vročo ljubezen v vodi ohladi, zakliče ženi: »Mica, pu ti, pu jest, pa pridem vən, če ne⁵ se pa rajši potopim!« Mica pa nazaj: »Tok toku! Hudičə raji vse prvuoščəš, kukr mjan! Griem pa polej raj s hudičam nespū⁶, ku s tabo, ti mə kar dnar gor vrzə, potlaj pa pajdə hudičə u r...!«

4 v udo = v vodo
5 če ne = drugače
6 nespū = na polovico





Vojna in svoboda po RIBNIŠKO

Vojna in svoboda PO RIBNIŠKO

Kako so Italijani Ribnico zasedli

Ko je leta 1941 nesmrtna italijanska vojska po herojski borbi mirno prikorakala in zavzela suhorobarsko trdnjavo Ribnico, so se heroji najprej razlezli po hišah, če bi dobili kaj za pod zob. Vse mačke so pri priči izginile. Postale so prve in edine krvave žrtve herojske borbe.

Nekaj teh junakov zaleze tudi na Mlako, ribniško predmestje, k Urbanovim. Moški so se že davno porazgubili in iz svojih skrivališč oprezovali nove goste. V kuhinji si je dala opravka le hišna mati, hčerka pa je vsa trda opazovala prišleke, ki bi radi kupili jajca ali kokoš. Tega pa ni znal ženi nobeden dopovedati. Pa tudi če bi poznala njihovo željo, jim verjetno ne bi hotela ustreči. Med vojaki je bil tudi burkež, ki je preizkusil še zadnje sredstvo. Da bi ženi z gesto dopovedal, kaj je to gallina¹ in uova², je mahal in krilil z rokami in čepe drsal po tleh oponašaje naskakujočega petelina.

Urbanova mati nekaj časa gledajo, nato pa zakličejo hčerki: »Jezas³, otrok, brž po kahlo, saj vidáš, de se buo glih zdaj uliv!«

1 gallina (ital.) = kokoš

2 uovo (ital.) = jajce

3 Jezas = Jezus



Nezaželen gost

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V gostilno k Pildarčku stopi takoj po osvoboditvi žejen in lačen gost in vpraša:

»Imate kaj pijače?«

»Najmamo!«

»Imate kaj za pod zob?«

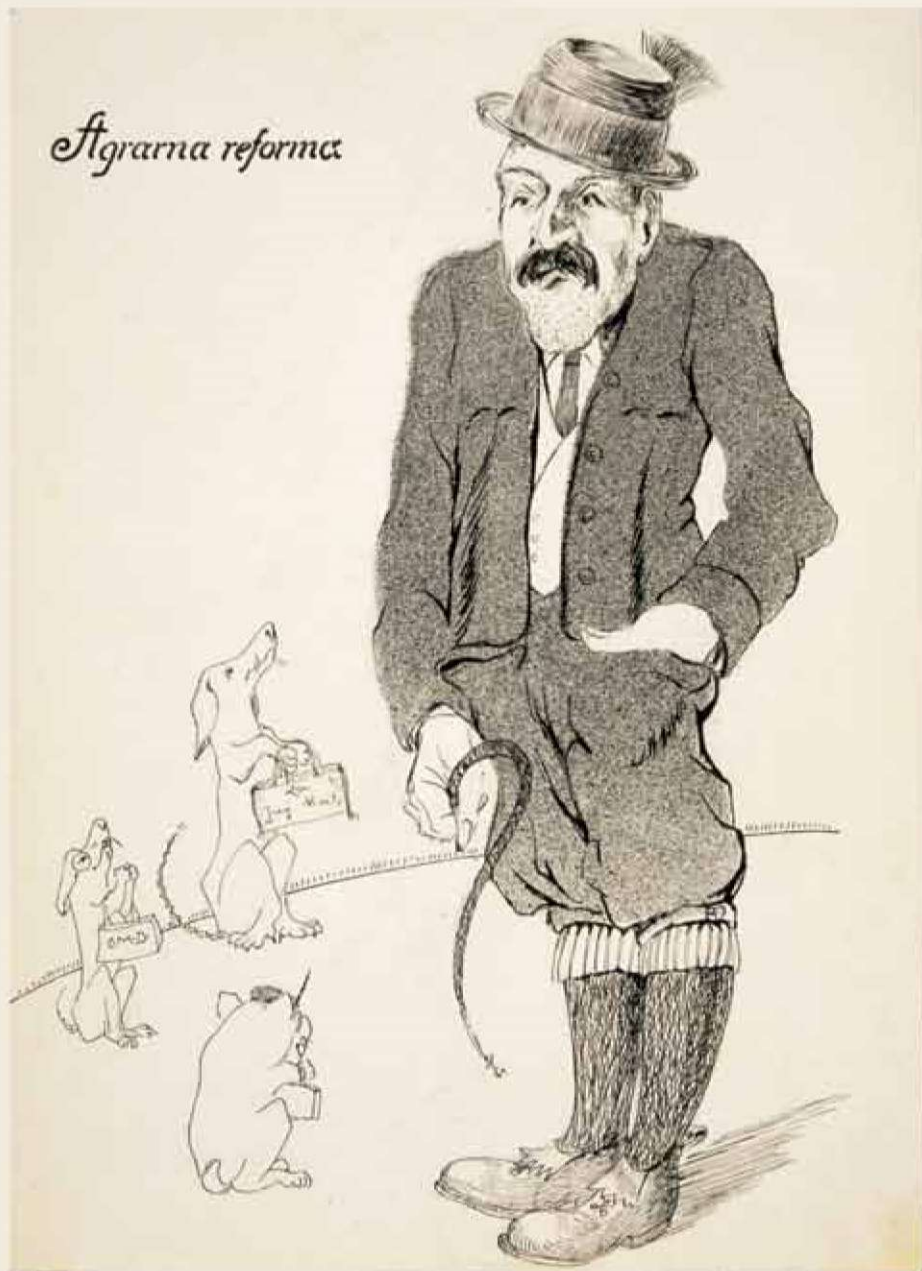
»Najmamo!«

»Kaj pa pravzaprav imate?«

»Svobodo!«

Stgrarna reformer

Stgrarna reformer





Dogodki v Dolenji vasi

DOGODKI V DOLENJI VASI

Dolenjevaška zadruga

Njega dni so dolenjevaški lončarji veliko krošnjarili z lončeno robo po svetu. Marsikaj koristnega so videli po tujih krajih in te novotarije tudi kaj radi presajali na rodna tla. Videli so, da po večjih vaseh ustanavljajo zadruge za nabavo vseh mogočih življenjskih potrebščin in dobrot zadrudnim članom. In so si ustanovili lončarji tudi tako zadrugo. Z nabranimi zadrudnimi deleži so nakupili, kar je potrebno za želodec in telo, uredili trgovino in pričeli prodajati vsakovrstno robo svojim članom. Ker niso svojemu poslovodji preveč zaupali, so sklenili, da se bodo samo tako slučajno vsak dan shajali v zadrudni trgovini.

Skladišča skoro da niso potrebovali, saj so imeli polne vreče kave, riža, pa zaboje s cikorijo postavljene kar po prodajalni. Možje odborniki so imeli svoje sedeže kar na njih in našigali svoje fajfe¹ in modrovali o vseh vsakdanjih in nevsakdanjih dogodkih sveta in svoje prelajpe Ribonške doline. Moško so sedeli na polnih vrečah; vsakdo je moral dobiti vtis, da se očaki v polni meri zavedajo, da sedijo na svojem.

1

fajfa = pipa, smotka

Pridno so prihajali odborniki na zadružne seje v prodajalno. Pod težo skrbi za obči blagor lončarske soseske so se začele vreče že vdajati in vsak večer so bile ranku² nižje, da so možje sedeli že skoro na tleh.

Poslovodji se je močno čudno zdelo, da se kava in riž in druga roba v vrečah vendar niso mogle pod težo odbornikov tako skrčiti, da so vidno upadale in se njih vsebina znižala do tal. Pa se je možu poblisnilo in si je kmalu vso stvar pravilno razložil. Možje odborniki, ki so sedali na vreče, so s prsti neopazno segali v vreče in si polnili žepe s kavo in sladkorjem in rižem. Vse vreče in zaboje je naravnal na svoja mesta in čakal prihodnjega večera.

Dostojanstveno in važno so možje zopet zasedli svoja mesta po skoro praznih vrečah in zabojih. Še bolj važno stopi poslovodja nenadoma prednje in reče. »Možje odborniki! Zadružno trgovino bomo danes zaprli. Kar ste nakupili, ste tudi dobili, saj vidite, da sedite na praznih vrečah.«

Lesni trgovec Rambovšek je živel v Ribnici nad štirideset let, ne da bi se priučil slovenskega jezika. Po rodu je bil namreč Čeh, po državljanstvu Italijan, živel je pa kljub vsemu v Ribnici in dobro izhajal. Za silo se je z vsakomer zmenil, tudi če vsega ni dobro razumel. Kot lesni trgovec je hodil večkrat v Italijo in od tam marsikaj prinesel tudi drugim, če so mu naročili.

Nekoč ga prosi trgovec Mrhar iz Dolenje vasi, da bi mu preskrbel dvajset osel – brusnih kamnov za ostrenje kos iz Bergama, ki da so na dobrem glasu. Rambovšek ga je razumel, naj mu pošlje dvajset oslov, ki jih je v Italiji tudi nakupil, naložil v vagon in naslovil na Mrharja.

Vagon oslov dospe na ribniško postajo, Mrhar se izgovarja, da jih ni naročil in da jih ne bo prevzel. Slednjič so se le nekako pogovorili, da bo tudi dolgouhce že nekako oddal kamorkoli že, ker je bila cena ugodna, žival pa že močno sestradana. Osle so končno le iztovorili in jih gnali skozi Ribnico proti Lončarjem. Ljudje so gledali in se smejali nenavadni čredi, ki se je lagodno pomikala po cesti.

Učitelj Jože Zupančič, pravi kolofohar¹, jo je pogruntal in se odpeljal na kolesu v Dolenjo vas do oštirja² Naceta Mrharja, kjer je bil v kotu gostilniškega vrta še od zadnje gasilske veselice spravljen slavolok z napisom »Dobrodošli, mili gosti!«

Kar hitro je bil gotov. Z nožem je spraskal črko g, črko t pa z malo truda spremenil v l. Brž je našel dovolj pomagačev, da so postavili slavolok v pozdrav prihajajočim dolgouhcem: »Dobrodošli, mili osli!«

Še dolgo časa potem se je Ribniška dolina smejala na račun slavnostnega sprejema redkih uhatih gostov v Dolenji vasi.

1 kolofohar = šaljivec, pavliha

2 oštir = gostilničar

Pridiga

Ribničani, tako rešetarji kakor tudi lončarji, so bili v dobrih in slabih časih kaj brumni¹ ljudje. Hodili so radi v cerkev in tudi na svojih zdomarskih potih so pred vaškimi cerkvami ob nedeljah in praznikih radi razložili svojo robo in jo prodajali že med mašo, še bolj pa po maši.

Nekoč je pot prinesla lončarja v vas z veliko cerkvijo, ki je slovela skoro za božjo pot. Lončar je slišal, da imajo tu velikega pridigarja, ki je znal tako ganljivo govoriti, da je pripravil vso cerkev v jok. Take prilike ni hotel in tudi ni mogel opustiti. Pod mizo je razložil svoje skledе in lonce in naročil svojemu fantičku, naj malo popazi in nahrani utrujenega konjiča. Sam pa stopi v cerkev in se pomeša med može in fante kar pod korom, da bo po maši čimprej zunaj.

Fajmošter² je stopil ne leco³ in sprva govoril z utišanim glasom, nato pa vedno glasneje, prepričevalno, vzneseno in ganljivo, da so začele najprej ženske smrkati. Tudi moškim so sčasoma polzele solze po licih, da so si jih začeli otirati z velikimi rdečimi robci. Le lončar je stal med njimi, kakor da bi bil gluhi, ali pa da se ga vse besede nič ne tičejo.

1 brumni = pobožni, krščanski / prizadevni, vneti

2 fajmošter = duhovnik

3 leca = prižnica

Pa ga pocuka star možak za rokav in vpraša: »Kaj tebe nič ne ganejo besede, da nimaš solz?« Lončar se ozre na moža, dene roko plosko ob usta in mu poltiho odgovori: »Sevajde me ganejo, jest bæ tūdæ juokov, ampæk jest najšæm s tie fare!«

Korl¹ - špica

Pokojni knezoškof Jeglič je birmal Lončarje v Dolenji vasi. Na slavnostno kosilo je župnik Škulj povabil tudi domačega župana in druge veljake, ki jih je škofu predstavil: Karol Hribar, Karol Mrhar in še nekaj samih Korlnov, da se je škof začudil češ: »Karol Škulj, župnik; Karol Hribar, župan; Karol Mrhar, cehmošter²; čudno, sami Korlni!«

Pa se oglasi župan:

»Ja, prevzvišeni, v Dolenji vasi je vsak Korl špica – same špice!«

Ribniški dekan Skubic, ki nikakor ni hotel zaostati, je pogovor brž obrnil na Ribnico in začel:

»V Ribnici je pa drugače. Anton Rudež, graščak; Anton Skubic, dekan; Anton Schifrer, zdravnik; Anton Mejač, sodni nadsvetnik itd. in moram pristaviti, da kdor hoče biti v Ribnici patron³, mora biti pa Anton!«

1 Korl = ribniška oblika imena Karol

2 cehmošter = cerkveni ključar (oskrbnik cerkve)

3 patron = zavetnik, v prenesenem pomenu veljak



Prost.

Pravosodje



RIBNIŠKI soSEdJE STRUŽani



J. Trošt.

RIBNIŠKI soseDje STRUŽani¹

Dojenček iz Strug

Struge že težijo k Suhi krajini, kamor je Bog svoj bət¹ zagnal, ko je svet ustvaril. Polja je malo in še to je pusto in kamenito ter brez vode. Ob suši morajo ljudje daleč po vodo, včasih celo v Krko.

Moški najdejo delo po Mali gori z napravljanjem drv, oglja in apna, ženske se same ubijajo doma z otroki in na skopi zemlji. V Ribnico nosijo prodajat solato, jajca in lešnike. Najbližji zdravnik je bil Stružancem včasih v Ribnici, ta je imel štiriindvajset kilometrov po cesti ali pa poldrugo uro peš čez Bašelj in greben Male gore. Redko so ga videli in huda sila je morala pritisniti, da so poslali ponj.

Zdravniške posle je dolgo let opravljal v Strugah dr. Janez Oražem, okrajni zdravnik v Ribnici. Nekoč ga pride iskat Stružanec, da bi šel k ženi, ki se ne more rešiti bremena v težkem porodu. S seboj je imel konja na povodcu, toda brez sedla, da bi ga zdravnik zakobalil in tako prejezdil dolgo pot do Strug.

Nočilo se je že, ko sta stopila pod streho in v hišo s težko porodnico. Šele proti jutru sta bila rešena mati in otrok, zdravnik pa, do smrti utrujen, je legel k peči, da bi vsaj trenutek počival in si opomogel za povratek čez Malo goro. Komaj je nekoliko zadremal, ko ga bolnica pokliče:

»Gəspud, saj ne vajm, kŭlku boste plačila zehtajvalə,
ku pa nəč najmam, de bə vam dala. I, vajste kaj, kar
təgale črvička, kə ste mə ne svajt pomagala, s sabo
vzemite, lažje ga buoste prežəvajlə kukr jest. Kar ze
luon² ga vzemite!«

Hardigata¹

Stružanke in ženske iz Suhe krajine so rade nosile v Ribnico prodajat jajca in maslo, spomladi regrat in berivko, jagode, maline, jeseni pa hruške, lešnike in orehe. Ni bilo veliko zaslužka, toda nekaj je vendar bilo vsaj za najpotrebnejše. Ko so si nakupile po ribniških trgovinah raznih dobrot, so se vračale zopet čez Kurji grič na svoje domove. Samo steza vodi, toda iz Ribnice v Struge v poldrugi uri prekobališ Malo goro.

Sodni nadsvetnik Mejač je imel uradni opravke v Strugah in jo je nekega jutra zložno ubiral proti Kurjemu griču. Pred njim je šla Stružanka, ki jo je vidno zvijalo po drobovju. Stokala je in tožila sama sebi, toda ne dolgo. Hudi vetrovi so našli svoj naravni izhod pa ji je odleglo. Vsa zavzeta in rešena notranjih težav je vzkliknila: »Hardigata!« in to se je še večkrat ponovilo. Vselej, ko ji je ponovno odleglo, je vsa srečna skoro zavpila: »Hardigata!«, ne da bi se ozirala, če je kdo sliši ali ne.

Komaj se Na počivajnu² usede, da bi se oddahnila, že zagleda nadsvetnika Mejača, ki je bil takoj za njo in slišal vse njene hardigate. Vsa prestrašena, gospoda je dobro poznala, skoro zavpije: »Jezæs, gæspud – pa grieste žie dovgu ze mænuoj?«

1 hardigata = prekleto, presneto, vraga (iz nemškega hardi gatti)

2 Na počivajnu = mesto / prostor za počitek (geografski pojem)

»Prov od prve hardigate!« ji smeje se odgovori Mejač,
jo preide ter korači zložno naprej.



Krajnčani na ohceti

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Nekje v Strugah so svatovali. Pred starešino prineso na mizo pečeno kokoš, da bi jo razrezal in razdelil svatom vsakemu svoj kos, kakor je bil tedaj še ohcetni običaj. Stara in trda kura ni dala zlepa do sebe, pa tudi starešina ni bil vaje takega posla in izpod mastnih prstov se mu je pečenka izmuznila in padla pod mizo. Hišni Pazi, ki je čakal pod zapečkom na kosti, plane, da bi se je polastil, in že zavpije stara botra starešini: »Jazas¹, pəs jo buo odniesu!« Starešina se pa mirno zasmije: »Ne buo jo ne, saj držim noguo ne nə!«



Irgovina.

Fröst.



Рівнішке анекдоте

Rivniške anekdote

Ribniške gospe

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Ribniške gospe so sedele v kuhinji na obisku in srebale kavo pa se pogovarjale o raketi, ki je fotografirala Luno od druge strani. Pogovor je poslušala mlada Nežka, ki je pomivala posodo. Vsa iz sebe je dvignila mokre roke in nehote vzdiknila:

»Adijo, nebiesa!«



Je zasedal nekega večera po vojni ženski zbor pri Frantarju ob turški kavi – seveda. Glavno besedo je imela Kramarčkova Anka. Razlagala je zbranim ženam razvoj človeka od začetka do današnjih dni. V gostilniško sobo stopi Johanov Mirklač, že nekoliko nasekan, in je samo gledal, v koga bo zapičil svoj nabrušeni jezik. Pa mu da Anka sama priliko, ko ga ogovori: »Ti, Mirklač, ti tudi veliko veš in bereš in si že ne vem kaj vse prebral. Kajne, da izvira človek iz opice?«

Mirklaču se nekoliko zasvetijo modre oči, ko jih obrne proti govornici, in že ima želo pripravljeno.

»Moram priznati, da nisem poznal tvojega očeta! Mislim pa, da ne bo daleč od tam, kamor sama sodiš!«



Žoržek – usmiljeni trgovec

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Otroci so hodili po trgovinah prosit škatle od srajc ipd. za igranje. Zavrnili jih je: »Najmam, ne muorm dat, kaj bom pa jest imu!«

Rad je potožil: »Koku so əldje žleht, pravjo, de golfam, de je pr mjanə vse predragu!«

Ljudje so zatrjevali, da je v njegovi trgovini zares predrago, da je oderuški.

Branil se je: »Koku je predragu? Koku de odieram? Saj ze en dinar kupəm, samu ze dva pa prodam. Kaj je tu preveč? Koku, saj je tu samo en procent dražje?«



Dosledna štednja

Pri Ulčarju so bili zelo štedljivi¹. V hiši je odmerjala čas velika kmečka ura v posebni omari, sicer le podnevi. Vsak večer, ko je odšla družina spat, je hišni gospodar varno odprl urino omaro in ustavil muho, češ da ponoči nihče na uro ne gleda, sliši pa lahko vsako četrto, ki jo bije cerkvena ura, ki je samo čez cesto.

Tudi otroke so odganjali od oken, češ da se s pogledi skozi stekla nucajo².

1. štedljiv = varčen

2. nucati = rabiti



Preklican pozdrav

Stari Jergec in ribniški dekan Skubic si nista bila preveč na roke¹. Ko je umrl Jergčev pomočnik Prajs, ki je bil luteran, ni dekan dovolil, da bi ga pokopali v blagoslovljeno zemljo, in od takrat je to sovraštvo datiralo.

Nekega zimskega večera sta se Jergec in dekan Skubic zopet srečala na trgu. Morda je bil Jergec zamišljen ali kar si že bodi, pa se je odkril in pozdravil: »Duobr večier!« Seveda mu je dekan odzdravil. Ko je pa Jergec zaslišal dekanov glas, se je zavedel svojega starega sovraštva, se obrnil in zakričal za dekanom: »Gæspud dekan, prekličem – ne vela!«

1 si nista bila preveč na roke = se nista preveč razumela



Gorenjski Papež¹

Iz gorenjskega Papeža so se v veseli družbi radi
ponorčevali, naj da svoj žegen. Papež se je vzdignil
za mizo, stegnil dolge roke in s sklonjeno glavo
odgovoril:

»In nomine patri et filijo²,
kdor noče pit, ga pa silijo!«

1 gorenjski Papež = hišno ime iz Gorenje vasi

2 in nomine patri et filijo = gre za posnemanje latinske molitve (v imenu Očeta in Sina ...)



Mati pošlje sinka v oštarijo, naj pripelje očeta domov, če je še toliko pri moči, sicer bo zapregla šuparček¹ in ga šla sama iskat. Sinek najde očeta že precej okajenega in mu pove materino naročilo. Mož je bil pri volji in tako sta ubrala pot proti domu, le noge so bile kot kuhani makaroni, pa vendar je še nekako šlo. Sinek je držal očeta za roko in ga lovil, da ni preveč opletal, pa ga vpraša:

»Oče, koku pa je človajkə, kədər je pijan?«

Oče mu odgovori: »I, koku, bə tə povajdov? Lej, tam griesta dva človajka. Če bə biv pijan, bə štierə vidu!«

Sinek pa: »Oče, al je samu edən!«

1 šuparček = voz/koleselj



Ribničan in ljubljanski neboder

Ko so zidali ljubljanski nebotačnik, pride Ribničan v Ljubljano in vpraša pred Figovcem Ljubljančana: »Gəspud, slišete, kaj pa buo tu ze en grad, kə je toku vəsoku!«

Ljubljančan ga spozna po narečju, da je iz Ribnice, in se hoče pošaliti: »To bo pa norišnica za Ribničane!«

Pa ga suhorobar takoj zavrne: »Ja, ja, səm djav¹, də bə blu ze Lublančane ranku² premajhnu!«

1. səm djav = sem rekel

2. ranku = kakor

Uganka

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Lajs ne lajs, platnu vmajs, štierə duše, piet əldi.

Rešitev: (mrljka krsta z mrljem in s pogrebi)



Prosveta

Thöni



Ostalo

Ostalo

Ribniške rečenice

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(prepisano v skladu z originalnim zapisom)

Neroden kot rajne butare naročje.
Brihten za sedem neumnih.
Laže, kot bi kole lomil.
Se drži, kot bi mu pod nosom smrdelo.
Kaj misliš, da sem kakšen kurji kašelj?
Tako je slab, da bi ga s smrkljem ubil.
Izgledaš kot smrtno kosilo.
Reva na revo leze. (Če se dva revna vzameta – poročita.)
Česna si naveži okrog vratu pa ti bo odleglo.
Uma greša. (Je neumen.)
Tukaj nič, tam nič, pri Sv. Ani pa poldne.
Poje kot brljav ščinkovec.
Potrpi, še Možinček se je peklu privadil.
To stvar pa delajo kakor sv. Lucije stolček.
Če gre mački glava skozi luknjo, tudi rep lahko za seboj potegne.

V Kotu ob najboljši letini pridelajo pšenice, da jo imajo dovolj od velike maše do sv. Roka.¹

Naj bo skleda al pa lonc, vsake stvari je enkrat konc.

Sam gobec ga je kot mladega kosa rit.

Se smeje, kakor če bi se na boben vrgla.

Račun so pisali z vilicami. (Visok.)

Kašo je treba s kruhom pihati. (Ne zaleže.)

Ves je pasji, samo glava je prašičja.

Če se mačka ne goni, ni mladih.

Če sem obljubil, še nisem dal.

Bog že ve, zakaj je kozi rep prikrajšal.

Ima srečo kot Špendič. (Ki so ga brez vzroka obesili.)

Dolga suknja – daleč domov. (Kmet s hribov.)

Štiri vrste ljudi je na svetu: - prvi delajo z glavo, drugi z rokami, tretji z ritjo, četrti pa od vseh živijo.

Hodi skozi bukov gozd po fratje².

Ženska je kar naprej bolna, samo od časa do časa je malo boljša.

Se drži kot afna na kameli.

Kdor to zna, tudi kravo s svedrom odere.

Kadar svetniki rajžajo, Bog čudeže dela.

Koristna laž ne škodi.

Tako se je najedel, da bi mu na popku koso sklepal.

V sveto olje so ga dali. (Propadel je – prodali so mu.)

Voda ga reže. (Siten je.)

Če ima hudič mlade, jih ima trikrat.

Midva sva lahko brata, toda najini mošnji še nista sestrici.

1 od velike maše do sv. Roka = od 15. do 16. avgusta

2 fratje = grmičevje, ki raste na posekah

Tako je skop, da še od svojega dreka nekaj odščipne.
 Prav ti je, čemu si šel drek ošpičit.
 Ti si kakor rajna Kordula, ki je morala imeti od vsakega
 dreka svoj mušter³.
 Če ljudje o človeku slabo govorijo, je sam kriv.
 Od krivice živi birič, ne od pravice.
 Advokat in fajmošter samo tedaj zastonj zineta, kadar
 jima meso z vilic pade.
 Lepo bi bilo na svetu, če bi biriči za pravico skrbeli.
 Farška bisaga in beraška malha nimata dna.
 Cagav⁴ fant ni še nikdar pri puncu vasa (spal).
 V španoviji (zadrugi, skupnosti) še pes crkne.
 Če bi še ni zajca ujel.
 Za pogrebom iti je dolg, ki se ne da vrniti.
 Po smrti, če mi raste travca al' pa ne.
 Fajfo spucat pa babo pretepst ni nikoli odveč.
 Če ti je usojeno, da boš obešen, ne moreš utoniti.
 Enkrat z betom, drugič s psom.
 Nenti čížem – nenti bos. (Niti obut – niti bos.)
 Jutranji dež pa starega dedca ples ne trajata dolgo.
 V uho me piši, sebe in mene.
 Pri govorjenju se dosti besed presliši.
 Vsako tele ima svoje veselje.
 Ptiča po perju prej spoznaš kakor po petju.
 Govori tako, kakor ti je kljun zrasel.
 Kaj noriš, če ti ni dano!
 Boljša je uš v zelju, kakor brez mesa.

3 mušter = vzorec
 4 cagav = neodločen

Krajnčan pari buše⁵, bog pa ljudi.

Če boš z Ribničanom češnje zobal, se boš moral
zadovoljiti s peclji.

Je tako skop, da bi uš odrl.

Porcijon⁶ pa tak, da bi ga pes zalajal.

Le še pridite v vas, pa kaj s seboj prinesite.

Najprej skupno pojejmo, potlej pa še vsak svoje.

Reci mu ti, da je osel, če ne bo on tebi.

Še tako hitrega konja vprezi h kravi ...

Če bi bil vedež, ne bi bil revež.

5 buša = krava

6 parcijon = porcija

Če se Ribničan napije vina, ni pijan, ampak:



donošen, makaron, naladan, melén, nabit, nabran,
 nabrisan, nacejen, nacuzan, načikan, nadelan,
 nadrglan, naduzlan, nafajhtan, naflosan, nakacan,
 nakidan, nakomatan, nakuhan, nakurjen, nakvašen,
 nalukan, namigan, namočen, namrdan, namrkan,
 naphan, napolnjen, nasekan, naseklan, nasmojen,
 nasmoljen, nasoljen, nastrgan, nasut, našpičen,
 naštuljen, natreskan, natrt, navrtan, našuljen,
 našvižgan, našvrgljan, našvrgolen, obeljen, pečen,
 pripaljen, rojen, v drugem stanu.

babjek = ženskar

babji gregor = tak, ki se pusti komandirati ženski

basuljc = močan fant kratke pameti (basulja = svinja za pitanje, tolsta svinja)

bizgec = nekoliko omejen človek

butalec = zelo neumen človek

buzakljun = neumen, neroden človek

čenčalu/čenčar = kdor vsebinsko prazno govori ali pripoveduje neresnične vesti

dragoletnik = oderuh, špekulant

golobin = golobček

grabež = grabežljiv človek

heher peter = visok gospod

huncvet = malopriden, malovreden človek

jevkar = tak, ki stoka, cvili, jamra

kidalu = tak, ki počenja neumnosti, lahkomiselnosti, počasne

kocajder = neurejen človek

križmek = vaščan Goriče vasi

kurji britof = tisti, ki slabo zgleda

lahkokruhec = kdor živi brez dela, truda
maslar = počasen, okoren človek
mehkosrčen = usmiljen, dobrosrčen človek
mrđalu = zgoraj in spredaj
prđalu = spodaj in zadaj
mrđalu prđalu = majhen človek
mrđel = kurja rit
mutlak = tak, ki gleda v tla, neprijazen, potuhnjen
mezgé = počasne
nosobrbec = tečnoba, drobnjakar
ogulenc = kdor je slabo, zanemarjeno oblečen
pesjan = hudoben človek
plavšar = osvajalec
potulenc = potuhnjenec
prevarant = goljuf
prismodé = nespameten, neumen človek
prpalenc = neumnež, omejenec
psoglavc = hudoben, nasilen človek
ritamaza = mamin sinek
ritevpikar = tak, ki pika, je tečen; tak, ki pikro zbada
rokomavh = malovreden, ničvreden človek
skoporitec = skop človek
slamopukec = kdor nespametno govori
slanamur = kdor drugemu pamet soli
srutčək = duhovni in fizični revež
širokoritec = požeruh in nastopač
šrokec = požeruh in nastopač
tapa (tápca) = neodločnež

tesné = lesen, neroden človek

trobenta = tak, ki trobi/govori kot trobenta, je glasen

trobezlalu = kdor nepremišljeno in veliko govori, pripoveduje

trobezlé = kdor nepremišljeno govori, pripoveduje

vritdrežalec od 1 do 5 = kdor se v vse vtika

žohar = ščurek

žužné = kdor vsebinsko prazno govori

žužnjalu = kdor nerazločno govori

Veseli večer¹

V gostilni

Osebe:

Ribničan Urban

gostje

natakarica

godec

(Gostje za mizo pijejo, godec igra, nekaj parov pleše;
zabava je hrupna.)

Ribničan (vstopi): Duobr večier, možje in ženie in
vsə drügə! (Gre k prazni mizi, odloži krošnjo, sede za
mizo in pokliče natakarico): Kielnarca!

Natakarica (vstopi): Kaj bo novega?

Ribničan: I, kaj bo novga? Nəč in dostə. Imaš kaj ze
pət?

Natakarica: Kakšnega boste? Belega ali črnega?

Ribničan: Daj pu litre ta bajvga? Imaš še kaj ze pod
zuob?

Natakarica: Danes, ko je žegnanje, se lahko dobi vse
sorte jedače.

Ribničan: I, pa mæ prnesæ eno klobaso pa ziele. Pa klobasa naj buo počasæ okruogla!

Gost: Od kod pa prihajate, stric?

Ribničan:

Sæm zæ Ribænce, Urban,
po cajlæm svajtæ znan,
jest brihtne sæm glavie,
pa žlice imam novie.

Gost: A, iz Ribnice ste. Pa kaj je tam doli novega?

Ribničan: Prou dostæ ne; samu staru popravlamo.

Gost: Pa kaj prodajate?

Ribničan: Predajam, predajam!

Sæm riekû, kjer je veselica,
bæ se predala kuova žlica,
sæm sæmkaj se podav,
de bæ jih kaj predav.

Gost: A tako. Žlice prodajate? Pa še kaj drugega zraven?

Natakarica: No, pijača je tule, klobasa pa tudi.

Ribničan: Hitra sæ bla. (Jo prime okoli pasu.) Prou pridna sæ. Viš, tako žiensko bæ še jest nucov.

Natakarica (se ga otrese): Poglejte ga, dedca nemarnega. Že ves siv je, pa mu gredo še ženske po glavi.

Ribničan: No, no, kaj se buoš repienčla! Saj od rokie naj še nækulæ næč ratalu. (Se loti jedi.)

Gostje (se smejejo, godec zaigra, plešejo.)

Gost: Pa imate kaj dobro robo?

Ribničani: Take najšə še nəkulə vidu! Ampək:

Jest hvalət se ne smajm,
le tülku vam povajm,
de take ruobe naj,
ne ljatə ne drgaj.

Gost: Kakšno robo pa pravzaprav delate?

Ribničan:

Jest dajlam žlice vsake suorte,
kar se jih le zmisəlt muorte;
ribəžne in škatəlce
pa tūd kūhavənce.

Gost: Vi ste pa tič. O Ribničanih smo že dosti slišali.
Pa kako ste prišli sem: z vlakom ali peš?

Ribničan: Ja, en cajt z vlakam, en cajt pajš,
en čas h nógam, kar je pa še ostalu pa cufus.

Gost: Do kod pa ste šli z vlakom?

Ribničan: Mau mənĵ kukr do zadnəga štacjuona. Tu
je blu pa toku. U Ribəncə sm se vsev kar u vaguon.
Pa pride adn u plavəm gvantə in je ne vsako vižo
tu² od mjane imət karto. Prov do Žləbičə səm mə
dopovdvov, de jo najmam, pa de karta mjanə nəč
mar, de dovolj franku plačam. Ta plava kruota³ pa
təga nej tajla zestuopət.

U Žləbičə me je zgrabu ze kruogəlc, me vrgu z
vaguona, zravən me je pa še z noguo sünu u zadno
plat. Pa me naj ugnov. Skoču səm ne drügo stran in
se spiet ləpu vsev u vaguon. Pa mə ta plava kruota še
naj dala miera.

2 je tu = je hotel
3 kruota = krastača

U Ortniekə sām spiet frčov z vaguona. Jest pa spiet ne drügo stran pa u drug vaguon. Tu se je ponavljalu ne vsakəm štacjuonə⁴. Ne zadne so me əldje le vprašalə, kam se pelam. Rjeku sām, de do tle, kjer sām zdaj, če buo muja zadna plat zdržala.

No, je blu pa brc le preveč, sām od zadənga štacjuona do tle pršu kar h nogam⁵.

Gostje (se smejejo.)

Gost: Potem je pa vaša zadnja plat že močno utrjena.

Ribničan: Je, ampak ze take oslarije ne. Jest sām unmə, ku me je z vaguona mjatov, rieku, de se od nəkej poznama, de se mande⁶ od sudatov, še ku sma bla pr zibcenarjəh⁷, pr 17. regemjantə, pr Janezəh, pa vseglih naj tu prov nəč slišat. Vrjev pa mə je, de sma bla skupaj pr sudatəh, kə sām glih slučajnu triefu, de je biv tud on pr 17. regemjantə. De buo pa še bəl jezən, sām mə povajdov tisto rajč, ze kətiero bə biv pr sudatəh hmalə pršu u pajzəl⁸.

Gost: Kaj pa je bilo pri vojakih? Kakšna stvar se vam je pripetila?

Ribničan: Mjanə nəč, ampək drügəm. Tu je blu pa taku. Ku sām biv potrjen k sudatam, me ta rajč naj prov nəč veselila. Tulku časa sām hodu ne maruode – vizite, de so me dalə v kühno ze koba⁹. Tu naj pašalu pa mujim komaratam, zetu se mə je vsak večier adən podajlov u muj škarp¹⁰. Saj vajste, de se v kasarnə škarpe pred vratə pušča. Jest sām vsaku jüttru čižəm¹¹ ləpu osnažu pa nobene žügnu¹². Ku sām biv kar tihu, so se tüd muji komaratie neveličalə podajlavat u muj

-
- 4 štacjuon = postaja
 5 h nogam = peš
 6 mande = menda
 7 pr zibcenarjəh = pri vojakih 17. polka
 8 pajzəl = zanemarjen gostinski lokal
 9 kob = pomočnik v vojaški kuhinji
 10 škarp = čevelj
 11 čižəm = čevelj, škorenj
 12 žügnu = rekel, izustil

čizəm in so se zmajnilə, de buodo s təm prenیهalə.
 Tu so mə enkat zütraj tudə povajdalə. Jest səm biv
 təga jaku vesiev in səm jim takrat svečanu oblübu, de
 se jim ne buom nikdar več u tisti kofe polulov, ku so
 ga imajlə vsak dan ze früštək.

Tu səm povajdov tistmə sitnəmə dajdcə, ku me je
 mjatov z vaguona. Ta se je pa taku strašnu, rezjezu,
 taku de je bla ta zadnja brca še posiebnu močna.

No, zdaj misləm, de me pa žie kar dobru poznate.

De buom pa jest Urban
 pr vas še bəl poznan,
 le-tu vam zdaj povajm,
 k naj znanu vsəm əldjem.

Jest dajlam škafe in rešieta,
 rajte¹³, brientē¹⁴, vsəga šienta¹⁵,
 səm majstr jest od žlic,
 čeburu, kəblu¹⁶, kəblic¹⁷.

Pa s təm najsəm še končov, zetu pa:
 Poslušajte vsə narpraj,
 kar se vam zdaj povaj,
 od žličnəga gradu,
 kə je tam pər sklajdneku¹⁸.

Koku je lajpa ta posuoda,
 kjer se spravla süha ruoba,
 le-tu je tistə grad,
 kə hranə muj zeklad.

13 rajta = reta (veliko sito)
 14 brienta = lesena posoda (za grozdje), se nosi na hrbtu
 15 šient = vse mogoče stvari
 16 kəbəl = nizka lesena posoda z dvema ušesoma
 17 kəblica = manjša posoda z enim ušesom
 18 sklajdnek = kos pohišstva v kmečki hiši za shranjevanje skled

Gost: Pa imate res dobro robo. In žlice imate tudi prav nove?

Ribničan: Kajpæk! Ka buom moré stare predajov? Ja, ja:

Kok žalostæn ta svajt
je biv zerajs poprajt,
k naj tacæh blu ældi,
de bæ žlice dajlali.

S škuorjamæ so žüpo jejlæ
so sklajdo ne kolajna dajlæ,
tu rajs naj blu ælpu,
od ujst je kapalu.

Gost: Pa kako ste Ribničanje prišli do tega, da ste pričeli izdelovati žlice?

Ribničan: Kielnarca, daj ga še pu litra! Kamr je šu bæk, naj grie pa še štrk. Koku smo pršlæ do tæga? I, prov lahku.

Prebrisanæ možje,
od Svietga Primoža ældje,
se zmislæjo nerpraj,
kar se vam zdaj povaj.

Od šruocæh ujst so miero vzjelæ,
so žlice dajlatæ zečielæ,
so stürlæ ruobe te,
ze cajle deželie.

Gost: A tako je bila ta stvar! Potemtakem ko je bila roba gotova, ste jo začeli pa prodajati?

Ribničan: Tu pa, tu! Saj še naša pajsəm pravə:

Potəm so šlə po svajtə,
pozimə in polajtə,
pa ne samu možie,
kar lajze inu grie.

Križem svajt so se podalə,
süho ruobo ponüjalə,
vsa majsta in vasi,
so z žlicamə obšli.

Tudə jest səm šu z ruobo okulə, kar še dənəs dajlam.
Pa se mə je ankat u Lublanə prpjetlu tudə tu-lej.
Prespat səm muogu, pa səm šu h ta Starmə Tišlarjə
u Kolodvorsko. Fajn səm spav. Zütraj səm vstov
in šu po sujəh opravgəh. Že səm biv u majstə, pa
zamierkam, de najmam marajle. Vrnü səm se nezaj
k Tišlerjə. Ku pa čəm it u sobo, kjer səm spav, səm
slišov, de je edən žie nuotr. Sevajde, med təm cajtam,
ku səm jest odšu, sta se vselila dva mladoporočjanca.
Narbrž sta bla žie u puojstlə, zekaj slišov səm, koku je
on sprašvov: »Čigava je ta bradička?«

Ona pa: »Tvoja.«

»Čigave so te očke?«

Ona: »Tvoje!«

»Čigava so ta lička?«

Ona: »Tvoja!«

In toku neprajt. Ze en ruožənkranč¹⁹ je blu təh
vprašajn. Neza dne səm se pa neveličov čakāt in səm
pred vratə zevpu: »Ku buosta pršla pa do marajle,
tista je pa muja!«

Gostje (se smejejo.)

Gost: Pa kako vam gre kaj prodaja od rok?

Ribničan: Tu je pa toku.

Vsak muore bət učan,
predajat ruobo sam,
če muodru govori,
sə žie kaj prdobi.

Lamboro²⁰ mlajka sə zgovarja,
u tuorbo krüha, u mošno dnarja,
ku ruobo vso preda,
naj dnarja, naj blaga.

Gost: Pa ste že bili kdaj v Ljubljani?

Ribničan: O, ti pošast frdamana, žie pu svəta səm
obrajžov. Ampək ku sə žie ti mjan rieku, de səm təč,
tə buom pa jest povajdov, kašnə tičə so pa u Lublanə.
Tu je blu pa toku. Pridem u Lublano, pa sriečam
Matievža, s kətierm sma bla skupaj pr zibcenarjəh.
Malu sma ga spila, pol me je ta šent²¹ spravu pa u
kino.

Še nəkulə najsəm kaj tacga vidu, ne doživu. Pred
namə je blu veliku bajlu platnu, ne njamə sə pa vse
suorte vidu. Od kraja so se najkaj tjaoplə in narrajšə
bə še jest eno zgago²² malu mahnu, de bə se jenkar²³
malu ohladu. Pol sta pršla pa en fant in ena punca.
Vidət je blu, de se imata strašansku rada, saj je ona
vən in vən silla vajnga. Takrat sem pa zevuohov, de
okul najkaj strašansku smrdi, ku bə bla u svinakə.
Tüdə drügə okulə so vihalə nosuve in gliedalə okul
sjabe.

20 lamboro = vedro

21 šent = vrag

22 zgaga = kdor povzroča neprijetnosti, težave

23 jenkar = verjetno v tem kontekstu pomeni mladeniča

Glih toku se mæ je zdajlu, de sumjo mjane. Pred
mano pa je sædu en fantalin, se ozierov nezaj in
se tihi smijav. Sujmæ sosajdæ je pa prpovdvov, de
goluobčke spuščä.

Takrat sæm pogruntov, zekaj toku smrdi. Vstov sæm
in fantietæ pred sabo riekü: »Vajš, če buoš še neprajt
goluobčke spuščov, tæ buom golobnjak rezbu!«

Gostje (se smejejo.)

Natakarica: Policijska ural! Treba bo iti!

Gostje (plačajo in odidejo.)

Ribničän (že malo natrkan, poje):

Ku ruobo vso preda,
naj dnarja ne blaga,
naj dnarja ne blaga,
ku vse ze vinu da.

(Vstane in odide.)

Takrat, ku je bla v Ribəncə nova maša, se je pisalu lajtu 1850. Biv səm povablen pa səm šu. Novo mašo pa səm zemüdu kar deviet dni: jest tri dni, muj kojn tri dni in muj bagrle tri dni; vse skupaj glih deviet dni.

Pa səm šu pred farovž, tam je blu vse povnu əldi, majhnəh in velikəh. Vsak je imu püşəlc pa zijalu je vse. Pa se je zečielu vse od farovža pomikat prtə nam. Narbəl neprajt je šu tistə, ku je polajnce grizu, še narbəl neprajt je šu tistə, ku je u latüco glavuo tiščov in še narbəl neprajt je šu tistə, ku je pajn žagov, pa še narbəl neprajt je šu tistə, ku je z glavuo kimov in s palco mahov, pa še narbəl neprajt je šu tistə, ku je šu ta prvə, pa še narbəl neprajt so šle device in fantje, možje in ženje, pa še narbəl neprajt je šlu dostə lədi, pa še narbəl neprajt so šlə fajmoštr in gəspudje, ta narbəl zad pa je šlu tu srutəšče od novomašənka. Ze njim je pa drlu vse povnu əldi, ku so šlə narbəl zad. Pa smo u cierku pršlə, pa so sviete pavke zepajle, pa častitləvə pajvcə zedonajlə, uorgle so pa masa lepu špiljale, sviet bas je rienčov, narbəl se je pa tistə potiv, ku je majh podiv.

Srutəšče od novomašənka je pršlu pred oltar, tam se je ne an rdeč stov vsajlu, mi smo med təm cajtam pa ano ləpuo pridgo poslüšalə. Pol je bla pa maša, pa

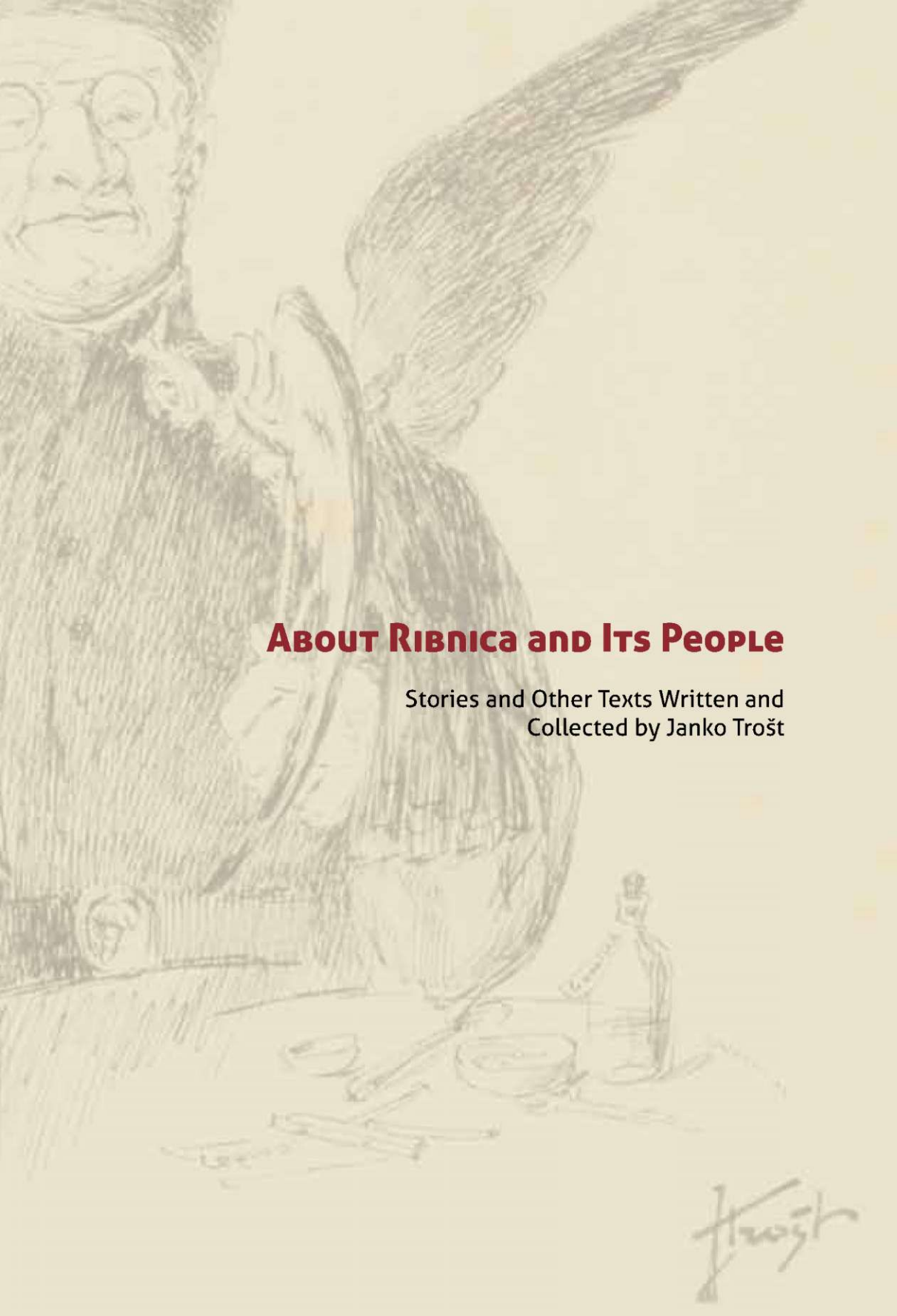
so kadilə novomašənkə, pa je tu srutəšče pokimalu, əncəš de če še. No, pa so ga še polej malu. Vajste, kaj nüca, ku je blu pa slajpu: štierindvajst svajč je gorajlu, pa sonce je sjalu, pa tu srutəšče še naj znalü brat in mə je muogu adən s prstam kazat. Pa so djalə, de je petnajst lajt u šulo hodilu. No, pa je blu pol le enkrat konc, čeprov so jaku dostə počivalə.

Pol smo šlə pa nezaj u farovž; so djalə, de buomo jüžno imajlə. Pa je blu tülkü riht, de vam jih ne muorəm vsəh neštət. Povajdov vam buom samu tiste rihte od mlajka in kompierja. Imejlə smo sruovu mlajku, s pod krave, mladovnu, gorku, zevrajtu, zekühanu, postojanu, zmatranu, shlajanu, kislü, s smieteno, səgrajtu, pinjenu, səsierjenu, kislü, sestojanu, səsjedenu, nepinjenu, topljanu, in še jaku dostə suort mlajka.

Pa kompierja, kompierja! Jejlə smo u oblicah, nevadən, ne žüp, u komašnah, poštuokan, zebajlen, tienstan, cəjv, olüplen, kisu, ne solatə, zeruoštan, süh, pjačen, kühan, nezəbajlen, polit, in še jaku jaku dostə suort kompierja. Pa səm rjeku: təga ne buo ne konca ne kraja, pa səm nepriegu sujga kojnička, pa səm domu pognov, pa səm tülkü šajdesna prnjesu, de smo ga še deviet dni jejlə, külkər səm novo mašo zemüdu.



Edraustvo



ABOUT RIBNICA and ITS PEOPLE

Stories and Other Texts Written and
Collected by Janko Trošt

Trošt

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Sumé in rude.

JANKO TROŠT – a Storyteller

Marina Gradišnik, MA

A Promise Made Is a Debt Unpaid

Marjana Starc

Janko Trošt – a STORYTELLER

Marina Gradišnik, MA

Janko Trošt – a Storyteller

At the instigation of Museum of Ribnica numerous events associated with Janko Trošt took place in Ribnica in the period between October 2011 and December 2012, and this period was also named the Year of Janko Trošt. Trošt was a very special man and so is his year – it namely lasts for 14 months. The final project of this year is the publication of the stories collected here.

At the beginning it is by all means fitting to say a few things about Janko Trošt himself. It is difficult to describe him in a few words only, but it can be said that Trošt (1894-1975) was a man of many talents: he was a long-time headmaster and teacher at the higher primary school of Ribnica, the founder of museums in Ribnica and Idrija, a painter, a researcher, a topographer, a puppeteer, a choirmaster, etc.

He was born on 20 January 1894 in Razdrto near Postojna. After completing his primary schooling, he decided on the teaching profession, which he pursued up until his retirement, while in the period between 1930 and 1945 he was also the headmaster of the higher primary school in Ribnica. In the school year 1948/1949 he took on a job in Idrija, where he was a teacher at the lower gymnasium until he got retired in 1951. His life was profoundly influenced by an exceptionally sensitive attitude to heritage. In 1934, he completed an ethnog-

raphy course held by the state museum in Ljubljana, followed by a conservation course three years after the war. He was very active as a trustee of the Institute for the Protection of Cultural Monuments, both in the Ribnica – Kočevje Region and in the area of Idrija.

He went down in history as the founder of two Slovene museums (in Idrija and Ribnica) and as a researcher who was the first to define the area where woodenware was made and the individual woodenware branches. After returning to Ribnica from Idrija in 1956, he devoted a lot of his time to the Museum, which he established and then managed until his death. He made every endeavour to preserve the woodenware cottage industry in the Ribnica region, in particular through education and various publications, and was especially committed to the field of souvenir-making and selling. During his time he pioneered a number of things and he left his mark in all of the fields he was active in, and the results of his work can still be seen everywhere even today.

Several events were organized in Ribnica as part of the Year of Janko Trošt, whereof the two most comprehensive ones were an exhibition dedicated to Trošt and a catalogue in which a number of his fine art works have been collected.

To round off the year we would like to present another of Trošt's many talents: his talent for writing down stories and writing about events. A lot of Trošt's work has been published before, for instance in the Slovene Ethnographer, where his study on the woodenware craft was included, or in the publication Dolenjska. He also authored the first guidebook on Idrija. His numerous contributions have been included in various different newspapers and journals, in particular in the pedagogical journal Razori, where his story Bajtarske (On the People of Bajte) was published in 1935, as the only humorous story of his published during the time of his life. There are qu-

ite a few similarities between this story and Trošt's stories about Ribnica and its people in terms of how they are written, and there is every reason to believe that it was in this period that he most likely also started collecting and writing down the stories about Ribnica. Most of them were probably written down in the 1930s, whereas some, a smaller number of them, also date back to the time during and after World War II; the script for This Merry Evening was written in 1962, as part of the II. Ribnica Festival. To our knowledge, this is one of the last things written by Trošt.

It is not possible to place the stories within a specific time period, as it is not known when exactly they were created, but some of them can nevertheless be identified. A number of them are old folk stories, which is certainly true of the stories the New Mass of Ribnica and Peddler Urban from Ribnica in Hell, while others are mostly focused on events from everyday life. In view of the fact that most of the stories are from the time when Trošt was living in Ribnica himself, it may be assumed that the stories are also part of his personal experience.

As previously mentioned Trošt is also known for being a caricaturist. Both his caricatures and the stories presented here set him apart as an excellent observer of the environment and the people, who he is able to depict in an exceptionally perceptive, straightforward and teasing way. In his caricatures he depicts the people of Ribnica in different comical situations: they are hunting, walking in processions, chasing away the crisis or having parliamentary sessions. Trošt even went so far as delivering fine art depictions of independent ministries of Ribnica, where locals were assigned their own sectors connected with the work they did otherwise.

This talent of his, which is easy to notice in his caricatures, can also be felt in his stories; he delivers witty, ingenious and rich descriptions of situations and people. In his caricatures he uses the strokes of his brush to present

the personalities of the people he is depicting, while here these strokes turn into words. Through his stories the market town of Ribnica comes alive in front of readers' eyes, the inns are full of people and the proverbial wit of the local people is not only noted down in the way it actually exists, but the juicy dialect of Ribnica is actually used.

Regardless of the fact that Trošt spent a lot of time pursuing his profession, doing field work and research, he nevertheless spent a large part of his time in the market town of Ribnica. As a teacher he was of course well familiar with the local people and owing to his inquisitive personality he loved spending time wherever there was a lot going on, he loved hanging out with people and talking to them. In the evenings, kapišoni, the bigwigs of Ribnica, would get together at the »long table« at Cene's Inn and Trošt was one of them. It was here that he most likely came across the adventures of the townspeople, the local bigwigs, eccentrics and any other characters described in his stories.

In the 1930s, which seem to be the time that is mentioned in Trošt's stories most often, the timber trade in Ribnica was in its prime although the economic crisis had »shown its sharp teeth«, as Trošt himself described it. The local inns were also thriving and this is where the local eccentrics Murgelj, Pfefer or Žakelj were never missing from; the same goes for the local men of note - kapišoni or even the dean himself. Anton Skubic, the dean of Ribnica, usually got together with his company at Slemenčev Inn, while Pakiž Inn was where the so-called »Parliament of Ribnica« was in session. Another well-known and popular inn was the aforementioned Cene's Inn, where the first reading society was active in as early as 1870.

One of Trošt's protagonists is Križman, a timber merchant from Ribnica, who owned a sawmill; he was also an enthusiastic cyclist and the founder of the Ribnica

Cycling Society, from which the Ribnica branch of the Sokol society was set up. Another frequent character in Trošt's stories is Marko Rudež, who was the brother of the Ribnica castle owner Anton Rudež, and who is presented as a very jovial person. Trošt also presents two other Ribnica bigwigs: kapišon Pirker and oberkapišon Burger; Pirker was a merchant, who married into Ribnica from Kočevje, while Burger was a tanner and leather merchant, the last one still involved in this formerly all-pervasive activity.

Through his witty stories Trošt also touches upon the period of modernization; he mentions the waterworks in an individual story, but there are also stories about electrification, the arrival of railway, etc.

His stories include a number of historical and ethnological facts, geographical characteristics of this area and are also focused on the mentality of the main protagonists, the people of Ribnica. We learn that in the old days Ribnica was in many ways connected with the village of Struge; the name of one of the streets in Ribnica (Struge Street) is the only one to still bear witness to this today. We also find out that Kočevje was not as far away from here as it may seem because of the German language island; people were connected with one another through marriages and work, so the knowledge of Gottschee German was of big importance for doing any sort of business.

It can be concluded that Janko Trošt's stories about Ribnica and its people are a precious record of the daily life in this region, which brings readers closer to the people of those days. Through their characteristics and their sense of humour they become similar to the people today, who we can identify ourselves with.

To finish off I would like to emphasize that we would not have the stories here today the way they are without the exceptional enthusiasm and endeavours of Ms Marjana Starc, who devoted a lot of her efforts and knowledge to this project.

Marina Gradišnik, MA

A Promise Made Is a DEBT UNPAID

Marjana Starc

A Promise Made Is a Debt Unpaid

The presented stories by Janko Trošt about Ribnica and its people were in my keeping since they had been given to me years ago by Tone Petek, who had been devoted to collecting and noting down similar tales himself; he gave them to me saying that I should make sure they get published. This moral obligation and the initiative of the museum curator Marina Gradišnik have encouraged me to set about reading the stories and editing them linguistically.

Tone Petek told me that he had found the stories in Trošt's legacy; he had saved as many as he could, copied them by hand, and then at a later time photocopied them and then handed them over to me. Last year, during the so-called Year of Janko Trošt, the stories were turned into a typescript by Vasja Pavlin and the work was off to a good start. It is however not known where and when the original was lost.

The texts are for the most part humorous stories, short comic narratives, in which people and their deeds are presented in a comical, yet inoffensive way, as well as stories that aim to cheer people up by revolving around funny situations, characters and words. The main protagonists are funny in terms of their appearance, they have comical names, talk in a funny way and their actions are also funny. In addition to these humorous tales there are also a number of anecdotes that may include

some previously unpublished essays or events that the historians had kept secret or short, entertaining and less known stories, usually from the life of a famous person.

Through these stories readers get to know the geographical and personal characterization of Ribnica and its people, mostly from the period between the two world wars, as well as the time after World War II, get familiar with the so-called 'kapišoni', i.e. local men of note and landowners, local eccentrics, the matrimonial love, war and freedom Ribnica style, and also learn about the events that took place in the village of Dolenja vas and in the neighbouring village of Struge. And there are also a number of local sayings and nicknames, This Merry Evening at the II. Ribnica Festival in 1962 and the well-known Ribnica New Mass.

Most of the stories are written in standard Slovene, in the dialect or partly in the standard language and partly in the dialect. In writing down the stories, Trošt was not consistent, which had to be edited; it was evident that he was not a local of Ribnica himself and it was therefore necessary to correct the local dialect and make its written form uniform. To make the text more easily understandable each story also includes footnotes with a glossary of less known words.

The Ribnica speech belongs to the group of dialects from the Dolenjska Region. It has many specific characteristics and uses a number of distinctive vowels, diphthongs and vowel reductions.

Unfortunately the written version of the language cannot convey the melody of this singsong dialect that is so typical of this place.

Texts included in the chapter with the title 'Other texts/Ostalo' in the Slovene part, i.e. local proverbs, idioms, similes and expressions for describing drunkenness, the play written by Janko Trošt for the II. Ribnica Festival in 1962, as well as the well-known Ribnica New Mass,

have not been translated into English. The editorial board has decided against translating these texts because they are mostly written in the dialect of Ribnica and their meaning would therefore be lost in translation or may even be untranslatable.

In addition to Marina Gradišnik and Vasja Pavlin, which I have mentioned above, I would last but not least also like to give my thanks to Vesna Horžen for editing the stories and advising me on my work, Tanja Debeljak for the proofreading and linguistic advice and corrections, as well as Neža Tanko for computer corrections. Without their contribution I could not have done my work.

Marjana Starc

ABOUT RIBNICA and ITS PEOPLE

Stories and Other Texts Written and
Collected by Janko Trošt

GEOGRAPHICAL AND PERSONAL CHARACTERIZATION OF RIBNICA AND ITS PEOPLE

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Horse and Cart Drivers from Ribnica

Before the Kočevje railway was built, Ribnica had been connected with the rest of the world with roads towards Ljubljana and Kočevje, as well as roads leading from Žlebič to Bloke and Rakek and from there on to Trieste in Italy. The Ljubljana - Trieste road was used to transport all sorts of goods: sawn and hewn wood, potatoes, beans, hay, straw, butchered calves, as well as slaughtered and cleaned pigs. The traffic was busy and the merry cracking of whips could be heard from the roads back then; horse and cart drivers were making good money. There were inns along the roads where the drivers could store their carts and horses, get something to eat and pour some drinks down their dry and dusty throats. It took them up to eight hours to get to Ljubljana and if they left early enough in the morning they had the habit of returning on the same day in the evening. The horses needed feeding and some rest, so they were strong enough to carry the heavy carts back. The journey to Trieste took them two days. At the bottom of steep hill roads, before they had to go uphill, the inns had extra horses waiting, which were harnessed and the carts were then dragged uphill with two pairs of

horses. This way goods were transported uphill across the steep Boncar, and from Velike Lašče up the Lužarji Slope and in the Notranjska Region from Razdrto, a village on the foothills of Nanos, to Senožeče, etc. In Ljubljana and Trieste they were given all sorts of goods by the merchants, so they would not make the return journey 'empty-handed': coffee, sugar, textiles and other goods. The people of Bloke mostly used oxen, which they had bought as young animals somewhere in the Kočevje area; they would rear and fatten them at home for a while, use them for making journeys for a few years and then sell them to butchers when the animals got nice and fat. There were some well-known old horse and cart drivers' inns, where the food and drinks were in abundance and where most of the drivers spent their earnings. Some of the inns had bowling alleys, where drivers loved to bowl for large amounts of money; each ball could be up to one hundred guildens. Card games, for example »maušl¹« and »ajnc²«, were another very popular thing and the cunning card dealers fleeced them all of their money, so they returned home stony-broke. The games would drag on well into the wee hours, the horses were left harnessed standing in front of the inns and would trample with their hooves, but nobody paid any attention to them. When it was time to go, there were so many horse droppings lying under the front wheels, which the drivers had to shovel away if they wanted to leave.

1 maušl = a card game

2 ajnc = a card game

Škrlj's Cellar, Velike Obrnišče and Miklov Vineyard

In the beginning, the footpath to the village of Struge runs past Kračice with a sparse forest, which stretches to Podreber, at the foothills of Mala gora, where beautiful meadows and the fields of Dolge njive come to an end. In this very corner to the left of the footpath, there are some remnants of Škrlj's little cellar, where old man Škrlj used to store the home-grown potatoes and turnips in the old days, as well as hay, so he could come from the town and get some if needed, as there was not enough room for it at home.

Škrlj was – as was the case with most of the locals at the time – a tough card player and gambler. Even during haymaking, he would bring his cards along, so he could

play some cards with other haymakers in the shadow of his cellar during lunch breaks and fleece them of their money. He loved raising the stakes with anything he had, again and again, and to top it off for his cellar, empty or full, as long as things ended his way. Even today, when the locals play cards and raise the stakes, you can hear that each stake always ends with Škrlić's cellar, meaning it does not go any higher than this, seven times the original amount.

Carrying on from the cellar, taking the left turn through the forest, it does not take long to get first to Male Obrnišče and then to Velike Obrnišče. There is a vast expanse of barren land at the bottom of the turn of the town road in the direction of Mala gora; however, today lots of it is overgrown with bushes. The land is divided into several small plots, each measuring barely a few square metres. The place is sheltered from cold winds and basks in the sunshine all day long. The soil is deep, black and greasy and because of it even fifty or sixty years ago the locals still used to grow all sorts of seedlings here in the spring: cabbage, beetroot and kohlrabi, which were needed for their fields. Both places were even included in the land registry map and numbered accurately. It was typical of Ribnica that people were trying to find land just about everywhere; it was very sparse and they learnt how to make use of even the smallest plot of land, so they could keep their home gardens for their own household needs.

Not far from here towards the east, Miklov vineyard, which was abandoned years ago, faces the sun. It is propped against the gently sloping side of the mountain with escarpments covered in broken stones. It was built by the last member of the Miklov family a hundred years ago. Miklova house stands in front of the castle even today. Its house number is two – number one was reserved for the castle – and is most likely one of the oldest buildings of the then market town. There is a black plaque built into the wall to the right of the beautiful stone portal, which bears witness to the fact that Dr Arko, a physician in Škofja Loka, was born in the house.

The late Dr Alfred Šerko, a well-known psychiatrist, was a frequent visitor to Ribnica; a number of his relatives and acquaintances used to live here and he often said waggishly that some people in Ribnica are born as doctors and when they grow up they become physicians.

The Miklov family had always owned an inn, it was probably one of the first inns to open in Ribnica. It is a well known fact that the locals are very fond of drinking a sour wine from the Dolenjska Region, which they often fetched

from Bela krajina or even the Suha krajina region, where the best-known sour grapes grow on Lisec hill and Brleška gora mountain near Žužemberk. There, the sextons were in the habit of always tolling the church bells at midnight, so the farmers could wake up and remember to turn in their beds, or else the sour wine would have eaten into their stomachs. Well, the old Miklovec believed the wine could never be sour enough and thought the soil in Ribnica might be able to bear local wine that would be the best of all *cviček*¹ wine.

At that time, Čiči² and people from the coastal Primorska region came to Ribnica. They were used to carving stone, so they started pulling down the old church and preparing materials for a new one, which is still there today. The old Miklovec hired a few of them and took them to his parcel of land above Obrnišče to start building an escarpment for the vineyard and prepare the soil. In the mean-time he set off to Bela krajina to get some shoots of the vintage *cviček* vine, so he could plant them in his new vineyard. He was convinced it would only take him a few years to grow and press so much of home-made wine that it will be enough for his inn, if not even some leftovers. But the vine shoots were most likely too sensitive and could not bear the cold climate of Ribnica. The hares and the deer had eaten all of the young leaves before they even managed to grow properly and the vine plantation did not even manage to flourish. However, the escarpments along the terraces are still standing there, just as they did one hundred years ago, but this is just about everything that is left of the vineyard, which has never born any vine and nobody has ever nibbled at its grapes, still less sipped a genuine *cviček* wine from Ribnica.

1 *cviček* = Slovenian wine from the Dolenjska region (Lower Carniola)

2 Čiči = inhabitants of Istria, travelling whetters, umbrella repairmen and tinsmiths

The Parliament of Ribnica

Kapišoni¹ from Ribnica, the local bigwigs, were regular guests at the former Pakiž Inn in Kravja gasa. A whole company of venerable townspeople of all walks of life and worldviews would meet here every evening; they would come up with all sorts of ideas and solve local and foreign issues and this is why the inn was nicknamed the Parliament of Ribnica. Only the bigwigs were allowed to sit by the farmhouse stove, there was no room for other guests there. It was a rather ordinary inn with a single room - guests were only served good wine, which the innkeeper was regularly supplied with from Vojvodina, authentic home-made brandy and on special days black coffee. Bread rolls and Shrovetide pretzels had to be ordered separately, so they would go and get them from the Novak bakery, while other dishes were not served. Whoever came to the inn to have a quarter or half a litre of wine would bring a snack along, spread it out on the table in front of him or her and then slowly eat it, washing it down with wine. As the evening was drawing near, all of the tables by the magnificent farmhouse stove were full of such guests. All of the clerks would come out of their dusty offices at the court house, the tax office and the loan bank; and when the merchants and the craftsmen had closed their stores and workshops for the day or handed them over to other's safe and reliable hands, they would sail into the inn before even changing their overalls. But only the more advanced of the local market town society would meet here, woodenware makers were few and far between in this colourful company, and still fewer potters. As for proper farmers, there are hardly any in Ribnica and its wider surroundings. In short, all social classes and castes were represented here, from the highest superintendents, ordinary clerks and scribes, to all sorts of merchants and craftsmen, as well as local paupers and tramps. It does not get much more colourful than this colourful company, which made the inn very special and gave it variety. The first to have a say sitting by the stove were naturally kapišoni, the bigwigs, all of the others would in the beginning only listen respectfully and then get to add their opinion later, when the wine had already warmed them up and gave them the gift of speech. Drinks were served by the waitress Micka, an old and feeble woman, whose chin did not reach much higher than the table. She would serve every guest from the table corner, as she was unable to stretch across the table with her short arms and

being so small. She placed a quarter of the wine and a glass on the table edge and pushed it with such skill that they slid across the smooth table surface and stopped right in front of the guest who had ordered it. The Parliament of Ribnica was in session here. All of the other inns in Ribnica were completely deserted during parliament sessions, which started at nightfall and lasted until dinner. Anyone who felt like a glass of wine or was accidentally in town at that time of the day, would make it over to the parliament, as the whole of the Ribnica society was bound to be there.

Things were put on the agenda just like that, on its own. At first, the daily market town news and more important events were on and then somebody would turn the conversation to politics and curse the darned clericals. It was here that the public municipal matters became of particular interest and the »clerical« mayor, who was also present, was very busy fending off people's reproach. As a patriot and a proud local of Ribnica he knew how to agree with anyone and was in municipal meetings also able to put such people's resolutions into force or else he could have had trouble at the parliament. People attending the parliament sessions showed no mercy on such occasions. In anyone had taken measures bending the rules and thus caused damage to the public good or had tarnished the reputation of the venerable market town, the »parliament« convicted him publicly and took his »mandate« away, so he was expelled from the parliament for a long time. All public matters were first discussed at the parliament and most of the decisions were realized. This is how Ribnica got its higher primary school, although the municipal board had been advocating against it. The loan bank built a beautiful building of its own that was the pride of the market town. Ribnica also had waterworks constructed, had electric lighting installed and many other things.

Of course, all of the more advanced societies and institutions had the largest support at the parliament. The parliament helped the Sokol² organization, which had for over 20 years carried out its activities at local inns and courtyards, get its own premises. Aspirations of the School Society of Saint Cyril and Methodius and the Yugoslav matica, the Mountaineering Society and some others were at the parliament also always dealt with a positive attitude and were supported to the best of the parliament's ability.

The parliament also delivered its own verdicts about bigger lawsuits and trials, in particular about those with a political background. But, of course, the rigid politics of that time did not pay much heed to them.

If nothing else, they also discussed the harvest and the weather and the trade not going well and expensive timber and bread rolls that were too small or Urban's cow, which couldn't get pregnant, and so on and so forth. They would make even the most serious thing sound funny; everybody would add something waggish or a pun, think of something similar or an even cleverer wisecrack. The entertaining part of the session was on and as nobody wanted to lag behind, new and clever and even cleverer jokes would be told. The freedom of speech was guaranteed for both those speaking in favour of an opinion as well as those against it. If the speakers ran out of cogent arguments for substantiating one or the other point of view, the lively quarrelling could quite easily turn into private pummelling. If this happened, the two bigwigs would reproach each other for sins they had committed and those they had not, as well as fault committed by relatives seven times removed. Some of those present tried to calm the two down and talked, others cheered them on, still others laughed and chimed in, or helped one or the other person quarrelling. The whole thing always ended in the same way.

The first one: »You know, you're not gonna mess with me, you're not big enough for that, your buttocks are still too low«.

The other one: »What d'you think, that you're gonna pull the snot out of my nose? You're so short I can hardly see you!

When they had degraded each other completely and made each other feel worthless, one of the other guests would again chime in and add fuel to the whole thing, so the two would again start quarrelling with no end in sight.

The parliament had no chairman, the speeches were unlimited and they enjoyed complete freedom. The innkeeper Emil would usually snooze by the stove and did not meddle with the conversations, although he did have the main say at times. He was usually on the receiving end of people falling over, but he knew well how to defend himself. Whenever things got out of hand, they would usually make up and wash all of the reproaches and insults away with litres of wine. And even when this did not happen, the next evening yesterday's opponents would again sit together and have a friendly conversation, as if nothing at all had happened the day before.

On How People from Ribnica Said Their Prayers

Besides having other acknowledged virtues, people from Ribnica were also devout. Every evening, they would not only say their usual prayers, but also added other things that were not obligatory and were not written down anywhere. After dinner the master of the house would take on pastoral duties and the entire family would answer kneeling in corners around the whole house. Although they loved teasing people from the neighbouring Bloke Plateau about also praying for those souls that are »neither here nor there«, they themselves thanked the Lord by saying: »One more Our Father, coz God gave us the brain and a proper mind, coz he gave us eyes so we can still see ok, coz he gave us ears for listening, coz he created a language for us so we can talk; and so on and so forth until they have mentioned all body parts, including the hand and the feet.

One evening the father added the following things: »Coz he made our neck longer, so we can swallow, coz he created our stomach, so we can enjoy God's gifts, coz he also gave us the bowel so we can process them all...«

The little son, who was lying close to his father, was full of all sorts of ideas. And who knows what the little boy was imagining at that time, so he burst out laughing all of a sudden. But his father's hand reached all the way to his ears and lifted him from the floor in rage. »You little monster! You think, little boy, you'd be better off carrying around your pooh in your hand?!?«

The Devout Blackbird

Members of the family known as 'Pri Belnih' were extremely devout people. This was noticeable as soon as you got into their house, where Jur, the tailor, was hard at work threading a needle; hanging right above him there was a large picture depicting Saint Crispin, the patron saint of tailors and cobblers, which used to adorn the altar of the old parish church of the tailors' and cobblers' guild. The bare house with a stable and a cow under the same roof stood right beside the road, without a courtyard or a garden, where they could have put chopped wood or the leaves from the enclosure in the woods below Mala gora, where they got litter for the animals.

One day a very long time ago, when they were cleaning the enclosure late in the spring, the little son Frenk caught

a young blackbird and brought it home to his father's great delight. They soon found a comfortable cage for the blackbird and master Jur would whistle to it from early in the morning until late in the night – they both had enough time as well as opportunity – all sorts of different tunes which the bird did not like in the least.

It would jump from one stick to another without giving away a single sign of joy showing that it liked the tune. And then Jur would once again whistle one about the fish: »And the fish are doing well, as they have water to spare,« and then he would also tell the blackbird in other words about how beautiful the song was, but all in vain. The old woman Belna used to work at the castle and heard the old lady, who was sitting at the piano, sing a song about the darling Augustine, which was back then still a popular and widely known song. Even the locals of Ribnica would sing it: »Oh, my dear Augustine, nothing any more is fine!«

She reminded Jur about the song, saying that the bird might like the tune and may remember it. So Jur whistled it, which caught the blackbird's attention and it wasn't long until the bird opened its beak and already knew the first part. The bird was a rather brainy sort and it didn't take long for it to whistle the whole song to the great delight of the family and the local people that walked past the house.

When it got really hot, Jur wanted the bird to get some air and hanged the cage in front of the house; the children walking to or from school then whistled one of the known songs to the blackbird, which didn't want to lag behind and also started whistling.

However, as had always been the case in Ribnica, they loved to turn just about any serious thing into a funny one. But what happened was neither Jur's nor the blackbird's fault. The Corpus Christi procession had to go past their house and stopped at Johan's corner next to the town hall, not far from the house, to get their third blessing. Bozbirtov uncle set up a small chapel, which was then decorated by the local women; the chapel stood there, waiting peacefully to serve the purposes of the third blessing as had long before been decided. During the procession, the blackbird was inside its cage in front of the house and was watching it all, amazed at the long procession of children, lads and men, as well as girls and women behind the banners and flags. The bells in the belfry were chiming merrily, the church choir was

singing, the altar boys were swinging their censers and tinkling, which was all very unusual to the blackbird. The procession stopped in front of the little chapel. The dean was singing the final liturgical recitals and the choir singers were singing back in stentorian voices. The people had already knelt down and everything became silent. The dean turned around and looked from under the monstrance to see if everybody was kneeling and sang: »Protect us from the thunder and bad weather.« And the choir sang back at him: »Protect us, oh Lord!« and also knelt down – it got almost dead silent in the town. The dean lifted up the monstrance to give a blessing. And right at that time the devout blackbird got the idea that it could contribute to the whole festivity itself, and sang:
 »Oh, my dear Augustine,
 nothing any more is fine!«

People put their heads down and were laughing looking at the ground; the dean's hands started shaking from the laughter he was trying to hold back behind the monstrance, so he quickly ended the blessing, turned around and was finally able to laugh without everyone seeing him.
 Oh, you devout whistler! How many people have been totally serious, but you being so plain and innocent have made them burst out laughing and feel cheerful?! Quite possibly all of those who knew your tune. Dear Lord surely didn't hold it against you and was more than happy to forgive you your plainness and innocence.

Peddler Urban from Ribnica in Hell

When peddler Urban from Ribnica passed away, he had to go to Hell.

»Well oh well, surely I won't be here all alone, with all the time I've spent going around fairs. Whatever will be, will be!« he tried to comfort himself and hobbled to the door to Hell, which had neither a doorknob nor a lock. He knocked on the bronze using a stick, which caused a thundering sound, but nothing moved. He knocked for the second time, this time with a little bit more force – but still no response. This made him so angry that he started striking against the door and shouted:

»Bloody devils, come on, open the door! Surely I'm worth just as much as others. I don't know why I shouldn't be allowed in?!«

The mighty door made a dull squeal turning on its hinge and there was a doorkeeper to the Hell standing on the doorstep, grinning at Urban:

»Oh, it's you, Urban from Ribnica, you've finally made it! But you'd better leave your basket at the door, there's no use for it in Hell, it's too hot as it is! Come on in, let's go and see the headman, who'll assign you to the place you've earned!«

»As you say!« Urban said angrily, put down his basket and followed the devil, who lit the way along the scorched corridors using a resinous torch, until they came to an enormous hall with a throne inside. Urban kept silent, looking at the scorched corridors and the devils' faces smirking at him from all sides. In the middle of the hall, there was Lucifer himself sitting on a wide throne; he had as many as four horns on his head whereby he differed from other devils who only had two on their foreheads each. The chief of Hell feasted his eyes on Urban. A young page boy with a short tail brought over thick scorched books and placed them on Lucifer's knees. Lucifer leafed through the books, laughed out loud here and there and screwed up his terribly monstrous face so he seemed almost in good mood; and then he addressed Urban:

»We've been expecting you for a long time, Urban from Ribnica! Your books are written all over, but it seems they didn't manage to list all of your sins!«

»As you think is right!« Urban replied quietly and humbly, while listening to Lucifer and turning around his hat in his hands feeling almost embarrassed.

Lucifer laughed out loud again and said somewhat through the nose: »You've stirred up many a person in the whole wide world and you've got a lot of sins to answer for, you've come here for a reason!«

»As you think is right« added Urban meekly and the Lucifer almost felt sorry for him when he said: »But let's be fair! Your sins are of a very special kind as they've been committed with laughter and good mood, which is certainly an extenuating circumstance!«

»As you think is right!« Urban bowed gratefully, but Lucifer interrupted him straight away:

»We'll bear this in mind and we'll mercifully allow you to choose your infernal punishment on your own. But no can do without fire and it has to burn as well. My right-hand man will take you around for you to see my kingdom and when you're back you can tell me what punishment you have chosen for yourself. Off you go, I'll wait for you!«

»As you think is right« said Urban once again, bowed humbly and left walking behind the attendant with horns.

The attendant took Urban around all of the halls where sinners were being fried in boiling oil or roasted on spits; boiling hot resin or even sulphur was being poured all over them, they were being skinned and soaked in salty water and vinegar, and tortured in many other ways that Urban did not even know the names for. He saw quite a few people that he knew during this tour, but there was nothing he could do for the poor sods if they quietly asked him:

»Urban, help!« He even saw Burger, a bigwig from Ribnica, in this dark and scorched room; even in Hell, the man was still counting the shit. He was sitting in a scalepan of a very large weighing scale; a fire lit by one of the devils was burning underneath the pan and the man was collecting the shit with his hands and then throwing it into the other scalepan. When some ordure accumulated, the pan with Burger sitting inside moved higher up and his bottom was not burning so badly any more, but while up in the air the other scalepan overturned every time and he was again sitting on top of the hot coals.

»Help me, Urban, if you can!«

»Well, you'd better fix your scales right, you're sitting on your own, if I see right!«

Urban did not like the tour of Hell in the least, he was worried if he could get himself out of the whole thing. He was almost remorseful and humble when the attendant brought him back to the main devil's throne. Lucifer asked him straight away:

»Well, Urban, you've seen my kingdom. Which spot should I assign you to, as promised?«

Urban tilted his head to the side and looked at Lucifer as kindly as he could, while turning the hat around in his hands even more quickly.

»You know, noble Sir! I'm a wee little bit deaf and I don't know if I heard you right – did you say before that there has to be fire and it needs to be burning?«

»That's exactly what I said and I insist on it. There has to be fire and it needs to burn too!« said Lucifer one more time.

»Really, noble Sir, for real? I wanted it too and I've already made my choice, if I may tell you« Urban hurried up talking.

»Ok, say it then, I have no more time to deal with you.«

»Ok, I'll tell you then, after all we're all men and I know you won't go back on your word – hard words break no bones,« said Urban in a very manly way »Well, what you're gonna give me – a pipe and a dram or two of home-made slivovitz, and let it burn as much as it likes. The pipe surely won't be without fire and slivovitz will burn too, if it's any good!«

The entire hall burst out laughing very loudly and even Lucifer himself smiled. He ordered: »Give Urban a pipe and slivovitz, as much as he likes, even if I had different ideas about the whole thing. Open the door for him, there's no room for him in Hell. He could end up corrupting all of my serfs.

»As you think is right. And stay well.« Urban bowed one more time, as one should, and walked towards the infernal gate. A hairy servant was waiting for him there and offered him a tray with a lit pipe and some slivovitz. Urban grabbed hold of the pipe, put the dram to his mouth and emptied it in one gulp. He finally began to feel at ease since slivovitz did burn his throat. He tapped the servant on the shoulder and said:

»It's a nice one. Damn right, I did earn it today – give your master my regards again and no hard feelings. I won't bother him ever again!«

He put his basket, which was still waiting for him behind the door, on his back and walked off into the wide world taking long strides – and you can still see him walking around like this today.

BIGWIGS FROM RIBNICA

Wine Tasting Gone Overboard

That very year, when young Cene got married, things in the world were not looking up. The whole world had been hit by the crisis and the land of woodenware was no exception. A great many timber merchants and others involved in wood trade were long gone, only the most tenacious ones persisted and had a daily habit of going to the train station to wait for the midday train and hopefully a saviour who would at least partly empty the warehouses crammed with timber. Jealous of one another, after the train station they made another stop at Cene's Inn to make sure none of the timber merchants had managed to sneak into Ribnica taking some kind of a secret route. At the inn, the old man Cene would make their mouths water with his well-known appetite for morning meals that he was in the habit of eating one after another, such as liver, lung and goulash; and closer to eleven in the morning he would then order some other liver meat dish. It was only then that he was feeling content: »I'll be ok even if I don't eat anything else until lunch!«

That autumn, the wine was extremely good and young Cene went to Gadova peč to fetch some from his father-in-law. He brought it over successfully in the evening and then stored it in the cellar the morning after.

At that moment the old Križman came cycling from the station, the castle owner's brother Marko came walking across the square as if marching in a parade and the tall Pardon came from along the water. Just like any other day, they got together happily at the table under St. Notburga, a statue of Saint Mary, to share anything they had to say about the nightmarish crisis and bad times. And then young Cene invited them to the cellar to taste some of the new wine. At first, they wouldn't go, saying it was still early, but then the urge to see what the wine was like won, especially when the young lady of the house served them some snacks.

Even the wine from the first barrel tasted like a good, high quality wine, and from each following barrel - and there were anything but few of them - even better. The wine was slipping down their hoarse throats almost on its own, and Križman almost envied Pardon for having the longest neck of them all. It didn't take long for them to start grinning from ear to ear and what used to be sulky bores were now three ordinary people starting to have fun the way people from Ribnica usually did.

The church bells had long since tolled noon and it was time to call it quits and end the festive tasting. The first one to get out of the cellar was the tall Pardon, who bumped into the first stone pillar in front of the cellar, wrapped his long body around it like grapevine and was left hanging on it.

At first Marko was laughing at him while still in the cellar, but it didn't take him long to realize there was no way he could get up those few cellar stairs without Cene's help. Cene quickly got him into the so called good-for-nothing room, purposely ready for drunkards. Only the old Križman, who used to be a competitive cyclist, managed to walk unsteadily to his clapped-out bicycle and sat on it successfully. He only made it as far as Štekliček's corner, where he came tumbling to the ground. »What the Hell is wrong with my bike today?!« thought the old cyclist before getting onto the bicycle again, from the rear side as usual, but the bicycle moved forward and its front part got away from him, so he kept falling down. He was struggling to tame the bicycle but he finally managed to do so. Higgledy-piggledy, the bicycle took him from side of the road to the other until he finally came crashing into the doorway of Žoržek house, where the bicycle and himself looked at each other in amazement. The lady of the house heard the thunderous tumble and came rushing to the doorway to see if by any chance the stone baroque portal had collapsed. But instead she caught sight of her own brother-in-law lying on the floor covered in mud from head to toe and next to

him his venerable bicycle, which was also showing signs of external and internal shock.

»Oooh, dear Lord, France, where d'you come flying from, are you still alive? How can you ride such a bicycle with the saddle turned upside down and the handlebars facing forward instead of backward!«

»Well, I'll be buggered, I'm really silly I haven't noticed this before!«

The Waterworks of Ribnica

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The people of Ribnica did not only have their own famous earthenware bass¹, but in the old days also had waterworks laid out with earthen pipes from Predklanec. Nobody knows how much water flew through them. But it could still be doing the job today, if the pipes had not broken in the past. Even today parts of the pipes can be dug up and if locals of Ribnica are asked what these earthen shards mean, they will most seriously explain that this is still from the Roman waterworks.

May there be some truth in it or not, Ribnica later got proper waterworks with iron pipes, while the water was supplied (and still is) by St. Francis in litter forests around the village of Jurjevica.

And then the old man Lovšin »Pertutti« opened a coffee house at the Ribnica square and had it all fitted for the comfort of his guests. He did not only have the water installed to the counter, but even in the toilet, where it was murmuring and flushing the wall for doing number one. A real proper toilet covered in white tiles was dazzling the guests. If all of these novelties had also been illuminated with electricity, oh, this would be luxury even today.

One of the visitors to the new coffee shop was Nata, from Mlaka, or to be more precise, from Sveti Rok. He was a rather corpulent man with a well rounded belly, who couldn't see past his waist. There was lots of singing and merry-making. Nobody counted the pints that the lovely Ana kept bringing to the table on her own. She kept the number in her head and later told people how much they had to pay. But even the largest vessel fills up eventually and needs emptying. Nata did not stop for a single moment and kept singing the songs even while in the toilet, so he did not hear the water murmuring. When he thought he was done doing his thing, he found it strange that he could still

hear the murmur and babble of the water, so he thought:
*»Fifteen or sixteen pints do their own thing, so let's stay here
 a wee little bit longer and sing another one... let it flow, let it
 flow, so we can see the bottom!«*

*But the water still wouldn't stop, it kept murmuring its
 monotonous song. Nata suddenly shuddered all over his
 body, got the goose pimples and a cold sweat broke out, so
 he leaned his tired head on the cold wall. But the water
 kept flowing and he could no longer stand it. Terrified and
 imagining the worst he called out with his powerful bass:*

»Folks, help! Accident!!«

*Concerned local bigwigs came running to the toilet only to
 see the unfortunate Nata totally low-spirited leaning his
 head on the wall.*

*»Oh, Nata, what on earth happened to you?« »Perhaps the
 water has broken, it won't stop pouring out of me!«*

Impossible

*The innkeeper of the former Parliament of Ribnica¹, the late
 Emil Pakiž, was a tender soul, but also loved both to crack a
 joke and to have a good laugh at one too. He had this good
 habit – or a bad one, depends how you look at it – of always
 having a little nap after lunch, lying next to the farmhouse
 stove on a bare bench with a fist under his head. In the
 mornings, he was busy in his wire mesh workshop, and
 spent the evenings up until the curfew working in the inn at
 the famous parliament, where the crème de la crème of the
 intellectual and economic world of the woodenware-making
 capital would come together, often joined by guests from the
 lower and upper parts of the Ribnica Valley. He would thus
 use the opportunity for a couple of quiet moments during
 the midday break and have a nap next to the farmhouse
 stove at the inn.*

*But then one day, one of his pupils from his mesh workshop
 came over after lunch frightened to death, woke him up and
 told him: »Uncle, get up, quickly. Our workshop's on fire!«
 Emil slowly came to himself, groped in his coat pocket
 and said to the boy: »You silly, foolish boy, how can our
 workshop be on fire, I've got the keys in my pocket!«*

1

*Parliament of Ribnica was the nickname given to Pakiž Inn in Kravja gasa, where
 lots of venerable townspeople would get together every evening, discussing all sorts of
 ideas and solving local and foreign issues.*

Swapped Roles

At a young age, the old man Križman was a well-known brawler, which came in rather handy in those politically turbulent times. He was a member of the old liberals, who chose Dr. Tavčar as their candidate for the national assembly, while the clericalists appointed Dr. Šušteršič, who loved boasting about being the soldier of Ribnica. Križman and kapišon¹ Pirker decided to disrupt the clerical meeting that was supposed to take place at the inn Pri Vovku, on a Sunday in mid-winter. Quite a few woodenware makers and potters came together at the inn, including the mouthy Brbec from Blate. It was him who suspected the two liberals hadn't come to the meeting with good intentions. He was mouthing off, going on about them, so it didn't take long for them to have had it with him and were sticking to the corner of the inn even more determinedly. The plan of action was made straight away: Pirker was supposed to hit the flickering lamp and Križman aim for Brbec's head. They did indeed both hit at the same time and a fight broke out among all of the people in the inn. Brbec wasn't found until the end of the battle, lying under the table totally drunk, just when he was regaining consciousness. Naturally, the meeting had been disrupted. As expected, Brbec filed a lawsuit against Pirker, accusing him of having inflicted grievous bodily harm and proposed Križman to testify.

On the day of the trial, the judge asked Pirker, the defendant: »Do you admit hitting Brbec on the head so he toppled over and landed under the table unconscious? Do you feel guilty?«

Pirker: »There's no way I can confess this brazen accusation that I hit Brbec and I don't feel guilty. Not in the slightest.«

Judge: »Good, so we'll let the proposed witness say whether you hit him or not. Well, witness Križman, can you swear that the defendant Pirker didn't hit Brbec on the head?«

Križman: »I swear it wasn't Pirker who hit Brbec. For as long as the lights were on, we were sitting close together, so I would've seen it. And when the lamp went out, there was no one who could have noticed it, it was pitch-dark!«

Judge: »Based on the statement given by the witness examined in the court of law, the court pronounces the defendant not guilty and is herewith acquitted of the charge!«

Križman was often called »the frizzly one', his hair was namely curled.

¹ kapišon = an influential or powerful person, a bigwig

A Diplomatic Conversation between Two Bigwigs from Ribnica

Oberkapišon¹ Marko and his sidekick (his right-hand man) Pirker were two men of very different personalities, but had always been good friends; while Marko was a very good-hearted man, Pirker was a penny pincher and as cunning as it gets, but they were a wonderful match without meddling with each other's good or bad qualities.

Every evening they would meet at Ulčar's Inn, where they had a half pint each or shared a pint. At first they would both keep quiet, but when Marko had already downed a few, he talked enough for today, yesterday and tomorrow. On every occasion he would often use »one« to refer to people, or he or she or it, using all sorts of different forms, mixing them all up, so it was impossible to know who he was talking about, what had happened and where it had happened. Pirker would mostly keep quiet listening to Marko, and would only occasionally, when he felt like it, make a remark.

That evening the oberkapišon Marko had already had a few and started the conversation again: »Y'know, my dear kapišon², that was one day when I was there. The place was teeming with people, so said to myself 'Let's go 'n see what's goin' on', when I meet this guy that I hardly recognized coz I hadn't seen him for ages.«

Pirker interrupted him: »Who do you say you met?«

Marko: »Well, y'know that guy, the one who married into that house, married that woman, you gotta know him!!«

Pirker: »Well, well, how wouldn't I?!«

Marko: »Well, so I asked him how that one was doing and then we started talking about that other one. And we talked for I don't know how long. And why not, of course one word led to another: I said yes, he said no, I said yes, he said no, and this and that, and here and there and it wasn't until the wee hours that I crawled home. All I can say is I'm happy I saw that old one again and talked to him. So, what have you, kapišon, to say to this? «

Pirker: »Well, y'know, what can I say, only that I'm sorry I wasn't with you!«

1 oberkapišon = the head kapišon, the most influential or powerful person, a bigwig

2 kapišon = an influential or powerful person, a bigwig

Who Should Pay for the Round?

When oberkapišon¹ Marko and his sidekick Pirker had already downed a few, Marko said: »You, kapišon², today I feel like giving out some money, so I'll pay for our round.«
Pirker: »No way, Marko, my dear oberkapišon, today the whole round is on me, and that's it, yipee, yipee, yeah!«
Marko: »No way Jose, I'll do what I said I would, I won't go back on my word. Hey there, Ulčar, the bill!«
Pirker: »Well, y'know, Marko, why argue about such trivial things. It's all the same who pays, either I do it, or you do it, so why don't you.«

1 oberkapišon = the head kapišon, the most influential or powerful person, a bigwig

2 kapišon = an influential or powerful person, a bigwig

Dormice

On fair day, Marko was in Črnomelj setting up his stall very early in the morning. He had left Ribnica the evening before, taking the way across Rog and Maverlen to bring his skins to the fair. On the way there, he also bought a bunch of dormice from dormouse hunters. And as it was still early in the morning and there were no people in the square yet, he did not want to waste time and thus took his pocket knife and started skinning the animals. He put the skint dormice on a canvas cover that he had spread out and hung the skins on a rope to dry. The dormice were all magnificent specimens, all of them old, with plenty of fat and wide as a hand, so they were a pleasure to look at. It did not take long for a group of local people, who were all eyeing Marko curiously, to gather. A tavern-keeper came running over from the tavern nearby and asked him: »Can you at least give me a couple of dormice, Marko, my daughter's fallen ill, she keeps coughing and dormouse fat is bound to help her.«

Marko: »I get the cough quite often too, as I'm probably also asthmatic!«

An older clerk came closer, also wanting some dormouse meat, and asked: »Marko, come on, give me a few dormice. My wife's a bit under the weather, I'd like to treat her to something nice!«

Marko: »My first wife passed away from being so weak, so I have to make sure I get another one, dear!«

A woman seemingly a bit better off came over as well looking uneasy, turning her empty straw basket in her hands: »Come on, you'll be kind enough to give me a few, well, that is, not to me, but to my husband, who's always having stomach problems and I know some dormouse roast meat will do him good more than anything else.«
Marko: »Good God! Have all of the people in Črnomelj come down with dormouse stomach ache?! You know, to me it seems that you lot have only come here to see how we skin dormice coz you'd like to eat them yourselves.«

The Story about How Pirker Cured His Mare of Being Stubborn

Pirker was a very enterprising man and would try his hand at anything he hoped would turn out well. In the market town, he had a small store with all sorts of goods. He built large brickworks in Mlaka, of course with other people's funds. He set up a steam-powered sawmill, traded in manor houses and the accompanying woods, and at the same time built a road connecting the villages of Sodražica and Loški potok. This road unintentionally made his name immortal – one particular turn actually, which he could have made shorter if he had had a mound made across the narrow valley. But instead he had the road built around the valley and the turn was given the name »Pirker's Elbow«. Even today the turn is still not called anything else but this. He loved to mingle in any sort of company and if possible he would gladly drink at other people's expense.

The hunting fellowship of Sodražica once invited him to the final hunt, where some nice game and good wine was waiting for him, so he would hate to miss out on it. He did however had some business things to take care of in Bloke that very day and went there on his mare-driven cart. The mare was a tame and bright animal, but did have one flaw: she would suddenly stop in the middle of a road without reason and keep standing there until she felt it was time to move on.

It was already evening when Pirker was getting back from Bloke and he was almost in a hurry as not to be late for the hunting dinner with singing in Sodražica, which he would have hated to miss. But then the mare all of a sudden came to a halt just before the Žigmarški rise and would not move. At first Pirker used the rein to make the mare move, then the whip, but the animal still wouldn't move. Then he got off his cart and got hold of the mare's bridle

to get her over this difficult spot, but it was all in vain! The thought of missing the better part of the feast because of the mare and her fickle behaviour made him so angry that he started giving the mare a thrashing with a whip, first with the thinner and then with the thicker end. But it was all in vain! The mare did look to the right and then to the left of the road, kept lifting its tail and spinning it like a Turkish flag, but wouldn't move for the world. In total despair Pirker hopped back onto the cart and took a handgun out of the holster to shoot the animal. He was holding the rein in his left hand hoping the mare would suddenly decide to move, while in his right hand he was brandishing the handgun, pointing it at the mare and threatening to shoot her. But even this did not make the mare come to her senses and she kept moving her bushy tail. »There you go, the beast!« called out Pirker and fired the gun. The mare's tail dropped in an instant, she rose on her rear legs and galloped away along the road, while Pirker was busy picking himself up from the floor of the cart, where he was thrown when the mare took off. They made it to Fajdig's house in Sodražica in the blink of an eye; and the farmhand helped Pirker unharness the animal. The mare was covered in sweat and its tail has been shot through. But this made her recover from her moody disease and she never again changed her mind and rebelled in the middle of a road. And Pirker used every opportunity to tell people that it was the tail where a stubborn horse's disease was hidden.

ECCENTRICS FROM RIBNICA

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Tomažev Polde and Janezek Javornik (Čik – Janez)

Tomažev Polde was the son of the last mail coach driver, who used to take the mail from Ljubljana to Ribnica and of course vice versa. That was in the old days, eighty years ago, before the Kočevje railway was constructed. People would often describe Polde as being deaf just as much as suited him and that he could only hear what suited him right and ignored all the rest. In spite of this physical disability he was very fond of music and could play the bisernica, the bugarija and supposedly even the berde in the local tamburica¹ orchestra; and he was also a very cunning man. As a timber expert, he purchased timber all over the valley, in the summer he sharpened scythes and did the grass cutting in the whole neighbourhood, while in the winter he spent many a night playing cards. He claimed that he had inherited his musical talent from his father who would in the old days wake up sleepy locals of Ribnica with his French horn going »tra-ra, tra-ra«, and the same could have been said for his love of playing cards, a habit which had become second nature to the whole family.

¹ *tamburica* = refers to any member of a family of long-necked lutes popular in Eastern and central Europe, particularly Croatia, Serbia and Hungary. It is also known in Slovenia.

After the First World War, the timber industry in the Ribnica Valley was thriving and was at its peak, at least to those who knew at least a little bit about it. Tomažev Polde was up to his eyes in work at the time and could not do all of it himself, so he found an aide, Janezek Javornik - who was a bit of a character himself - to help him out. He was a cobbler by profession, but did not do much of cobbler's work, as he had no trade licence and thus cobbled and repaired old cracks and shoes in secret. After the war, he opened his own workshop in the middle of Kočevje, but already the first official customer took the money for the repaired slippers and made him go bust. He filed for bankruptcy and moved back to Ribnica. He knew a few German words, which came in very handy to him, as he was able to use them to trade in timber with Gottschee Germans. He set about his business at the inn in the company of tough Gottschee Germans, explaining to them: »Unzre firma kaufen olz!²« and thus managed to strike many a business deal. When it came to drinking to celebrate a successful business deal, the Gottschee Germans were not the stingy kind, so the wine was flowing freely; there was no shortage of money and Janezek was busy downing drinks day and night. He became Tomažev Polde's right-hand man and maybe even more than that.

On one occasion, Janezek went on business to the Kočevje region. At the Fortunatova sawmill they were already running out of timber, the time to carry out the contract was also running out and obligations had to be met as soon as possible. Janezek set off with a wallet chock-full of money. He was wandering from one inn to another all over the well-known villages of Kočevje, but neither Janezek nor the cart drivers from Kočevje with the timber would show up in Ribnica by the fifth day. The sawmill came to a standstill, but nobody showed up from anywhere and there was no single news about Janezek, the timber or the money. Polde got worried and gave a lot of thought about how he should look for Janezek and bring him back. Finally he came up with the idea that a warrant had to be taken out against Janezek. He wrote it with capital letters himself and hung it on a telegraph pole. It went like this: »Janezek Javornik – gipsy name Devesi – has gone astray. He has a pointy face and a long gob, is of medium-height and scrawny and dark complexion. He has this astonished expression on his face and a cigarette butt swelling on his left cheek. He is walking rather crookedly, his clothes are no good and his hat without a ribbon. A reward for whoever finds him dead or alive.«

But finally Janezek made it home, persuaded more by the empty wallet than by being homesick. He was standing in front of the notice with his description for quite some time, maybe had an inkling that something was not ok but was unable to read it being illiterate.

Our two chaps were by all means one of a kind, quite peculiar and it was certainly the case of the pot calling the kettle back. They were cunning and whenever things were not going all that well, they would reproach each other for the things they had done wrong, for how they had swindled each other or others together. Of course, they left it at words, because a deal was a deal and »Unzre firma«, our company, could not do business, and still less exist without all of the co-owners.

Janezek, who was rather feeble by nature, had caught a cold while going around on business and ended up in bed being seriously ill. He was feverish, was going in and out of consciousness and was shouting unintelligible words in his dreams, and only came round now and then. Polde was getting very worried about him, desperate that he was about to lose him for good. But Janezek looked slyly around himself and complained with a weak voice: »You know, Polde, I'm not good, not good!«

Naturally, Polde seized the opportunity straight away: »True, Janezek, it might be a good idea for me to fetch the Reverend? I'll make my way to the presbytery myself, if that's what you'd like!«

Janezek seemed lost in thought, gave Polde a bright look and said: »I'm not saying it's not the right thing to do. But, Polde, you know all about my and your shenanigans. If you're at presbytery, you might as well tell it all to the Reverend yourself while you're there, so you save him from having to walk all the way here!«

The Noble Scent of Wine

»Oh thee, noble scent of wine,
you are so fine,
you make the peasant and the lord,
go overboard!«

Štori earned his living as a hired man at the former railway restaurant. He was at that age when he was already supposed to know better, but he was still unreliable and would often slack if only the opportunity arose, in particular when wine and merry company were involved. He did however do his work well, both in the stable and the farmyard, as well as in the inn outdoor area. His employer Johan almost thought he could rely on him and entrusted him with many a thing, although he was not yet totally convinced that Štori would never again mess it up. This one time, the inn ran out of the *cviček*¹ and they were in a hurry to go and fetch some, so Johan called Štori and asked him to harness a horse to a cart, load an empty barrel and head to village of Maverlen in Bela krajina to get some wine. Štori nodded, took a letter with the order and the money and set off on a leisurely ride along the windy roads of Kočevje and Kočevski Rog towards Bela krajina. He stopped at the wine storage shed in the middle of the vineyard, handed the letter and the money over to the vineyard owner, gave the horse some fodder and helped the man roll the barrel into the cottage. Even the scent of the wine itself was tempting Štori, even more so the jug full of wine that the owner placed in front of him. It did not take long for the barrel to fill up, but the horse needed some more rest and the jug was filled up several more times, so Štori got very drunk. Late in the afternoon he set off again, going back home, but the horse had it difficult to pull both of the wine containers to the top, where the plains of Kočevski Rog start sweeping gently towards Kočevje and the surrounding area. It went much faster down the hill, of course, almost too fast. At first Štori was still singing his songs, but finally the wine got the better of him, so he dozed off and while dreaming his sweet dreams left the horse do his own things, as it was a very clever animal, which had hardly ever needed whipping or being slowed down. But the slope was too steep, the load on the cart was rather heavy and in the last slope in Koprivnica it was all too much for the horse to handle on its own. The cart was skidding to the

right and then to the left and finally over the road edge into the valley. Štori was the only one to tip over and off the cart unhurt and ended up sitting on the ground, while the barrel kept rolling over and jolting down the hill and was the first one to end at the bottom. The horse got more and more entangled in the reins and lost control over them completely, struggling to get rid of the bonds and to run away wherever. It went on like this for a while, the cart and the horse twirling around and finally the horse ended up lying with broken legs and the cart without the wheels. Štori did not even try getting back on the cart or the horse and struck out in the direction of Kočevje and Ribnica on foot.

Johan was counting on being able to serve the evening guests with the new wine, but Štori was nowhere to be seen. Johan stayed up all night worried about the whole thing, and just when he had harnessed another horse in the small hours to go and meet Šorli halfway, Šorli came walking across the farmyard towards Johan whistling. Johan was astounded to see Šorli without the cart or the horse and Šorli blushed and knew he had to say something: »Sir, what matters most is that we're still in good health!«

Pfefer – the Inspector

Pferer was not particularly fond of walking around in ragged clothes and loved wearing smart attire. Luckily for him, all of his many schoolmates were very keen on getting rid of him as quickly as possible by giving him second-hand suits, or some underwear, clothes or shoes to wear, and a tie or two to top it all off. He would walk around the square as a proper gentleman for a while until he was skint again and had to make some money out of it and get an old one.

One day, the railway station master Čelofiga was expecting an official visitor – an inspector. A neatly dressed gentleman wearing a bowler hat on his head and carrying a small suitcase in his hand got off the last evening train, Čelofiga looked him up and down and thought this must be the man and nobody else. He greeted the man kindly, walked up to him and introduced himself. The gentleman mumbled something, while the station master suggested going to the station restaurant together, saying it was too late for the inspection to start work at such a late hour. The gentleman jumped at the opportunity and was happy to accept the

invitation. It was not long until a whole lot of merry locals came together in the restaurant, and they had fun over some good food and - even better - drinks late into the night. Finally they helped the gentle guest to his room, wished him a good night and told him not to be in a hurry to start the inspection early in the morning.

When the innkeeper Johan and his wife Matilda were getting ready for bed in the room next door, the lucid wife decided to tell her husband about her doubts: »You know, it seems to me this »gentleman« is no one else but Pfefer!« And it was him indeed: the next morning he was nowhere to be found, neither in his room nor in the railway station office. When station master Čelofiga started having doubts about the man too, he settled the bill for the merry feast straight away and asked Johan and his wife to keep quiet about the whole thing; a writer could have namely turned up who would have decided to write the Ribnica version of Gogol's *The Government Inspector*.

Pfefer – the Surveyor

In late autumn, Pfefer came to the village of Struge. He quickly found two buddies to help him, gave each of the two a long stick to hold, while he himself took some wooden poles, did the measuring with a long tape measure and hammered the poles across the fields and the gardens; he told his surveying assistant to stand even further away, looking as if they were doing the measuring for a road or a railway.

At first, the locals would just quietly observe the surveyors, shaking their heads, but finally one of them spoke up and asked:

»Listen, Sir, what is this gonna be?«

»The railway will be constructed here in a few months' time,« said Pfefer and told his assistant to place the pole in the hallway of the nearby house. The astounded owner of the house was standing there in cold sweat, while his wife was looking desperate and was weeping: »But, I'm sure there's no need for the tracks to go straight through our house!«

»No changes can be made, it needs to be the way the Emperor has ordered. We'll make no bends, the railway can't have any, so the tracks will go through the hallway and from there forward! It'll be like this and no other way! You two, assistants, take the rope through the hallway and pull it through the kitchen window onto the farmyard! The

table is in the way and will need to be pulled down!«
 The housewife almost collapsed with horror when she heard what this was all about. Her husband came up to Pfefer timidly, tugged at the sleeve of Pfefer's emperor's coat and asked him to come to the house for a glass of new wine: »My wife will be happy to throw something into the pan, if you'll have it, as long as we can have a bit of a talk!«
 Pfefer ordered the other two to have a break, he could hardly wait for it himself. »The wife spent the whole day frying and baking and the break dragged on late in the evening, when Pfefer and his buddies – now full of food and drinks – finally set off taking the shortest way across the Kurji Grič hill towards Ribnica.

Murgel - the Bailiff

Murgel, the bailiff, was a funny man; he was short, but was able to reach with his hands all the way to the floor, so he did not need to bend down whenever he tried tying his shoes or wanted to scratch his ankles. His wife was a very devout woman and loved going to church, while Murgel himself believed it was enough for him to see the church from the outside and the pubs from the inside. He managed just fine with his faith for a number of years but in the end, when he got fatally ill and his wife managed to persuade him to make peace with God, he wanted the dean himself to pay him a visit.

After the morning mass, Murgel's wife goes into the sacristy to ask the dean to come over in person and pass the sacraments to her ill husband. Dolinar, the dean, gives her his cassock and the stole to take home and get everything ready, while he promises to come on foot as soon as possible. The wife rushes home and places the cassock with the stole on her husband's bed, gets everything ready as requested by the dean and then devoutly waits for him on the doorstep. Murgel is looking at the table all set up, a white tablecloth laid on it and candles lit on both sides of the cross and sees the cassock and the stole on his bed, certainly brought over by his wife for him, so he can get ready. He manages to pull the cassock over his head, puts the stole around his neck and then patiently waits for the dean to arrive.

It does not take long for Dolinar, the dean, to come; he gets into the room and sees Murgel wearing the cassock and the stole. He starts laughing out loud and says to the ill man: »Well, Mr Murgel, why are you all dressed up like this?«
 And Murgel's reply: »Well, Dean, I knew there'd be all sorts of formalities, but I didn't expect this«

Office Hours

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The old man Murgel worked at the court of Ribnica as an exactor – debt collector. He was a short man, but had extremely long arms, so he was able to scratch his ankles without having to bend down. During office hours he would often clutch some of the documents under his armpit and go to get some »stuff« from the nearby Pildar's Inn or – what he liked even better – from Pick's store, where brandy was also served, so he could quench his thirst. During those times, the judicial councillor Mejač would sometimes call Murgel looking for him to give him some special instructions, but – of course - in vain.

One morning, when Murgel was going on and on about his legal scholarly stuff, talking to the local men, who had all come together at Pick's store and were each having a small bottle of wine, the councillor Mejač was calling Murgel in vain, looking for him in all of the offices and even had a look in the prison. Of course, Murgel was nowhere to be found. As if nothing was wrong, but also suitably plastered, Murgel came to his desk grumbling and threw a bunch of documents on the desk angrily, when councillor Mejač finally found him after having looked for him for ages. Without any sort of introduction or questioning, Mejač started scolding Murgel and reproached him for neglecting his official duties and also for being drunk at work. Murgel, still wearing his tall official cap, listened to him standing and when Mejač was done with his lecture, Murgel saluted him with full force and announced: »Mister councillor, the office hours have started just now!«

Golob from Dane

Whenever Golob¹ from Dane came to the village, there was always a lot of whooping and a whole bunch of children followed him around.

»Golob, clocks, there are clocks to fix!« they would shout and mimic him, while he threatened them and tried to keep them away with a big stick.

He was a short and wide man. Sometimes he would wear a hat and sometimes an old market town clerk cap, as well as tidy clothes and large shoes which were obviously not a good size for him. He would always carry a bundle of clothes and some pairs of tongs with him. And since he was

a self-thought clockmaker he would as a sign always wear a clock face tied to the bundle.

Whenever he came to a house, he first always had a look around to see if the clock was keeping time or not and then he asked if they had any clocks to repair. »I can do it well« he claimed.

»Yeah, but have you got your pick?« people would ask him sometimes.

»Who?« he would ask with a tight voice.

Sometimes, when several boys came together, they would decide to take an old clock for him to fix it. Jakob would take it apart, spread all of the clockwork on the table, clean and clear it using paraffin. In the mean-time the boys loved to hide one of the parts, so he would get angry and scold whoever had done it. Then they would secretly give the hidden part back and tease him about his eyesight not being ok. If he managed to get the clock going, he would say with a lot of satisfaction: »Did you see, how well I can do it?!«. But if the clock would not work even after he had tried to repair it, he would secretly toddle off.

One day he came into the village carrying a large chest on his shoulder and a big trumpet under his armpit. He kept explaining to people excitedly: »This is a gramophone: it plays, it sings, it talks and it quarrels. If you're willing to pay, I'll wind it and you can listen to it.« After a few people had paid him, they made him get the gramophone going. But, of course, not all of the people listening paid, which made him very angry.

As it was very heavy and clumsy, he decided to sell it and then bought an electrification device.

»Hello! Have yourself electrified! It's good for you!«

»What good's gonna come off that electricity of yours!« people would protest.

»You'll see how your hooves are gonna get curved! Well, who gives a penny?« he offered, wanting people to pay in advance.

»Hey you, young thing, come on over! You'll hold it and see how it shines!«

More and more nosy parkers would get together, all making fun of his machine. But if any of the jokers managed to make him too angry, Golob would spin his machine so much that the joker got really shaken, remembered it for next time and would not touch his machine again.

One of the things he loved most were eiderdowns. When he came in to a house, he would go and touch the beds.

If he came across an eiderdown, he would start haggling

over the price of accommodation. If he managed to score a good price, then he would lie on the eiderdown and would not show up again until two days later.

Golob - the Great Eater

Golob, the tramp, often had to deal with all sorts of travel related problems. He would wander into a village feeling hungry and thirsty, and would then walk from one house to another to get something to eat, if nothing else at least some žganci¹ and milk or potatoes and cabbage. People knew about his knowledge and skills in repairing watches and clocks, so they would tell him to go over to other people's houses to get rid of him as quickly as possible. As there was no other way he had to tighten his belt further, or else he would have lost his trousers. Whenever the gods were kind to him, he was given copious amounts of food and drinks, especially after holidays and fair days. On days like this, he was able to treat himself to everything, even if the dishes were not all that fresh and inviting any more.

On Shrove Tuesday, he hobbled to Cene's house, where the lady of the house loved to treat him to anything she was able to spare. She scraped cans of goulash, roasted liver and lungs, poured beef and dry soup² on top, added potatoes and gave him some bread to top it off. All of it amounted to a plentiful amount of pigswill. Her husband, who was a hearty eater himself, was watching Golob from the side and kept telling him he should eat it all up, to which Golob did nothing but nod. He had to loosen his belt twice and kept eating and eating so much that his ears started moving. He ate it all up in good faith that he would not need any more food for at least a few days. The old man even brought him some drinks: »Drink it up, you don't wanna end up thirsty!« So Golob drank the wine as well and the guests were now coming over to have a look at him, after they were told that Golob had eaten a whole bucket of goulash. And Golob, the big eater that he was, was just smiling and was more than happy to drink wine whenever one of the guests brought him some. But his stomach, used to being empty most of the time, started revolting and he got cramps in his bowels. Stooped down, he crept to the courtyard and paced up and down, moaning from the pain. Francek Raznek was standing in front of the stables watching Golob and

1 žganci = hard-boiled corn mush, a traditional Slovene dish, often eaten with milk

2 dry soup = soup made out of water which smoked meat was cooked in

soon realized the man was about to burst. He quickly found another guy to help him and they agreed that Golob had to be tied all over with a cord or else his stomach would blow up like a bomb. Golob, who now had no free will left, let them tie him to a carpenter's trestle and then the two men carefully tied a cord around his belly. Raznek even brought an old chain, which they tightened around Golob's belly. Other people came over to have a look and were cracking jokes about the whole thing. One of them even asked him: »Golob, are you feeling any better?« Golob replied with a whimpering voice: »I'm not feeling better yet, but I'm not that worried anymore!«

Good Wishes on Name Day

When he was young, Raznekov Francek was hired by Cene's Inn to help harnessing and unharnessing the yokes of horse and cart drivers who were travelling in and out of Ribnica. He lived to be over eighty, but of course, at that age he was no longer of any use. He also had an out-of-tune accordion, which he loved to play on every possible occasion, more for larking about than playing properly. He would go and wish luck to all of the local landowners and housekeepers on their name days and had all of the dates marked in his farmer's almanac in red.

On this mission of his, not even Rudež, the lord of the castle, or the dean, were left out. But then one year the dean met his death. And since Francek had always been given a silver crown, a slice of white bread and a glass of the good mass wine by the dean, whenever Francek came to congratulate him on his name day, he was now ill at ease about what to do to get what he had always been given by the deceased. On Midsummer's Day, the dean's name day, Francek came to presbytery with his accordion as usual, and started playing so loudly that there was no shortage of crackling sounds. The new dean peeked from his office looking all startled and puzzled about what this was all about. Francek explained humbly: »You know, Sir, I've come to wish the late dean good luck on his name day – and they should get me a crown!«

The dean replied: »My name day is not until Christmas!«, but Francek, a somewhat slow man, yet nevertheless a cunning and resourceful one whenever his benefits were at stake, had an answer ready in no time: »Well, in this case, I'll come again then!«

Raznekov Francek and a Sack

The locals loved to tease Raznekov Francek and pull his leg on every imaginable occasion. They accused him of having lived in sin with Cotarjeva Mica when he was young, and that she almost had a baby with him. Francek was well aware of his lowly position and didn't get too upset about it, so he would usually say to the teasers: »There, there, you'd better keep quiet, keep quiet! You're lying if you're saying Mica'd have a baby with me. She never did have one; although she was thirteen months pregnant and everything turned out ok!«

And whenever they saw him, the local children would always tease him by calling out »One sack, another sack, two men!« most probably because of the long buttoned up coat he was wearing. Of course, this made Francek mad, so he would chase them around the doorways and gardens, but could never catch any of them.

One evening, Johanov Tonček came to Pakiž's Inn looking for his father. Franček was also there, slowly sipping on his dram of brandy and Tonček caught sight of him. He got all self-confident and before even passing the message on to his father he went up to the innkeeper Pakiž and asked: »Uncle, is that sack (emphasizing it) standing in the hall yours or should I take it home?« This question made Francek jump, while Tonček went up to his father and whispered the mother's message to his ear. Francek left his dram on the table, walked over to Tonček's father and complained feeling totally outraged: »This is a disgrace, Mister Johan, to have such a son who calls me a sack on purpose and who won't leave me in peace and quiet. Give him his due! «

The Easygoing Beggar

At that time, Raznekov Francek was among the unemployed in Ribnica. When one day the old man Cene got mad at him and scolded him, Francek got offended and went to lie in the shade. When he got enough sleep, he felt hungry and thirsty, but there was nothing Cene's lady could say to make him eat something that she'd prepared. He couldn't have been more offended and would rather die of hunger than ever again eat something at Cene's. Old and a nuisance to both himself and others, Francek decided to go begging for money in the square, to find people willing to spare some money.

And so one day Francek comes begging all the way to Z'sk'dnikar, where the local teacher is looking through the window in the first floor, watching the life go by in the lively square. Francek looks up at the window and asks: »Good Sir, y'know, I'm such a pauper. I'm almost eighty and have no father, no mother. Could you spare some change!« The teacher gets all the money he has on himself together and throws it out of the window and onto the ground. Of course, the loose change gets scattered all over the place. Francek keeps eyeing the riches for a bit and then looks up once again, calling out: »Good Sir, could you pick it up for me as well!!«

Ribnica and the Need to Be Cautious

The late Gavželj was a good sort, but cunning as a fox and always without money. One day he went over to Pildar's Inn, with his right hand in the pocket of his trousers as if he was groping for money, and asked for a quarter of a litre of wine. Pildar gave him a mistrustful look, but brought him the wine nevertheless and then waited for the payment. Gavželj held on to the goblet with his left hand and drank more than half of it, taking the right one out of the pocket with no money in it. Pildar realized straight away he would get no money, got hold of the half full goblet and almost sighed: »Let's save what there's to save!«

Pakižev Lipe

When Pakižev Lipe was twenty he wanted to get married, so he mustered up the courage and told his father about it. The father listened to Lipe calmly, put a hand on his forehead, shook his head and said, in all seriousness: »Your head, boy, is not totally ok. Go over to your mother in the kitchen and let her tie some garlic around your neck, so you'll start feeling better. Well oh well, I've had a feeling for the last few days that you've been a bit feverish!«

Not Everyone Is Meant to Go Crazy

For years Jare worked at the Ribnica castle as a shepherd. He wasn't particularly bright or clever, so the castle servants would often make fun of him. Because of this he preferred spending time with the animals, which he brushed in the stable and put out to pasture behind the castle and all over Ugar. Every evening, he would drive the herd across the Bistrice River, gave the animals water and brought them inside the stable.

One evening, Rudež, the young lord of the castle, was watching Jare from the bridge and felt like a little joke, so he called out to him:

»Jare, rumour has it that you're gonna get married to Bobkova Marjanca. When do you wanna go and woo her? I'll be your best man!«

»Hm, hm, Mister Rudež, why are you going crazy if you're not meant to be?!!«

MATRIMONIAL LOVE, RIBNICA STYLE

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Piltavor and the Missing Tongue

Piltavor's house with a farmyard¹ stable stood on the corner of the then loan bank. Piltavor had all characteristics of a native of Ribnica. He was tall and had a thick moustache adorning his face like two squirrel tails. He was a peddler in the real sense of the word: talkative, insulting and a tease, but never rude, depending on the situation, and knew how to tell stories of migrant workers in the most genuine form of the local dialect in a way that made everyone laugh out. Never mind if he used a little lie from time to time or blew a story out of proportion, he always told a story in a such way that people could understand perfectly, and was waggish and convincing to top it off. He peddled around Lika and Dalmatia and took woodenware from one place to another on his little horse and a cart and then returned back home full of money. His wife had to work her guts out at home on her own taking care of the children and the land and was angry with her husband because he would not do any work at home; instead he spent all of his time going from one inn to another, drinking and entertaining guests. If she was really cross, she would give him the silent treatment all week

1

farmyard stable = in Ribnica the market town houses had stables in the farmyard

long; he tried talking to her in vain – she would not reply, not for the world.

Piltavor, who loved talking to just about anyone, including his wife, especially whenever he came home sloshed, would have loved to tell her many a thing that he either did not have the chance to say during the day or found it difficult to say. He was mulling over how to cure her of this disobedience and stubbornness for a long time and finally came up with an idea. Not long after he got a chance to try it out. His wife was once again boiling with anger and was giving him the silent treatment for the second week in a row. She brought breakfast, lunch and dinner to her husband on the table without saying a word and took away the empty dishes again silently. He was trying to get a word out of her, but in vain; no word, neither a nice one nor a bad one would do the trick. So one evening, he took his cart from under the roof and started loading the side-rims, the pails and the rest of the woodenware. The wife, who had usually helped him do such work, was this time only watching him silently through the kitchen window and would not come any nearer. Piltavor then checked the yoke which was hanging in front of the stable along with the horse-collar; everything was set and ready for him to leave. He went to the nearby tobacco shop and got some tobacco for his indispensable pipe, then took a slight detour to Pakiž's Inn, had half a litre of *cviček*² and then returned home, had dinner and went to bed without saying a single word. It was still dark in the morning when he got up and went into the stable to feed and harness the horse and get everything ready to leave. In the mean-time his wife made him some breakfast; Pildaver ate it quickly without saying a word. He got up and lit the cart lamp, took a whip from the corner and went to the stable to get the horse and harness it. He was just about to leave when he thought of something and started looking for it under the seat; he lifted the blankets, took off the lamp and looked all around the cart and underneath it – but all in vain. His wife was watching him in astonishment the whole time; Piltavor then quietly went past her with a lit lamp straight into the house, shone the lamp under the table and under the bench, went searching under the stove, chased away the sleeping cat – all in vain. Then he also popped into the small room, crawled on the floor on all fours, looked under the bed and the closet, the whole time murmuring to himself: »Damn it! It can't be so small that I couldn't find it!«

Now this was all too much for his wife, so he she finally spoke up again: »What on Earth are you looking for?« Piltavor still kneeling on the floor, straightened up and sighed with relief: »Well, this tongue of yours – thanks God, I finally found it! Take a break – I'm not going anywhere!«

Master Lukež and His Wife Jera

Master Lukež and his wife Jera would go to the inn every single evening, always in the same way: Jera walked at the front, Lukež right behind her. The reason for this was that the man had difficulties keeping up with her. Jera was tall and skinny, a proper beanpole, while Lukež was short and wide.

One day they had a quarrel and in the evening Lukež took off and went to Ulčar's Inn on his own. Of course it did not take long for Jera to find him. When Lukež caught sight of her standing at the door, he got scared and had he had the chance, he would have moved straight away. But Jera quickly sat down next to him and said with a thundering voice: »You, devil, move over. You're not gonna down it all yourself!«

Half Each

Gavželj was a timber loader at the train station, some sort of a »wagon man«. He was well over the hill, tall and skinny in appearance, and had a squint. He was married and the joker and the good sort that he was he used to call his Mica »lintver«¹. Only when she was with him, he would call her »lintverček«, a little dragon. He loved to down a drink or two, if only he had the money for it, his thirst was quite the unquenchable kind.

On Saturdays, when got his weekly wage, he would always go straight to Pildar's or Ulčar's Inn and had his half a litre. Mica always went looking for him, so he would not squander it all on booze and also because she was quite fond of having s drink or two too. She would quietly sneak into the inn, sit next to her husband and greet him: »Move over, you silly old man, you're not gonna drink it all up yourself!« And then it all began: the wife started yelping, jabbering and drinking, while Gavžlej kept drinking

himself, ironing out the disagreements and trying to convince her how much he loved her and that he would do anything for her, if only she would leave him more money to spend it any way he wanted.

One evening they were on their way home walking across the bridge towards Mlaka. Mica wouldn't stop yelling at him, so Gavželj decided to prove his love in a rather tangible way: »Look, Mica, why are you always telling me off, you know I'd do anything for you, I'd even jump in the water, look!« And there he was rushing over the stone wall in the middle of the bridge and jumped straight into the calm waves of the Bistrica River. When his hot love cooled off in the cold river a bit, he called out to his wife: »Mica, half for you, half for me, and I'll come out; if not I'd rather drown!« Mica replied: »So that's how it's gonna be?! You devil, you'd rather give anything to others than me! If that's so I'd rather hang out with the devil than you, just throw the money up to me and then sod off, you old bugger!«

WAR and FREEDOM, RIBNICA STYLE

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On How Ribnica Was Occupied by the Italians

After a heroic battle in 1941, the immortal Italian army peacefully marched into the woodenware stronghold of Ribnica; to start with the »heroes« walked from one house to another looking for something to eat. All of the cats disappeared straight away and thus became the first and the only bloody victims of the »heroic« battle.

Some of these heroes also made it to Mlaka, the suburb of Ribnica, to Urban's family. The men had disappeared long before and were secretly watching the new guests from their hideouts. The mother was the only one keeping herself busy in the kitchen, the daughter was standing frozen with fear watching the men who had come over wanting to buy eggs or a hen. But nobody was able to get the message across to the women, and even if that had happened and she would have understood what they wanted, she probably would not have been willing to help them out. One of the soldiers was a bit of a clown, a jester, who decided to try out something as a last resort. To make the woman understand what a »gallina¹« and »uova²« were, he was waving his arms

1 gallina (Italian) = hen

2 uova (Italian) = eggs

around and dragging on the floor kneeling and imitating a rooster chasing a hen.

The mother eyed him for a while and then called out to her daughter: »Jesus Christ, child, bring a chamber pot quickly, you see he'll do number two any second now!«

An Unwanted Guest

Right after the liberation, a thirsty and hungry guest walks into Pildar's Inn and asks:

»Have you got anything to drink?«

»We have not!«

»Have you got anything to eat?«

»We have not!«

»Is there anything you have?«

»Freedom!«

On What Went On in Dolenja Vas

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The Co-operative in Dolenja Vas

In the old days, potters from Dolenja vas often travelled around peddling their ware. They saw many useful things in foreign lands and loved introducing these novelties in their native country. They saw that co-operatives were being set up in larger villages for the selling and purchasing of all sorts of necessities and treats for the co-operative members. And so sixty years ago the potters founded their own co-operative. They collected the co-operative shares and used them to buy everything needed for the stomach and the body, set up a store and started selling all sorts of goods to their members. But since they did not particularly trust their manager, they decided to get together at the co-operative store every day, as if by chance.

Sacks full of coffee and rice, as well as boxes with chicory were placed all around the store, so there was hardly any need for a warehouse. Cooperative board members would use these sacks and boxes to sit on and then they would light their pipes and talk about the usual and unusual events around the world and in their beautiful Ribnica Valley. They would sit on the full sacks in a very manly manner; everybody had to get an impression that the men were fully aware that they were sitting on their own property.

They would hardly ever miss coming to the board member meetings held at the store. Under the weight of care for the prosperity of the potters' community, the sacks started to collapse and got a bit lower every evening, so the men were now sitting almost on the floor. But the manager found this very strange; he thought it was impossible for the coffee, rice and other goods in sacks to shrink under the men's weight so much that their amount would drop visibly and end up just above the floor. He lifted up a coffee sack with great care to check it and find the reason for this strange phenomenon, but a few beans poured out onto the floor. It did not take him long to find out there were only a few beans left in the sack that was otherwise completely sawn up and sealed. Same story in the rice and lentil sacks. He then lifted up a chicory box – it was almost empty, as was the sugar cubes one. But where did it all go without any traces of the goods that had disappeared from the sacks and the boxes?!

And then it dawned on him and he found a proper explanation for the whole thing. Committee members sitting on the sacks had secretly been reaching into the sacks and filling up their pockets with coffee, sugar and rice. He put all of the sacks and boxes back to where they belonged and waited until the next evening.

The men came again and occupied their places on almost empty sacks and boxes with dignity and vainglory. But the manager came forward even more vaingloriously and said: »Dear committee members! The co-operative store will be closed down today! There is neither any money nor any goods left, as you can see yourself, since you're sitting on empty sacks.«

Dear Donkeys

The timber merchant Rambovšek lived in Ribnica for over forty years, but had never learnt Slovene. He was Czech by birth and Italian as far as citizenship goes, but nevertheless lived in Ribnica and was doing just fine. He somehow managed to talk to everyone although he did not understand it all, far from it. As a timber merchant he often travelled to Italy and if people asked him to bring them something from there, he happily obliged.

This one time, Mrhar, a merchant from the village of Dolenja vas, asked him to get him twenty 'osels'¹ –

1 osel (Slovene) = a colloquial word for a whetstone, the same word also means 'a donkey'

whetstones for making scythes sharper, all the way from Bergamo; they were supposedly of very good quality. But Rambovšek thought Mrhar asked him to bring him twenty donkeys, so he bought them, had them loaded on a wagon and sent to Mrhar.

The donkey wagon arrived at the Ribnica railway station, but Mrhar claimed he had not ordered them and did not want to take them. In the end it was agreed he would somehow try and arrange to give the donkeys away to whomever, the price was namely a good one and the animals were starving as it was. Finally, the donkeys were unloaded and taken through Ribnica in the direction of people from Lončarija². People were watching all of this, laughing at the unusual herd, which was leisurely moving along the road. Seeing this, Jože Zupančič, a teacher and a proper joker, suddenly had a light bulb moment; he rode his bicycle to Dolenja vas and Nace Mrhar's Inn, where an arch was still stored in the corner of the inn garden; it had been left there after the last village fête and the inscription on it said: »Welcome, dear guests!«

It did not take him too long to finish it. He used a knife to change the lettering on the inscription and then quickly found some people to help him erect the arch in greeting of the long-eared donkeys that were just about to get there: »Welcome, dear donkeys!«

For a long time after, the whole of the Ribnica Valley kept laughing at the expense of the festive reception of the unusual big-eared guests in Dolenja vas.

2 Lončarija = Land of Pottery

The Sermon

People from Ribnica, both woodenware makers and potters, were very devout and zealous people, in good as well as in bad times. They loved going to church and even when they were away on their peddling trips they would display their goods in front of village churches on Sundays and holidays, so they could sell them during the mass and even more so afterwards.

Once upon a time a potter found his way into a village with a large church that was on a good way of becoming a pilgrimage site. The potter had heard that they had a preacher in the church who could talk in such a moving way that he made the whole church cry. He would not miss an opportunity like this for the world. He spread out his bowls

and pots under a table and told his little boy to keep an eye on the horse and feed it. Then he walked into the church, commingled with the men and the boys under the organ loft, so he would be able to get out after the mass as quickly as possible.

The priest got onto the pulpit and started talking, at first with a lowered voice and then more and more loudly, persuasively, enthusiastically and movingly, so all of the women started sniffing. And it was not long until men had tears rolling down their cheeks too and they started wiping them down with large red handkerchiefs. The potter was the only one standing there as if he was deaf or as if the words did not concern him in the slightest. So an old man tugged at his sleeve and asked: »Aren't you moved by his words as you're not crying? « The potter looked at the man, placed his hand flat next to his own mouth and replied: »Of course, I'm moved, I'd cry too, but I'm not from this parish!«

Korl – Nothing but the Best

The late prince-bishop Jeglič was confirming potters in the village of Dolenja vas. The parish priest Škulj also invited the local mayor and some other bigwigs to the festive lunch after the conformation and introduced them to the bishop: Karol Hribar, Karel Mrhar and some other Korls¹, nothing but them; there were so many actually that even the bishop himself was astonished about this: »Karol Škulj, the priest; Karol Hribar, the mayor; Karol Mrhar, the church caretaker; that's weird – nothing but Korls!«

The mayor responded: »Yes, Your Excellency, in Dolenja vas every Korl is simply the best – all of them nothing but the best!«

Skubic, the dean of Ribnica, who did not want to be outdone by anyone, quickly turned the conversation to Ribnica: »In Ribnica things are a bit different. Anton Rudež, the lord of the manor, Anton Skubic, the dean; Anton Schifrer, the doctor; Anton Mejač, the judicial councillor etc. I do need to add that whoever wants to be a man of note in Ribnica must be called Anton!«

PEOPLE FROM THE NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE OF STRUGE

A Baby from Struge

The village of Struge is part of Suha krajina, where God threw his club at when creating the world. There are few fields and those that do exist are barren, rocky and even without water. In drought-stricken times, people need to walk very far to get water, at times even all the way to Krka River.

Men make their living on Mala gora by chopping up wood, making charcoal and lime, while women have it difficult being left at home alone with the children and working on meagre soil. They go to Ribnica to sell lettuce, eggs and hazelnuts.

In the old days, the nearest doctor for the village of Struge was in Ribnica and had to either take twenty-four km on the road or walk for an hour and a half across Bašelj and the Mala gora ridge. They did not see much of him and it really had to be a case of emergency for people to fetch him. Medical care for the village was for many years provided by Dr. Janez Oražem, the district general practitioner in Ribnica.

There was this one time when a man from Struge came to ask the doctor if he could come over to help his wife, who

was having problems delivering the baby during a very difficult childbirth. The man brought a horse on a leash, but had no saddle for the doctor to sit on, so he could ride the long way to the village. It was getting dark when they finally made it over to the house where the woman was in labour. It was not until the morning that both the mother and the baby were finally saved and the dog-tired doctor lay down next to the farmhouse stove to have at least a bit of a rest and to recover before making his way back across Mala gora. He had only been napping for little, when the mother called him over:

»Doc, I have no idea how much money you'll be wanting for the help and I have none to give you. You know what, you'd better just take this little mite that you've helped deliver with you. It'll be easier for you to support it that for me. Just take it instead of the money!«

*Hardigata*¹

Women from Struge and other villages around Suha krajina would often go to Ribnica to sell eggs and butter, dandelion and lettuce, as well as strawberries and raspberries in the spring, and pears, hazelnuts and walnuts in the autumn. They did not make much money, but they did make enough to buy the bare necessities. After they bought all sorts of treats in the stores in Ribnica, they would go back home across the Kurji grič hill. There was only a footpath, but in an hour and a half one could make it from Ribnica to the village of Struge via Mala gora.

One morning, the higher court councillor Mejač had some errands in Struge and was slowly walking in the direction of the Kurji grič hill. A woman from Struge, who looked like she was having cramps in her stomach, was walking right in front of him. She was moaning and whining to herself, but not for long. The strong gas found its way out on its own, she broke wind and felt better. Feeling enthusiastic and freed from all of the problems inside her body, she called out: »Hardigata!« and repeated it over and over again. Every single time she felt better, she called out as happy as could be: »Hardigata!«, without looking back if anyone could hear her or not.

1

hardigata = an exclamation expressing surprise, a mild swearword; 'Blimey!', 'Darn it!'; it is derived from 'hardi gatti' (German)

As soon as she sat down to have a bit of a rest beside the road she caught sight of the higher court councillor Mejač, who was right behind her and had heard her every time she called out. Feeling startled and alarmed, she knew the man well after all, she said out loudly, almost shouting: »Dear Lord, Sir, have you been walking behind me for a long time?«

»Ever since the first 'hardigata!'« replied Mejač laughing out loud at the same time, went past her and kept on walking

People from Suha Krajina at a Wedding

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There was a wedding celebration somewhere in the village of Struge. A roasted hen was brought to the table and placed in front of the senior villager for him to cut it and share it out to the wedding guests; a piece to each of them, as was the habit at weddings back in the days. But the old and stiff hen would not give in easily and also the man was hardly used to doing this sort of thing, so the meat slid under his greasy fingers and landed under the table. Pazi, the house dog, which was waiting at the fireside hoping for some bones, leapt on to get the hen, but right at this moment the old godmother called out: »Dear Lord, the dog's gonna get it!!« But the village senior just laughed calmly: »He's not. I've got my foot on it!«

ANECDOTES FROM RIBNICA

The Ladies of Ribnica

The ladies of Ribnica came over for a visit and were sitting in the kitchen, sipping their coffee while talking about the rocket that took a photo of the moon from the other side. Nežka, a young girl, who was washing the dishes, was listening to their conversation. Completely beside herself, she lifted her wet hands in the air and called out unintentionally:
»Good heavens!«

A Man from Ribnica and Darwin's Theory of Evolution

One evening after the war, a group of women got together at Frantar's Inn to have a bit of a chinwag, over Turkish coffee, of course. Kramarčkova Anka was talking most of the time, explaining to all of the other women about the evolution of men from the beginning to the present day. At one point, Johanov Mirklač came into the room, feeling somewhat squiffy already, and the sharp-tongued sort that he was he was on the lookout for a victim to speak to. Anka started talking to him and thus gave him a perfect opportunity

herself: »Hey you, Mirklač, you seem to know and read a lot, you've read all sorts of things. Isn't it true that man originated from the monkeys?«
Mirklač's eyes lit up and as soon as he turned over to Anka, his sting ready to attack.
»I gotta admit I didn't know your father! But I do think it's not far from where you belong yourself!«

Žoržek – a Charitable Merchant

Children went around the stores asking for boxes otherwise used for storing shirts etc. to have something to play with. Žoržek turned them down: »Haven't got any, can't give you any, I can't do without them!«
He would often complain: »People are so mean. They say I cheat, that everything I sell is too expensive!«
People really did claim that everything in his store was too expensive, that his prices were extortionate.
How would defend himself saying: »What do you mean too expensive? What do you mean I overcharge people? I buy something for one dinar and sell it for only two. How is this too much? How, it's only one percent more expensive anyway!?!«

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Consistent Frugality

The Ulčar family was a very frugal one. They had a large country-style clock in a special cupboard, but they only used it to tell the time during the day. Every evening, after the family has gone to bed, the master of the house would open the clock cupboard and stop the clock, saying that at night nobody checked the time anyway and that they could hear the church clock just across the road chime every quarter of an hour.
They also had a habit of chasing the children away from the windows, because the glass would get worn out if they were looking through them.

Taking Back the Greeting

There was no love lost between the old man Jergec and Skubic, the dean of Ribnica. When Jergec's aide Prajs passed away, the mayor would not allow Prajs to be buried in consecrated soil as Prajs had been a Lutheran. And this is when all of this hatred actually started.

One day, on a winter evening, Jergec and Skubic bumped into each other once again in the main square. Jergec was probably absorbed in thoughts or something, so he took his hat off and greeted Skubic »Good evening«, and the dean, of course, greeted him back. But when Jergec heard the man's voice, he suddenly remembered his old animosity, turned around and called out after him: »Sir, I'm taking it back – the greeting is off!«

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Gorenjski Papež¹

Whenever people got together for a bit of merry-making they often made fun of Papež, asking him for his blessing. Papež got up behind the table, stretched out his long arms and said with his head down:

*»In the name of the Father and of the Son,
let's all drink one!«*

¹ Gorenjski Papež = 'The Pope from Gorenja vas', a nickname given to a man from this village

A Father and His Son

A mother tells her son to go to the inn and fetch his father, if the father is still able to make it home, that is. If not, she says, she will get the chaise and go and get him herself. The son finds the father, who is already feeling rather tipsy, and tells him what the mother has said. The father feels like walking, so they head home on foot; his legs feel like cooked macaroni, but the two manage somehow nevertheless. The son is holding his father's hand and is trying to catch him, prevent him from stumbling. He asks:

»Father, how does one feel when he's drunk?«

The father replies: »Hm, how do I put it in words?! Oh look, there's two people walking over there. If I was drunk, I'd see four of them!«

To which the son replies: »Father, there IS only one man!«

A Man from Ribnica and the Skyscraper in Ljubljana

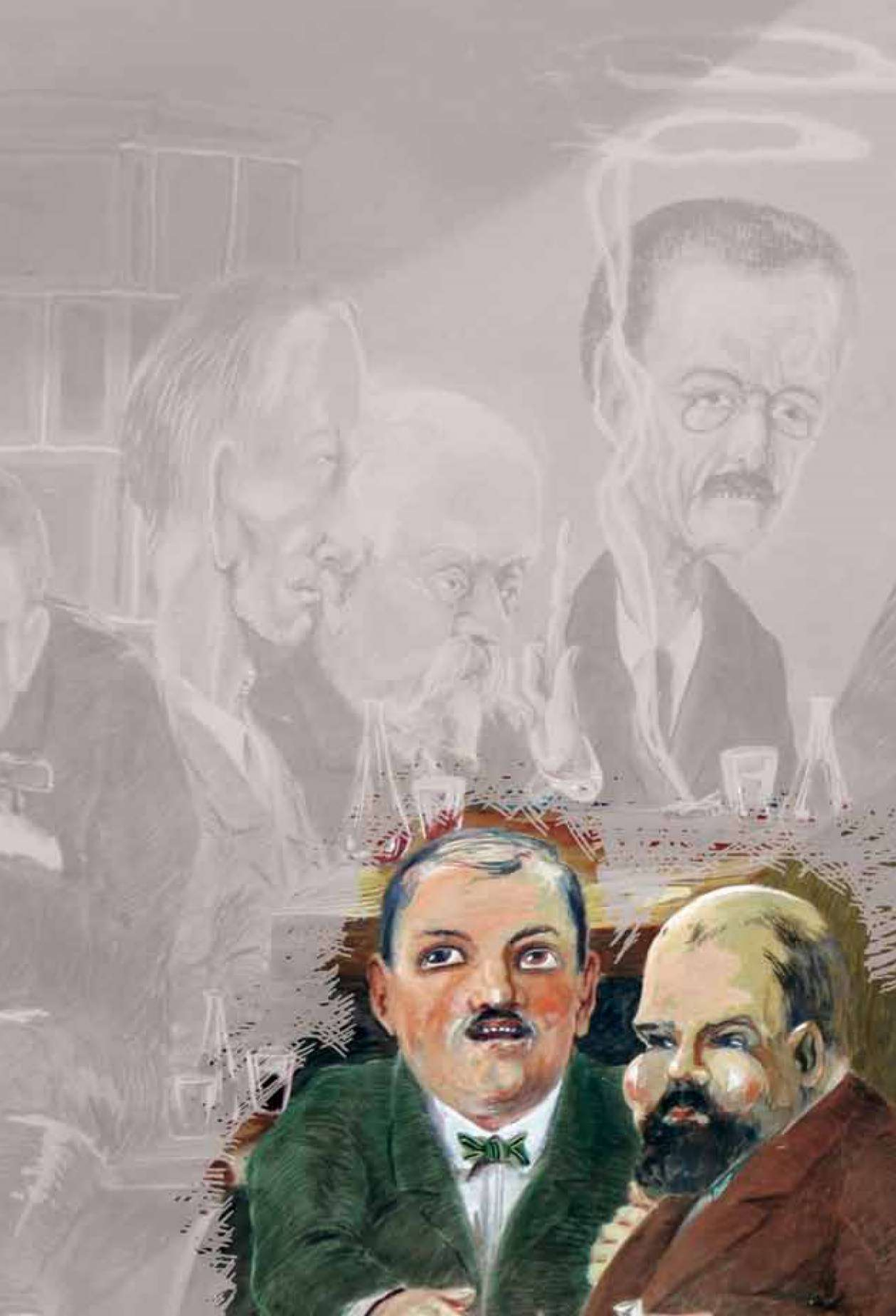
*At the time when the famous skyscraper in Ljubljana is being built, a peddler from Ribnica comes to Ljubljana, stops a local man just outside of Figovec Inn and asks: »Sir, listen, what's this building gonna be, it's so tall?!«
The man recognizes the man's dialect and attempts to make a joke: »It'll be a madhouse for people from Ribnica!«
But the peddler has a reply up his sleeve: »Well oh well, I reckon it's not even gonna be big enough for the people from Ljubljana!«*

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A Riddle

*Wood on wood is seen, some linen in-between, four souls,
five people.*

Solution: (a coffin with the dead body and pallbearers)



Seznam karikatur Janka Trošta

THE LIST OF CARICATURES BY JANKO TROŠT

Seznam karikatur Janka Trošta



THE LIST OF CARICATURES BY JANKO TROŠT

Seznam Troštovih originalnih karikatur, ki jih deloma preoblikovane najdemo tudi v pričujoči publikaciji. Za njihovo aktualizacijo je poskrbela Barbara Koblar.

Podatki pri delih si sledijo v naslednjem zaporedju: naslov, leto nastanka, tehnika, velikost v centimetrih, signatura in datacija dela, lastnik in opis.

The list of Janko Trošt's original caricatures, which have for the purposes of this publication been somewhat redesigned by Barbara Koblar and are included here as well.

Artwork details are listed in the following sequence: the title, the year of origin, the technique, size in cm, the author's signature and date, the owner and the description.



Agrarna reforma, /, risba, 28 x 20,
/, Muzej Ribnica,
moški z bičem, ki ukazuje živalim.

Agrarian Reform, /, drawing,
28 x 20,
/, Ribnica Museum,
a man with a whip driving animals.



Pravosodje, /, risba, 28 x 20,
d. sp.: J. Trošt, Muzej Ribnica
mož, ki ima v eni roki muho, pred
njim je žaba.

Judicial System, /, drawing, 28 x 20,
bottom right: J. Trošt, Ribnica
Museum,
a man holding a fly in his hand;
there is a frog in front of him.



Trgovina, /, risba, 28 x 20,
d. sp.: J. Trošt, Muzej Ribnica,
mož z desko v rokah, za njim je
prašič.

Trade, /, drawing, 28 x 20,
bottom right: J. Trošt, Ribnica
Museum,
a man holding a board;
there is a pig behind him.



Prosveta, /, risba, 27,5 x 17,
d. sp.: J. Trošt, Muzej Ribnica,
mož z »jokerjem« v naročju.

Education, /, drawing, 27.5 x 17,
bottom right: J. Trošt, Ribnica
Museum,
a man holding a »joker«.



Šume in rude, /, risba, 28 x 20,
/, Muzej Ribnica,
mož z rudo v rokah in plesalkami
v ozadju.

The Woods and the Ores, /, drawing,
28 x 20,
/, Ribnica Museum,
a man holding ore in his hands;
there are some dancers behind him.



Zdravstvo, /, risba, 28 x 20,
d. sp.: J. Trošt, Muzej Ribnica,
zdravnik s poškodovanim sokolom
v roki.

Health, /, drawing, 28 x 20,
bottom right: J. Trošt, Ribnica
Museum,
a doctor holding an injured falcon.



Promet, /, risba, 28 x 20,
/, Muzej Ribnica,
mož pred smerokazom »na
Štacion«.

Transport, /, drawing, 28 x 20,
/, Ribnica Museum,
a man at the »To the station«
signpost.



Flajštrajne v Ribnici, 1931, tempera,
papir, 50 x 47.5,
d. sp.: pin. J. Trošt 31, Muzej Ribnica,
karikatura s prizorom tlakovanja
ceste v Ribnici.

Paving in Ribnica, 1931, tempera,
paper, 50 x 47.5,
bottom right: pin. J. Trošt 31,
Ribnica Museum,
a caricature depicting paving a road
in Ribnica.



Ribniški jagri, 1929, tempera, papir,
36 x 65,
l.sp.: J. Trošt Foc. 1929, Nataša
Podboj.

The Hunters of Ribnica, 1929,
tempera, paper,
36 x 65,
bottom left: J. Trošt Foc. 1929,
Nataša Podboj.



Tu pregajnejne iz krize u Ribenci,
1932, tempera, papir, 62 x 48,
/, Ivan Pelc,
na humoren način prikazuje
preganjanje gospodarske krize v
Ribnici.

Chasing Away the Crisis in Ribnica,
1932, tempera, paper, 62 x 48,
/, Ivan Pelc,
the caricature depicts the crisis in
the 1930s in Ribnica.



Ribniški kapišoni v domačem
parlamentu, 1927, tempera, papir,
46.50 x 71,
d. sp.: Joh. Troštvs, Emil Pakiž,
na humoren način prikazuje
zasedanje ribniškega parlamenta
Pri Pakižu, pri peči s ključem v roki
sedi lastnik gostilne Emil Pakiž.

Kapišoni of Ribnica at the Local
Parliament, 1926, tempera, paper,
46.50 x 71,
bottom right: Joh. Troštvs, Emil
Pakiž,
the intellectuals of Ribnica are
having a meeting at a table in a
local inn. Emil Pakiž, the inn owner,
is sitting at the furnace holding a
key in his hands.



Od tih nashih kapišonu, /,
leptjenka, 43 x 29.5,
d. sp.: J. Trošt, Ana Bercé,
Marko Burger in Rudi Pirker v
vroči razpravi, spodaj je napisan
komentar na dogajanje.

On These 'Kapišoni' of Ours, /,
cardboard, 43 x 29.5,
bottom right: J. Trošt, Ana Bercé,
the picture shows Marko Burger
and Rudi Pirker having a heated
discussion. There is a comment
on what is going on in the picture
written at the bottom.

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LAS Po poteh dediščine
od Idrije do Kolpe



ROKODELSKI CENTER RIBNICA

Centar za kulturno, zgodovinsko in turistično razvojno delovanje
v okviru lokalne skupnosti, ki deluje na področju kulture, turizma in
razvoja lokalne skupnosti.





MUZEJ RIBNICA
MUSEUM OF RIBNICA

... S postaje se je tedaj pripeljal na kolesu stari Križman, grajski Marko je pridefeliral kar po trgu, dolgi Pardon pa za vodo. Srečno so se sešli kakor vsak dan za mizo pod sv. Notburgo, da odžebrajo svoje litanije o moreči krizi in slabih časih. Pa jih mladi Cene povabi v klet na pokušnjo novega vina. ...

... At that moment the old Križman came cycling from the station, the castle owner's brother Marko came walking across the square as if marching in a parade and the tall Pardon came from along the water. Just like any other day, they got together happily at the table under St. Notburga, a statue of Saint Mary, to share anything they had to say about the nightmarish crisis and bad times. And then young Cene invited them to the cellar to taste some of the new wine. ...

