

## Friendly Talks

My dear Young friends,

First of all, heartfelt greetings from the Homeland of your fathers! The editor of »Rodna gruda« has promised to publish a special eight-page supplement for you three times a year. In this supplement we will write of the life of our young people in the Old Country and the New. We shall do our best to make this supplement as varied and interesting as possible, but our success in this respect will depend on you, too, my young friends! Because we expect you to collaborate in this supplement by letting us know your wishes, by making suggestions, and even by taking your pen in hand and writing about your lives, your work; describing your social surroundings and entertainments, your choral societies, reading rooms, youth sections, your travels and all the rest of it. You should read how Milena and Mirica Medvešek, daughters of Mr. Medvešek, managing editor of the »Prosveta«, Chicago, write about their visit to Slovenian and only right that others, too, Dalmatia. They have filled three pages with the description of their experiences. So it is only right that others, too, should contribute their share. The more news we have from you, the better pleased we shall be.

Expecting to hear from you and looking forward to our next meeting

We are  
Yours cordially  
The Editor



The crowds that gathered this year about the foot of the 130 metre ski-flight jump at Planica in Alpine Slovenia enjoyed a thrilling surprise. Among the pick of jumpers from Finland, East and West Germany, Czechoslovakia, France and Yugoslavia, the honours of victory went to a young East German, Hellmuth Recknagel, aged 19, of Zehl-Mehlis. He cleared 124 metres, thereby establishing a new record for Planica. Look at his picture on the last page.



# Holiday Union and Campers

*Youth  
organizations  
of Hikers  
and Friends  
of Nature  
and Healthy  
Open Air Life*

Members of Holiday Union  
from Maribor on their  
tour of Greece (Athens)



Yugoslavia has two organizations which make cheap Travel and increasingly popular open air holidays possible throughout the country. These organizations are the **Počitniška zveza** (Holiday Union), which exists in other states as well, where it is known by the name of »Youth Hostels Federation«; and the **Taborniki** (Campers) representing a movement not unlike that of the Scouts. The object of both

is not only practical, but above all educational. The advantages of such organizations are universally recognized, and every civilized state has them. The membership of these particular unions is relatively greatest in Slovenia, and there they are also most active.

Members of the **Počitniška zveza** (Holiday Union) are mostly drawn from the secondary schools. Many are actually University students and some come from workers' families. Members of the unions are entitled to reduced fares on the railway if they travel in parties of more than five. During the holidays many schools provide sleeping accommodation for members of the Holiday Union. The organization has its own hotels, too, where members can spend their holidays inexpensively and in comfort. In Slovenia there is such a hostel at Bled and there are many on the Adriatic coast.

Every year the Holiday Union organises tours all over Yugoslavia for its members, right down to Ohrid, far away towards the south. And in summer, at the beginning of the holidays, great camps spring up everywhere, in the mountains, along the rivers, and by the sea, — and the »ferialci«, as the members of the Holiday Union are popularly called, refuse to stay at home. The permanent

camps at Bohinj, Savudrija, on the Isle of Rab, at Makarska, by the Plitvica Lakes, and other specially attractive spots are specially well known. Moreover, the Union has its own journal, published regularly.

Like the Scouts in other countries, the **Taborniki** (Campers) are divided into families and tribes, and are known by curious tribal names, such as »Weather-beaten trees (viharniki)«, »Black Moles«, »Fallow Deer«, »Goldenhorns«, »Pine Trees« etc.

The **Taborniki** (Campers) are busy in winter as well and not only when holidays and fine weather urge them to pack their tents and be off and away far from the noise of the town to the mountains or the sea. In winter they repair their tents and other equipment and prepare for the next outing; they learn camp games and search books and maps for fresh regions where they have not yet been and where they will assuredly go next summer... The Campers, too, have their journal entitled »Tabor« (the Camp), a review well got up and provided with many illustrations.

Both Campers and Holiday Union enrol more members every year. Every autumn, when the schools open, a new generation joins these organizations and the older members are loth to leave...



»So this compass always points to the north?«

»Of course.«

»Thank you. Then I don't want it. What good would it be to me if I should want to go West?«



## »I SHAN'T BE AFRAID ANY MORE OF RECITING SLOVENE POEMS...«

**M**ost probably our youngest visitors from America last summer were Milena and Mirica Medvešek, daughters of Mr. Milan Medvešek, of Chicago, manager of »Prosveta«.

Bubbling over with enthusiasm, they told us about the beauty of Yugoslavia, and of Slovenia in particular. They had been specially delighted with Alpine Carniola where they had visited Bled, Bohinj, the house where Prešeren was born at Vrba, and Vršič in the heart of the Slovene Alps. All too quickly the time had passed which they spent with an uncle at Split on the shore of the azure Adriatic. And with great pride they informed us that they had learned to swim!

With one accord they assured us that they would never forget these days and that they would surely come back in three or four years. »I would just love to live always in Ljubljana«, said Mirica; and we believed her, she said it with such real sincerity. They also told us that in Chicago they were often asked to recite Slovene poems on festive occasions. »Do you know, so far I have always been nervous when I had to recite, because I did not know Slovene very well. But now I shan't be afraid any more, since I have learned Slovene well.« We were truly pleased with these words from Milena who, like her little sister Mirica, expressed herself in excellent Slovene. They were delighted with the gifts of the Slovenska izseljenska matica (Slovene Emigrants Office). Each received a parcel of books and a posy of Slovene flowers, — red carnations. »We will press the carnations«, said Milena and Mirica, »so that we shall always have them to remind us of these happy days in Slovenia«.

Milena and Mirica, — we, too will cherish precious memories of you. We wish you all success at school. And may your wish be granted that one day you will be medical women!



Milena and Mirica Medvešek in Alpine Carniola

The picture below shows representatives of the younger generation of Slovene emigrants in Merlebach, France. They are Broni Skruba (Slavček), Ivan Povh (Sava), I. Maly (Triglav), and I. Lapornik (Yugoslav Association for Northern France). They visited the Old Country in 1954, at the invitation of the Yugoslav Youth Organisation, and together with our young people they enjoyed the beauty of our Alps







selected guarded by a »policeman« for a whole week the holiday, for fear young men from a neighbouring village should chop off the top

lightest offence the curious are fined, and when the es to escape, he is pursued by the »police« and their se luck, if they catch him! For at least two hours he have to crouch, locked up in the hen-house



# Merry holiday

AT

The wild ducks have not yet returned to Gorichko; but the snow has melted, the sunshine is warm and nature is aglow with all the colours of the rainbow.

Tyashek dressed for a wedding. He decked himself out with coloured ribbons and in his hands he held a stick with heldgehog prickles. Tyashek is off to Kushtanovtsi, to the Pine Tree Wedding. That is a very ancient popular ceremony in Gorichko. If during the course of a whole year nobody in the village has got married, then the parson (of course not the **real** one!) marries the oldest bachelor and the oldest spinster to a pine tree. Of course this »wedding« is accompanied by no end of picturesque and entertaining details.

The good folk of Gorichko celebrate this wedding in good earnest. The women prepare for it by baking mountains of cakes, doughnuts and sweet flans; the men bring wine and brandy from the cellars. Gipsies, too, come to the village on the festive day and play as if for a bet. And once the bugler has sounded the reveille in the morning there's an end to peace and quiet in the village. Through the shouting and cheering of the villagers you hear the barking of dogs who can smell roast meat. But nobody pays any attention to them.

The protagonists assemble in a wide open space in the middle of the village. There are policemen in firemen's uniforms, villagers disguised as gipsy men and women, men with goose feathers stuck all over them, carrying blown-up pigs' bladders, wedding guests in garly-coloured garments, dignified attorneys with top hats on their heads, judges, doctors in white coats, huntsmen, »father« and »mother« of the pine tree, the »parson«, and, of course the bride and bridegroom with their respective attendants.

When they are all assembled they form up in a merry procession and

go to the pine-tree in the village. Only three persons, — the »father«, and the »mother« of the pine tree — know which tree is selected. The young man of the next village would have to find out which tree is the »bridegroom«. They go to the top, and then, of course, the »bridegroom« would be no pine-tree, but a man. That would be a terrible thing for the organisers. To prevent this, the »policemen« mingle with the crowd and exacting fines for the »fence«. Make-believe hunters, gipsy women, and others, all demand money. The »bridegroom« ever refuses to pay for his »wedding«. He is at once handed over to the prosecuting court. The »bridegroom« judge. Follows the sentence in the cattle market. Meantime the »bride« mix with the crowd and amused.

When finally the »bride« is cut out the tree selected, the »bride« cut it down, load it on a cart, seat the »bride« and »bridegroom« upon it and drive all the way to the village, where the »bride« is »married« by the »parson«. The pine-tree is sold to the public. The sale is held at Kushtanovtsi. The »bride« by the farmers' co-operative. The young men of Machkov Dolina, — all bid for the »bride« failed to gain possession of the »bride« tree and take it away in its native village. The »bride« serious, part of the ceremony is followed by a general dance. The whooping of the »wedding« out till late at night. The »bride« menko, Srebrni breg, as the merry-makers their respective village.

Slovene national culture is lightful, full of fantasy. By oral tradition the »bride« on from generation to generation are as attractive today as centuries ago.



# GORIČKO

the wood.  
 «parson»,  
 «her» of  
 which is the  
 gen of the  
 liked to  
 disappointed  
 chop off  
 se, there  
 fivity and  
 egrace to  
 elhis, »po-  
 spectators,  
 sitest »of-  
 pers, doc-  
 life-grin-  
 ynd who-  
 services  
 the police,  
 eand the  
 te: impri-  
 or the  
 age wits  
 eep them

While the party has gone to the wood for the pine-tree, gipsy women light the fire. Whoever wants to know his fate, and what sort of fortune is in store for him need only pay the gipsies, and they will tell his fortune by reading his hand or laying the cards

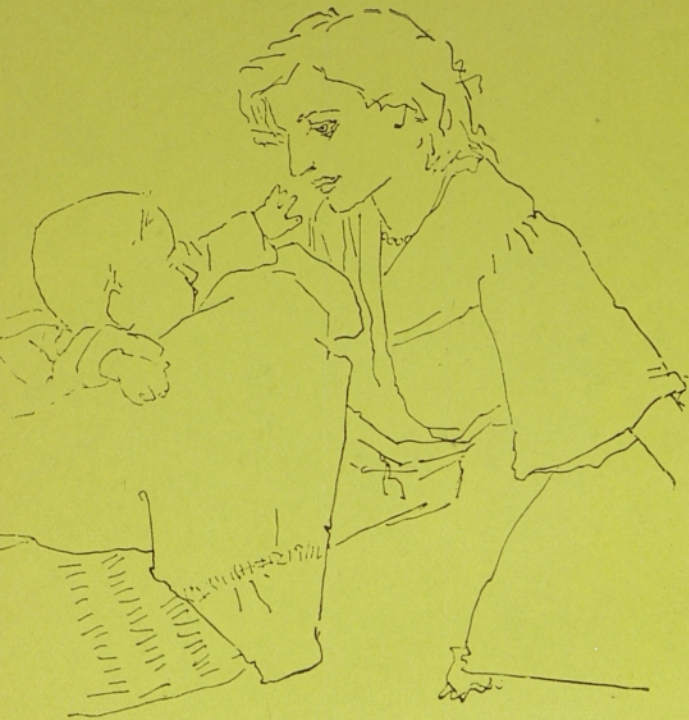


At a low estimate, 4,000 persons from near and far attended the Pine Free Festival at Kushtanovtsi. It was a very fine holiday for Goričko

anc points  
 ewng men  
 on a cart,  
 egroom«  
 back to  
 ere duly  
 at. Then  
 o assem-  
 s auction.  
 y bought  
 ve. The  
 and from  
 out they  
 the pine  
 remained  
 the more  
 ey is fol-  
 ainment  
 ind sing-  
 se rings  
 ver Ka-  
 an Vrei.  
 home to  
 e  
 are de-  
 humour.  
 handed  
 tion and  
 ey were  
 -jak.







Karel Destovnik-Kajuh:

### To the Mother of a fallen Partisan

The day he first unclosed his little hand  
You trembled in an ecstasy of joy:  
»O do not die, my darling, do not die!«

While yet slept upon your breast  
You whispered to him softly and with tears:  
»Too soon, my child, you will be grown a  
youth.«

A youth indeed, of such as would move  
mountains,  
And ever prompt to answer freedom's call!  
That day in last farewell you two clasped  
hands. —  
Yet hope still gleamed: he will return...

Now on the winds his word is borne abroad;  
Attend, and listen to your son's last message:  
»O mother, life was fair, and I of life was fain;  
But in that cause I died for, — I would die  
again!«

(Tr F. S. Copeland)

## Karel Destovnik - Kajuh

### SLOVENE PARTISAN POET

Young Karel Destovnik-Kajuh was an outstanding personality among Slovenian partisan poets. He was born at Soštanj on December 19, 1922, and already as a student he held progressive views. He began to compose poems before the war, but his best, his most beautiful poems he wrote during the War of Liberation. With his glowing, inspired, songs he encouraged his comrades in arms and pointed the way to a better future.

As a partisan with other fighters he saw much of Lower and Inner Carniola, the Croatian hill country and Styria. His creative genius never flagged and in the midst of danger and difficulty song welled up from his over-charged heart. He was like a flame burning without stint as if it knew that it must soon be spent...

And his life's light was spent all too soon. When he was barely 22 years old, he fell in a fierce encounter with the Germans at Zavodnje near Soštanj, not far from the house where he was born.

The poem »To the Mother of a Fallen Partisan« which we publish here expresses the anguish of thousands of Slovene mothers who lost their sons in the War of National Liberation. We might say that these lines are dedicated to all our mothers of partisans who have given their best and dearest for the freedom of their country.

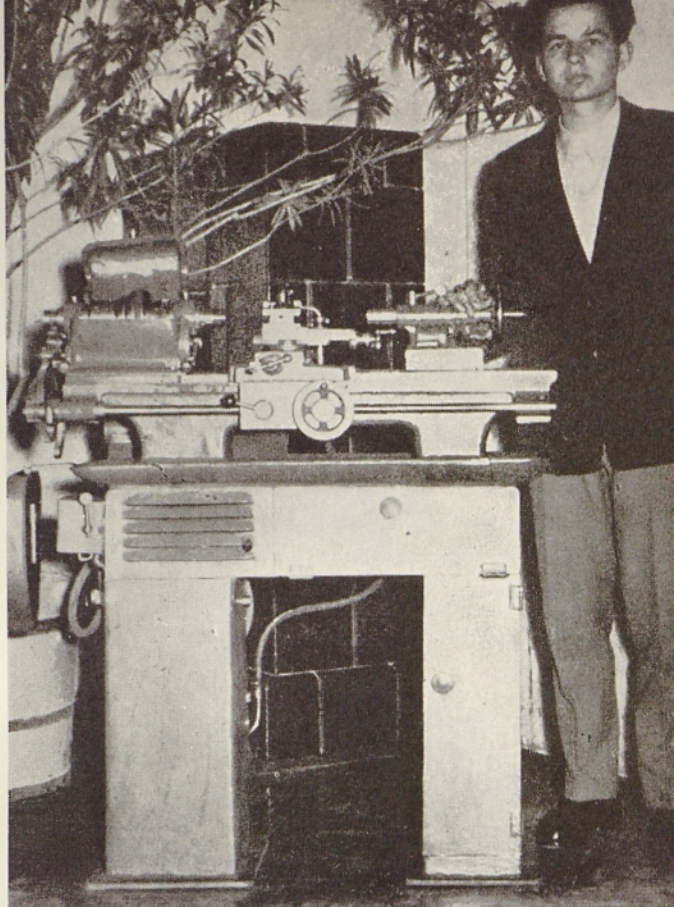


Karel Destovnik-Kajuh. Portrait by the Slovene painter Božidar Jakac



Lovro Humar, aged 18, apprentice at the »Planika« Works in Kranj, a third-year pupil at the School for Apprentices, in his spare time constructed a lathe worth half a million dinars. He worked at it exclusively in his spare time, mostly in the evening and very often till late at night. »Never before« said his master, »have I had such a clever, hard-working apprentice here at the works as Humar«. Young Lovro Humar has just one ardent wish — to continue his studies at the Technical Secondary School in Ljubljana. And of course his wish is going to be granted.

The picture on the R. shows the young mechanic Lovro Humer standing beside his home-made lathe



## Marco Polo, The Dalmatian of Korčula

THE WORLD- RENOWNED 13th CENTURY TRAVELLER

To this day Marco Polo ranks among the greatest of travellers. He was born in the latter half of the 13th century on the Dalmatian Island of Korčula and grew up to be the first explorer to acquaint Europeans with the continent of Asia, its peoples and their customs.

While Marco was still a boy he travelled for the first time to Asia, together with his father Niccolò and his uncle Matteo who were both of them able merchants. They had already been several times to Mongolia and other Asiatic countries, and on this occasion they took young Marco along with them. They started on their journey in Venice where the Polo family was living at that time and then proceeded through Armenia, Persia, over the mountains of Tibet and across the Gobi Desert to Peking, the capital of Kublay Khan, successor of Djengiz Khan and ruler over the mighty empires of China (Cathay) and Mongolia.

Kublay Khan welcomed the travellers cordially. They were lodged in his own winter palace, one of the largest buildings in his extensive empire. No less than six thousand persons could dine at a time in its spacious banquet-

ing hall. Marco's father Niccolò and his uncle Matteo had already been in China, and so they were familiar with Chinese customs and could even speak Chinese fluently.

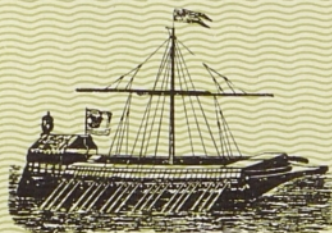
Marco was a clever lad, and so Kublay Khan took him into his service. In 1280 Marco Polo was appointed governor of the city of Yang Chu and of 27 other towns in the same province. He travelled extensively in China, visited Japan, the Sunda Islands, Ceylon, and other Asiatic countries. He spent about 25 years in the service of Kublay Khan, and when he returned to Italy, the Khan loaded him with gifts. These gifts were of such fabulous val-

ue that in Venice they earned for him the nickname of »Marco Millionaire«.

»The Book of Marco Polo concerning the Empires and Marvels of the East« appeared later on and in French. Marco related his adventures and some one else took down what he said. On this book rests Marco Polo's reputation as the greatest traveller and explorer of the 13th century. From its pages Europeans learned for the first time about the deserts of Asia, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, about Asiatic peoples, their customs and their wealth, and about plants and animals unknown in Europe. Marco described the Chinese highroads, commerce, and the postal service, an institution that had not yet been introduced in Europe. In China there was a postal station every twenty miles; letters travelled at a rate of 400 kilometres (about 270 miles) a day. The postal administration had 300,000 swift horses at its disposal for forwarding the mail and for the transport of travellers.

Many Europeans doubted the truth of Marco Polo's stories. But Marco would reply: »Indeed I have not told you one-half of what I have seen and of what I know.«

It was left to modern 19th century explorers to confirm the discoveries of the 13th century traveller Marco Polo of Korčula in Dalmatia.



Venetian galley





This picture shows Hellmuth Recknagel (in the centre), this year's hero of the ski-flight jumping contest at Planica. With his 124 metre jump he beat the record held so far by the Swiss Tschanen who jumped 120 metres. On his left stands Rudi Finžgar, who cleared »only« 114 meters in his longest jump at Planica. Rudi is employed at the »Elan« works which supply our sportsmen with ski and other sports requisites

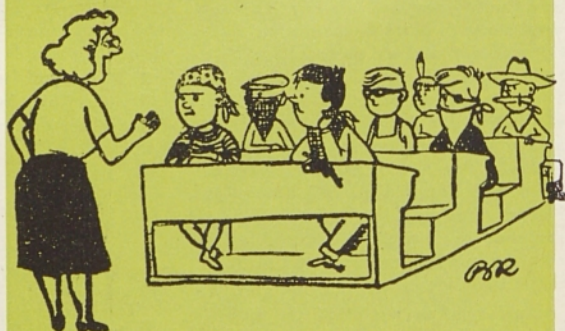


Every year, on the anniversary of the death of the great Slovene poet France Prešeren, the »Prešeren Prizes« are bestowed upon the most deserving scientists, writers, medical men, students, and secondary school boys in Slovenia. This picture shows the Rector of Ljubljana University, Dr. Božidar Lavrič, in the act of giving Prešeren Prizes to 41 University students. The prize-giving at the secondary schools of Ljubljana, Maribor, Kranj, and other towns, was attended with equal ceremony

## OUR Humorous Page



- Why are you so' cross?  
— 'Cos I'm always ploughed in my exams.  
— But why?  
— 'Cos I don't study.  
— But why don't you study?  
— What's the use, when I always get ploughed!



- Boys, what sort of books did you read during the holidays?



## Dear Young Friends

Here is the second Supplement of "Rodna gruda" this year, devoted to the young readers. Will you let us know whether there is anything you like or dislike?

And then there is something we should like to ask you. The Emigrees Week has now passed. The Slovenes from Holland, France, Germany, USA and other countries are now going back home. Accompanying their parents some young people have visited the first country of their elders; although we should like to welcome in our midst a greater number of these young people. For the next year we invite you to come in greater numbers. We should like to meet you, to talk with you about your life at home and to show you some of our spots that are — believe us — very beautiful. Thus you will see the country where your parents had spent their youth: our wonderful Adriatic Sea, the Slovene mountains and especially the people who will be glad to make your acquaintance. Also we, young people, should like to have an opportunity to tell you all about our life and our work.

Therefore we want to see you in Slovenia and — so long!

The Editor



BOTH YOUNG AND OLD PEOPLE ARE ATTRACTED BY THE BEAUTY OF THE SLOVENE ALPS





## The Buccaneers' Baptism

By the blue Adriatic Sea on the western coast of Istria there is the ancient town of Piran. Its inhabitants earn their living by fishing and by extracting from the sea the most common condiment — salt. Here is also an old maritime school attended by boys from all parts of Slovenia who want to serve later in merchant marine and on board passenger vessels.

Every year at the arrival of new pupils a ceremony, called the buccaneers' baptism, is held. This is a gay custom starting with a solemn procession winding its way through the town to the sea. The procession is made up of pupils of higher grades dressed as buccaneers. A band blares and a black pirates' flag is carried at the head of the procession. Four pupils carry the white-robed ancient ruler of the deep, Neptune, who holds the trident in his hand. »Neptune« then speaks to the gathering about the way sailors live and fight, about comradeship on the sea and about the laws of the sea. Amid happy shouts of the crowd the older pupils get hold of the »freshmen« and throw them into the — sea. After their »baptism« Neptune receives them among his subjects and pupils of the maritime school. Of course, the whole town takes part in this ceremony which is a most pleasant event for the youngest busybodies. In the picture: Procession of »buccaneers« through the town.

## Students as Traffic Policeman

Is there anyone from the number of Slovenes living abroad, who visited Ljubljana during this summer, who did not notice young men directing the traffic at the crossroads? These are some of the students of the Ljubljana university, who take care of the traffic for several hours a day in order to earn money for their food, clothing and rooms. Their duties are regulated in such a way that they have enough time for their studies and even recreation. Many of them speak several languages and can therefore be of great help to foreign tourists. Every New Year all drivers like to remember these pleasant boys and pile many gifts for them at all crossroads. On our picture you see a studentpoliceman trying on his new uniform.



## A Farewell to School

After graduating pupils all over the world take leave of their old good school as solemnly as possible. It is the same in this country. Graduation is a very important turning point in the life of young people. They will have now to choose: the university, the factory, the workshop, the office. The picture shows the way the graduates from the mining district of Trbovlje celebrated after passing their examinations. The donkey, ridden by the Master of Ceremony, is a symbol of ignorance defeated.







### The Violin and the Song

In Prekmurje (a Slovene region along the Hungarian border) there are many villages inhabited by gypsies. Many have ceased to roam from place to place and have taken up a steady job in the oilfields near Lendava, in the factories and on the farms. But there is something they will never cease to love: music and singing. This is lodged in their blood. Teachers in those villages say that young gypsies are not the best of pupils and that they are not quiet in class. But these very pupils have a very keen ear for music. Many have already started to learn at lower musical schools where they certainly earn their marks. In the picture: Two young gypsies from Prekmurje play on the violin a sad Pannonian song.

### Among Cypresses and Pine-Trees

Summer vacations are spent by pupils in Yugoslavia under the tents by the seaside, rivers and lakes, in hostels or on interesting trips through their country. The youngsters from Kranj (an industrial town in Slovenia) have erected on the romantic island of Stenjak near Pula a holiday camp where more than 500 kids spend their vacations. A few years ago this small island used to be lonely and deserted, but the youngsters with the help of grownups have changed all this. On the island there are now three attractive buildings, a swimming pool for children, sporting grounds as well as an ideal bathing place in the sea among cypresses and pine-trees. By motor-boat they reach near islands or take trips to the town of Pula with its famous Roman Amphitheatre. Every year a Yugoslav Film Festival is held in the Amphitheatre. Our cameraman has surprised the young citizens of the island playing dominoes.



### Young Farmers — new Ideas

All over Yugoslavia the peasant youth is becoming more and more interested in the progress of agriculture. One of the most important tasks of Yugoslavia at present is to bring up to date agricultural production, introduce new machines and strive for a bigger yield of wheat and other crops.

The young generation is trying to help as much as possible. Organized in clubs of young cooperative workers the peasant boys and girls take part in important agricultural activities: experiments with new kinds of seed and fertilizers, analyses of earth, improvement and renewal of orchards, grazing land, vineyards, tree nurseries, improving the farm buildings, etc. Boys have their thoroughbred cattle, which they raise with the help of agricultural experts, while girls take care of pigs, good sorts of chicken, clean the living quarters, see that the gardens are in good order, etc.

In Slovenia alone there are 312 clubs of young cooperative workers with over 10,000 members. Two thirds of these have regularly studied in agricultural schools during the winter. In Croatia they have the so-called school-cooperatives, in which even pupils of elementary schools acquaint themselves with modern and practical ways in agriculture.

Youngsters are especially drawn to agricultural machines. On our picture you see young cooperative workers from Slovenia gathered around a combustion engine.



### School Within School

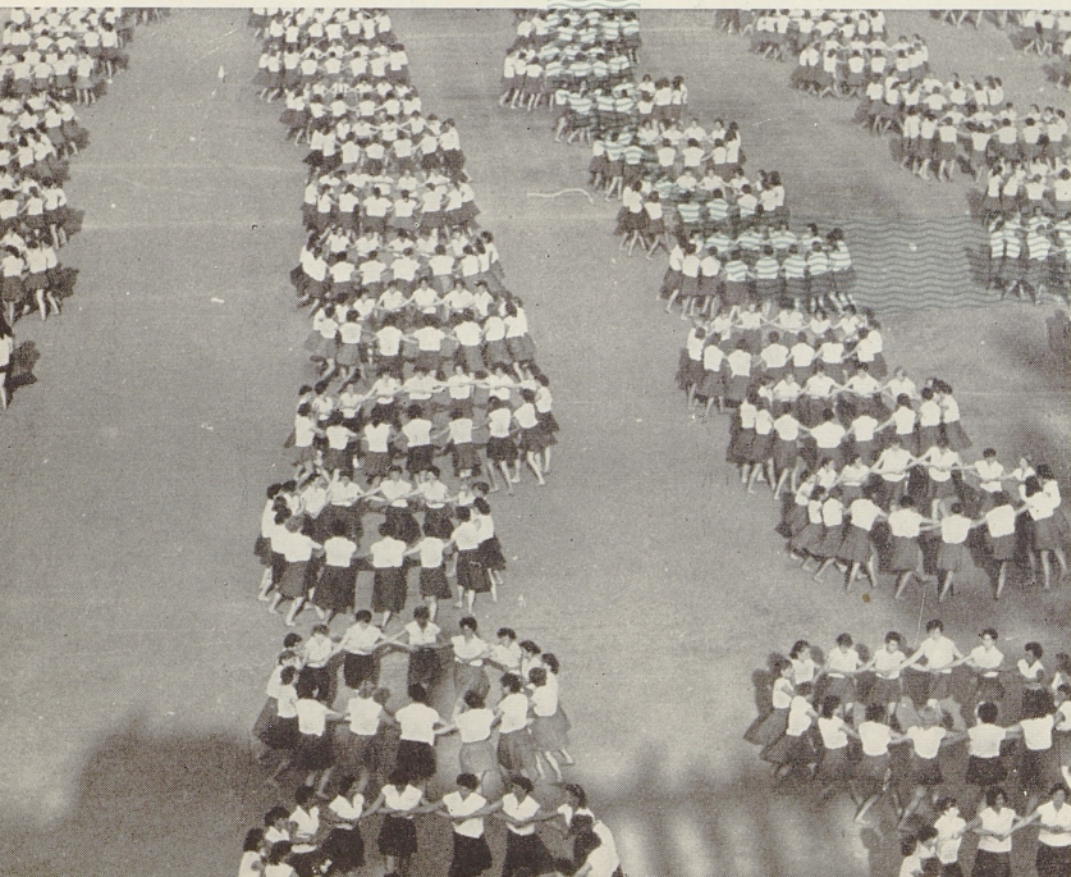
In the building of the VIIIth gymnasium in Ljubljana the light does not go off until very late at night. Here are seated with drawing maps in front of them boys and girls of various professions: pupils, workers, apprentices, students, and others. They have joined the drawing and painting school of the cultural society »Ivan Robc« as amateurs. Drawing and painting are their »hobbies« in addition to their regular work and study. Therefore teachers are very patient with them. Of course, all will not become artists, although this is what every one wants to be. However, there are talents among them and every year a few continue their study at the Academy of Arts. In the picture: Pupils of the second grade draw a head from the model.





Women members of the shooting societies of Slovenia marching through the streets of Ljubljana

Spectators are enthusiastic about the performance of thousands of members belonging to gymnastic societies, »Partizan«



# Unforgettable YOUTH HOLY

At the end of June Ljubljana was as happy and gay as a young girl without a worry in the world. The happiness and gaiety was brought to Ljubljana by youngsters, who came from all parts of Slovenia. On May 25, the birthday of president Tito, the First Slovene Festival of Physical Culture started and the festival came to its high point during the last week of the festival, between June twenty-third and thirtieth.

## Seventeen Special Trains

Young sportsmen and gymnasts in cities and villages have been getting ready for this occasion for months. Then at last came the big day, when it was necessary to pack the suitcases and leave for Ljubljana. No less than seventeen trains were needed to bring to Ljubljana the participants from Štajerska and Gorenjska, from Zasavje, Primorska, Dolenjska and

The pic  
shows a  
tors on  
track ar

even from t  
came member

The festival  
a mighty ma  
of all organ  
field of phys  
the gymnast  
zan" and ot  
course the m  
men, mounta  
firemen, hor  
others also to

## The March barrier of

The last f  
a march along  
of the occup  
line, where t  
barbed-wire  
ens could n  
regardless of  
underground  
as they liked  
runners. The  
a distance of  
rifles and ru  
with full wa  
sans used to

On Sunday  
thy-third eve  
bled on the s  
the competition  
of extreme  
radeship. Tes  
competing an  
come over t  
many cases  
carried two  
to help the  
team. We als  
ankle at the  
not want to  
petition. His  
rucksacks lo  
him so that t  
them over the



AY

in the right  
of competi-  
32-kilometer  
the town of  
ana

r away Prekmurje  
he "Partizan".

physical culture was  
tion of the activities  
s working in the  
aining. Members of  
organization "Parti-  
sportsmen were of  
numerous, but rifle-  
men, scouts, motorists,  
fliers and many  
rt.

g the Barbed-wire  
occupied Ljubljana

week started with  
barbed-wire barrier  
Ljubljana. Along the  
alian fascists put a  
r so that the citiz-  
ave the city, and  
h the partizans and  
ers came and went  
re was a path for  
icipants had to run  
kilometres, carrying  
ks. In other words,  
ipement the parti-

ning of June twen-  
participants assem-  
g line. Throughout  
re were many cases  
manship and com-  
of five men were  
whole team had to  
ish line. We saw  
e a stronger man  
ree rifles in order  
e comrades of the  
a man sprain his  
start, but he did  
raw from the com-  
des took from their  
mila belts and tied  
ould drag him with  
le course. Thus the



whole team came over the finish line  
although one of the competitors was  
injured.

### Tito Is Among Us!

During the last two days, on 29th  
an 30th of June, the main events of  
the festival were on the programme:  
the parade, the festive gymnastics dis-  
play and the mass physical training  
performance. On Saturday, June 29,  
the news spread with the speed of  
lightning: "Marshal Tito is here! Tito  
is among us!", people were telling one  
another, their faces happy and glad.  
Anyone who saw these faces, lit up  
with happiness, could see how popular  
marshal Tito is with the Slovenes and  
all Yugoslav peoples.

And true enough, on Saturday  
afternoon, when the mighty parade  
was ready to start the march, presi-  
dent Tito and Mrs. Jovanka Broz and  
other leading members of our govern-  
ment came to the guest tribune, and  
were greeted by enthusiastic applause  
and acclamation. President Tito watch-  
ed the parade, which went on for an  
hour and a half and in which over  
10,000 members of the "Partizan" and  
other sportsmen, riflemen, scouts, fi-  
remen etc., took part, with great  
interest. In the evening president Tito  
and Mrs. Jovanka Broz came to the  
gymnastics display and were again  
greeted by enthusiastic applause.

### 20,000 participants

The main physical training perfor-  
mance on June 30th was the last, and  
at the same time the major event.  
The programme was picked with care  
and it had 18 events, lasting no less  
than three hours. Taking part in the  
programme were members of the "Par-  
tizan" with free exercises, the best  
Slovene athletes and cyclists, along  
with the firemen, members of the

armed forces and members of the  
Yugoslav navy. Altogether almost 20  
thousand young people took part in the  
display. Event after event was watch-  
ed by the public with great approval,  
but the enthusiasm came to the highest  
point at the end, when 700 sailors  
marched into the stadium. Muscular  
and sun-burned guardians of the  
Adriatic went brilliantly through their  
exercise, lasting twenty minutes and  
symbolically showing the life of the  
sailors and their readiness to defend  
the free Adriatic sea. This brilliant  
performance, which was given by  
members of the navy at the Second  
Gimnastrada in Zagreb as well, will  
be remembered for a long time by  
all who saw it.

P. J.

Suntanned and well-built sailors perform  
with the jumping-sheet







The disappointed father learns about the secret wedding of his daughter («Saturday Evening»)

## SATURDAY EVENING

In large cities people live from Saturday to Saturday. Throughout the week they dream only about the way Saturday evening will repay their workday disillusion. But when at last the longed for Saturday evening comes, it often becomes clear that imagination has made it more beautiful than it is. But this does not prevent people from making plans for the next Saturday as early as on Monday.

The latest Serbian picture «Saturday Evening» relates a few episodes occurring on Saturday evening in Belgrade. Certainly, a great deal more has happened but the camera has focused on three most typical stories which are interesting and important — each in its own way — though the heroes are plain people from the street who until recently have not made their appearance in Yugoslav pictures.

There is nothing more unpleasant than a rainy Saturday evening. A young married cou-

ple are wandering through the wet streets and as a rule stop at every dark entrance. You've guessed it: they haven't got a flat or room of their own! The last embrace and they will part. Perhaps until the next Saturday. Therefore their parting kiss is unusually long. The people standing in queue at the bus stop, however, do not like this scene in the least. They think the young couple endanger public morals. An old bigoted woman talks a policeman into fining the young couple. The policeman is unwilling to act, but after an exchange of angry words there is a row. The policeman does not believe the young people that they are spending their honeymoon in dark corners. His belief is strengthened by their personal identity cards. They have forgotten to change officially their status. The policeman takes the sanguine husband to the headquarters, while the newlywed wife hurries home to fetch the irre-



lutable proof: the marriage certificate. The story ends happily. Her parents learn about the marriage that both have been concealing so far. The young couple will not have to roam the streets on Saturday evenings any longer. And what about the policeman? Well, he paid the fine prescribed for offenders of public morals out of his own pocket...

\*

On the other end of the capital there is a lively crowd. In front of the sports stadium a large crowd of people are milling as the tickets for an international boxing match have been sold out. Among the people there is a young man whose nickname is "Doctor" owing to his alleged encyclopaedic knowledge about the art of boxing. To-night his favourite champion is fighting a decisive match, a boxer who owes all his successes to "Doctor". He discovered him and taught him the first punches. By happy coincidence — the usher has mistaken him for a real doctor — the unrecognized boxing expert gets close to the ring in the very moment as his favourite champion is fighting hard to stand on his feet. "Doctor's" advice is decisive again and his champion wins. However, the usher realizes his mistake and chucks him out. "Doctor" waits in front of the stadium for his victor, but he has no time for the poor "Doctor" since he hurries to a banquet. This Saturday evening has been for the "Doctor" another disappointment...

\*

There is much dancing on Saturday evenings in Belgrade. At almost every street corner hang notices advertising: "Excellent jazz will play on Saturday evening." And this is also the title of the third story: "Excellent Jazz Playing." The heroes of the third story are two bashful lovers that cannot build up enough courage to declare love to each other. They meet every Saturday on the dancing floor, but he is afraid to make love to her, while she thinks that lovemaking is indecent. But on that particular Saturday both realize that this is the very Saturday they have been waiting for so many Saturdays. But everything started the wrong way. The young man's brother has locked the closet where his best suit hangs, the only suit in fact in which the young lover feels at ease. Her evening dress, however, has been smudged by ink. It seems that this particular Saturday will end as so many past

Saturdays. During the dance they merely look at each other and daydream. He keeps thinking of himself as the incomparable seducer. Owing to his best suit girls are swarming around him. She, on the other hand, is convinced that there would be many cavaliers at her bidding... only if she came in a new dress. But towards the end of the dance the two bashful lovers meet by accident, so that this particular Saturday evening will last for them an eternity...

\*

The picture "Saturday Evening" was awarded several prizes at the IV. Yugoslav Film Festival at Pula: the director Vladimir Pogačić was awarded two prizes: the second prize of the official jury and the first prize of the journalists' jury. In addition other prizes went to script writer Dragoslav Ilic, director of photography Aleksandar Sekulovic and actor Milan Srdoč for his part of "Doctor".

*Zarko Petan*



The star of the third film story »An Excellent Jazz is Playing«



## Our Humorous Page



»What's that you're painting?«

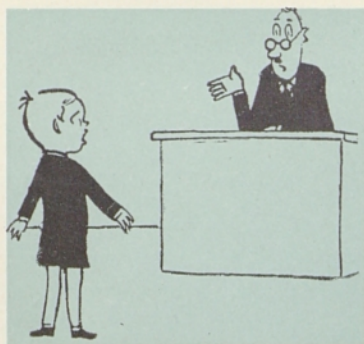
»A goat on a pasture.«

»Where is the grass?«

»The goat has eaten it.«

»And where is the goat?«

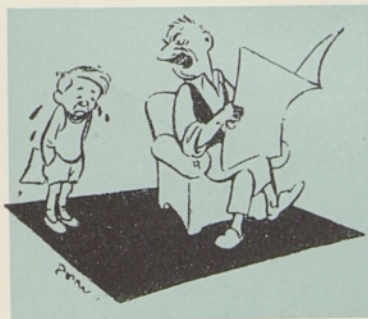
»She ate the grass and then went home.«



HUMOR  
KEEPING UP WITH THE WORLD  
AFFAIRS

— What? You don't know? And yet I told you to arm yourself with knowledge!

— But, professor, how could I arm myself, when all of us are for disarmament!



AT THE END OF THE SCHOOLYEAR

— Father, excuse me, but I fell...

— What? You fell? Why don't you look where you walk?!



## Young Sculptor

A citizen of Ljubljana, thirteen years old Viktor Plestenjak is the youngest Slovene sculptor. He mixed clay and shaped small figures of it even before he started going to school. His first works were heroes from fairy-tales: shepherds with their sheep, knights in armour, figures out of Walt Disney's cartoons and figures from his own childish fantasy. His younger brother posed for him.

Sculptoring, however, is not his only hobby and pleasure. He is now in the third grade of gymnasium, but beside that he plays the violin, he likes to go to the cinema, he reads books and is an enthusiastic soccer fan. Is Victor going to study sculptoring when he grows up? He does not now that even himself. The beginning, however, is promising. (On our picture you see the young sculptor in his "studio".)



During the summer months many tourists are travelling through the town of Ljubljana headed for the Adriatic seacoast. Our cameraman »has caught« two young British students travelling by motorcycle throughout Europe



### Dear Young Friends

Here it is, the third and the last Supplement of »Rodna gruda« in this year. It is going to introduce to you our youth again, it is going to tell you some interesting things about their life. We should be happy to set aside one or two pages for your letters but, alas, there have been no letters. Remember that we too, young people in Slovenia and other Yugoslav republics, should like to learn about your way of life and your work. The same goes for the sons and daughters of our emigrants in other countries who read the Youth Supplement. Do let us hear from you soon!

The New Year is drawing closer and so are new hopes and expectations. But peace and friendship among peoples are foremost in our minds. Besides, we have a lot of big and small wishes that will come true if we study and work hard. While the old year slips into the new year we shake your hand and wish you all the luck as two young miners in the mercury mine of Idrija said to each other. Let this wish be a New Year postcard with heartfelt greetings from the Slovene youth.

*The Editor*





# A Corner by the Fireplace

A winter evening in the village. The countryside is covered with snow and the moon sails over the cold white sea. Lighted windows of peasant houses blink in the night. Yes, this light is our joy. A few years ago already electricity was brought to the village and kerosene lamps were stored away.

There is a pleasant warmth in the rooms, housewives stoke large bread ovens with firewood from faggots. We young people do not care for sleep. We put on our overcoats and off we go into the cold night.

At the neighbour's corn husking is in progress and there is much gayety in the room. According to an old custom in Slovenia neigh-



The teacher has come around to our house. While we listen to a good story time passes quickly



bours help each other. Especially young people like to gather around heaps of corn-cobs. There is much laughter. Everyone tells some jokes, then there is singing and old folks unearth some story from old times. Before midnight the husking job is done.

Sometimes the village teacher comes around. She brings

There is a low hum of the spinning-wheel, graceful hands embroider roses in a linen frame and girls sing a beautiful song: »Spin, lassie, spin, the spun thread must be thin...«



along an interesting book and reads it aloud. Then silence reigns in the room and only the rustle of corncocks being husked is heard...

\*

For us young people wintertime is the season of relaxation when books and newspapers can be read at leisure. We lie or sit on the warm oven and read. For recreation and education.

There is an agricultural vocational school in the village we regularly attend. Here we add to the knowledge obtained in the elementary school. General subjects like mathematics, mother tongue, history and geography are being taught by teachers, while specialized subjects like cattle breeding, fruit growing, modern farming, use of fertilizers, use and maintenance of agricultural machinery are being taught by agricultural experts: engineers and technicians.

In spring the acquired knowledge comes in handy when work starts in the fields, in the orchards and in the stables. In Slovenia alone by this year 300 odd agricultural village schools have been active and it is expected that their number will increase yet. We young people like to study since modern farming requires a lot of knowledge.

\*

Through winter our girls attend household courses. They are conducted by female teachers who have graduated from the high household school. In the past anything was good enough for the farmer: his food and his clothes. Now things have changed. The sharp differences between towns and villages are disappearing.

The girls know all about the best food, the way infants are fed and sick people nursed. Our farmer's homes, too, have become more attractive, cleaner. Young housewives attend the courses to learn more about the various ways of keeping a modern household. In this they are assisted by household improvements councils that have been set up in all major towns in Slovenia.

These councils are sending their groups to villages. And they also carry along all the

utensils needed in a well-kept household.

\*

So our winter evenings are passing by. Through work and study. Naturally, we do not forget to enjoy ourselves. Although since the war in our co-operative homes many cinemas and libraries have been opened, we still stage a few plays, enjoy our chorus singing and exercise in folk dancing. We enjoy our youth meeting discussing home and foreign news, and listening to radio talks and music.

To-night the »reading room« has been set up in the corner by the fireplace or rather on it





# DON'T WHISPER

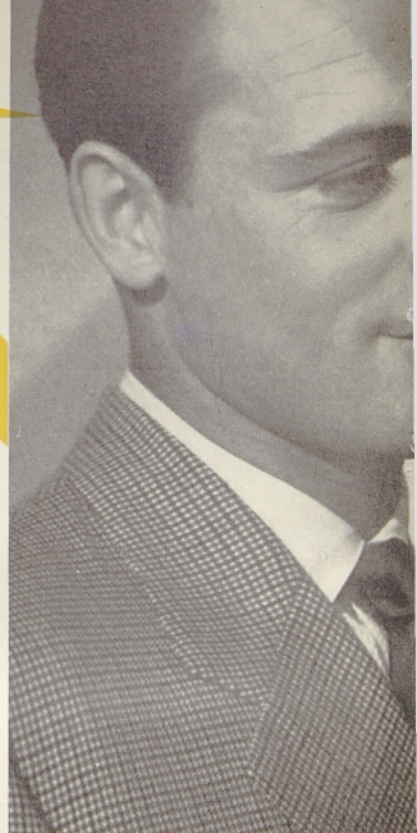
## *and The Good Sea*



After the big success scored by the story from student life in the picture "VESNA", which we have already written about, the Triglav Film Productions started to think about repeating the first hit with a new, but similar story.

However, a few years have elapsed before they found a good story. In the meantime "Vesna I" has already been shown to audiences abroad and increased the number of fans of the young and beautiful starlet, Metka Gabrijelčič, who had played the part of Vesna with all her youthful charm. Since she first appeared on the screen she has been receiving numerous letters from fans at home and abroad. A former secondary school graduate, who was discovered by accident by talent scouts, became overnight a "star". Many a girl would have lost her head. Metka did not. She went on studying hard at the university and instead of dreaming of glory and success while reading fan letters she grappled with problems of statics and the knowledge which must be mastered by a building engineer. People often taunted her that she would not stay long among her books since being a star is much more attractive. But Metka had always the same answer "I want to get my degree and I'll get it." And so the film people interrupted her study with the news that the new story about Vesna was ready. For a while Metka has abandoned her handbooks again and appeared before

With her part in »Don't Whisper« Metka Gabrijelčič has become a real star of the Yugoslav film



Franček Trefalt-Samo

the camera. And there were all the old characters of the first picture. But they too caused a lot of worry. The greatest headache was caused by Samo. Shortly before the shooting of the film he changed his parts in the theatre for the real part of a soldier. He was serving his term in the Army. They say he was excellent in that part too. Only without Samo there could have been no shooting. The Army command and the producer found a solution. Samo was transferred to a military unit near Ljubljana and from there he was being taken to the location. Thus Samo used to be both soldier and actor. Only orders changed: in the army he listened to the rules of attack, on location he listened to director's instructions concerning the art of kissing.

The picture has been made. Metka Gabrijelčič went back to her books and is nearing her diploma, whereas Franek Trefalt — our Samo, has ended his military service and is treading the boards again. Perhaps all the heroes of the first two films





and Metka Gabrijelčič-Vesna in the picture »Don't Whisper«

will meet again and entertain numerous audiences for the third time.

In the picture "Vesna" we have seen Samo, Krištof and Sandi after many difficulties of student life — love, severe teachers and parents — graduate from secondary school. We have also watched the romance between Samo and Vesna. However, in the picture "Don't Whisper", jealousy predominates and there is a lot of misunderstandings that are cleared at the end. Vesna realizes that Samo is really in love with her, the bashful Krištof finally gathers enough courage to declare his love for the beautiful Sonya and the daredevil, Sandi, finds in the plump Hiperbola qualities to be loved and admired.

While the picture "Don't Whisper" is being successfully shown throughout Yugoslavia, a new Slovene picture, "The Good Sea", is being shot on the Adriatic Coast.

Sea stories and seamen's yarns have always had a strong appeal for audiences. How often we watched and read with breathless attention

thrilling episodes of buccaneers' adventures, of sea fights, and the like.

The story of "The Good Sea", however, does not tell us about sea adventures, but about the life of

people whose livelihood depends on the sea.

Fifty odd years ago, there was ruling over a poor fishing village on the Adriatic coast the rich Ante Paškval, innkeeper, merchant and owner of the only tuna trawler. He cut bread to all villagers and woe to him who crossed his path! A young fisherman, owner of a sailing boat, was in his service transporting sand and other goods for him with the assistance of Miro, Kiro and Jure. Gradually a determination took hold of him to end Paškval's rule.

The story goes on telling us about the many difficulties that had to be overcome by all who fought Paškval until they beat him. There is also Kiro who could not resist Paškval's money and turned traitor informing against Ložič and the little Ivo who finally discovers the traitor and gets Ložič out of prison where he had landed owing to Paškval's intrigues.

At the end Kiro confesses to police that he is the culprit and not Ložič who has been innocently arrested upon Paškval's information and orders. The villagers get hold of Paškval and hurl him into the sea. The riches of the sea that so far only Paškval has enjoyed will now be divided among all the vil-

The little Lotti (Evelina Wohlfeiler) from the picture »The Valley of Peace« in the role in »The Good Sea«. She revealed to Ivo the name of the traitor





## Youthful Committeemen

The New Yugoslavia has given young people access to all places of authority, organizations and societies. This is at the same time the greatest achievement that the young generation knows how to cherish. Nowadays a relatively large number of young people are members of factory workers' councils, peasant co-operative managing boards, people's committees and even parliaments in various Yugoslav republics. In Slovenia alone 760 boys and girls of age have been elected as members of municipal councils. During preparations for the elections special diligence was displayed by youth who have come of age this year and thus voted for the first time. The picture shows: at one of the polling stations in Ljubljana.



## The Congress of Slovene Youth at Celje

In September, the VI<sup>th</sup> Congress of the People's Youth of Slovenia was held in the beautiful town of Celje. The People's Youth is the largest Slovene youth organization including 100 thousand boys and girls as their members. The paper read by the president of the organization as well as reports given by numerous delegates from all regions of Slovenia have shown that the members of the People's Youth had done their duty. The president of the People's Assembly (Parliament) of Slovenia, Miha Marinko, who took part in the work of the Congress, stated in his opening speech that young people have affirmed themselves in all walks of life and that the results of this affirmation are being felt throughout the country. During a period of three years — from 1955 to 1957 — the youth ha-

ve erected 678 sporting units — gymnasiums, bathing places, etc. Summer courses were attended by 15,300 boys and girls. The young generation is conspicuous in working hard for greater productivity in factories, mines and villages. The picture shows the president of the People's Assembly among girl delegates to the VI<sup>th</sup> Congress.





# G o o d M o r n i n g

In our place too there was a bilingual school in which Slovene was the language of instruction in the first grade replaced by German from the second grade on. The Slovene language then remained only a subject. That is, if there was a sufficient number of pupils who wanted to study it. If their number was not sufficient, the bilingual school remained only on paper. The teachers in our school were mostly germanized wretches, German sycophants who took good care to see that the number of pupils who wanted to study Slovene was never sufficient. The instruction usually ended at four o'clock in the afternoon and the Slovene lesson was fixed for four until five. Pupils were already tired, many had to hurry back home to take the cattle to the pasture or there was some other work to do and so they did not apply for the Slovene lesson.

However, the teachers had other ways to make the study of Slovene unpleasant. They never missed an opportunity to urge children to study hard the German language if they wanted to get on in their life. They would be able to earn much more easily their livelihood. For the knowledge of the Slovene language did not get anybody anywhere. If one knew only Slovene, one was hardly able to become anything else but a farm hand or a labourer. Of course, such a continuous propaganda was bound to have its effect on the children. But it did not influence only the children; it often stuck to the parents themselves. True, in actual life then it was often the way our teachers were telling us. Slovene did not get one anywhere, since our language was then persecuted everywhere.

So it happened often that I was the only pupil attending the Slovene lesson. My father had told me in no uncertain terms that I had to attend the Slovene lesson unconditionally. If I had disobeyed him, he would have beaten the daylight out of me. However, the teacher was unwilling to waste his time on a single pupil. In this way the bilingual character of our school very often ceased of its own accord and the authorities had it their way.

One day we got a new teacher who did not speak or did not want to speak Slovene, although his name was Slovene. Until then we, children, prayed at school in the Slovene language and also used to greet people in Slovene, but with the arrival of the new teacher all this stopped. First we had to learn to pray in German before and after the classes. In a few days we

learned it. Then we started learning German greetings. This called for long exercises:

»Good morning — Guten Morgen!«

»Good day — Guten Tag!«

»Good evening — Guten Abend!«

We passed the teacher and greeted him in German. When everything was going smoothly he praised us:

»Well, you've become men at last.«

But German greetings did not slip so smoothly from our tongues in the street as they did in the school. Obviously, we never hesitated to greet every teacher in German. But it was another matter when we met our folks

although our place was entirely Slovene with only two German families living in the neighbourhood. If any stranger came to our town, he was bound to have an impression of coming to a completely German locality.

Even I was finally overcome by this new school reform in spite of my father's loud protests at home. I was sufficiently grown up to tell between those people who stuck to the Germans and those who were on the Slovene side. If I met a Slovene on the road, I greeted him in Slovene, but when I met some German adherent I greeted him in German.

Thus I too became a man and the Carinthian school scored an absolute success.

One early morning I took the cattle to the pasture. I was then already imbued with the new spirit and ideas of our school. It could not have been later than four o'clock in the morning and large patches of mist were lingering in the valleys. The ground was drenched with dew and since I was barefoot I was almost cold. I had to graze the cattle until school time. These early hours were a hard experience for me and I moved after the cattle with disgust. I was lucky the cattle too were lazy, half asleep and did not stray off the beaten track. Slowly walked the cattle — some eight heads — towards the pasture. Except for their thudding shuffle there was no other noise, only cocks were crowing somewhere far off.

Suddenly I saw on the road a figure I did not like at all. That apparition was nobody else but an elegantly dressed man with a raincoat who slowly walked towards me. To meet a gentleman at that early hour was indeed an unprecedented event. Who knew what brought him here? Was he headed towards my home? In vain I tried to fathom the coincidence that had sent this man to me.

I had hardly made a mental tour of my predicament, when something else struck me. This man would have to be greeted. That was sure! But how: German or Slovene? So in my soul the school education and the home education were thrown into a fighting tangle. By all appearances the stranger was a German. Perhaps he had strolled from the nearby holiday resort to take an early morning walk. Those holidaymakers are not quite normal people. But what would happen if the stranger were a Slovene? I was at a loss. I could not make up my mind since I was still ashamed of



or acquaintances. During this encounter we just could not force German words out of our mouths. We were almost ashamed of greeting somebody in German. Gradually, however, greeting in German took root. As for me, I was in a close spot. Father was repeatedly warning me at home that I should never greet anybody in German on the road but only in Slovene. He threatened me with the cane if I disobeyed.

»On the road the teacher has no right to tell you what to do!« he roared at me. »You listen to him at school, and don't mind him on the road.«

But there was the teacher at school who was immediately informed of any pupil disobeying his orders outside the school. It was a pity, but the fact was that there were some pupils who wanted to gain the teacher's favours by informing against others. Everything considered, it was the school that triumphed. Within half a year our school was greeting everybody in German,



## Our Funny Page



»Tom, you've been naughty again. You're going to pay for it.«

Mom, can it be on an instalment plan?«



»That's Fred's brother. I mistook him for my tortoise.«



»Don't lose your temper. My pistol is loaded only with pure drinkable water.«



»Never mind, he's paid the bill!«

greeting in German in spite of my school education.

The distance between the stranger and myself was growing less and less. The closer the stranger came the more my agitation increased. I blamed myself for not having beaten it from the road into the bushes the moment I saw the approaching man. But now it was too late and it would not be polite to escape. Then I had a last hope that the stranger would turn aside in order to let the cattle pass, but it so happened that the cattle turned aside in quite a large arc. We were now quite close to each other. My skin prickled. In addition I had a terrible complex of inferiority since the stranger was well dressed and I was a poor boy and barefoot into the bargain. I must have been quite red in the face when we met. And then it slipped from my tongue:

»Guten Morgen...!«

My voice was solemn and servile and my heart thumped frightfully. There was no doubt that the stranger would be mighty pleased and a warm sensation rose inside me.

But suddenly the whole world crashed at my feet. The stranger turned his head, so that I could see his eyes. They were despising, accusing. With a loud and characteristic voice the stranger returned my greeting in Slovene:

»Good morning, young man!«

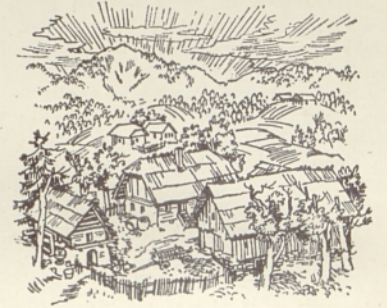
All I could gather then was that I got hit on the head. And then the disgrace of it all darkened my sight. I was so terribly ashamed that I should have liked to drop dead. I was trying to catch my breath as a drowned man.

The stranger passed on on his way and I had not the courage to look after him. I was hardly able to wait for his steps to die out on the slope leading to my home.

Suddenly I grew afraid that the stranger might after all be headed towards my home on some errand and would tell my father I had greeted

him in German. That would mean a few lashings with the cane. But the disgrace I had just experienced was greater than the fright of my father. I even confessed to myself that I had deserved any punishment coming my way.

The disgrace I had experienced revealed to me in a flash how right was my father who roared against German greeting at school. I realized that I had succumbed to that new germaniz-



ing influence. I realized that at the moment of trial I renounced myself, my nation and my home. If I hadn't done it, if I had obeyed my father, I should never have experienced such a disgrace. My sin was ugly.

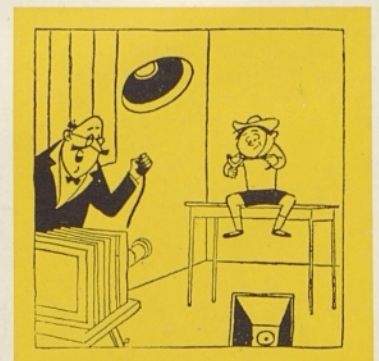
After getting to the bottom of my experience I let out a deep sigh of relaxation and in my heart something heavy and loathsome broke off and disappeared. Now I could breathe much more easily. After the last bitterness was gone from my heart I clenched my fists and made a solemn vow to myself:

»My nation, I will never in my life betray you...!«

After this solemn vow there rose in the east a bright dawn that was breaking for me. In spite of my great disgrace I had just experienced it was a hundred times brighter and a hundred times more magnificent than any other morning till then.



»Nov, you're wrong, officer! We're together 18 years old and that is enough to drive a scooter!«



AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

»Attention, the birdie will fly out now!«