



MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Andrej:
CIGAN MARKO

Sredi vasi je stala lepa županova hiša, v hiši ognjišče, na ognjišču kozicu, v kozici pa se je pekla mastna gos in disala dalec naokoli. Zavohal jo je cigan Marko in začel oprevati okrog hiše in premišljal, kako bi prišel do slastne pečenke. Todaj se je pojavila na pragu mati županja. Marko se je skrival za grmovje in čakal prilike, da se zmuze v kuhinjo. Prilika je res nanesla, da je mati županja odšla po drva za skedenj, da je cigan Marko smuknil neopazeno v hišo, pograbil eno nogu in pol gosi iz kozice in se šel mastit za meseč.

Čez nekaj trenutkov se je županja vrnila, vrgla na tla k ognjišču sveženj drv in pogledala v kozico. Oči so ji izstopile skorje izpod kože od začudenja. Nato je zagnala takšen krik, da se je začela zbirati vsa vas in je še oče župan, ki je oral na njivi, prvezal vole k česenju in koncu njive in prisopel domov:

"Za božjo voljo, zakaj se pa tako dereš?"

Mati županja je povedala, da se v hiši gotovo skrivač tatovi, ki so ji pred nosom in ob belem dnevu odnesli pol gosi iz kozice.

Župan in može so pretaknili vse kote v hiši in v hlevu, a o tatovih ni bilo sledu. Že so se možje razhajali, ko so založili za mejo cigan Marka, ki si je obiloval konce prstov, toda o gosi ni bilo sledu.

"Hoc ciganjan!" se je zadrl nad njim kovač Matevž in ga zagrabil za vrat.

"Ta je ukradel županova gos," so privstavili drugi in ga vlečki pred župana. Pričelo se je zasiševanje. Mati županja, oče župan v družbi občinskih mož so trdili, da je cigan odnesel pol gosi. Cigan Marko jih tega ni hotel verjeti. Pred županovo hišo je nastalo vptite. Oni: da, cigan: ne — pa ga prepričaj, če moreš. Cigan Marko je bil užajen.

"Kako pa veste, da sem jaz vzel gos?"

"V kožici je samo ena nog," mu je dokazovala županja, "gos pa ima dve nogi."

Ciganu Marku se je zjasnilo čelo, kar da mu je postala jasna neljuba pomota:

"Od kdaj so imeli še gosi dve nogi? Saj ima gos samo eno nog!"

Nastal je spet preprič, koliko nog ima gos. Oni: da dve; cigan: da ima gos le eno nog. Prepričaj ga, če moreš. Naposlед gredo vsi za županov skedenj, kjer so dremale utrujene gosi na eni nogi, medtem ko so držale drugo skrečeno in skrito pod perjem.

Cigan je znagoval:

"Poglejte, če ni res: vsaka gos ima le eno nog."

Mati županja se tudi s tem ni dala odpraviti, prijela je z rokama prednaspink, ga stresla in splašila z njim, počivajočega gosi.

"Kssss!"

Gosi so dvignite glave, spustile izpod perja na tla še drugo nogu in zagagale. Mati županja se je obrnila k zvitemu ciganu:

"Zdaj pa štej: vsaka gos ima dve nogi!"

Cigan Marko se le ni dal prepričati Rogal se po županju:

"Zakaj pa niste še prej rekli v kuhijni kssss, mesto da ste šli po drva, pa bi tudi gos v kožici imela dve nogi."

"(Mlado Jutro.)"

PREBRISANI ZAJČEK

Japonska zgodbica
Na otoku Okiju je živel nekoč majhen, bel zajček. Ker je že dolgo živel na otoku Okiju, mu je postalo dolgšč in neprestano je misil, kako bi prišel na otok Inabu, ki je ležal daleč od njega. Toda kako naj pride čez morje? Premišljeval je noč in dan, a nicesar pametnejše mu ni prišlo na um. Torega dne je zagledal krokodila, ki se je leno zibal v valovih. Tisti mah se je nečesa domislil.

Začel je govoriti s krokodilom. "Tako žalostno se mi zdi tukaj," je rekel. "A kaj veš ti o tem, dragi krokodil. Ti ne poznas samote. Videti je, da imaš mnoho, mnogo prijateljev."

"Toliko prijateljev imam, da jih se preštešti ne bi mogel," mu je pritrdir krokodil.

"Hm, toliko?! Če bi se vsi krokodili polozili drug poleg drugega, ali bi vasi bilo odtod do otoka Inabe?"

"Seveda!"

"Ves kaj, krokodil? Tako rad bi vi del koiiko vas je. Pokliči vse svoje prijatelje in lezite drug poleg drugega Preštel vas bom!"

Krokodil je bil zelo vesel, da je imel priliko pobahati se s svojimi prijatelji, in jih je res takoj sklical. Nekaj trenutkov nato so lezali krokodili drug poleg drugega in bilo jih je od otoka Okija do otoka Inabe. Zajček je skočil prvemu krokodilu na hrbet in stekel odtod do otoka Inabe.

Komaj pa je prišel na breg, se je zasečel grohotati:

"Gospodje krokodili," je zakrjal, "sprav tako neumni ste kakor ljudje. Vaša bahovat je toliska, da delete iz nje most, po katerem gredo drugi k uspehu!"

"(Mlado Jutro.)"

Mihec se z umazanimi hlačami vrne s sprehošča.

"Kaj se je zgodilo?" ga vpraša mama.

"Padel sem, mama, in tla so bila takamazana!"

"V novih hlačkah?"

"Da, mama, nisem jih utegnil sliči!"

THE AIR STOWAWAY

FOR a long time Howie had been standing at the window of the radio beacon station looking out upon the landing field. He had been there all night watching the three planes get ready for the start of their cross-country flight at dawn. Suddenly he seemed to reach a decision, for he struck his hands together and turned the table where there was paper, pen and ink. He wrote:

"Dear Dad:
I am going to stowaway in the Spread Eagle. I want to be the first boy to fly across the United States from Maine to California.

Howie. He put the note under a paperweight and was just about to open the door and go out when the telephone rang.

"Flying along a radio path like this is a new stunt to me," he had admitted, with a worried tone. "I'm half afraid I'll go astray."

"Keep in the middle of the signals," Howie had advised. "You'll be all right, I'm sure."

"I hope so," Captain Reed had said.

Howie thought of this conversation as he settled back into the end space of the plane. He wondered what the pilot would do when he found out that he had an uninvited passenger; but before he could think up many answers to his own questions on the subject, he heard talking outside, and from the tone of the voices he knew that the pilots had arrived and the planes would soon be in the air.

Through his opening above the seats



In Another Moment Howie Was Inside

It was the beacon station at New York on a long-distance wire.

"The way is clear," came the report. "All stations from here to San Francisco are standing by to guide the fliers."

"Good work," replied Howie. "I'll give that report to the aviators."

Hastily he made an addition to the note he was leaving for his father to tell him of what the New York station had reported. Then he slipped out into the darkness and made his way across the field to where the Spread Eagle stood like a slumbering giant in a great cave. To open the door to the mail compartment in the after end of the fuselage was but the work of one moment, and in another Howie was inside and had closed the door behind him. His chances of not being caught were good, he thought, for a short half-hour ago the planes had been inspected for the last time, and when the fliers came again it would be to hop in, warn up for a few minutes and then take off.

He hadn't been in his hiding place very long before he heard somebody working at the controls in the cockpit.

"It's the mechanic," he thought. "I suppose he's putting the finishing touches on the adjustments."

He peeked through the crack between the top of the seats and the roof of the fuselage. The sun was still below the horizon, but dawn had already broken, and by the early gray light he could see two men leaning over into the cabin of the Spread Eagle.

"What'll we do, Gene?" asked one, in a low tone. "You know these airplanes better than I do."

"We'll fix the ignition wires," was the reply. "Just a simple touch here and there, but what a difference it will make."

The first man laughed.

"Hadn't you better do something else, just to make sure?" he queried, with a sly grin.

"Maybe it would be a good idea," replied Gene. "Ho wabout giving a little attention to the gun?"

"That would be perfect," was the answer. "Won't things be nice and ready for the pilot of this plane? I hope he wins!"

The second man grunted a few words in reply and then stepped down to the ground.

"Come on," Howie heard him say. "We'll leave the rest to Captain Reed."

Captain Reed was the young pilot who owned the Spread Eagle. He had been in the beacon station earlier that morning checking up on his route, making sure that there was a continuous chain of beacons to guide him across the country. He had made friends with Howie and had asked him about the working of the station.

He could see the young pilot climbing into the cockpit. Captain Reed buckled in his helmet and then turned the ignition switch, calling "Contact!" at the same time to a ground man who had sold of the propeller prop ready to start the engine.

At first there was no success. "Put on your switch," called the mechanic.

"It is on," replied the pilot. "Contact!"

At the next try the engine started, but after a few pops and sputters it died out and stopped.

"Look at your gas," counseled the ground man, impatiently. "You won't be getting away on time, sir, if you start having trouble."

"Gas is all right," called Captain Reed, after a moment's examination. "Try her again."

A third try produced the same results. The engine ran for some minutes, coughing and complaining finally, just as before, it backfired and stopped.

"What's the matter, captain?" queried the starter, as he came up to the cockpit. "Having a little trouble?"

"I can't understand it," replied the pilot. "Everything was in the best of shape less than two hours ago!"

"Better hurry and fix it," was the advice. "If you don't get off by five-fifteen, you're disqualified."

"Yes, I know," replied the captain. "I'll get off all right."

But it looked as if he were too confident. Howie watched him making tests and trying out every instrument on the dashboard. Time passed. The gun was fired and the other planes rose into the air and headed West, but still the pilot of the Spread Eagle was trying to locate his trouble.

"I'm much obliged," called out the pilot. "I guess I never would have gotten away if you hadn't told me what you did. But, say," he went on, "where were you while they were doing all this?"

Howie pointed to the end space.

"Stowaway," he explained.

The pilot raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Oh, I see. Wanted to come along, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a moment's pause."

"Well, climb in. I think I'll need you."

"But how?" gasped Howie.

"You can put on the headphones and keep me on the radio track. You can pick up the new beacons as we come to them and prevent me from going astray. Isn't that enough?"

Howie nodded.

"Then you really mean it?"

"Certainly. Hop in if you're coming.

I've got about another minute to leave the ground!"

— And when the Spread Eagle spread

its wings that down on a flight that was

to carry her first in the race across the country, Howie went as an invited guest instead of as stowaway. And he can't be blamed, after the fame

which came to him as a result of that flight, for saying that of all the lives he could think of, the life of an aviator

was the one for him.



BREAST OF LAMB

Buy a piece of breast of lamb—about 2 or 3 pounds.

Have the butcher cut it into small pieces for serving.

Wash in cold water.

Drop the pieces of meat into a hot frying pan.

Turn frequently till the meat is nicely browned without being scorched. A tablespoonful of bacon dripping put into the frying pan with the meat makes a fine flavor, though no fat is really necessary.

When nicely browned, lift the meat into a stewing kettle.

Put 1 pint of water into the empty frying pan and bring to a boil.

Pour over the meat in the kettle. This saves all of the fat that was in the pan.

Add 2 teaspoonfuls salt, the tops of one bunch of celery, 1 small onion and, if desired, 1 tablespoonful tomato juice. Simmer slowly for two hours.

Lift meat to a hot platter.

Thicken gravy and serve at once.

This dish is very inexpensive and is as tasty as chicken. With mashed potatoes or boiled rice it makes a fine dinner for six people.

Radivoj Rehar:

POZNO POLETJE

Vsako jutro, vsak večer
črček v lozi začvrči,
vsako jutro, vsak večer
veter v trsu zašumi,
in pod solnečem dan na dan
sladko grozdje bolj zori . . .

Danilo Gorinšek:

ZABJA PESEM

Zabja vera, pasja duša,
to je letos žopet susa!

Muhe so tako vam redke
kakor bolne sredni klekte.

Svira prazni naželodec
kakor najbolj placan godec.

Kar nas tu je to močirje
ves naš rod odločno tirja!

"Godec naj-takoj utihne
naj se trebuh vsak napihne
naj se trebuh vsak napihne
ko se znajde mnogo

MLADINSKI DOPISI

Contributions from Our Junior Members

(Continued from page 4)

We all know she is coming when we hear her criticism at the door. She never appears at 2 and never later than 2:30 o'clock. The time began to pass and a wild hope began to form. Maybe she wouldn't come. The hope increased until 2:25, then misery overtook me, but just for five minutes, for then I was rewarded. She didn't come. A memory of her is enough for the day. I had a good dinner just the same.

JOSEPH MEDIC,
SSCU No. 37, Cleveland, O.

them. It's one of the times when my plate is always refilled. I put my bat and balls, etc., away because I can hear her plainly say, "Tsk, Tsk, of all ungainly games—such display of roughness!"

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JOSEPH MEDIC,
SSCU No. 37, Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:

I am 15 years old and belong to the SSCU No. 149. Vacation is almost over and school is about here. I have graduated from the eighth grade and have decided to go to high school. Our high school is situated in Washington, about nine miles away. We go there by bus, but do not have to pay for the fare because Trinity High belongs to the North Strabane Township.

There are a lot of people out of work here. Most of them are miners. There is a soup kitchen where the miners go every day, and sometimes they get clothing for their children. This helps some, but not very much.

It is very warm and we don't feel like working, but we must if we want to eat. There is an old saying which goes like this: "Brez dela ni jela," and I guess it is true.

Here is a joke. The mistress sent the maid to the butcher's for some meat. She told her to see if the butcher had pigs feet. When she returned the mistress said, "Did you see if the butcher had pigs feet?" The maid answered, "He had shoes on and I found her. After hours of search, he found her on her knees, crying as if his heart was broken.

He was surprised when he heard her story, which was the story of his life.

The child's mother died and the father disappeared years before. Calling to her mother to take care of her, she fell asleep exhausted. Mr. Rowling picked her up and carried her to his carriage.

When she awoke she thought she was in an orphanage. She started to leave.

When Mr. Rowling came in and quietly told her that he was her father who had gone away. She was very happy to know that she really had a father.

The girl was still doubtful, and her father pointed to a pocket around her neck. "That is the same pocket I gave your mother twelve years ago." On R. from J. R. "Look, those are the same initials I had put on for your mother," he cried.

"I'm so glad that his has happened," she cried, bending down to whisper into his ear, "this is the turning of the tide for me. Yesterday I was an orphan girl, but now I'll be my father's own loving daughter."

FRANK GOVEKAR,
SSCU No. 94, North Chicago, Ill.

ANTONIA GOVEKAR.

TURNING OF THE TIDE

A little girl, while running away, encountered Mr. Rowling, captain of the ship Marianne. When the girl saw Mr. Rowling she turned and ran from him. He was amazed and became determined to find her. After hours of search, he found her on her knees, crying as if his heart was broken.

He was surprised when he heard her story, which was the story of his life.

The child's mother died and the father disappeared years before. Calling to her mother to take care of her, she fell asleep exhausted. Mr. Rowling picked her up and carried her to his carriage.

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FRANK GOVEKAR,
SSCU No. 94, North Chicago, Ill.

IT PAYS TO TRY

Freckles was a poor orphan girl who lived with her grandmother, who took in washing. Freckles also helped to support her grandmother by selling newspapers every evening. Nobody in the neighborhood cared for little Freckles.

One day Mayor Jackson of their town put a notice in the paper. This is what it said: "Any girl performing the best stunt in the gymnasium on June 15 will receive a fifty-dollar prize." When Freckles read this she decided to do her best. Her grandmother said that she was sure to fail, but Freckles said there was nothing like trying.

Every day for two weeks Freckles practiced in their back yard. Finally the great day arrived. The whole town was in a bustle. At 2:30 o'clock it started. The other girls present laughed at her and said that she would fail.

The people applauded loudly for others, but when she did her stunt they wanted her to do it again. Mayor Jackson said she had done it so well that she was the winner and gave her the prize.

After this Freckles became more popular with the people. Her grandmother was surprised to see her win. But it pays to try.

ANGELA JANEZICH,
SSCU No. 2, Ely, Minn.

A SURPRISE

One day a friend and I were walking through the country. We noticed an old vacant house, which we decided to explore. When we reached the house we discovered that the door was locked. We opened a window and a picture fell to the floor. The back was facing us and there we saw a map to a hidden treasure.

We followed directions and we found ourselves in front of a fireplace. We had to tap on it three times and then a box opened on the side which contained jewelry. As we were about to leave two masked men entered and had clubs in their hands. They saw our treasure and hit us over our heads with the clubs.

When I opened my eyes I was surprised to be in my own room. I became very frightened when I saw a stump that looked like a bear. I turned around and went back. I saw an eagle's nest with young birds in it. They flew away when I came near. I heard voices and thought they were robbers, but I looked and saw my brothers and friends, who were looking for me. They had their pails full, but mine was empty. It was the last time we ever going berry picking again.

After we came home we went swimming. We dived, played tag, and dove back whenever I swam in too deep water. The water isn't good to swim in now, but I'll soon be swimming at the school pool. They put a new diving board up and painted it. I am 13 years old and in the ninth grade.

CHRISTINA LOBE,
SSCU No. 1, Ely, Minn.

MY VACATION

During the school vacation I went picking berries, swimming, hiking and many other places. One day my brother, friends and I went berry picking.

We went near Stump Lake. We all started to pick berries, going in different directions. When I had a full bell I looked up and, seeing no one, started to run along a path in search of the car.

I stepped in a hole and hurt my foot, but didn't pay much attention to it because I was anxious to find my brother and friends. I became very frightened when I saw a stump that looked like a bear. I turned around and went back.

I saw an eagle's nest with young birds in it. They flew away when I came near. I heard voices and thought they were robbers, but I looked and saw my brothers and friends, who were looking for me. They had their pails full, but mine was empty. It was the last time we ever going berry picking again.

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LOUIS KAPEL,
SSCU No. 71, Cleveland, O.

NAGRADE

Za dopise, priobcene v mladinski prilogi Nove Dobe meseca avgusta, so bile mladinskim pisnikom nakazane sledede nagrade:

Agnes Jancar, društvo št. 6, Lorain, O., \$3.00; Mathilda Strukely, društvo št. 6, Lorain, O., \$1.00; Isabelle Erzen, društvo št. 33, Center, Pa., \$1.00.

Častno priznanje (honorable mention) sta zaslužili: Angela

Iz urada predsednika glavnega nadzornega odbora

Da se me nebo sodilo kot nekompetentnega uradnika pri jednoti, naj mi bo dovoljeno, da poročam cenjenemu članstu u sledče: Pojasnilo k pojasmilu, resnici na ljubo.

Upaprnik-urednik, brat Terbovec je pod objavljen zapisnik polletne gl. seje, dne 19. avgusta t. l. dodal svojevrstno pojasnilo, ki neodgovarja pravemu dejanskemu položaju; ampak zavija resnico v popolnoma zgredenem cilju. Kompromitacija, katera je bila meni namenjena pada nazaj od koder je bila vržena. Ne ljubim polemike še najmanj pa v časopisu, toda če je človek do tega prisiljen se ji pa tudi ne odrekam. Vedno so bila in so moja načela, da govorim jasno, odkrito in resnico, ampak je resnica da sem ga opomnil in pojasmil sklep julij 1930, ki se je glasil, da imava v slučajih likvidacije to je če obadva nemoreva izjaviti račun, skupno postopati. Nikoli pa nisem dal navodilo, da to delo samovolno izvrši upaprnik-urednik. Ravno radi tega in radi neizpolnjevanja sklepa seje glavnega odbora J. S. K. J., sem vložil protest kar hitro sem ozabil samovolni nastop prekoračenja kompetence. Da ni to resnica kar trdi upaprnik služi v dokaz upaprnikovjanju januarski izkaz za leto 1931, v katerem so zabeleženi vsi računi kot dobr in iztirljivi. Ce bi bilo to res kar on trdi bi jih upaprnik že v tistem izkazu oznaci za "Neiztirljive" in neše le v 30. junijskem izkazu 1931.

Zapisnik zadnje polletne seje beleži zaznamke in moj protest o "Neiztirljivih" računih, ki so bili zabeleženi v poslovni knjigi brata Terbovca ob pregledu istih za zadnje polletje. Ker se ni brat Terbovec držal sklepa glavnega letne seje, da ima takrat račune urediti skupno z predsednikom nadzornega odbora in ni storil, ampak samovolno likvidiral, sem čutil v interesu organizacije to poročati na poslovni seji glavnega odbora in tezaviti ukor proti upaprnik-uredniku. Da je oznaci za neiztirljive" inampak je resnica da sem ga opomnil in pojasmil sklep julij 1930, ki se je glasil, da imava v slučajih likvidacije to je če obadva nemoreva izjaviti račun, skupno postopati. Nikoli pa nisem dal navodilo, da to delo samovolno izvrši upaprnik-urednik. Ravno radi tega in radi neizpolnjevanja sklepa seje glavnega odbora J. S. K. J., sem vložil protest kar hitro sem ozabil samovolni nastop prekoračenja kompetence. Da ni to resnica kar trdi upaprnik služi v dokaz upaprnikovjanju januarski izkaz za leto 1931, v katerem so zabeleženi vsi računi kot dobr in iztirljivi. Ce bi bilo to res kar on trdi bi jih upaprnik že v tistem izkazu oznaci za "Neiztirljive" in neše le v 30. junijskem izkazu 1931.

To mojo trditev lahko podpre ostali člani gl. nadzornega odbora posebno pa brat Kumše, ki sva skupno pregledala knjige upaprnika z izjavo, da do letosnjega julija pregleda knjig, ni bilo to označbe u poslovni knjigi upaprnik-urednika, ter da njegova trditev ni točna glede šestih ali ostalih štirih računov. Dovolj je bilo dokazov na rokah in dolvodil je bilo povoda, da sem storil svoj korak, kot predsednik gl. nadzornega odbora in protestiral tam, kjer sem se zavedal, da je končno mesto storiti. Mar ni bilo to umestno in upravičeno storiti brat Terbovec povedano, da "Neiztirljiv" pomeni nemožna iztirjatev pa naj si bo to legalnim ali drugim potom. Pri pravem vodstvu knjig se takrat računi z drugimi, ker ta proces se brez črtanja ali izbrisava izviri na naši sprotni strani knjige. Zato ima knjiga dve strani. Računi, kateri so bili tirjani in še ne platičani, ter da preostaja še vedno pot legalnega postopanja v iztirjatev se imenuje "Dvomljiv račun" in je kot takega tudi označeti. Zavedajoč se pri pregledu knjig tolmačiti pravi potmen besede "Neiztirljiv" sem smatral račun likvidiran po lastni volji upaprnika-urednika in to iz razloga, ker o njih nisem bil nikoli obvezan do zadnje glavne revizije knjig meseca julija 1931 ko sem sam, ampak zabeležen v knjigah čez sredino ozglasoval, ter uvidla potrebno in koristno to storiti.

Brat Terbovec končuje svoje pojasmilo z "malenkostno zadevo" kakor jo on razume in pozna. Seveda, izgubiti na oglasi \$76.15 pri tolikem številu članstva ni mnogo toda izguba je organizacije in ne moja in upaprnika. Ker pa sem izvoljen in mi je delegacija z zavojem poverila čuvati premoženje organizacije ni malenkost, če bi zanemarjal svojo pozicijo in bil površen pri nadzorstvu. Če sem strog pri pregledu knjig ni nič več kot prav, ker to mi dolžnost nalaga storiti če prav je drugem malenkostno v očeh. Moje načelo je biti strog in pravičen.

Brat Terbovec končuje svoje pojasmilo z "malenkostno zadevo" kakor jo on razume in pozna. Seveda, izgubiti na oglasi \$76.15 pri tolikem številu članstva ni mnogo toda izguba je organizacije in ne moja in upaprnika. Ker pa sem izvoljen in mi je delegacija z zavojem poverila čuvati premoženje organizacije ni malenkost, če bi zanemarjal svojo pozicijo in bil površen pri nadzorstvu. Če sem strog pri pregledu knjig meseca julija 1931 ko sem sam, ampak zabeležen v knjigah čez sredino ozglasoval, ter uvidla potrebno in koristno to storiti.

Glede upaprniških knjig nismo pritožbe, ker iste so izkazovale pravo vsoto, toda ni mi pa po volji prezirjanje sklepa glavnega odbora in samovolno postopanje upaprnika-urednika, ki načelno spadajo v njegovo absolutno kompetenco in področje.

Brat Terbovec, kadar bodo sledila še enaka pojasmila, naj odgovarjajo pravemu dejanskemu položaju, da ne bo potreba izdajati pojasmil na pojasmil,

lastnorocno podpisane izkaza, ki ga je poslal na glavni urad, da je imel račune v januarskem izkazu 1931 vpisane še vse dolgovane svote v aktivni brez vso opombe. Torej v mesecu januarju 1931 so vsi računi kot iztirljivi v naznani ekisistirali, sedaj v pojasmilu pa so zguibili svojo vrednost kmalu po juliju 1930. Ali štejemo dneve nazaj proti Kristovom rojstvu? Upaprnik-urednik, primanj, da se je ta proces samo volno izvršil med januarjem in julijem 1931. in da vsota ni samo \$26.40 ampak pravilna \$76.15 vseh desetih računov.

Resnici na ljubo moram zavrniti trditev brata Terbovca, da je bilo deset svot neplačanih oglasov označenih za "neiztirljive" šele v prvi polovici leta 1931.

Resnica je, da so bile v tem času na novo tako označene še štiri dolgovane svote, ki znašajo skupno

za \$76.40.

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