



OOPS! TAKE IT EASY!—NOT quite sure whether the water at Atlantic City, N. J., is sufficiently warm for bathing, these two attractive girls test it by the toe method. They found it entirely suitable and dunked all over.

Scholarship Loan Applications Open

After July 1, 1939, the Scholarship Loan Committee will accept no further applications for the offered \$300 scholarship. High school graduates, college freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors who are of Lithuanian descent and who meet certain specific requirements are considered eligible for the award which will be granted in time for the student to make use of it for his fall session.

Each June and February countless numbers of students finishing high school face a bleak future of unemployment. It is true that many do eventually become employed at one type of job or another. But, it must be fully appreciated that the commercial, business, and professional world is persistent in its demands for well-trained young people who, because of their higher education are able to adapt themselves more easily to ever changing situations. Thus when the four-year high school graduate competes with the trained college graduate in the

business world, he finds the odds are somewhat against him.

Granted that a given student has fully realized the significance of higher education as a step toward his goal, how can he see his way through four years of college work if his parents can not help him, and he has no sufficient income of his own?

Not only various institutions of learning, but private organizations and citizens as well, offer excellent opportunities in the way of scholarship to this type of individual. However, before such an offer is finally granted the student must of course prove himself both worthy and needy of such an award.

Applicants for the L.U.C. scholarship must submit three letters of recommendation and a 150 word essay on "Why I Need a Scholarship", together with the application blank which may be obtained from the chairman of the committee. This material is to be mailed in before July 1, 1939 to Mr. A. Rulis, Chairman S. L. Fund, 5409 S. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill. STELLA BARTKUS

"RAMOVA" THEATRE SOLD FOR \$130,000

A popular neighborhood theatre of Bridgeport and one built and supported by Lithuanian theatre-goers, the "Ramova" was sold for \$130,000 to Harry A. Reckas, present operator.

The transaction was made by the C. Heinemann and Co. firm which announced that the money for the "Ramova" institution would go to the holders of the first mortgage bonus and the original owners.

The "Ramova" a rather large building, beside the theatre seating 1,300, has 7 large stores and takes up a 130 by 125 foot area.

A. Stanmeyer, G. Kaspari and F. Dreyer, trustees of the West Central Building Liquidation Trust Co., sold the property which is located at 3508-3513 S. Halsted St.

Young Democrats Boom Roosevelt

DES MOINES, Ia., June 2.—They want Roosevelt for a third term out in the state where the tall corn grows.

A rapidly mounting boom for the President was evident today following the action of the state convention of the Iowa Young Democrats last week in endorsing him for a third term.

Keynoter E. C. Eicher, warned the convention that "The future of our party depends on our continuing to follow the leadership of that great liberal, President Roosevelt, as long as he is willing to lead our party and our party councils."

MAYOR KELLY WILL GREET LDS MID-WEST YOUTH CONFERENCE AT HOTEL MORRISON, JUNE 18; BRANCHES ELECT DELEGATES

Adults, Youth Push Conference Preparations Now

From many quarters comes the news of the election of delegates and the setting aside of funds to finance delegations from outside of Chicago for the June 18th, Hotel Morrison Conference of the LDS Mid-West Youth branches, sponsored by the 2nd District LDS Youth Council.

The "Sparks" branch at its last meeting, June 5, elected nine delegates, everyone an active and interested member of the branch.

From Central Illinois comes the news that the 9th District of the LDS there has put aside 10 dollars toward a fund for the sending of delegates to the youth conference in Chicago.

Antoinette Gerdus of Benton, writes that Southern Illinois LDS District have selected one delegate, Antoinette Ludas, who with great loyalty and anxiety to do youth work and see Southern Illinois one of the LDS youth leading districts, has donated \$2 toward her expenses to Chicago.

From Kenosha an adult LDS'er sends news that at least one delegate shall be sent even though the day has been claimed beforehand by a baseball game between the Royals and the Redwings.

"Vilnis" editorial worker L. Yonik, who has just returned from Detroit, reports that it will be represented at the Chicago youth conference, June 18. And the Council is looking forward to this city's participation in the confab as Detroit has always been an important LDS center.

With the news sent out to every adult and youth branch in this area there is expected a good representation of not only youth delegates but adults as well, as the stress this year will be for youth and adults to work together to further the LDS youth branches in all Lithuanian colonies.

Grand Rapids and several other adult branches are yet to be heard from. It is expected that the selected delegates will send in their credentials filled out once they have been duly elected and are sure of going.

Branches are urged to send greetings to the conference. Adult branches will be called to support the youth in erecting new branches and furthering the work of the old.

If your branch has not elected delegates by now, please see to it that elections take place. One week and a few days remain before the conference. All hands on deck for its success! Rush your last minute preparations! Send in your credentials now!

AN EARLY ILLINOIS EXPORT

In the 1820's a leading manufactured export of Illinois was castor oil. According to research workers of the Federal Writer's Project, WPA, one large factory manufacturing the product in Madison County produced 500 gallons in 1825; 800 in 1826; 1,000 in 1827; and more than 10,000 in 1830. The standard price at this time was \$2.50 a gallon.

Oklahoma Parley of Youth to Meet

OKLAHOMA CITY, June 5.—Oklahoma's youth movement was advancing today as preparations were being made for the third annual meeting of the Oklahoma Youth Legislature Council to be held here Saturday.

A model for similar youth bodies being formed throughout the country, the youth legislature meets to consider youth problems and suggest legislation that would be beneficial to the nation's and state's young people.

Progress was also reported by the Oklahoma League of Young Democrats, first organization of its kind in the country. MacMatthews, state president of the League, has resigned his position with the WPA area office in Muskogee to give full time to the work of the league, and expects to take a large Oklahoma delegation of Young Democrats to the organization's national convention in Pittsburgh, Aug. 10-12.

Youth to Have Fun-Ference

In preparation for the New York National Congress of Youth July 1-5, the American Congress of Chicago is having a weekend Fun-Ference, Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11, at beautiful Camp Sagawau, near Lemont, Illinois.

To make the contributions as concrete as possible it will review its various experiences during the past year, and attempt to arrive at some common conclusions.

VILNIS PICNIC BASEBALL GAMES

A last minute notification came from Mike Batutis to the effect that the Monarchs are to play the Sparks at 2 p.m. and the Redwings are playing the Ex-Coalminers at 3 p.m. and the winner of the first game plays the winner of the second game at 4 o'clock for cash prizes. The teams should be prompt so they can finish faster.

PRESIDENT CALLS FOR MORAL REARMING FOR PEACE

WASHINGTON, June 4. — President Roosevelt said in a brief 48-word statement read before a national meeting for moral rearmaments, that "moral rearmaments" — the reaffirmation of high moral principles among mankind—may lessen the dangers of international war but he warned that such a movement must be world-wide to be "most highly effective."

The meeting sponsored by five Cabinet members and a group of senators and congressmen, marked the first anniversary of the international meeting.

"The underlying strength of the world must consist in the moral fiber of her citizens," the President said. "A program of moral rearmament for the world,

Council Awaits Answers from Leading Figures

Among other distinguished visitors who will greet the 7th Annual LDS Mid-West Youth Conference, June 18, at Hotel Morrison, will be our popular and leading figure, his Honor, Edward J. Kelly, Mayor of Chicago. The 2nd LDS District Youth Council which is preparing the youth confab received a letter from the office of the mayor which read as follows:

In behalf of Mayor Kelly, who is in Springfield in connection with relief legislation, I am acknowledging your letter inviting him to attend your conference on June 18.

I am sure the mayor will make every effort to be present, or will be glad to send a representative if unable to attend personally, and your communication will be brought to his attention on his return to the office.

Sincerely yours,
E. C. O'Neill,
Secretary to the Mayor.

Replies from the American Youth Congress, Amateur Athletic Union, and Judge Zuris are expected shortly on whether they will give greetings to the conference Sunday. With the increase of activity and popularity of the Mid-West youth branches we find a great interest created among leading Lithuanians and prominent people in the youth fields. Invitations to the above have been sent out by the 2nd District LDS Youth Council and it is expected that there will be many greeters from persons of outstanding rank.

John Roosevelt's Baby Dies

BOSTON, June 2. — Shortly after birth the premature son of John Roosevelt and Anne Clark Roosevelt died at the Richardson House, which is part of Boston Lying-In-Hospital.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt rushed to comfort her daughter-in-law and her youngest son, John.

Despite her bereavement the younger Mrs. Roosevelt was reported in good condition.

cannot fail therefore, to lessen the dangers of armed conflict. Such moral rearmament to be most highly effective, must receive support on a world-wide basis."

Although some isolationist members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee might object to the recommendations for repeal of the present act's arms embargo provisions, a substantial majority will support them.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 2. — Romance is working in reverse in Chattanooga.

June, the month of the starry-eyed brides and self-conscious bridegrooms, began here with the filing of 19 divorce suits. There were no applications for marriage licenses.

EDITORIALS

Investigation or
Hush-Up

The Thetis submarine tragedy coming so closely upon the heels of the US Submarine Squalus disaster has had international repercussions. With the British press and public angrily demanding a public investigation of the Thetis accident which took the lives of 98 men, the British naval officials still make no statement. And the mystery remains.

The suffering relatives of the dead cannot reconcile the fact that the U. S. was able to save 32 out of the 59 men in her sunken submarine and rightly belabor the British authorities for not investigating thoroughly all the facts publically.

Townsend Bill
Squelched

Although the sales tax plan of financing old age pensions is not a good one as proposed by Dr. F. Townsend in his Bill, the position of the needy aged men and women who comprise the Townsend movement is a desperate one and their needs must be met. Much resentment has issued from those who would be affected now that the Bill has gone down in Congress to defeat.

The New Deal and the progressives generally must recognize that some provisions must be made and there are ways. A tax upon the incomes and inheritances of the rich and upon the million and billion dollar corporations is the way to raise the money.

Royal
Visitors

Our democratic back-bones stiffen up at the ridiculous situation in Washington diplomatic society concerning the coming visit of the king and queen of England. When we see the wives of the Washington political "big-wigs" falling all over themselves, trying to get invitations to the British Embassy's reception, we cannot help remarking over the embarrassing silliness of certain so-called "social lights."

The U. S. wants to make friendlier relations with Great Britain. Internationally it is necessary for every democratic nation to establish friendly contacts to ward off the aggressive fascist nations. But surely we can do so without losing our dignity.

We are sure that President Roosevelt and his wife will receive the royal visitors with that dignity which the people of the United States treasure because it represents a long, well-earned fight for freedom and democracy.

No More
Ivory Towers

When Jules Romain at the P. E. N. World Congress of Writers in New York called on the distinguished writers from a score of countries to reach the conscience of men and women to call their attention to the "unprecedented perils which today assail civilization, peace, liberty and the dignity of the human person" he sounded the basic note of the Congress.

Each speaker in turn called upon the craft of writers not to withdraw into towers of ivory but to accept their pens as swords and fight together for idea and ideals.

I WAS CAPTURED BY FRANCO

By Joseph Grigas
(Continued)

THE NEXT MORNING our car was attached to a string of other freights and we started on another journey. For several days we rode and finally we were unloaded at Saragossa where we were marched through the city. The civilian population quietly lined the streets as we marched.

Last week Joseph Grigas, a Lithuanian-American Catholic who volunteered for service in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, described the events which led to his capture at Gandesa by Franco troops. For two weeks the American prisoners were kept under heavy guard and given little food. Each morning the volunteers waited for the announcement of their execution. Joseph's story of his experiences continues from this point.

There was no jeering or hooting, but an ominous silence on the part of the people. One could feel that these people sympathized with us—that they were saying under their breath—Salud, Camarada...

In Saragossa we were put through a gruelling examination after which we received a meal of bread and water. Once again the question came up, were we to be shot here? After days of cramped imprisonment, weak from hunger and fatigue, the thought of being shot did not seem so bad. That afternoon, however, we were loaded on trucks and taken to the city of San Pedro.

70 In One Cell!

Here in San Pedro we did not know what to expect. All indications seemed to point to us that we would be used as exchange prisoners. Americans were very valuable to Franco. In the past exchanges one American volunteer was worth a German or Italian commanding officer.

The prison here was a monst-

rous cement and stone structure with tiny windows for air. Here were seven hundred placed behind bars by Franco. Whole families had been imprisoned. The cells were some twenty by ten feet with seventy or more prisoners to each cell.

Life in a Cell

We were packed so tightly that it was impossible to move and when nightfall came we could not sleep. The floor was of cement with no covering of any description. Bitter cold, we huddled like dogs next to one another for warmth. The dampness of the cell chilled you to the bone.

Unwashed bodies and running wounds, the very stink of the prison, all this created a stench that was nauseating. Lice and bugs of all description were rampant amongst the group as a whole.

We were allowed out in the courtyard to wash. Here were two spigots with running water at which seven hundred men were supposed to wash. And how many got the chance?—well, during my whole stay in the prison I got to the spigot six times.

"Serving" Food

Strict and vigorous rules were issued. We were to line up for "eats" three times a day. A group of guards were lined up at the exit door. Each guard held a "baton." This baton was some three feet long, made of pliable wood. It was slim at the holding end and gradually getting thicker. At the extreme end was a knob which had been weighed by lead.

As we passed the guards they swung their baton at each prisoner. These were used each time we went to eat.

Every day three times a day we had to run this gauntlet. Once hit, the most excruciating pain came over one. To describe it is impossible. Men died and some went insane after a short while. How I survived I don't know. (Continued next week)

TIPS ON NEWS WRITING

BREVITY

A NEWS story, "to meet the bill," requires two characteristics: simplicity and punch.

Florida writing is out of the question. At the same time, movement and conflict are to be put into the account, through the use of forceful words—particularly strong verbs.

Helping along to acquire these two essentials is another, which is a MUST in news writing. That is brevity.

The reader of an American newspaper has not the time to read long treatises on current events. There are the movies, the automobile, our whole mechanized life—to interfere with extended reading of news accounts. As a matter of fact many readers feel piqued when their favorite papers print long and wordy accounts. Some of our youth press falls into this error. The ordinary American reads as he runs.

In a youth paper, such as the Vilnis Section, this need for brevity is intensified, since we cannot turn out a large number of columns. Correspondents should especially watch their tendency to just spill meaningless words at length. Report the past and coming events, bring in your gossip breezily without going "round and round."

But brevity has a merit in itself, in that it trains us to put accounts in the minimum number of words. Thereby we learn to search out and find the most expressive words—those which are the most dynamic.

In cultivating brevity, we are also stimulated to find out the chief features of a series of events or the outstanding characteristics of a particular event. In that way, we do not resort to a long, rambling account in which the main point of the story gets lost and which many readers will be inclined not to read.

What do we mean by "brevity?" We do not mean such a rigid, skeletonized account that there will be no flare or life in it. We DO mean the lopping off of all devious explanations and all insignificant details. We also mean that crisp economy of words which combines color and quick movement into a short, clear story.

This ability is not so difficult to acquire, as it may appear. Constant practice will help, and the writing of the story is in itself "practice."

Straws in the Wind

THOSE OF OUR readers living out Grand Rapids, Mich. way, if inclined towards the bizarre, ought to stop in one of the exhibition halls in that city during the week of June 11 to catch a glimpse of an unusual display. A business association plans to show a fraud gallery containing examples of the clever work of fire-sale sharks, commercial crooks, fraudulent bankruptcy experts and other types of business and industrial swindlers. Over 700 items will be on view.

IF, AS THE JUNE 1 issue of the TIESA English Section states, the challenge tendered by the Massachusetts LDS State Youth Conference to the 2nd District Youth Council is only a "private feud", why did the story of this affair have a prominent position on the first page of the paper?

WHAT SEEMS TO be the acorn of another feud, this one rhetorical, is the one Kay Michelson and Anthony Stelmok are planting. Stelmok wrote a letter, which was published in the May 1 issue of TIESA English Section, criticizing Kay's position on the Lithuanian Memel question. So Kay answers Stelmok at length in the June 1 number. . . So what will Stelmok say. . . ?

THE CANNED BEEF hullabaloo is shushed down. At least, the clamoring newspapers have forgotten the incident. But not so the shopping ladies—every time they have a yen for turning a neat dish of tinned beef they ask the grocer for the South American variety. In the cross fire of arguments over that issue many of us were hit by the info that only S.A. cans first grade cows, while the boys in this country put what's left over in tins.

Frankly Speaking

Bird in the Air

Like a lone bird flying high in the sky, beating its wings against wide solitude, her voice swept into the room. The bird rose and fell lazily and the sky's vastness spread out like a soft fan of down. One after another the soft pleasing notes clung to the air. Out and away, far, far off, swung the bird. One long, sweet, throaty call, and then quiet. The sky was empty and vast.

Venture into the Unknown

As I typed it came to me suddenly that the words were coming easily and the thought was right and I became intoxicated with my own power. It seemed nothing could stop that smooth flow of words. I didn't stop for a minute; I didn't eat out of sheer exhilaration. One paper was finished, then another and I read and reread and grew more elated and happy. At last it was finished. I had written my first article in Lithuanian—by myself—all by myself.

Puppet "Mikado"

What a great disappointment to read the blurbs on the screen "Mikado" with your "favorite radio singer, Kenny Baker" and the "world-known Doye-Carte" outfit and then have to sit through two and more hours of expert mutilation of its gay and scintillating songs, and scenes!

With the worst parts of the stage's limitations incorporated and the best parts omitted for no reason we could see, the screen Mikado jerks around like a puppet on a string. And with as much naturalness.

Our favorite Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta was disappointing. It was cut short in the wrong places and lengthened for the star "Ko-Ko" who occupied a prominence way beyond his importance as a character. Even the make-up was awful; and the techni-color, blurry. Only the singing saved it. Hnhia—a-ah! And I was looking forward to it so much!

Living

Out on the porch after work with the rustle of the trees and the sweet grassy odor in the breeze. The "Laisve", "Vilnis", "Times", a copy of Mizara's "Ukanos" and Romaine Rolland's "Jean Christophe". Feet on the railing and slacks comfortably draping the thighs.

Afterwards a walk along Halsted St. The time is late, yet the day is loath to give up its reign. The sun clings holy to the sky and the clouds like levers squeeze her softly like an egg yoke. The neon signs light up in the gloom. Under a grey, soft, fuzzy spell people walk slowly like drugged ones.

—BIRUTE FULTON.

Phoolosophy

by the PHOOL-OSOPHER

FISHING AND STUFF

The title of this story should be "The Trials and Tribulations of Fishing by the Trial and Error Method", or "Aw I Don't Like Fish Anyway." Besides we had enough weiners to last us.

Realizing that some of the readers might be curious, here's the way it happened. Friday night the four of us went for "cokes". On the way we passed up two fish stores that advertised their wares by odiferous means, five taverns that quite plainly advertised free fish fries, and to top it all off, the final hint was the sight of two scrawly tom-cats fighting for some fish scraps in a filthy alley that we crossed.

Being that I was naturally observant, noticing all of these subtle clues, a germ of an idea began to form in my mind. As soon as we began sipping our "cokes", I suggested the idea and before Butch could refuse paying for the drinks, everybody was making plans for a fishing trip. We were going to rough it. That night we hurriedly caught a can of worms with (Frank Buck) Snuffy bravely making the largest catch. Incidentally the can of worms reminded me of a certain company's canned

la Novickas' foot. So I yells, watch out Stell, a snake. Instead of being most feminine, giving a screech and jumping into the arms of the nearest male (being me) she nonchalantly says, "Where?" and spent the next two hours hunting for the poor little snake, intent upon murder. Which puts me in a class with those that cannot figure women out.

SINCE the loss of the Thetis with a hundred and one lives, I no longer regard England as queen of the seas. America with its superior scientists, inventors and diving bell forges to the front.

AFTER "Passionate" (we call him that because he's so "un") had a share of the wine last Saturday he commenced talking. The rest of us left him snoozing by the fire while we went into the forest to chop up a few logs. Coming back about an hour later, he was still talking. "Yes, boys, that Old Black Joe song was really beautiful. What harmony!" He'd been talking for an hour without a let up, little realizing that we had gone. Then "Passionate" waxed sentimental and said, "Ah, wilderness. Such calm around here!" Indeed, what with streamlined trains swishing by and aviation beacons piercing the sky, etc., oh sure, very uncivilized.

IF you don't find it too boring, read "Seen and Heard". When you come to the part about the Phoolosopher that says "wonder if he meant real snakes?" do you get the same impression I do? Oh well, even if I was a snake I'd only bite high-class people so the little miss that tries to write that column need not fear me.

Nothing slithery about me. And for contradiction to your statement, let me tell you this: I overheard a group of girls discussing me at the picnic. They said those cute little freckles I get when the summer season is on makes me appear real cute. They said I was tall, blonde, and handsome and that I appeared to be the homeloving type. Of course I had to buy them each a dollar's worth of soda pop to get them to say those things about me but I'm not lying when I say that I heard it. So there.

KATRAS myli gamta, kilbasus, kopistaus, raugytus agurkus and beer, better show up at the Vilnis picnic this coming Sunday.

spaghetti. Snuffy ought to know what I mean.

Saturday evening we were all prepared and rarin' to go. As we were going to rough it we didn't take along the radio and ice box. There weren't any electric plugs where we were going, and besides I don't like ice cubes in my cocktails anyway.

II.

The first thing we did was to start a fire with wet wood, that wouldn't burn, that we couldn't find and we couldn't chop down,—but being a bunch of determined cusses we had a fire anyway.

The next thing I did was to fix the fish lines for fishing. Soon all of us had lines in the river anxiously awaiting the first nibble. First Butch lost his bait, then Snorky lost his, and not to be outdone Snuffy and I lost ours too. The worst of it was that all of the boys felt sorry for the worms and made me put them on the hooks. Butch said, "How would you like to be a worm and be strung on a hook like that?" "I can't stand those slimy things—you put it on for me." So after a few hours of this, I was beginning to wonder which end of the line the sucker was on. But with a few drinks of "Virginia Dare" the boys got up enough courage to put the worms on themselves.

Soon we got tired of feeding the fish and mosquitoes, and, disgusted with the bunch of big ones that got away, we started to feed ourselves. We had a seven course dinner on an immaculate army blanket, and a bit more of "Virginia Dare" (not more than a half gallon). Thereupon everything became rosy. This feeling did not last for the other two sent me and Butch for more wood. They said "Don't come back without some good wood or else." "Or else what?" says I. "Never mind, just—or else", they said. Whereupon we made the surrounding atmosphere turn a dark blue with a few choice American words. Butch said "They'll be sorry, we'll make them chop it up into small pieces. Heh-heh!" So we left—George Washington style—so back down a dead tree with our little hatchet. When we were almost through the other two came up to boss us. We decided that when the tree began to fall, all of us would run a different direction. That way only one of us would get killed, because the tree couldn't fall in four directions at one time. The tree fell, but it missed us, which fact disappointed all of us very much. We got even though. The tree narrowly missed one of us, so we set "Abe Lincoln" Snuffy to work chopping it into tooth-picks.

III.

After we got tired of watching Snuffy kill himself trying to cut the oak tree in half with the back end of a dull axe, we decided to go to town to get some bacon and eggs. We left Snorky in charge of camp and buoyantly ventured forth. When we got there—the main street was bare (ouch), and all the stores were closed,—so we went sightseeing around town (the whole two blocks of it). We tried to break down the doors and wake somebody up. I don't see where they could have such nerve to be asleep at 4 o'clock in the morning. Besides we weren't tired yet. We did find something open, though. Right in front of the main store stood a guaranteed, no spring, honest weight scale. We were undecided whether to invest in the scale business or not, so we held a conference. It was finally decided that we could afford to splurge a cent, and I was elected to be the one to stand on the scale. I was the heaviest and we wanted to get

Radio Rambling

MAGIC KEY.—If you're one of those boys or girls who believes Sunday mornings are made for slumber, then this is a program you ought to tune in upon waking. RCA brings you the best in daytime entertainment.

BING CROSBY.—An easy going program with Bing kidding his way along in effortless song and conversation. BOB BURNS keeps the drawl alive.

RUDY VALLEE.—If you've bottles of beer open over night, then you know what we mean when we say that this boy is flat.

ORSON WELLES.—Does wonders with story material. Producer, narrator and actor, he is in a class all by himself.

FORD SYMPHONY HOUR.—For the Sunday night stay-at-home bunch who tote on the classics. Sour note is a Mr. CAMERON.

TOWN HALL.—Nothing phases this Fred Allen guy. Ad-libs supply the healthy laughs that the performers and studio audience cannot suppress.

BOB HOPE.—This is basically a gag show. They come fast and furious. The nifties are fresh.

ROBERT BENCHLEY.—This mad comedian tells 'em as he writes 'em, with a slightly literary flavor. ARTIE SHAW

rocks and rolls 'em—sometimes it seems as if the studio audience is in the aisles swingin'.

THE CIRCLE.—One of the stupidest talkfests boring those who haven't the energy to tune in something else. Well, maybe TIBBETS' masculine singing does help it stay on.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY.—This little guy is like the wooden beam that supports a structure. We wonder how the others feel when they draw their weekly pay checks?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY STETLLA

Those of us who have as yet failed to congratulate Stella Petkunas on her 21st birthday, which fell on Tuesday, June 6th, take this opportunity of doing so now.

Stella has been ill for the past seven months, and is at present in the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, 5601 N. Pulaski Rd.

She is well known to all patrons of the Auditorium Restaurant, where she worked for some time before being stricken with tuberculosis.

We all wish her a speedy recovery and many happier birthdays.

CARLOS Petrus writes in suggesting we have our own "Wake of the News." So if you readers have anything of interest, pass it on to Phoolosophy, please.

BIG CITY SITES

An old woman, somebody's mother, eating with relish a half-spoiled tomato she had picked up from the alley refuse pail. Possibly her only son and her husband died in the world war. For some reason she has been refused relief, thus her garbage can tactics. Then again, it would not be surprising to know that she has thousands of dollars hidden in her shabby mattress. Cash will be found upon her death.

Sign on Halsted Street bakery: "Eat Our Bread for 99 years and you will have lived a lengthy life."

Two drunks shouting at each other, both insisting that Jack Dempsey is their brother.

Sign in a 63rd Street dairy: All we have we owe to udders.

AS an act of friendship, Mr. Roosevelt should show King George how to do a fireside chat.

IN a single century the American people took out two million patents. Among the inventors was Jimmy Durante, the comedian, who has registered his "shnozola" as a trade mark. John Jacob Astor patented the street-sweeper. Jack Johnstone, the pugilist, patented a monkey wrench. Rubinoff patented a collapsible violin. The patent for a dog biscuit in the shape of a bone has been very profitable. Socrates Scofield obtained a patent on proof of the existence of God. The number is 1087186 in case you pass near the library tomorrow and want to look it up. A doctor patented a tape-worm trap. Most interesting rat-trap patent is one in which the trap fastens a bell about the rat's neck and then frees him so that he can scamper off and scare other rodents away. Back in 1895 one H. L. Simmons patented a means of preventing train wrecks. If two trains met on the same track one would just ride over the other's back and both would go on their way's presumably rejoicing. Farmer's children can practice milking on an artificial udder patented in 1909—while Dad can wear a mask that will keep bossy's tail from whacking him in the face. A plov that can be converted into a cannon in case Indians attacked. Still another device shoots bullets of ice into the soil beside the plant. The ice melts and waters the plant. Another invention is for a device worn by hens. It marks each egg as laid and tells which hens do their duty, and designates the slackers in the farmer's outfit. Want a slick shave? There's a patent on an emery wheel razor. Are you bald? Take your choice between a hair planting machine or a hair restorer that contains gun powder to open the pores.

AT last Sunday's LDS picnic, I noticed a black snake near Stel-

our money's worth. I stood on the scale and nonchalantly dropped in the penny, and we all stood there waiting expectantly.

IV.

Curses! What was this? The indicator refused to budge. We were ruined! A whole penny lost and nothing gained. Not until then did we realize to what extent these fascist plotters go to exploit us poor folks.

Thoroughly disgusted, dejected, and disappointed with the town, we left without the bacon and eggs, and one cent poorer. On the way back to camp we crossed three bridges—the hard way,—and followed the railroad tracks in hopes of finding something to keep the campfire burning. We found a couple of logs which we borrowed with the intent of returning them after we got through, and a few pieces of coal. It seemed like the tracks were a bit straighter on the way back, but of course the "V. D." didn't have anything to do with it.

Back in camp we found Snorky snor—king away while the fire was toasting his shoes a nice

warm brown. We dropped the logs on top of him for his convenience thinking perhaps he could saw them in half, too. We asked him if he had any bites while we were gone and he mumbled something like "Yeah, the mosquitos are terrible." (Maybe I should take up golf.)

For a change we thought we'd fish and all we caught were the little ones. They probably didn't know better. All that morning we only caught five fish that would fit on the stringer. To top it all off, at a picnic across the river an orchestra started to play "The Three Little Fishies." That was the last straw,—we gave the fish away, finished our lunch, packed up and left.

If any of you readers got this far you should be thoroughly seasick by now.

V.

To you I recommend a reputable physician, and to myself I recommend a good psychiatrist. Moral of the story—Don't ever go fishing overnight if you haven't got a flashlight.

—"COLES LAW"

LDS Drive Prizes

There will be five prizes awarded to those who enroll most new members during the drive. These prizes will go to the individual registered drive workers who will have to qualify for each prize by enrolling the required minimum.

- 1st Prize (minimum 100 new members) \$100.00
- 2nd Prize (minimum 75 new members) \$75.00
- 3rd Prize (minimum 50 new members) \$50.00
- 4th Prize (minimum 35 new members) \$35.00
- 5th Prize (minimum 25 new members) \$25.00

Besides these prizes, there will be a drive bonus given to each organizer who qualifies but does not win one of the above five prizes. The bonuses are as follows:

1. Each drive worker who enrolls 20 or more new members but does not win one of the five prizes shall receive \$10.00 as a bonus.
2. Each drive worker who enrolls 10 or more new members but does not win one of the five prizes shall receive \$5.00 as a bonus.

The commissions and bonuses which were in effect at the time of the announcement of the drive will be in effect during the membership drive. Each drive worker will be sent a copy of the "Commission sheet" as soon as he registers.

MONARCH'S MOONLITE SOCIAL-SNIPE HUNT PLANNED

Bang! Bang! Bang! "The monthly meeting of the Monarch Branch is now opened and will come to order." With this statement our president, Joe Stuglis, opened the meeting of June 5th. Since our secretary, Lil Puihis, was unable to attend this meeting a volunteer kindly accepted—Anita Paige. On to further details—Bill Rasins, financial secretary, gave his report and it seems that all the members are safe where dues are concerned. Discussions rolled forth on various topics and so the evening passed.

ATTENTION:

One important plan that we made final is the Monarch's June Social. The idea was applauded and praised by everyone, so I'm sure other LDSers will highly approve it as a novelty idea. Our social is a MOONLITE-PICNIC. We are including in this picnic an exciting-adventurous—romantic—thrilling and most of all—daring snipe hunt! In your face there shows a sign of puzzled surprise. "But," you continue, "what is a snipe hunt?" Well, I don't want to spoil your fun when you go looking for them so I'll just give you a few hints: First, you must bring any old large white cloth in which you will catch the snipe. Second, take a stick with you to protect yourself from the wilderness. Oh, yes—don't forget the flashlight to be used for finding these unusually beautiful creatures. Since I can't think of any other equipment, concentrate on the above mentioned. Gosh, it certainly will be thrilling to come back with a gloriously colored and scented snipe. Bring all your friends and foes down to our Moonlight Picnic to see your prize with their very eyes. The proper weather and most suitable living conditions for the animals are found in Spaitis Grove where the picnic and hunt takes place. The result of a recent survey showed a 35% increase in birth-rate of these snipes and a 15% decrease in death rate. That gives us a still better chance of finding them. June was the month when they come out of their homes to look at the damp world and to find food. So the date set aside is June 24. The late hours of the evening are also better for us to search for them since the snipes cannot see in the dark. Time is 8:00 p.m. Say, I forgot to mention that there is no admission required and that Spaitis Grove is located right across the street from Oh Henry. Won't it be exciting to see and hunt for snipes! Remember! If you want to enjoy an evening with all of your friends and see the most exquisite creature of Chicago, come to the Monarch's Moonlite Picnic on June 24 without fail!

Last week the boys' baseball team played a nine inning game with the same neighborhood team that they played a few weeks ago, and again they lost. This time the score was 17-12.

But as a person watches the game it is easy to see the improvement of our players, both in hitting and fielding. Did you notice the workout Pal Shimkus received from the opposite team? And by cracky—he ran faster and was peppier than most of the fellows of either team. Four home runs were made by our team even though we lost. "Practice makes perfect" is the old reliable saying, and it is proving true with both girls' and boys' teams. The girls' team has changed its practice day to Thursday. Place: 71st and California Ave.—time—7 sharp. Girls! Sunday, the 11, we play a game with the Redwing girls at the Vilnis picnic to be held at Oaks Grove. The time is 12:30. Please come out.

TID-BITS

We Monarchs are very proud of one of our finest, hardest working members now in Brooklyn working in the LDS National Office. She is that jolly, "sunny smile" lady, Frances Seselj. We were sorry to see her leave but we wish her the best of luck and success. Until Sunday at Vilnis Picnic, adios, —DUTEE.

Sparks Ten Scores Twin-Bill Win

REDWINGS AND RED ROSE INITIAL VICTIMS OF SPARKS

The Powerful Sparks softball team held the spectators spell-bound Sunday at the Redwing Picnic as they went on to win two games.

Playing amazing baseball the Sparks beat the Redwings, 11 to 7 in the first game and then bouncing back again beat the powerful Cicero team, the Red Rose, 5 to 4.

The Sparks had little trouble beating the Redwings in the first game. Grabbing off the lead at the start the Sparks more or less cruised through the rest of the game.

The second game which was played with the Cicero Red Rose saw the Sparks trailing the Red Roses at the start of the game but not for long. The Sparks bounced back fast and John Peters dealt the final blow when he hit a home run with a man on to take over the lead. This lead was sufficient enough to lead the Sparks to victory over the Red Rose, 5 to 4.

Al (Paps) Povelonis, ace hurler was credited with both victories.

LAWRENCE RUBEN, Sparks Reporter.

(Editor's Note: What Sparkette bet what Redwinger a buck that the Sparks will shellac the Redwingers at the Vilnis Picnic? You better win, Sparks.)

Mildred Plays Ball

The intricacies of American politics were being discussed with wrinkled brows when all of a sudden a dreadful pounding and banging were heard. The door flew open and in walked a pair of crutches supported by the unsteady, yet bravely manipulating Mildred Savukas with her usual wide and impish smile.

"Mildred!" we muttered weakly. We thought she was vacationing.

"It was playing ball," she said, puffing a little.

"Playing ball..." we echoed. "I'm a good outfielder," she stated emphatically.

"We nodded. "A good outfielder."

"And I went for a high fly in the right field. And it seems great minds run in the same channel. So three of us went for the ball."

We hastened to draw a chair. "And one of them weighed 195 in his stocking feet and the other was a football player who bent iron bars with his teeth for fun. So after I sat there for a while I thought it was time to get up and I couldn't."

She adjusted herself carefully and fondled the crutches gently. "Aren't they snappy?" We glanced at the carved hearts with the copids arrow running through and blushed.

"Was there time for study," we asked softly for fear of spoiling the mood.

She caught herself and became serious.

"Oh, yes. I'm learning so much." The fingers clung to the hearts.

"It was swell," she sighed. "They brought me my meals in bed. And made such a fuss over me. They thought I broke my foot, but it's only a sprained ligament."

"Oh, Mildred, you must take better care of yourself. After all, we want you to come back to Vilnis like you left it," we protested firmly at the same time observing the swollen, bandaged foot encased in a bed-room slipper.

"Oh, I'll be back soon," she said nonchalantly, and rose to go. "I'm going to have my hair done. It looks frightful, doesn't it?"

We were confused, but helped her on her way.

"I wonder how long it would take for an arm sprain to heal," she muttered to herself as she gently caressed the pierced hearts with "B. R. to M. S."

Police as Don Quixotes to Joust with Parkers

BUFFALO, N. Y. — Buffalo's motorcycle police will sally forth like jousting knights hereafter, armed with chalk-tipped lances wherewith to tilt at automobiles parked overtime.

"The chalk-tipped pole will enable him to reach out to auto tires without leaving the saddle of his motorcycle," said Glenn H. McClellan, Police Commissioner. The marks left by the Don Quixotes will identify cars parked overtime, Mr. McClellan explained.

Democratic Judge Win

A strong New Deal trend was indicated at Chicago polls this week as the Democratic judicial coalition swept aside strong Tory Republican opposition to roll up a margin of 200,000 in the Cook County election of judges for the Circuit and Superior Courts.

The Democratic slate had an indicated edge of two to one. Returns for 3,830 precincts out of 4,376:

DEMOCRATIC—364,768.
REPUBLICAN—153,525.
SPLIT TICKETS—124,696.
The combined Republican and split ticket vote did not equal the total Democratic polling.

HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME TIME L. K. M. CHORUS

It was a long time since we've seen ye all. A vacation was had by all, and there was no rehearsal. We can't say that you didn't anticipate that.

What could have brought the Raisins family out to Hollywood Inn, Friday? Others were out there but we better not say who.

The "Shurum-Burumites" had a little outing last Sunday at the forest preserves. Sh! Don't tell anyone but they were celebrating Butch's and Tommy's birthday. Who's Tommy? Confidentially it's a fellow that's sweet on Alice White.

After loading up almost half of Brighton Park "Butch" thought his "lizzie" couldn't haul the load to the Forest Preserves, so we switched to "Butch's" brother's "Suzie", took a short cut via Lemont and arrived an hour late. Next time Helen White will have breakfast at home before she starts out picnicing. Anne, Toni, and Helen were the polka dot musketeers.

Who should be "scooter-pumping" by if not "Neplurk Louie" and Toni Banis. 'Tis a small world after all. Louie, what was the idea of the safety pin collection? Alice can scooter-pump too, "Yedga-boat".

Did you ever hear of anyone going snipe-huntin'-well the "burumites" did.

Much to their regret they found the grounds of the forest preserves loaded with dead locust.

The Redwings are scouting around for a third baseman. What say, Butch, you signing up. "Neplurk Louie" or your bro, Ed? Louie can bend down for the ball keeping his knees straight while Eddie can fly up for it or take a dive for one. Talk about diving- too bad there wasn't a pool close by. Only a pump to fetch water.

Everyone had a whale of a time tossing bucketfuls of water at each other.

THINGS AND THINGS

Helen Copinsky failed to show up at rehearsal—she said she had a "date" with her dentist—must be a very interesting person, Helen.

Our director and his charming wife, Agnes, arrived late Tuesday—that "Dusenberg" must be giving some trouble. By the by, Congrats to both of you.

With such nice warm weather now, many of the members are coming in very, very late. Jack Gordon tried to get everyone together by using a rubber band. We think your method of attack is very weak, Jack. You need more than that.

Seen but not heard... Francis Mattley and Helen ("Cioicou") Armon and they were really going to town.

After rehearsal, the chorus saw

some pictures that were taken during the performance of "Student Prince". And what an assortment of comments the members made; the pictures really brought back memories, although it was just a short time ago.

Don't forget that the members must participate in a program at the Vilnis picnic. So let's all be there.

For those who don't have any means of transportation, busses are leaving from the Vilnis office at 31st and Halsted and from the Hollywood Inn at about 11:00.

Please attend the very important meeting today, Friday, to be held at Hollywood Inn at 7:00 p.m. This is a very important meeting, so let's all show up. F & W

Seen and Heard

Isabell ignoring the crowd—what's the matter, Izzy—too good for us?

The "Big Four" coming to the picnic, tired and bleary-eyed. No, it wasn't a hangover—they were out fishing all night?????

"Seems to me something must be radically wrong with the girls now-a-days quit the Phoolosophers." "Girls aren't afraid of snakes anymore." Wonder if he meant real snakes

The "Milkmaid" ordering the same drink that Stan had—must have been good, yea?

Why doesn't "Blondie" get wise to himself and let someone play ball that knows how and will give his all? We hear he's a good pitcher, too.

Wonder what this younger generation is coming to—drinking milk—and of ALL places—at a Redwing Picnic. Teh. Teh. A brown-haired, brown-eyed, very likeable lass with a grim determination to master baseball—I knew you'd guess it—it's none other than our Little Nell. More Power to you, Pal!

"Must be the butcher in him—he's always hanging around hams." (Not casting any slurs, of course)

...and he's so nice. Always a perfect gentleman; such a good sport, too. The more you see of him the better you like him." Don't you wish you knew who she was, Sully?

Not mentioning names, but the sun did take a lot of punishment from a certain Redwing member of the fair sex—how about it, J. G.?

I'm sorry folks, but fish stories always did fascinate me. Seems that it was such a nice day, Sunday, Jessie and France went fishing. Anyway, I believed them.

—THE THIRD LITTLE FISHER

VILNIS PICNIC

Sunday, June 11th, 1939

10:00 A. M.

— A T —

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