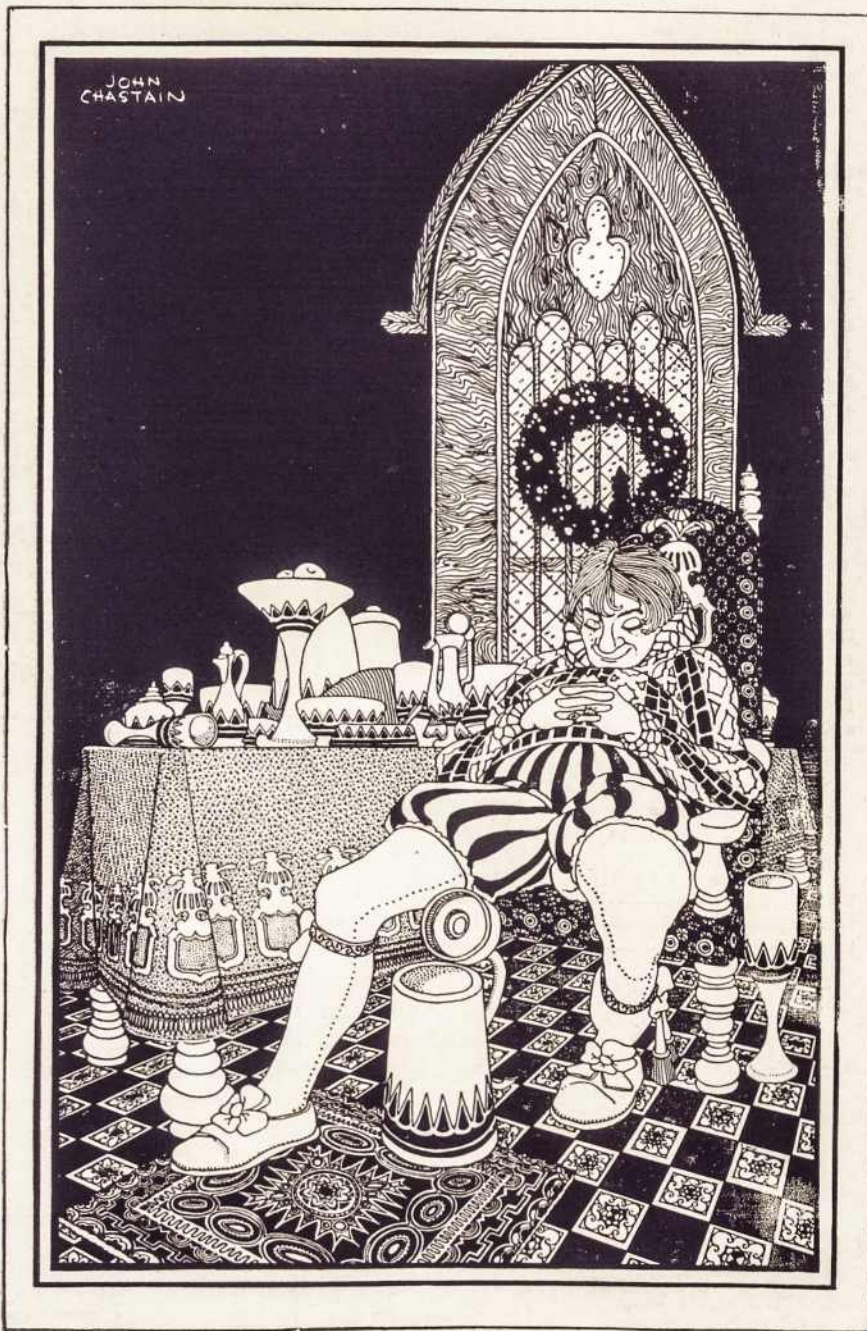


VYTIŠ



Kilbasų, Kopūstų, Kugelio be galo,
Bulvių, Tomačių, viskas ant stalo;
Daug daugiau yra — gaila nes,
Su rytojumi adventas prasidės.

Red Frown Gasoline

More Pickups

You've seen the signs, six gals for a dollar. Red Frown offers seven gals for a dollar. Just one gal ahead of the other companies. Go down any hill, step on Red Frown gas and watch the speedometer register that increase mileage. No carbon knocks with Red Frown if you use another brand of gas. Use seven gals and if you're not satisfied completely, return the gas and we'll gladly refund your money. No other company, has made such a revolutionary offer.

It took us years before we discovered Red Frown. We tried every standard brand of gas, picked out the cheapest, changed the name to Red Frown, and presto!, the automobile world is startled with this astounding find. Whenever you see a stalled car on the road — you just know it used Red Frown Gas. Get in the line, be a Red Frowner.

V Y T I S — The Knight

— Published monthly by —
Knights of Lithuania

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JUOKELIAI — GERIAUSI VAISTAI

Gudresnis.

— Na, Jurgi, nustok ginčijęsis. Žinok, kad gudresnis visados nusileidžia.

— Taip, aš žinau, žinau, bet Petras nenori tikėt, kad aš gudresnis.

Negeras...

— Pone, jūsų pinigais negeras, aš negaliu jo priimti.

— Jūsų pietūs buvo dar blogesni, o aš juos vis dėl to priėmiau.

Gera Priežastis Verkti

— Vaikeli, ko tu verki? — klausė moteris verkiantį vaiką.

— Kad tėvas pavadino motiną kalakute.

— Na, tai kas čia blogo?

— O motina pavadino tėvą asilu.

— Juk ir tame nieko blogo nėra.

— Taip? Tai kas gi pagaliau aš esu?...

Independence

“I thought you had a date with her tonight.”

“Yes, but when I saw her leave her house a quarter to eight with someone else, I got sore and called it off.”

“I don't know how to fill out this question.”

“What is it?”

“It says, ‘Who was your mother before she was married?’ and I didn't have any mother before she was married.”

Sure Cure

Anxious Visitor: “Do you really think you can make me well, doctor?”

Medical Man: “Without a doubt. Your case is just my specialty. I've treated a patient for over twenty years who has exactly the same ailments.”

THANKSGIVING DAY Albert T. Reid

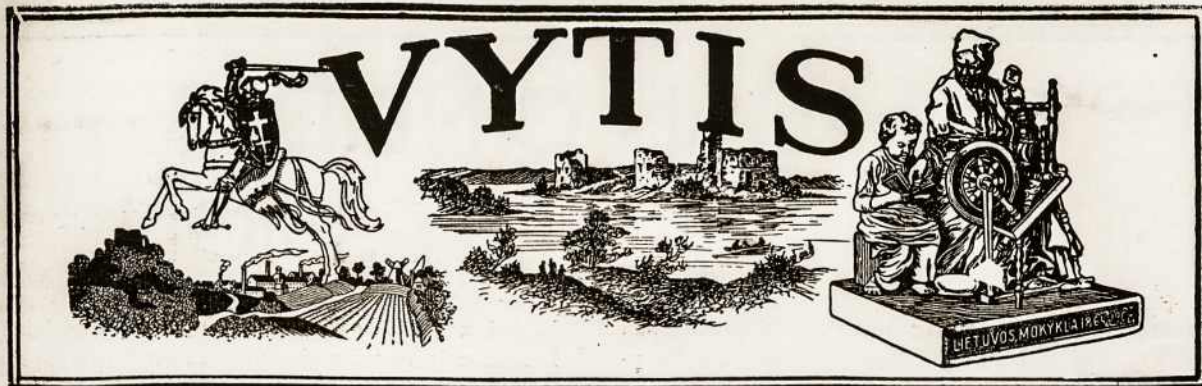
| NOVEMBER | | | | | | |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI | SAT |
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| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | |



Something To Be Thankful For

News Item: Christmas Seals go on sale Thanksgiving Day to fight tuberculosis.

Albert T. Reid



AMERIKOS LIETUVIŲ JAUNIMO ŽURNALAS

METAI XV.

NOVEMBER 15, 1933

NO. 15, (355)

KALAKUTAI, KILBASOS ir KAIMYNAS

Ne ant vieno stalo ramiai riogsos riebiai prikimštas kalakutas arba nusipenėjusi žąsis gardžiai obuoliais „pasmožinta“, švenčiant padėkavonės dieną. Kitas, popiety smagiai raizysis išsitiesęs ant minkštos lovos sapnuodamas apie kiškius, paršiukus, stalą apkrautą dešromis, kopūstais, kugeliu, pyragais, bei kitokiais gardumynais, kurie toje pačioje valandoje jo pilve krės šposus. Trečias sočiai pavalgęs susiradęs mylimą kampelį savo šiltuose namuose atsikolęs minkščiausioje kėdėje, užsikūres savo pypkę smagiai trauks ir pūs dūmus vartydamas laikraščio ar knygos lapus, o gal atsidaręs „radio“ klausys malonių muzikose balsų. Nevienas dar nesulaukęs tos dienos, ją pergyvena savo svajonėse ir gryždamas iš darbo smalsiai žiūri į krautuvių langus prikrautus įvairių paukščių tikėdamas, kad jo gaspačinė pargabens juos ant jo stalo ketvirtadienio pietums.

Leisdami tas svajones, ir pergyvendami tas dienas ar randasi nors vienas iš mūsų kuris pamąstytų apie savo kaimyną, kurio lentynos jau keletą metų kaip užlaikė nors sudžiūvusį kumpį. Ant jo stalo daugiau nieko nesimato kaip tik skysta sriuba, kurioje mirkosi keletą šmotų sudžiūvusios duonos, o ant kitos lėkštės guli išblyškęs kaulo gabalas apaugęs apdžiūvusia mėsa. Jo muzika, tai jo vaikelių graudus aimanavimas prašantis daugiau valgio. Jo vienintėlė šilta vieta visame name — kuomet visi susispaudžia savo aplūžusioje lovoje.

Gal tas tavo kaimynas gyvena šale tavo namelių, o jei ne ten tai kur nors surasi vienur iš jų tik pasiteirauk. Jei ir nedaug teturi ir tuomi dalinkis su savo kaimynu, o turėsi begalinio džiaugsmo ir jausies išpildęs antrąjį Dievo įsakymą — meilę artymo.

THE COMMUNITY FUND

People do not deride living conditions now as noisely as they did a year ago. They have accustomed themselves to living at a lower plane, doing without many of the luxuries which they previously considered necessities. Many of them feel the Lord is being exceptionally severe because the finance company has taken away the new automobile. A glance in the direction of the railroad tracks will convince such persons that their plight is far from pitiful — that they have an innumerable number of things to be thankful for.

Poor families continue to live under the worst conditions imaginable. The father is unemployed, the mother is ill from overwork; and the children, unfortunate little tots, sit huddled next the tiny stove. A cold winter wind keeps rushing in through the broken windows. As to their next meal, that is a question of luck. If their more fortunate neighbors have thrown something eatable into the refuse can a meal is assured, otherwise they starve and wait. These are some of the people you are asked to aid.

Each of us is selfish and we have to learn how to give to others. Organized charities, free from politics, exist throughout the country and solicit your contributions. They cannot carry on their humane work if you fail to give that dollar, or that dime. Hospitals, orphanages, homes for the blind, clinics, and homes for the disabled, all seek your support. You know you would not hesitate to contribute if you saw these people with your very eyes: yet you know they exist, that they are a reality — so give!

K o f L C E N T E R D A N C E

at ST. AGNES CHURCH HALL, Chicago.

Saturday, February 3rd, 1934

Tickets — yes

Orchestra — yes



CHAPLAIN O'NEIL'S CONFESSION



NE spring morning when the sun stood well above the horizon, Chaplain Andrew O'Neil opened the door of the Officers' Club, the club he called home, and stepped onto the porch. He stood there a moment or two breathing the pure morning air, glancing this way and that — at the gray stucco wards of this army hospital post where he was stationed

as chaplain, at the golf course opposite the Officers' Club, at the white arch over the entrance gate where two khaki-clad soldiers stood talking. All the while he absent-mindedly tapped his lower lip and blinked his eyes rapidly. He invariably did this when a problem troubled him.

Chaplain O'Neil stood on the porch wrapped in thought, was not what is popularly called "a heroic figure". He was small, slender, and although still under forty his shoulders drooped, the result of much boring over books since childhood. His uniform hung loosely on his body his Sam Browne belt hit him only here and there. His leather puttees bulged outward from his thin calves. Even his captain's bars, loosely pinned on the shoulders of his uniform, seemed about to fall off. He had on the surface, at least, none of that snap and vigor which an army officer, even an army chaplain, usually has. In fact, he seemed a bit out of place in a uniform. That is, unless one chanced to study his face.

His face proclaimed the soldier. It was pale, thin, narrow-lipped, firm-chinned, ascetic in its sharpness. His brown eyes glinted so brightly behind his thick glasses that they seemed lighted by an inner fire. So after all Chaplain O'Neil was really what he appeared to be—a soldier—a soldier of God first and of country next. And the problem that now puzzled him, that made him tap his lip absent-mindedly, was a problem in which his Commanding Officer played a leading part. In other words, the chaplain wondered how he could persuade a certain soul to acknowledge its relationship with God.

He was still thinking about this problem as he stepped off the porch and walked slowly down the company street to the receiving ward of the army's hospital. There he turned to his right, entered a low, rambling building and made his way along a rubber-carpeted runway to an office door lettered "Attending Surgeon". He tapped lightly on the door, opened it and walked into a white-walled office.

Colonel Thomas Weaver, gray-haired, khaki-clad between fifty and sixty, leaned back in a swivel chair

behind a table and glanced up at Chaplain O'Neil. Immediately he relaxed, as most men did in the chaplain's presence, and while his ruddy face remained stern yet it grew noticeably kinder. "Good morning, chaplain" he said cordially. The chaplain bowed. He seemed slightly embarrassed, as he usually did in the presence of ranking army officers. "Good morning, Colonel," he replied.

"I suppose you've come about Conley."

"Yes, Colonel. How is he this morning?"

Colonel Weaver lighted a cigarette and tossed the match in an ash tray on the table in front of him. "Frankly, chaplain," he said, inhaling his cigarette. "He's rotten. And I don't think it's entirely my fault. I can mend his body and I've tried to do that, but I can't do much for his brain."

"He seems worried?"

"He is worried. It's nothing I can put my finger on, you understand. I don't know what's causing it. I do know, however that it's keeping his fever up. He's restless. Nothing pleases him. As a result, he's slipping. A week more of this mental disturbance and I'm afraid..." He jammed his cigarette on the ash tray and leaned forward. "Know what I think, chaplain?" he asked.

Chaplain O'Neil's large eyes blinked rapidly. "No, Colonel," he replied quickly. "What?"

"Well, I have a hunch, only a hunch, you understand, that Conley feels we're all down on him. He's sore at us, at the army, at the whole world. He seems to think that an army private doesn't amount to a — a continental. Shame, too, because he's a good soldier and in line for a promotion to corporal. Now if we could convince him that after all we're fairly decent human beings, interested in his welfare and —". He picked up a sheaf of papers off his table and held them in his right hand. "Chaplain," he continued, "I'm afraid I've done all I can do for Conley. It's your turn now. He seems antagonistic toward everyone and everything — even toward his religion. Rather unusual for an Irish boy to act like that. But sickness does queer things to all of us. You go up and talk to him. Tell the ward nurse I said you were to go in. Good luck."

Chaplain O'Neil hesitated momentarily. He seemed lost in thought. Then suddenly rousing himself, he saluted awkwardly. "I'll go right up, Colonel," he said hurriedly. "I'll report to you later." He quickly pulled open the door and disappeared.

Colonel Weaver rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Up in the clouds, as usual," he mused, "But", he added, lighting another cigarette, "I guess after all that's a good tactical position for a fine priest."

Private Patsy Conley, small black-haired, wiry, a product of city streets, lay in bed in his room in Ward Lower West. Now and then he turned his head and glancing through his window he sighed. His thin face grew wistful. He seemed worried. But the moment a step sounded outside his door his face became transformed. It was no longer wistful but sullen, tense, strained. His lower jaw protruded defensively. His black eyes narrowed. In other words, he donned a mask which often in the past had helped him to hide his real emotions. But now, although he did not know it yet, the time had come when his mask would not help him. He was about to deal with a man to whom masks were as transparent as window panes.

A light tap sounded on Patsy Conley's door. The private stuck out his jaw. "Yeah," he growled. "Come in!"

Chaplain O'Neil walked slowly into the room and closing the door behind, stood against it. He seemed waiting for an invitation to stay. The soldier lying in bed bristled like a startled dog as he stared at the chaplain. "Oh," he said, clearing his throat — "Good mornin'."

If Chaplain O'Neil detected the note of antagonism in Private Conley's voice he gave no outward evidence of that fact. His face was as grave, and as kind as usual as he stepped to the side of the bed. "How goes it this morning, Conley?" he asked quietly. Conley, his eyes snapping, turned his head. "O. K.," he replied. "Getting everything you want?"

"Yep."

"Wound hurting much?"

"Nope."

The chaplain smiled. "Im glad to hear that", he said, breathing a sigh of relief. "I've been a little worried about you."

Conley, for the first time, seemed to grow less tense. "You been — what?" he asked slowly.

Chaplain O'Neil pulled up a chair and sat down beside Conley's bed. "I've been a little worried about you" he repeated.

"Yeah?" retorted Conley a slight sneer in his voice. "I didn't know anybody worried about a guy in this man's army. I thought a guy in the army was only a-a lousy bum-a."

He stopped and turning his head stared out of the window.

But the chaplain seemed neither to hear nor to see the boy in the bed beside him. A smile crept over his face and his eyes blinked behind his thick glasses. He appeared to be enjoying some pleasant emotional experience. "It's certainly a fine morning," he said.

"Yeah?"

"Yes. Warm. Like summer. For the life of me I can't figure out why I did it, but all the way down

here I kept thinking about the town I used to live in. Funny. I guess it was because I always enjoyed spring so much back there?"

"Back there?"

"Yes. I was born and raised near Boston."

"You were?"

"Yes. In a shoe town."

"A shoe town? Why...."

Chaplain O'Neil pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket and held them out to Conley, who took one, struck a match and held it toward the chaplain. The chaplain lighted his cigarette and thanked the private who in turn lighted his own and dropped the match in an ash tray on his bedside stand. "I guess I must have been about fifteen when I first went to work in a shoe factory", continued Chaplain O'Neil, making a rather wry face as he awkwardly puffed his cigarette. "I know it was in the month of April. My father died very suddenly and, I wanted to help out."

Private Conley's tense muscles relaxed slightly. "You — worked in a shoe shop?" he asked.

"Yes. I got six dollars a week when I started and felt like a millionaire."

"Huh. I thought all army officers —"

"I walked to work each morning, carrying my dinner pail in my right hand, and feeling like a king. I know my chest must have stuck out a mile. Was I proud."

"What — what room did you work in?"

"The gang room."

"Huh. That's funny."

"My first job was pushing racks for the lasters."

"Pushin' racks!"

"Yes. A few months after I started I got a better job, though — sorting out the shoes for the bottom fillers. I got seven fifty a week on that job. The first day I took that seven-fifty home — well, you know how I felt." Chaplain O'Neil chuckled softly. A happy smile shone on his thin face. And Patsy Conley staring at that kind, thin, smiling face, felt a strange emotion stirring in his own breast. He seemed to hear the familiar whirl of shoe machines — the high pitched jazz of the welt beating machine, the steady roar of the rough-rounder, the deep chuh-chug of the sole-layer. He seemed, too, to hear the shrill factory whistle, calling him to work at seven in the morning and sending him home at five in the evening. He even thought he smelled the pungent odor of tanned leather, an odor which he had known all during childhood and early manhood. He felt more at home than he had felt since he had enlisted in the army. At last he had met a man who understood him, who spoke his language, a man who had actually worked in a shoe shop! He raised himself slightly and leaning on one elbow gazed at Chaplain O'Neil.

"It's kind of funny, Father," he said, a new note of warmth in his voice, "You telling' me all that. I used to work in a shoe shop myself."

"You did?"



CHAPLAIN O'NEIL'S CONFESSION



--Continued--

"Sure. Near Boston, too. I came from back there. I even pushed racks in the gang room. My first job."

The chaplain laughed. "Then we both know something about shoes," he said.

"I'll tell the world", replied Patsy.

But Chaplain O'Neil, like a good soldier, never stopped until he reached his objective. The lull in operations was only a breathing space. Now he marched forward once more.

"I don't think I was ever more contented than I was in those days," he went on reminiscently, "and yet something kept urging me to leave the factory."

"Yuh?"

"Yes. I — well, you see, I had always wanted to be a priest since the first morning I served as altar boy. I didn't see just how I could manage to go through school and fit myself to become a priest but I took the plunge."

"Huh. That's queer."

"What?"

"Why, your saying that. I left the shop because I wanted to be a soldier. Not just a private always. A guy has to start at the bottom. But I thought I could work up."

"Well, you can."

"You think so?"

"I know so. Will you keep it quiet if I tell you a secret?"

"Well, Colonel Weaver told me you were a good soldier — one of the best on the post."

Patsy Conley's eyes sparkled. "He said that!"

"And more. He said you were in line for a promotion from private first class to corporal."

"Corporal!"

"Yes. And that's only a start. You can keep on going up. Study. Take your exams. Work hard and you'll get along. You're being watched, you see."

Private Conley leaned back and shifted the pillow beneath his head. A faint flush of shame stole over his pale face. "I guess — I guess I been thinkin' the wrong kind of stuff," he stammered. "I kind o' thought nobody knew what a guy in the army was doin'. I didn't think anybody cared."

Chaplain O'Neil smiled.

"Sometimes I used to think the same thing when I was studying for the priesthood" he said, "but I soon learned my mistake. My experience has been that if we merit advancement, in the army, the priesthood, or anywhere else, we usually get it."

"You think that?"

"Yes, I do. Of course, I think something else helps, too."

"What?"

"Well, prayer. I mean the right kind of prayer."

The chaplain hesitated. He seemed undecided whether to go on or not. Then he leaned closer to Patsy Conley. "I guess we all get discouraged at times" he said softly, as if he were talking more to himself than to the soldier in the bed beside him. "I remember once when I was at the crossroads. Everything seemed to be going wrong. I was broke, sick and discouraged."

Patsy's face grew grave — and sympathetic.

"I guess I know how you felt," he said in a low voice.

"I guess you do. I'll never forget that terrible week. Everything looked pretty black. I didn't know which way to turn. My money was gone, my ambition was almost gone. I guess, and the road ahead looked pretty long and rough."

"I know, Father."

"Yes. Saturday of that week came. A cold dark rainy fall day. You know the kind of day I mean. Along about four o'clock, I went to confession.

"I knelt down to say my penance. I don't know how long I stayed. I lost track of time. When I looked up the church was empty, that is, almost empty. But lucky for me not quite. Father Kelly, our pastor, was standing beside the end of my pew, looking down at me. He came in and knelt down beside me. He asked me what was worrying me. I told him. I'll never forget the smile that came over the old priest's face. I felt that suddenly a light had been turned on in his soul. He patted me on the shoulder and said to me, and I'll never forget his words:

"My boy, God has a way of working things out for us if we only give Him a chance. Go home now. Maybe I can help you. Say a prayer for me tonight."

Patsy Conley turned his head away and bit his lower lip. He seemed to speak with an effort.

"And he... Father Kelly..."

Chaplain O'Neil nodded.

"The very next day", he said "he sent for me to come to see him. He gave me a lift. I didn't have to leave school. When I got home that afternoon, Sunday afternoon, just before supper, I remember my mother met me at the door. She knew without my telling her that everything was all right. She had a way of knowing those things."

"I get you, Father. My mother was like that too. You never had to tell her anything. When I came home after goin' to confession she could always tell where I'd been. I never had to say a word. I guess maybe she could tell just by lookin' at my face. I've been kind of careless about — about — confession lately."

Private Patsy Conley, twenty-one, homesick but happy, again bit his lip, but this time he could not control his emotion. His mask fell off his last line of defense crashed. He had surrendered.

Chaplain O'Neil, like a good soldier, could always judge his position accurately. He knew that he had attained his objective. He understood perfectly that he had routed the forces that temporarily had estranged Patsy Conley from God and man. Therefore, the chaplain tip-toed to the door and opened it. He stood there a moment, glancing back over his shoulder. He saw a youthful soldier's face buried in a pillow. His own lips moved silently as he softly closed the door and left Patsy Conley alone.

About a week later, as Chaplain O'Neil hurried absent-mindedly along the runaway leading to Ward Lower West, Colonel Weaver gripped his arm. "Wait a minute, wait a minute", he said.

He placed his hands behind his back and planting his feet well apart grinned down at the little chaplain.

"Well, I see you've pulled Conley out of his slump", he went on. "Would you mind telling me how you did it — after all the rest of us had failed?"

Chaplain O'Neil's face reddened. "I really didn't do anything, Colonel" he explained embarrassedly, "You

did all that was done. I simply looked up his service record, learned a few things about him and found out that we had something in common. But I do think he'll be all right now." He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "I — I must be running along, if you'll excuse me, Colonel", he stammered. "I promised Conley I'd play a game of checkers with him this morning. I'm afraid I'm a bit late. Excuse me, excuse me, Colonel."

He hurried up the runaway leading to Ward Lower West and disappeared. Colonel Weaver, gazing after him, sighed. "And some people wonder how the Catholic Church holds her children," he mused, shaking his head. "The wonder to me is that she ever fails with men like that in the front line. Huh. Almost makes me wish I was a Catholic myself. An old army hound like me a Catholic. Lord! He was still shaking his head as he entered his office and closed the door behind him.

— N. N.

THE END

NE Į SAVO ROGES NESĖSK!

Svetimu niekuomet nebūsime pilnai patenkinti. Pasiskolin savo draugo automobilį. Jis, už tavo gal daug brangesnis, puikiau atrodo, lengviau važiuoja, bet bet sėdėdamas jame jauti kad kaž ko trūksta, nors užkaustas negali greit pasakyti, kas negera, tik žinai kad tavasis tau geriau patinka. Jis tau priprastas, jis išdirbtas pagal tavo būdo, tu jį supranti, jis tavo.

Pamatai ant svetimo žmogaus apsiaustą — kaip jis dailiai atrodo, lyg nulietas, priėjęs arčiau patėmysi, kad iš rinktinios brangios materijos padarytas ir garsių siuvėjų pasiūtas. O kad aš tokį turėčiau, sau pastebėsi. Užsivilk, ir kas — rūkšliuojasi, vienas petys nukrypęs, perilgas ir perliuosas ant tavęs kai maišas. Jis ne tavo kūnui padarytas. Tokia mada tau visai nepatinka.

Esi užkviestas pas kaimyną pietauti. Stalas apkrautas įvairiaisiais gėrimais, gardžiai kvepiančiais kepsniais, saldžiais pyragais ir rinkiniais vaisiais. Kad valgysiu, tai valgysiu, pamąstai. Ir prisigeri ir prisivalgai iki sočiai. Parėjęs namo greit krinti lovon. O ant rytojaus atsikėlęs randi galvą sunkią, veidą apmestą spuogais, gerkle karčią ir pilvelį trupučiuką neramų. Tau daug sveikiau paprasti valgiai, kad ir nelabai traukiantį akį. Net ir gydytojas tą patį pripažins.

Kūno fiziniame gyvenime tą lengvai permatome ir tiesa greit pripažistame. Morale dalimi savo sudėjimo nesame taip praktiški ir tankiai nevartojame savo proto — bei išminties. Paimkime vieną dalyką, kuris labai paliečia mūsų sielos gerovę. Dalyką, kuris pastaraisiais laikais katalikų tarpe yra padaręs be galo nuostolį. Būtent katalikų apsivedimas su svetimų tikybu žmonėmis arba tiesiog su netikėliais — pagonimis.

Nors ir bažnyčios yra griežtai uždrausta tokios moterystės, tik dėl išvengimo didesnio blogo bažnyčia jas kartais pavelina; nors mokytojai, tėvai mokina saugotis ne savo tikybos asmenų; vienok tada dalis mūsų jaunimo lyg vežte veržiasi prie pažinčių su tokiomis ypatomis ir tankiai su jomis apsiveda. Ir tik po to supranta, pamato tiesą bažnyčios, mokytojų ir tėvų mokslo.

Viršminėtuose palyginimuose, viena kart išbandžius svetimų daiktų, netikimą dėl mūsų, kitą kartą būsime atsargesni, daugiau negeisime mums nepritinkančio dalyko. Moterystėje nėra jokio bandymo, nėra antro karto. Vieną sykį, ant amžių vedęs — tik Dievas tegali perskirti.

Priešingas tikybos arba bedievis žmogus — mums netinkamas. Jis ne dėl mūsų išdirbtas. Gali jis būti geras, mandagus, mokytas, plačių pažiūrų, bet jis mums nepritiks. Jo principai visai skirtingi, kartais net griežtai priešingi. Jei tau nepatinka rūkymas, girtuokliavimas, kortininkavimas — rinkdamas sau gyvenimo draugą ieškosi tokios ypotos, kuri lygiai tų dalykų neapkęs. Negalima, kad mūsų jaunimas myli bedievybę, bei kreivą tikyba. Įsimylėjęs asmenį su viršminėtais blogais ypročiais ir su juo apsivedęs vargiai ir tik stebūklingai nuo jų atpratinsi. Taipgi stebėtina ir reta kad po šliūbo katalikas priveda savo netikėlių vyrą ar moterį prie tiesos kelio. Greičiau pats atsiranda kreiva-tikyboje palieka visai be Dievo žmogus.

— Kun. A. Valančius

P. S. — (Sekančiame numeryje bus tolimesnis gvil-denimas to paties klausimo.)

K A R V U T Ē . . .

(Neperdėtina: tikras atsitikimas).

Herojus taip spaudė ją prie savo širdies, kad sunku buvo nusėdėti vietoje. Žiūrovė zulinosi, visą ką pamiršusi ir tik vieno tenorėjo: kad ji būtų bučiuojamosios vietoje... Būna taip, žinote, kai sėdi kine ir neturi mielo draugo prie šono... Pasakysiu, kad šiuo atvėju nesvarbu: žiūrovė ar žiūrovas esi, — kiekvienas medalis turi antrąją pusę.

Ristas prerijų žirgas nunešė filmos auką toli nuo pasaulio, nuo šito kino, kuriame ji sėdėjo... Žiūrovei taip pat plakė širdis, kaip ir tai, kurią herojus sugriebęs nemielaiširdingai bučiavo... Juk tai taip žavėtina, taip puiku taip negyvenimiška!... Štai ir ji: gyvenime niekas į ją nepasižiūri, netik nepabučiuoja, o čia ji pergyvena visus svaigulingus bučkus ir dar su tokiu heroju, kurio ir Laisvės alejose nerasi! Ar galima nepamiršti viso ko pasaulyje ir nenuplaukti drauge su svajonėmis!...

Ir ji plaukė... Taip, plaukė... Atsiložusi kėdėje jautė kaip aiškiai slysta kažin kuo švelniu, kas neleidžia ilgai pasėdėti vietoje: žiūrėk ir per toli nuo kėdės nuslysta... Ach, kaip būtų gera, kad taip visu gyvenimu slyste nuslystum, jausdamas kaip gyvenimas taip slydžiai pro tave praeina, kaip kėdė po tavo apačia...

Tyliai tratėjo aparatas, žybčiojo spinduliai, atnešą į ekraną, raidės ir nušviesdavo kaip meteorai sėla tos, kuri buvo laiminga, laiminga nors čia — kine... Pagaliau, švistelėjo diena ir ekranas pasidarė sausa drobė. Sunkiai atsidusus ji pakilo eiti. Dar tebežiūrėdama į ekraną, lyg norėdama dar pamatyti savo svajonių herojų, ji viena ranka grabaliojo ant kėdės. Išeinant reikėjo pasiimti sviestą, kurį ji čia atedama atsinešė. Bet ranka apčiuopė tik kėdę — taip pat švelnią ir slydžią kaip jos sužadintos svajonės... Pirma nesąmoningai pagraibė ranka daugiau, o toliau pažadinusi save iš malonaus sapno, pažvelgė į tikrovę...

Ant kėdės tebuvo suplotas popieris, kuriame ka-daise buvo sviestas. Aiškiai buvo matytiš raidės „KAR-VUTĒ“ ir tvarkoje tebebuvo virvelė, kuria rišulėlis buvo surištas, — tebebuvo ir medelis, kad virvelė piršto nespautų... Dabar ji suprato kodėl filmos herojus taip švelniai ją žavėjo, kad ji net ramiai kėdėje nusėdėti negalėjo, o ir vis slydo žemyn... Ji buvo atsisėdusi ant sviesto, kurį prieš ateidama į kiną buvo koperatyve nusipirkusi... Pusės kilogramo ištirpinimui prireikė dvylikos ilgų veiksmy jaudinančios romantinės filmos.

— Arėjas Vitkauskas.

Ar Teisybė?

Tik vienos sekundos reikia — patvirtinti,
Koks tavo bučkis saldus.
Bet keletą valandų reikia dirbti,
Kad nuvalius tuos lūpų dažus.

PLUNKSNOS MINTYS

Juozas Poška

Pradedame naują kolumną. Išlaikykite ją. Šioje vietoje, Vyčiai-vytės turės progą bendradarbiauti, rašdami ne editoriales, referatus, korespondencijas, bet įdomius „trupinius“.

Neleiskime savo mintims sutirpti ten pat kamės jos gimė. Išleiskime jas į pasaulį.

„Plunksnos Mintys“ prašo tavo plunksnos pagalbos.

Kuris apsileisime?

Dar Nevėlu!

Liet. Vyčių organizacija paskutiniu laiku, pergyvena lyg ir savos rūšies krizį. Toki kriziai organizacijų gyvenime — ne naujiena.

Nariai sutingę, nerodo jokio entuziazmo organizacijos darbe.

Bet ko mes laukiame? Jei nedirbsime organizacija mirs. Meskime iš galvos tą mintį, kad tik vadaai turi dirbti. Dirbti (ir nuoširdžiai dirbti) privalo visi. Turime dėmėsį ir TAVE!

Dar žodis apie bendradarbiavimą „Plunksnos Mintyse“. Kalba nesvarbu. Rašyk kaip tau geriau patinka lietuviškai arba angliškai. Jei pageidausite — išversime lietuvių kalbon.

Geras Skonis?

Rhode Island Kolegijos Studentai-ės rinko gražiausią figurą, dabar gyvenančių žmonių. Studentės, savo balsus atidavė už... Mahatma Ghandi.

Vyrų pasirinkimas — Jean Harlow.

Lietuvos Progresas.

Lietuvos moterys neatsilieka nuo pasaulio. Štai, šiais metais jos rinko populiariausią aktorijų ekrane (screen).

Tuos „širdies idealo“ rinkimus laimėjo — Gary Cooper.

„Mano gražumas jau nyksta“... skundžiasi restorano kasiarka, savo draugei.

„Kas tave verčia taip manyti?“ — draugė.

„Nagi visi vyrai jau pradeda patikrinti mano išduodamą gražą (change).“

Vyčiuose

Lapkričio mėn. 19 d. Chicagos Liet. Vyčių „Dainos“ Choras koncertavo. Choras išpildė labai gražią programą, už ką kreditas tenka J. Sauriui, vedėjui.

Tik publika nedėkinga. Scenoje, programos pildytojų buvo beveik daugiau, negu salėje publikos.

KLAUSIMAI ir ATSAKYMAI

Klausimas: — Mano vyras išsiėmė pirmas popieras pilnai neišpildė savo pilietybę, todėl kad numirė.

Ar teisybė, kad aš galiu vartoti jo pirmas popieras mano naturalizavimui?

Atsakymas: — Teisybė, jeigu tik tavo vyro Declaration of Intention (pirmos popieros) mažiau kaip septynių metų senumo. Tokiame atsitikime gali išpildyti naturalizacijos peticiją (antroms popieroms) neišsiimdama pirmų popierių. Jeigu atvykai po birželio 29 d., 1906 m. tai turėsi išgauti atvažiavimo sertifikatą, kuris parodo tavo legališką įvažiavimą nuolatiniui apsigyvenimui Suv. Valstijose.

Klausimas: — Ar krautuvis turi teisę permainingti pardavėjus (salesmen) į menadžerius, kad jie dirbtų ilgesnį laiką už tą pačią algą?

Atsakymas: — Tas nėra galima ir tokius atsitikimus reikia tuojau pranešti Bureau of Complaints vietinio NRA ofiso.

Klausimas: — Ar "Nira" ir "NRA" reiškia vieną ir tą patį dalyką, ir ką tos raidės reiškia?

Atsakymas: — "NIRA" yra sutrumpinimas National Industrial Recovery Act. "NRA" yra pirmutinės raidės "National Recovery Administration".

Klausimas: — Yra suvirš 20 darbininkų toje kompanijoje, kurioje aš dirbu. Ji išdėjo mėlyną erelį savo lange, bet mes vis dirbame 48 valandas ir randame tik nuo \$8.00 iki \$10.00 mūsų konvertuose.

Atsakymas: — Pranešk tą faktą Bureau of Complaints, National Recovery Administration.

Permainingti Svečio Stovį

Klausimas: — Atvykau į šitą šalį kaip svečias. Nelabai senai ištekėjau už Amerikos piliečio. Ar tas man teikia teisę pasilikti Suvienytose Valstijose nuolatai.

Atsakymas: — Ne. Raportas išduotas neseniai kad tas galimas daiktas, bet tas raportas yra klaidingas. Turėsi apiešti Suv. Valstijas. Bet teisybė, kad pagal neseniai išleistų instrukcijų, tavo vyras galės paduoti peticiją del nekvotinės vizos (ant form 633) kuomet Tamsta dar esi šioje šalyje ir ne kaip praeityje buvo daroma kuomet reikėjo laukti pakol žmogus išvažiuoja pirm negu galėjo prašyti įleidimo. Kuomet tik vyras gaus pranešimą iš Washington, kad nekvotinės vizos išdavimas autorizuojamas, tai galėsi išvykti į paskirtą šalį kur turėsi asmeniškai nuvykti pas Amerikos konsulą išgauti vizos. Tokia kelionė į svetimą šalį neišvengiama kuomet svečias bando permainingti savo stovio ir nori būti reguliarišku imigrantu. Vyras lengvai galės parūpinti arba išgauti nekvotinę vizą nuolatiniui apsigyvenimui nes Tamsta esi žmona Amerikos piliečio.

Svarbumas Sugrįžimo Leidimo

Klausimas: — Ketinu išvažiuoti užsienny, bet iš anksto norėčiau apsirūpinti apie sugrįžimą atgal į Ameriką, jeigu tenais man gyvenimas nepatiktų. Ar turiu išgauti sugrįžimo leidimą? Atvykau į Suv. Valstijas daugiau kaip 20 metų atgal ir neatsimenu laiką, kada atvažiavau ir laivo vardą. Ką turiu daryti?

Atsakymas: — Jeigu išvažiavai be sugrįžimo leidimo, tai turėsi prašyti nekvotinės vizos kaipo sugrįžtantis apsigyvenęs ateivis į vienus metus, ir turėsi paduoti dieną pirmo atvažiavimo į šitą šalį ir vardą laivo. Tą nekvotinė viza tau kaštuos net \$10.00, kuomet sugrįžimo leidimas kaštuoja tik tris dolerius. Kartais žmonės mano, kad jie ištikro atsimena kada ir ant katro laivo jie pirmu kartu atvyko į Ameriką, bet po ištyrinėjimų arba paieškojimų rasta, kad jų vardai visai neužrašyti rekorduose. Tokiame atsitikime jie negali gauti leidimo sugrįžti į Suvienytas Valstijas. Nelabai senai vyras išgyvenęs šioje šalyje per net trisdešimts metų, išvažiavo į Europą be sugrįžimo leidimo, nes jis ketino ten apsigyventi. Bet išgyvenęs tenais tik trumpą laiką, matė kad bus geriausia sugrįžti atgal į Suvienytas Valstijas ir jis nuvyko pas Amerikos konsulą prašyti nekvotinės vizos, jis išbuvo užsieny 14 mėnesių. Jam ta viza atsakyta, ir biednas žmogus negalėjo sugrįžti.

Apšvietos Reikalavimai Pilietystei

Klausimas: Kiek turi žmogus žinoti apie valdžią ir Amerikos istoriją imti pilietystės egzaminą. Ar yra teisybė, kad nekuriuose distriktuose New Yorko egzaminai yra labai sunkūs?

Atsakymas: — Bureau of Naturalization išleidžia knygutes pilietystės kandidatams ir tose knygutėse aprašo paprastus apšvietos reikalavimus pilietystei. Foreign Language Information Service, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York City išleidžia "How To Become Citizen of the United States", kuri turi net 100 klausimų ir atsakymų apie pilietybę. Ta knygutė parsiduoda už 25 centus kopiją.

Pilietystės aplikantas turi mokėti anglų kalbą ir jis turi mokėti pasirašyti vardą angliškai. Turi kiek nors žinoti apie Suv. Val. valdžios formą ir apie savo valstijos ir miesto valdžią. Jis turi žinoti apie Suv. Valstijų istoriją. Teisybė, kad per pereitus kelis metus nuo aplikantų reikalauja, kad jie gana daug žinotų apie miestinę ir apie vietinę valdžią. Vienaas iš geriausių būdų prisirengti prie tų egzaminų yra lankyti speciales vakarines pilietystės mokyklas. Tokias mokyklas beveik visi miestai turi.

THE POET'S CORNER

SHINE ON, O STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
'Way up in the sky!
I often wonder what you are,
Blinking there, so high.

How oft I've marvelled at your light
Ashining in the dark.
Like fireflies that glow at night,
Awinging through the park.

But tell me, blinking little star,
How come you to be there?
And tell me too, of what you are;
What keeps you in the air?

You glow and blink, as' neath a shroud,
Your light oft seems to fade.
Behind a passing little cloud,
That puts you in the shade.

They tell me stars are gassy things
That just reflect the light.
And are but tiny underlings,
Of planets, big and bright!

You must rejoice that you're so high,
Above those minute things,
That move about below the sky,
By means of legs and wings.

'Tis sad we are so far apart,
For we might well converse.
And you could teach me how to start,
To put your merit to verse.

But doomed am I to stay below,
In these confines of earth;
To live and die, and never know,
A shining star's real worth.

So shine on, little star above!
Just shed your tiny light.
'Till some bright planet hits your groove,
And drags you on in flight.

Plytaitukas

Jack: — "Let's give the bride a shower".

John: — "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

QUO VADIS?

Thanks to "Plytaitis" kindly panegyric concerning his own extraordinary ability and my meagre possibilities in expressing thoughts in rhyme. I shall sit at the feet of my poetic Gamaliel and endeavor to absorb some of the vibrations emanating from the most delicate fibres of his being. I shall quaff with relish from this spring of artistic and aesthetic sentimentality. My very being shall become, as it were, permeated with those noble idealisms, unless I am attacked with mental indigestion, due to my own intellectual weakness, or perhaps, because of the richness of the nourishment which I shall endeavor to absorb. Since every being is limited in ability, I must humbly confess that Nature has failed to provide me with those beautiful qualities which the Good God bestows upon His chosen ones. Being an insignificant little atom in this world of competition. I shall feel as one beating the air, a tiny insect striking at the armor plate of a gigantic pachyderm, the mere twitch of whose skin could make it appear as if the whole world were shaking and tumbling about me. However, since even insects and pests are part of this universe, I feel that I must exercise that primary principle of intellectual self preservation and so I shall attempt to answer the verbal phalanx in kind... so, on with the dance!

Plytaitukas.

TYLUS RYTAS

Tylus rytas liūdnai švito,
Baisi žinia skleidės plito.
Kad už jūrių marelių,
Tankiam miške tarp medelių.
Amžiams žuvo glaudė sparnus,
Du Sakalai Girėn's Darius.
Kaip tėvynė sužinojo,
Verkė Lietuva vaitojė.
Kad žuvo jos brangūs sūnai,
Du Sakalai Girėn's Darius.
O tėvynė ar žinojai,
Kokių didvyrių nustojai.
Jie tau garbės kelią skynė,
Laurų vainiką tau pynė.
O Lietuva brangi šalis,
Surink didvyrių nors dalis.
Lai jų kūnai ilsis tenai,
Dėl kurios žuvo amžinai.

— Lietuvytis.

P. S. — Skiria amžinos atminties lakūnams kapt. Steponui Dariui ir leit. Stasiui Girėnui. Gaida, kaip „Liūdnas Varpas.“

A. L. R. K. Federacijos Reikalai

Dariaus — Girėno paminklo pastatymas yra visos Amerikos lietuvių išeivijos pareiga. Mums, sudarant tos išeivijos didžiumą, tenka didesnė darbo dalis pakelti. Šiam tikslui yra išgauta Chicagos miesto valdybos vieša rinkliava spalio 28 d. Stokime darban visi. Teliūdydys amžiams šis istorinis mūsų tautos garbės kėlėjams paminklas, primindamas mums, mūsų ainiam ir visam pasauliui jaunų lietuvių tautos sūnų — sakalų nugalėjusių Atlantą, auką tautai ir pasišventimo ir ištikimybės gyvą pavyzdį.

Spauda — katalikiška spauda yra mūsų religiniai — tautinio kūno širdis, kurios judėdai daro mus dvasioje gyvais. Tautos ir Bažnyčios nariais. Be savo spaudos, kaip ir be kalbos. Nemanau, kad katalikų tarpe rastųsi žmogus, kurs apsiimtų būti šios rūšies nebyliu. Spauda kalba į mus; per spaudą mes kalbame į kitus, į visą pasaulį. Katalikiškoji spaudoje susipažįstame su dvasinės kurybos milžiniais ir įturtiname pajėgas savo kūrybai. Susijungę į bendrą frontą, pakelkime balsą už savo spaudą ir įdėkime širdį jos išplatiniui ir sustiprinimui.

Jaunimas — jis yra mūsų, bet ar ilgai jis bus mūsų? Tikrenybėje, neturėtų net šis klausimas kilti, jei išpildytume šventai tėvo ir motinos priedermes jaunimo auklėjime. Jaunimui reikia kuodaugiausiai iš mūsų pačių darbų gerų pavyzdžių, kuriuose nesirastų, nei krislo savimeilės, pavydo išmėtinėjimo bei priekaišto. Su šypsena, pasitikėjimu, pasididžiavimu ir meile prie visko kas gera, dora, prakilnu, šventai eidami praminsime kelią savo jaunimui. Rimtas, taktingas jaunimo dėmesio kreipimas į mūsų katalikiškai — tautinių darbų rikiuotę, juos suįdomins, patrauks. Vietoj barti, o net ir kolti jaunimą ar iš jo kilusius dar jaunus vadus už netaktą kartais ir labai menkos vertės, pakvieskime juos pas save ir mokėkime būti pedagogais. Mūsų jaunimas yra geras, tik mokėkime pripratinti jį prie savo darbų naštos ir išpalengvo dėkime ją ant jaunimo pečių. Diegdami jaunimui blaivybę, patys būkime Valančiais.

Studentija tenka ypatingai susirūpinti. Ji, o ne kas kitas užims dabartinių vadų vietas. Prie to studentija priruoš tik mūsų pačių mokslo įstaigos ir dabartinių vadų pavyzdinumas. Atverkime savo visus šaltinius, iš kurių mūsų studentija turėtų progos pasisemti visko, kas tik geram vadui yra reikalinga. Sujunkime savo studentiją į vieną organizuotą pajėgą, nuo kurios priklausys kaip ilgai savo jaunimą galėsime vadinti mūsų.

“O Vilniaus neužmiršk lietuvi!”

Su spalį devinta Vilnius ir vilnija pradėjo keturioliktus vergijos metus po Lenkijos jungu. Padarytos Lietuvos valstybei ir mūsų tautai skriaudas Lenkija iki šiol neatlygino. O tokį atlyginimą mūsų tauta pripažins tik tada, kada Lenkija gražins Lietuvai priklausančias

teritorijas su sostine Vilnium ir atsitsis už kilusias iš to skriaudas. Lenkija tegul žino, kad akivaizdoje Visagalio kiekvienas lietuvis yra sudėjęs savo širdy šventą priesaiką, kad už Vilnių — Lietuvos sostinę, už vilnijos mūsų brolių nubučiuotą ir krauju aplaistytą žemę už vergijoje esančius brolius kovos su priešu, sulaužusiu Dievo įsakymus, iki paskutiniam kraujo lašui.

Pažvenge nors trumpai į svarbesniuosius šių metų Federacijos Kongreso nutarimus, jauskime savy šventos pareigos įgyvendinti juos 100 nuošimčių.

Šia proga atsišaukiu į Jus, malonūs, garbingi ir pasišventę vadai, kaip dvasininkai, taip ir pasaulionys, kviesdamas Jus dar kartą pasiaukoti aukštiesiems katalikiybės ir lietuviybės idealams, dėl kurių Visagalio pašaukė mus. Kviečiu Jus visus susidomėti vieningumo priemonė pagrįstu veikimu, pritariant leidžiant ir organizuojant Federacijos skyrius ir apskričius kur jų nėra įtraukiant visas katalikiškas draugijas ir organizacijų kuopas ir apskričius po Federacijos sparnu, kad lietuvių katalikų išeivija būtų viena rimta, tvirta gyva pajėga, kuriančia lietuvių tautos sūnų ir dukterų širdyse negėstaničios Dievo ir Tėvynės meilės ugnį.

Vardan Visagalio, Kurio pasiuntinybę mes kiekvienas atliekame čion ant žemės pildydami Jo valią, gerbiamų Katalikų Federacijos Centro Valdybos narių, Federacijos apskričių, skyrių, organizacijų, apskričių ir kuopų ir draugijų vadų, valdybų ir narių, nuoširdžiai kviečiu imtis šventos pareigos, ko-operuojant su Federacijos Centro Valdyba įgyvendinti XXIII A. L. R. K. Federacijos Kongreso prarvestus nutarimus. Naujoji Federacijos Valdyba deda jummyse didžiausios ir giliausios pasitikėjimo ir vilties.

Dr. A. G. Rakauskas,

A. L. R. K. Federacijos Pirmininkas

IŠ VYČIŲ 25 KUOPOS VAKARO

Lapkr. 5 d. Liet. Vyčių 25-tos kuopos rudeninis parengimas labai gerai pasisekė. Visi aktoriai labai artistišškai atliko savo roles, iš ko visi atsilankiusieji buvo labai patenkinti.

Tik gaila, kad tie kurie labai gerbė Darių ir Girėną ir darbavosi dėl paminklo jų atminčiai neatsilankė ir neparėmė jaunimo, kuris pusę šio vakaro pelno taipgi skyrė tų mūsų garsių lakūnų paminklui. Kur pranyko tie didi lietuviški patriotai šiame vakare?

Salė buvo pilna žmonių, nors oras buvo prastas. Tikiu, kad bus graži saujalė pelno. Ačiū atsilankusiems.

— A. Salasevičiūtė.

Marytė: „Aš niekad nesirūpinu apie savo vaikina, kad jis eitų su kitoms merginoms. Jis kreizė“ apie mane!“

Adelė: — „Taip! Bet kartais jis gali grįžti atgal į protą“.



Nori Pirkti Sklypą Žemės, Kur „Lituanica“ Sudužo.

Lietuvos aero kliubas nori nu-pirkti iš vokiečių tą žemės sklypą, kur įvyko „Lituanicos“ katastrofa, jį gražiai papuošti ir pastatytį gražų didvyriams paminklą. Vokiečių valdžia dar kol kas nesutinka.

Lietuvė — Prancūzų Rašytoja

Lietuvė p. Šernienė savo romanu „Lemal irreparable“ Prancūzijoje su-laukė didelio pasisekimo. Tarp pran-cūzų ji ima įgarsėti, kaip lietuvė prancūzų rašytoja.

Sąžiningas Žiūrovas.

Per vaidinimą viename provincijos miestelyje vienas žiūrovas sako sa-vo kaimynui:

— Nesuprantu tamtos. Prieš minutę tamsta mėtai į artistą supu-vusiais kiaušiniiais, o dabar, kai už-danga nusileido, tamsta jam ploji ir šauki „bravo-bis“!

— Matai, gerbiamasis, suradau dar vieną kiaušinį, tai norėčiau, kad tas kerėpla dar kartą pasirodytų scenoje...

Pasilsės.

Nei iš šio, nei iš to vaikas pra-dėjo verkti.

— Nuramink, tėvai, vaiką — ta-rė motina, — matai, kaip verkia!

— Tegu paverkia, — atsakė tē-vas, — kaip pavargs, pats nustos.

Po valandėlės vaikas tikrai nu-stojo.

— Matai, motin, ar aš nesakiau, kad pats nustos.

— Taip, nustos, — atsiliepė vai-kas, — kai pasilsėsiu, ir vėl pra-dėsiu.

Kur mokslas niekinamas, ten kvailiai laikomi galvočiais.

— Gray

Lietuvaitė Baigė Londone Slaugymo kursus.

Tarpt. Raudonasis Kryžius kiek-vienais metais Londone veda slau-gymo kursus, į kuriuos susirenka kandidatės iš įvairių pasaulio kraš-tų. Šiemet tokius kursus baigė gai-lestingoji sesutė p-lė Monkutė, kuri ten buvo vienintėlė lietuvaitė.

Antras Miestas Italų Nu-sausintose Pelkėse.

Rugpjūčio 5 d. Musolini padėjo kertinį akmenį pirmam pastatui ne-senai nusausintose pelkėse naujai ku-riamame Subaudijos mieste. Musso-lini, pats valdydamas automobilį per-važiavo per nusausintas pelkes, pa-dirbėjo kiek su kaimiečiais prie ku-liamos mašinos, paskui padėjo kerti-nį akmenį pirmam Sabaudijos tro-bėsiui. 1932 metais nusausintose pelkėse, kaip savo laiku buvo pran-ėšta, buvo iškilmingai atidarytas pirmas ten pastatytas miestas — Lit-toria.

Kasdieninis daugelio žmonių gy-venimas yra toks, kad maži reikalai atima visas jų jėgas. Kuo rūpestin-giau ir skubiau triūsiama, tuo labiau žmogus persiima momento mažmo-žiais ir tuo labiau atsitolina nuo tik-rų savo reikalų. Taip gyvendamas, jis pats save žudo.

— Curtius.

„Ne kiekviena nelaimė, kuri mu-mis sutinka, yra smugis, o anksti sutikdamos prieštarybės dažnai buva palaiminimu. Perkovotos sunkenybės ne tik mokina, bet prirengia mus ateinančioms kovoms.“

— Scharpe.

„Joudžiausioje žemėje auga pui-kiausios gėlės, o dailiausi ir drūčiau-si medžiai iš uolų tarpo veržiasi pa-dangėn.“

— Holland.

Dariaus-Girėno Atmin-tiniai Pašto Ženkilai

Mūsų didvyriškų lakūnų finansi-nius sunkumus žymiai palengvino Lietuvos oro pašto margutės su ant-spauda ant kiekvieno pašto ženkle-lio:

Darius-Girėnas New-York — 1933 — Kaunas

Tas antspaudavimas buvo padary-tas š. m. birželio mėn. 6 d. New Yorke, tam tikrą aktą surašant.

Nežymus kalbamų pašto ženklelių likutis, Lietuvos Pašto Valdybai sutik-us, dabar yra prieinamas visuome-nei ir juos galima atminčiai įsigyti, Lietuvos Generaliniame Konsulate New Yorke.

Šis pašto ženklų likutis skiria-si nuo pirmiau išplatintų ženklų tuo-mi, kad ant jų dabar yra uždėta apvali tamsiai žalios spalvos nauja antspauda:

„Lituanicos“ laimėjimas tegul stiprina Lietuvos sūnų dvasių nau-jiems žygiams“.

Šie žodžiai yra paimti iš Dariaus-Girėno „testamento“. Antspaudos tekstas padėtas ne ant kiekvieno at-skiro ženklo, bet ant keturių vienodos serijos oro pašto ženklų. Kalbamų ženklų serijų išviso yra penkios. To-kiu būdu, kad turėti atminčiai visą aukščiau minėtos antspaudos tekstą, reikia užsisakyti nemažiau keturius pašto ženklus vienos serijos ar įvai-rių serijų Keturių ženklų komplek-tas vienos serijos šiuo tarpu atseina penki doleriai; keturių ženklų komp-lextas įvairių serijų atseina šeši do-leriai. Visos pajamos eina Dariaus-Girėno įamžinimo tikslui.

Akyvaizdoje mažo ženklų skait-liaus, pirmenybę šiems ženklams įsi-gyti turi „Lituanicos“ garbės rėmėjai bei to skridimo įvairių komitetų da-lyviai.

— P. Žadeikis,

Liet. Gen. Konsulas

HOW ARE YOU?

by Zelia



Why is it that the above words are about the first to come to your lips when you meet somebody you know? Be it your grocer, your lawyer, your doctor, be it your dearest friend, or your coldest acquaintance, be it your honorable mother-in-law or your favorite waitress—the eternal question is there — “How are you?”.

Do you really care how they are? Or is it just something you say without thinking, because you hear hundreds of others saying the same thing? You answer that it is kind to ask how one's neighbor is doing. Yes, of course, no doubt you are prompted by genuine kindness about one-fourth of the time. But what about the time you asked aunt Hilda, “How are you today, auntie,” while you thought — “Wish the old hen would kick the bucket, so I'd get my reward for these long years of faithfulness”. Kind-wasn't it?

You hustled into the butcher store with a cheery, “How are you, Mr. Wienuberger?” your thoughts at the same time going something like this “wonder if the old ham thinks he can pass that fat and bone to me for a good steak”.

Then there was your cattiest friend just back from the hospital whom duty prompted you to visit with a dozen American Beauties and a hearty “How are you, my dear?” Of course she could not read your mind which said, “Humph, she doesn't look any sicker than I do.”

Need I go on? You probably can help me out with similar examples. You want to add the one about the time you dashed in to see your attorney about that five hundred dollar judgement coming to you. “Wonder what he's going to do me for now?” you thought while he gripped your hand and you said, “How are you, Mr. Brieffe?”

No question but that there are some friends in whom you really are interested and sincerely want to know how they are. But why ask everybody?

Now just what are your reactions when someone pops the question to you? Do you pause and analyze your feelings in order to give a truthful answer or do you thoughtlessly come back with the inevitable “Fine”, “Can't complain” or “So, so”.

Are there very many persons who disclose their real feelings? Some answer the usual “Fine” from force of habit. Others answer the same thing, because they know that the person inquiring after them would not be interested in the fact that they have a splitting headache or that they are turning gray with worry about where to pick up the two hundred dollars for interest on the mortgage. The same answer comes from the lips of others, because that is the only word they can get out before the person asking them, “How are you?” walks away.

It is not very hard to recall the last time Jack Touche slapped you on the back and enthusiastically asked “How are you, Frank, old pal!” You muttered “Fine thanks” while your brain registered “Wonder how much he wants now.”

As there are those of whom you really want to know how they are, there are also those to whose question you want to confess the twitching pain in your left arm instead of grumbling “So, so”.

You ask me what to say instead of grumbling “So, so”.

You ask me what to say instead of the eternal “How are you” and its echo “Fine”. There must be something else—depending upon the individual you are talking to. If it's your lawyer ask about the last case he won, then order a bottle.

If you meet the undertaker, say: “Nice hole you dug for my cousin Louie, old pal.” Be original.



- Kaip vadini šitą savo kanarkėlę?
- Vargonininkas.
- Vargonininkas? Kodėl?
- Už tai, kad daug éda ir prastai gieda.



Council Activities



COUNCIL 12, NEW YORK CITY

Again the members of Council 12, have heard that immemorial tune, here comes the Bride, and there goes the gloom). This time we venture to say that Johnnie Ackalaitis (our former Vice-President) has gone and taken beautiful Secretary Mary Du Natis to the well known happy hunting grounds called Holy Matrimony. The church was so crowded that our Vice President Henna Red Vanis (who incidently was the best man) had to revert to football tactics to pass down the aisle. After the ceremony, Henna Red was so full of rice that he swore off of rice pudding for the rest of his days. Latest rumors are that popular Charlie Labanski is about to take the fatel step with our pretty member Helen Kolesk in the early part of next Year. And so much for the Matrimonial side of the News.

At the last meeting which was held on November 8, we again had nominations for officers held every year in November, (votes cast in December) for the following year. The following were nominated.

President — Anthony Vanis (Unanimous)
 Vice-President — Peter Vasciels
 Vice-President — Walter Slayvies
 Treasurer — John Vainis (Unanimous)
 Rec. Secretary — Bertha Brosky (Uninamous)
 Fin. Secretary — Anna Kolesk, (Unanimous)

We all expect an interesting meeting next month, What with all the big brutes of our lodge running for Marshal, and Peter and Walter campaigning votes among the members, with promises of giving them everything under the Sun! including old Boilers, which they have the nerve of calling first class automobiles. Well here's hoping that at our next meeting, which falls on December 5th, and which you all know is the end of the prohibition nightmare (as the old folks say), is a glamorous affair winding up with everybody looking forward to the end of a bottle.

— The Rummie.

HARRISON-KEARNY, Council 90

Famous Personalities Around Our Clubroom.

The movie-villan, Leo Carrilo has nothing on our Charlie McKally. He can't be bluffed, no how. Then we have Jimmy Dasker, the famous bridge player, even Culbertson follows in Jom's wake. Slim Summerville would envy Joey Standish if the latter had a larger "bugle". We're just swamped with movie personalities at Kearny. Charlie Dasker is Al Brendel in disguise. "Buckels" Smith is another Lee Tracy. He speaks fast and furious. That's all because I'm being haunted by Amdrudas, that sinister Shadow. — Bozo.

Kiekvieną valandą sunaudok taip, kaip sunaudotum paskutiniąją gyvenimo valandą!

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Council 103

The New England Knights of Lithuania held its semi-annual Convention in Providence, on Sunday Nov. 19, 1933. Mr. Daniel Averka of So. Boston was elected President; Miss Teresa Donn of Providence, was elected Vice-President, Miss Valankevich of So. Worcester was re-elected Secretary, unanimously. After the business for the afternoon was dispensed with everyone was served with delicious coffee, sandwiches, and ice-cream.

Our Irene was the hardest worker present. She decorated the hall, prepared and helped to seve the food.

Father Vaitekūnas, our spritual advisor, started an Amatuer night as a means of entertainment. He called names and the individuals had to do something or else...

Miss Frances Karlonas, sweet thing, of So. Boston had the invitation accepted to hold the next New England Convention in Boston. That will be in the Spring.

— Kid Burper

North Side, Council 5: Chicago

ANNUAL DANCE *Thursday November 29th*,
 Tickets 35c. Place is St. Michael's Church Hall,
 1644 Wabansia Ave. 7:30 P. M.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. Council 41

With only a short time left before our annual election takes place again, members should begin to study and consider some of the promising members who they think will make efficient and capable officers.

The "Vytauto Council" which but a year ago maintained one of the largest memberships and now has but a handful, is indeed a terrible set-back to the K. of L's Organization. Let's try to have a little co-operation and understanding among one another and perhaps things will begin to remedy themselves.

Many thanks go to Miss Anna and Mary Stagniuas the two sisters who have rendered the District and their own club some remarkable services for the past year. Rarely does one find people with such ambition who are willing to give up their time and pleasures for the benefit of the K. of L's welfare.

Comrade, Tony Buzas, says: "We ought to give the country back to the Indians and try to get \$24.00 back."

Members are beginning to complain they say that Ponas Al. Kruzik, is taking away most of the jobs from them. (Committee Jobs). At present Al operates a club candy-stand, takes care of dance tickets, is custodian, and has several other committee jobs. (How you do it, Al?)

— Joseph M.

CHICAGOS APSKR. LIET. VYČIŲ „DAINOS“
CHORO KONCERTAS

Lapkričio 19 d. 1933 Chicagos Apskričio „Dainos“ Choras atidarė savo šių metų sezoną. P-nas Sauris pradėjo savo antrąjį sezoną, kaip direktorius mūsų organizacijos muzikos ratelio, suteikdamas publikai ypatingą ir gambiai išmokintą koncertą. Šito koncerto žymė buvo tame, kad nebuvo girdėtis dainelių, kurios jau net atsibodo mūsų muziką mylinčiai publikai. Visos grupinės dainos buvo pirmą kartą išpildytos bile mūsų tautiečių chorų, nors šito rašytojo žinioje.

Publikos gausingi aplodismentai liūdijo, kad mūsų choro tarpe solistai turi užtektinai talentų pasirodyti tankiau lietuviškuose vakaruose. Permažai tesuprantu muziką suteikti tinkamą kritiką, tik suprantu, kad buvau pilnai patenkintas šiuo koncertu.

Choras taip pat gali pasididžiuoti savo skaitlingumu. Jis turi apie 60 darbščių, gabių jaunų mergaičių ir vaikinų. Tik gaila, kad buvusiame vakarėly jų skaičius beveik perviršino publikos skaičių. Ar-gi katalikiškoji mūsų visuomenė nebeužjaučia savų darbų? Net ir pačių Vyčių visai mažai tepasirodė. Kaipgi galėsime išlaikyti mūsų jaunimą, kaip galėsime tikėtis, kad jie dasieks savo idealų, jei mes patys su jais redalyvausime, jų neremsime.

Lai gyvuoja Vyčių Dainos Choras! Lai stoja kiekvienas lietuvis katalikas jam pagalbon! Gėrėkimės turėdami ką nors geresnio savo tarpe.

INDIANA HARBOR, IND. Council 55

When I came in to the doorway of our meeting room, to my surprise, all the members were present and not a seat was left for me? A reason for this? Certainly! The Dance and Program given last month was a huge success. The members are still more ambitious. The Bunco Party set for Dec. 13, will be the best for our customers. While they nibble on the refreshments our men folk will entertain them by staging a short Minstrel Show. Our first attempt at such a thing and I'm wondering how it will make out. (Will some one please inform or advise yours truly how to acquire the "negro Lithuanian brogue")

We are going to use all of our piano artists.

The undertaker's business should be prospering sometime after December 13. Most of the girls have volunteered to bake cake for part of the refreshments.

Hello Millie. Are you satisfied now?

The latest modes of the season for fashionable weddings displayed by the bridesmaids and the ushers in the mock wedding. Paul Revere, the groom, came in late — he was detained by the Whiskey Rebellion at Bunker Hill.

I'll see you at the next meeting, and also at the social. You'll know by the way I'll act.

— Jaw.

BRIGHTON PARK, ILL. Council 36

The Brighton members are becoming more active lately, and getting better every time. Leonard Gritis and Father Valančius seem to be the good influences. Every one there is sociable and jolly. You are invited to come over.

On November 6th, the Council held a social after its regular meeting. Miss Lillian Klimas presented the members a large and appetizing "Angel Food" cake. Miss Halen Karanauskas served the coffee.

On November 20th, at the following meeting Miss Helen Lipskis surprised us with some home-made "Krudus". The members found the aforementioned "krudus" a very nice home.

About December 10th, Council 36 is going to run a BUNCO PARTY at the home of Miss Helen Lipskis. For further details about it be at the December 4th, meeting in the parish schoolroom.

— A "Visitor".

ATHOL, MASS., Council 10

We're certainly proud of the large number of new members in our council during the past three months. There were fifteen of them. This is the result of our activity and originality. Just to show parents what we were doing, we staged a party on October 24th and called it "The Parent's and Guardian's Evening". Each member was given two tickets, and these were distributed to elder people; none of the younger set was admitted. Although it poured that evening, we had an astonishing attendance. First of all the parents and members enjoyed a card game, then luncheon was served, and later prizes were given to the best dancer, the best looking person in the hall, the youngest person present, and one to the oldest individual.

Many of the older gentlemen were really surprised when our girls asked them to dance; the older woman were highly pleased when our dashing romeos asked for the same pleasure. Old and young were carefree and happy. It was not long before we were all exhausted. Lithuanian games were next in order, such as, "Jurgel-Meistrel, Linkiau Rutą Rūtulėlį" and many others. All of our guests expressed their sincere thanks for the good time, leaving us with pleasant thoughts of us and our activities.

November 15th, we held our barn dance. Each member was requested to come in costume. Once again the council came through in grand style. Millie P., Paul Shatos, Joseph Adomaitis, Paul Kvedaras, and Pres. Adolph Wezmus stirred up considerable activity. We'll tell more later when the VYTIS can spare more space — you see we're not selfish.

— Cookie.

WATCH for the startling K of L Center revelations in the next issue of the VYTIS

* * *

HELEN'S HELPFUL — HINTS

* * *

Question — Will you please tell me what the difference is between a doughnut and a fried cake? I have never known whether the two were different names for the same things or whether they were different. — M. A. Y., New Jersey.

Answer — These names are usually used interchangeably. However, mixtures raised with yeast, rolled and cut with a hole in the middle are usually called doughnuts, while mixtures raised with baking or soda and sour milk, which are dropped from a spoon into deep fat are generally known as fried cakes. In other instances either term may be used.

Question — I have noticed the terms "au gras" and au jus" used in naming meat dishes lately. Will you please tell me what they mean? — T. G., Wis.

Answer — The term for "au gras" is a French term for meat dressed with rich gravy or sauce, while "au jus" is used in referring to meats dressed with their own or gravy.

Question — Is it correct to add vanilla to hot chocolate or cocoa? — T. K., Mass.

Answer — One-half teaspoon of vanilla added to two cups of the beverage will give it an individual flavor that you will like. It should be added just after the milk has been combined with cocoa or chocolate mixture. Beat well while the beverage is cooking.

—————

Cookery Hint

A delightful dessert may be made by making frozen desserts in three trays, each mixture colored differently. To serve, put a tablespoon of each color in a sherbert glass and top with cream.

—————

Household Hint

If the iron becomes soiled, clean by passing over waxed paper several times after the iron has been heated.

=====

MISS KARAN
ON COOKING

=====

Surely every one enjoys having friends drop in to visit, but it is embarrassing if there's nothing in the house to serve them. That's one reason so many people keep — made walnut candy on hand. An added reason, of course, is that the family also likes it. You know already how much better any candy is with walnuts — it just doesn't seem complete if you leave out these crisp crunchy kernels. Prunes, figs, and dates stuffed with walnuts are other delightful sweetmeats that many women keep on hand, or cookies and fruit cake to serve with coffee! Coffee, cookies and cakes gain a delicious flavor if walnuts are included.

Toasted cheese sandwiches are always popular. Next time you make some, try placing a half walnut on top of the cheese before you pass it under the flame.

Roasted walnuts take but a few moments to prepare, and they're a "different" treat that everyone will like.

When I know friends are coming, I prepare some simple treat — such as a loaf cake cut in small squares, covered with frosting, and topped with walnut halves. Filled cookies, with chopped walnuts in the fruit filling, are always welcome.

Walnuts will improve even your favorite cake and cooky recipes. Or, for variety, try some of these:

—————

Walnut Drop Cookies

One-fourth cup shortening,
1 cup granulated sugar,
1 egg,
1 cup chopped walnuts,
1 teaspoon vanilla,
2 and one-fourth cups pastry flour,
Half teaspoon salt,
One-fourth teaspoon soda,
One-third cup sour milk,

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually, creaming continually add the egg, well beaten, and mix thoroughly. Add walnuts and vanilla and then the mixed and sifted flour, salt and soda alternately with the

milk. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased cookie sheet 2 inches apart, and bake at 400' F. for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 3 and a half dozen cookies.

—————

Dear Readers of my Column:

Sitting at my desk, trying to make my fingers busy with new ideas for cooking. Came across some of my favorite nut recipes.

Nut Cake

One-fourth cup shortening,
Three-fourth cup sugar,
1 egg,
1 and a half cups pastry flour,
2 teaspoon baking powder,
One-fourth teaspoon salt,
Half cup or water flavoring,
Half cup broken nut meats,

Cream together fat and sugar: add egg and beat well. Sift in a little flour, then add part of the liquid and continue adding dry and liquid ingredients until the desired amounts have been used sifting baking powder and salt with the last half cup of flour. Flavor and nut meats. Turn into pan

This is a Basic Recipe for Plain Cake. I have added only nuts to it. But first remove 1 tablespoon of fat from one-fourth cup shortening, as nuts contain a good deal of fat.

This recipe above (with our nut meats) may be used for loaf, layer or cup cakes and the time for baking will depend on the size and shape of pans used. Loaf cake should be baked in a moderate oven (350 degrees); layer and cup cakes in a hot oven (375 degrees).

This recipe will make two small layers. For a large three-layer cake, double the recipe.

Using this recipe as a foundation many kinds of cake may be made, all with the same general proportions, but with entirely different results.

If interested to make different cakes with this Basic Recipe Foundation, it will be sent on request with your self addressed stamped envelope. Miss Karan c-o "Vytis",

DAISY DARLING

(Advice to Palpitating Hearts)



Miss Darling:

Existence upon this mundane sphere is becoming unbearable. Antidotes and prescriptions have proven nauseating not stimulating. What is the cure for love?

Eczema

Dear Itch:

Are you sure it's love? Sometime we mortals confuse ourselves and misinterpret symptoms. Please psycho-analyze yourself again and inform me whether it's love or just a scratch on the surface.

Cure-all Daisy

Daize:

I'm desperate, real desperate. Three times in a row. I've been turned down by the girl friend, and what for? another big ham. I wouldn't care if the other bum had class to him, but phew! what taste the girl shows. What's to do about it, Jane?

Ruined

Dear Ruins:

Easy, boyfriend, just take it easy. If you're telling the truth just let the girl go. She'll find out where the class really is. If she doesn't come back it's good riddance.

Daisy



"Why don't you come up sometime?
Anytime."

DID YOU KNOW THAT---

The Artic region, or North Pole, has a varied climate with many forms of life. The Antarctic, or South Pole, has a uniformly frigid climate and is like a barren snow desert. With summer in the North Pole, flowers and grasses are common though they never reach a height of more than a few feet.

* * *

Animals such as fish obtain oxygen directly from the water by means of breathing organs called gills. The walls of the gills are thin membranes which allow the oxygen of the water to pass directly into the blood.

* * *

The camel has double eyelids. The outer lids are the same as in most animals, but the inner lids are transparent. When it closes its inner lids, the camel protects its eyes from sand without obscuring vision.

* * *

One out of every eight deaths in the world is caused by tuberculosis. The tuberculosis germ is found everywhere. No one of us escapes it. Sunlight is the greatest foe of this germ. The disease itself is not hereditary; it is only a susceptibility to it that may be inherited.

* * *

The word quarantine comes from the Italian word quaranta, meaning "forty". During the Middle Ages a forty day seclusion was demanded by the rulers as a protection in the country against the plague. Even ships were not allowed to land for forty days if they came from a land where the plague was raging.

We laugh, we love,
We live, we learn,
We drink, we smoke,
Have money to burn.

In stalks bad times,
Then woe we see,
And wish we had,
What used to be.

BLUSTERING BILL



Give men machinery and tools, without educating them as to how they can be used, and see if progress is made. The inventor who understands their use, must instruct the men before they realize the possibilities of these mechanical instruments. Likewise, man is given a tool, the mind, which requires development from experienced teachers. He has to learn how that mind may best be employed. If his teaching is incomplete, he may hurt himself with use of the tool. It is no fiction, but a reality many of us learn too late, that knowledge is power.

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant, after they had crossed it: "Boy, we did shake that thing!"

One of the most effective means of mental self-development is the reading of books and magazines of recognized literary merit. Don't hesitate to read aloud. In this way you correct your pronunciation of words. Take the time to educate yourself for it instills confidence in your ability to achieve.

Dangerous Character

In the "little Italy" section of Chicago very large families are quite the conventional thing. One day the master of the family, a recently transplanted Sicilian, took, his sixteen children downtown for a holiday outing. There, however, he was accosted by a policeman with the demand:

"Hey, what you been doin'?"

"Me?" asked the father in surprise, "I do-o notting atall!"

"Well, continued the policeman suspiciously, "then what are all these kids follerin' you for?"



THE MONTH *in* BOOKS



“THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO”

(Sole distributors: Roring and Co.,
10457 Gratiot Ave., Detroit. Price
\$3.75 postpaid)

This work contains the life sketches of 6,000 prominent living American Catholics. It required a year and a half to complete and edit it. Not one of the sketches was paid for by the person portrayed. The format is by the Abbey Press.

The work is beautifully bound and printed. An outline of the life of Al. Smith shows this energetic statesman began his career in the Fulton Street fish market and gradually worked his way into the highest circles of life fame. The entire work is well compiled.

BETTER BOOKS

Fiction

“Anthony Adverse”, by Hervey Allen.

“With This Present”, by Margaret Ayer Barnes.

“Oil for the Lamps of China”, by Alice Tisdale Hobart.

“After Such Pleasures”, by Dorothy Parker.

“One More River”, by John Galsworthy.

“Ah, King,” by Somerset Maugham.

Nonfiction

“Crowded Hours”, by Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

“Life Begins at Forty”, by Walter Pitkin.

“We Move in New Directions”, by H. A. Overstreet.

Even Exchange

Mother (to six-year-old smoking cigar) — Harold, what on earth...

Harold — That's all right, mother; father is playing with my train...

“A NICE LONG EVENING”

by E. Corbett

The book deals with the life of a delightful old lady, Mrs. Meigs. She is about eighty years of age; an independent sort of person who makes drastic changes in her environment without any counsel with the family.

The locale of the story is the middle west of the United States, in family of the better class (sic). There is nothing which will excite the reader, yet the book is quite absorbing with its intelligent analysis of human life. You and I have met many of the interesting characters portrayed.

NEW MEMBERS

Athol, Mass., Council 10

1. Anthony Tamason
2. Stanley Widugiris.
3. Joseph Truccinskas
4. Anthony Statos
5. Joseph Salkauskas
6. Albinas Salkauskas
7. Joseph Kvedaravičius
8. Mary Tamason
9. Elizabeth Kumpelis
10. Peter Stone,
11. Stanley Stone
12. John Salkauskas
13. John Petrosky
14. Nathalie Morris
15. Petronela Strepekas

Providence, R. I. Council 103

Mary Valaitis

Sheboygan, Wis. Council 51

Anastazija Stauskaitė

Chicago, Ill. Council 112

Lillian Eurkaitis

So. Boston, Mass. Council 17

Anielė Overkiutė

Chicago, Ill. Chicago Council

Juozas Poska

Vete Shillings

J. Gadaitis

IŠ KNYGŲ

..... Vytauto Didžiojo mirties 500 metų sukaktuvėms paminėti albumas, 1430 — 1930 Kaunas, 1932 m. Spaudai paruošė H. Serefinas. Didelio formato 474 pusl.

Kas mums yra Vytautas Didysis, netenka aiškinti. Tai buvo paaukulinės reikšmės žmogus ir garsus lietuvių tautos vadas. Tokius savo sūnus tautos, kaip lietuviams buvo Vytautas D., su didžia pagarba mini. Mūsų tauta savo didžiavirį, jo mirties 500 metų sukaktuvių proga, pagerbė kaip šventąjį — labai iškilmingai. 1930 m. visur, kur tik būta lietuvių, Vytautas D. paminėtas kuo iškilmingiausiai. Labai įspūdingas minėjimas buvo suruoštas žinoma, nepriklausomaj Lietuvoj. Organizuota visuomenė ir paskiri asmenys gerbė savo tautos didvyrį, kaip kas manė tinkamiau. Vienas reikšmingiausių Vytauti D. pagerbti darbų, padarytų paskirų asmenų, bus p. H. Serafino išleistas albumas. Jo autorius ryžosi didelį darbą nudirbti: visas Vytauto D. garbei suruoštas iškilmes atvaizduoti tam tikru leidiniu. Tai ne lengvo būta darbo, kuris tik po trijų metų buvo įveiktas. Užtat ir išėjo gražus ir įspūdingas dalykas.

Albumas suskirstytas keliais skyriais, kurių pirmas yra paskirtas Vytauto D. a.smeniui ir jo žygiams apibudinti. Šio skyriaus tekstas, kaip ir paveikslų aiškinimas, greta lietuviško, padarytas dar ir prancūziškai. Vytautinis skyrius prasideda Vytauto laikų Lietuvos žemėlapiu kurį seka daugiauspalvis jubilato portretas, J. Mackevičiaus darbo, Vytauto tėvų portretai ir žymesni Vytauto žygių paveikslai, kaip: Vytauto priešais, Vytautas prie Juodųjų jūrų ir Vytautas Žalgirio kautynėse. Pastarasis paveikslas spausdintas keletą spalvų ir labai gerai pavykęs reprodukuoti. Respublikos Prezidento A. Smetonos portretas taip pat daugiaspalvis yra.

The Crisis.

Contractor: Don't you see that sign, "No Work To-day?"

Colored applicant: Yas sah, dat's why ah applied!

Cautious Farmer

Farmer's Wife (to druggist): "Now, be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'."

Just think of the accommodating thief who took all the money out of a cash register and rang up NO SALE!

"Ah, Watson," commented the perceptive Sherlock, "I see you changed your underwear."

"Marvelous, Holmes — how'd you know?"

"Well, you've forgotten to put your trousers on...."

"I'm a self-made man."

"How noble of you to take all the blame for it!"



THIS IS THE 1933 ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS CHRISTMAS SEAL. FOR 27 YEARS CHRISTMAS SEALS HAVE FOUGHT TUBERCULOSIS IN THIS COUNTRY. THEY ARE SOLD FOR A PENNY EACH BY THE 2,084 AFFILIATED TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS AND FINANCE A PROGRAM OF FREE CLINICS, NURSING SERVICE, EDUCATION, TUBERCULIN TESTING, PREVENTORIA AND RESEARCH. THE DISEASE IS CENTURIES OLD. THE PRINCIPLE WEAPONS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST IT WERE CONTRIBUTED BY A HANDFUL OF PERSONS DURING THE LAST 135 YEARS.



Patarimas.

Klijentas: — Klausyk, veiteri, ankščiau, negu aš pradėsiu valgyti, štai tau kvoteris, už tai tu turi visai sąžiningai man pasakyti, ką man rekomenduoji?

Veiteris: — Kitą restoraną, pone.

Viskas bus padaryta.

— Daktare, dažnai man norisi mirti...

— Palik tamsta tą rūpestį man. Tai jau mano dalykas. Viskas bus padaryta tvarkingai ir pagal visas mūsų meno taisykles.

Irgi Nelaimė.

Ji: — Mūsų laikais daugumas vyrų veda dažniausiai tik dėl pinigų. O tu Mikai, irgi taip darysi?

Jis: — O, ne! Pavyzdžiui, tavęs brangioji už jokus pinigus nevesčiau.

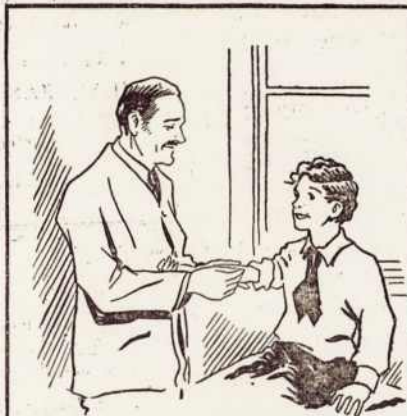
Gyvenimo mintis tik tiems aiški ir suprantama, kurie tiki į Apveizdos malonę.

— Santi

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE CHRISTMAS SEAL



IN 1882, ROBERT KOCH, A GERMAN COUNTRY DOCTOR, STARTLED THE WORLD WITH PROOF THAT TUBERCULOSIS IS CAUSED BY A TINY GERM. HE SHOWED FOR THE FIRST TIME HOW THESE MICROBES COULD BE GROWN AND STUDIED THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. THIS DISCOVERY GAVE TO MANKIND A DEFINITE FOOTING IN ITS BATTLE AGAINST THE UNSEEN ENEMY.



THEN WE HAVE THE CONTRIBUTION OF CLEMENS PIQUET, FAMOUS VIENNESE CHILDREN'S SPECIALIST. USING THE FACT THAT A DROP OF TUBERCULIN PLACED UNDER THE SKIN WILL INDICATE THE PRESENCE OF TUBERCLE BACILLI IN THE BODY HE SHOWED HOW LARGE GROUPS OF CHILDREN COULD BE EXAMINED QUICKLY.



DR. EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU WAS THE PIONEER IN SANATORIUM TREATMENT IN AMERICA AS WELL AS THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRST LABORATORY DEVOTED TO THE STUDY OF TUBERCULOSIS. HE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION.

Old Mold Cigarettes

Teach your friend a lesson. Offer him an Old Mold the next time he asks you for a cigarette. Try the blindfold test. You can't miss on Old Mold. When you get a dizzy sensation after two puffs, yes sir, it's an O. M. If you like toast, if you want to feel nonchalant if you like cough-drops, smoke O. Ms.

Mothers especially will find this cigarette a blessing. When you rock baby in your arms, the ashes won't drop off into baby's eyes. There are no ashes on Old Molds; and the smoking tips are made of chocolate candy, so there's no waste. You smoke and then eat up the rest. For the gentleman we have an ultra-ultra double-vested cigarette. Ask your dealer for a package of Old Molds, he'll think you're crazy.

Bill had taken the girl friend to the expensive night club to show her a good time before asking the important question.

"Now, darling," he said at length, "will you marry me?"

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid not, Bill," she replied. "But I will be a sister to you."

"But that's impossible!" he gasped broken-heartedly.

"Not at all", she coolly explained. "I became engaged to your brother yesterday."



Dėdė Kastukas sako: Money being the root of all evil, we'd like to put it away ourselves and thus keep the neighbor from sin.

Glisterine

Makes Your Throat Glossy

A thousand times you've had that dreadful feeling, or perhaps it was less than a hundred, that feeling of bad taste in your throat. The remedy is just around the corner, it's Glisterine. Made of 99.44% water and .56% color solution. Drink three gallons of this remarkable remedy when you go to bed at night. The more you drink, the more we make, get the idea?

Mark Anthony was a slave to Cleopatra's throat, and why not? She used Glisterine. It's an old Egyptian custom. When you buy a bottle you say, „'E gypped me." Get the idea? We experimented with this age-old remedy on a duck's throat and in a single night it became a swan. How would you like to have a throat like a swan? We want to assure you that we can't lose if you buy Glisterine.

Here's that one letter from a million and one letters never received from contented customers. It'll convince you.

Dear Glissy:

Nobody out here in Homestead, a right smart town, ever heard of your remedy. We walked around with dull throats. Then one day in the evening, like a shot from a bottle in a dark corner, I heard of Glisterine. I ran breathlessly to a drug store and drank some, drank more.

Let me congratulate your company upon completely eliminating a watery taste. I think it's marvelous, even grand and colossal. Everybody in dear old Homestead now walks around with glistening glossy throats..

Signed,

Albin... his (x) mark... Onaitis

Old Lady: — Where did you get all those nickels, Sonnie?

Sonnie: — Down at the church.

Old Lady: — Did you steal them, you naughty boy?

Sonnie: — Oh, no; the minister said that this money is all for the heathens. Me and pa is atheists, so I took a handful.

Phone Cicero 1260

DR. A. J. GUSSEN

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