

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

JOKAVI PRINC

Miloš Veseli:
Taksnega kraljeviča gotovo se niste videli. To vam je princ, da se -- pa kaj bi govorili! Ce se je spomnilj manj, me jeza popade.

Ta kraljevič je začel z jokom že v povojih. Takrat mu seveda tega še ni nihče zameril. Prigovarjali so mu in ga tolažili, da ne bi jokal, a vse zaman. Včasih je prenehel, pa samo zato, da bi si nabrajal sape in začel iznova. Večkrat je prejel ves dan. Zato so mu pravili kraljevič Solzeča.

Vidite, to ime mu je ostalo in jok seveda tudi. Ko se ga prvič postavili na noge, se je začel cemeriti. Ko si je prvič potolkel nos, je proslavil to z jokavim koncertom. Z jokom je vstajal, z jokom je hodil spat. Zjutraj je prejel ves dan v mleko in zvečer je kopal v solzah hrevnovke.

Solzil se je, koder je hodil. Ko so ga prvokrat peljali v šolo, je postala stezica skoraj blatna od njegovih solz. Potem pa se mu je šola priljubila in cemeriti se je, ko je moral iti domov. Nato se je začel učiti postevanko in je jokal, da so se mu kar lasje jezili. Ko se je postevanko naučil, je spet jokal, čes, da nima ničesar, da bi se učil. Praviham vam, otroci, od jutra do večera je bil na redu samo prinček jok.

Seštorsni ni mogel nihče več poslušati tega nepriznanega javkanja. Služabniki so gospodu kralju odpravili službo, vzgijtilji so se izgovarjali, da morajo iti v tujino študirat, stara pestunja si je izprosila dopust, čes, da mora na pogreb stare mame, in tako je ostal pri kralju samo stari kuhar, katerega prinček jokanje ni motilo, ker je bil gluh kakor poieno.

Odšel si je moral princ delati vse sam. In saj veste, vsi principi so nekoliko nerodni: vsak hip mu je padlo kaj na nos in potem je bilo spet joka več kot prejšnjemu. Gospod kralj ni imel na glavi že nobenega lasu več in to ga je jezilo, ker ga je krona preveč težila in ker je plešast kralj videti kaj malo dostojanstven. Ampak kaj nati stori? Če je princu prigovarjal po dobrem, ni pomagalo. Če ga je usekal z žezlom, je bilo še hujše. Princ je potem še bolj tutil, in škoda je bilo žezla.

Naposled je stori gospod kralj to, kar delajo vsi kralji, kadar jim, kakor pravimo, voda v grlo teče. Obrnil se je na svoje narode za pomoč. Polovicu kraljevstva in dve njivi za krorupir je obljubil tistemu, ki bo ozdravil nesrečnega princa in mu osti ubiljg nevzahnali studenc solz. Pomislite, polovicu kraljevstva! Gospodu kralju se je kar vrtelo po glavi. Šaj veste, čes bi bila prinčezinja, bi kralj ponudil njeno roko in to bi bilo cenejšo, ampak imel je samo tega obokanega princa. Pa kaj bi si beil glavo: tudi če bi moral primakniti še eno njivo za kumarje, samo da bo v kraljevih dvoranah spet mir.

Se ne vem ne, ali je dal kralj nalepiti plakate ali pa je to oglasil radio, gotovo je, da je za ta oglasil zvezel Kočevarjev Jurček in takoj sklenil, da bo princa ozdravil. "To bi bilo čudno, da ga ne bi naučil česa boljšega kakor jokanja!" Veselo je zavščivalj in kmalu je bil pred gradom. Pred grajskimi vrati je vrgel nase materino poročno krilo, si pripelil umetno brado, potrkal, prijel za kljuko, vrata so se odprla, in ker se ni zganila niti miška, jo je Jurček mahnil naravnost proti kraljevim dvoranam.

Na hodniku je srečal gluha kuharja. Ustavil ga je in rekel: "Je gospod kralj doma?" "Tomaž, kakšen Tomaž!?" je zmajeval z glavo kuhar.

"Vprašam, ali je gospod kralj na prestolu?" je pojanjeval Jurček. "Ni obolet! Ni obolet! Je zdravi!" "Kdo bi me kralju javil!" "Nič ne vem, da bi se bil davil," se je čudil kuhar.

Jurček je že hud: "To so neumne reči!" "Da, da, več in več in se cmeril!" pravi skoraj jokaje kuhar.

Jurček ni hotel več poslušati. Mahnil jo je po prvem hodniku na levo in imel je srečo. Prehodil je komaj petdeset dvoranj in štirideset manjših sob, pa je že zagledal pred seboj gospoda kralja. Kralj je imel krono v narobju, žezlo pod prestolom in dolgocasil se je. Jurček je med vrati trikrat zakaskšjal, malo počakal, potrkal, in ko je kralj milostno zakličeal "Naprejš!" je vstopil. Kralj je zdaj imel že krono na glavi, žezlo v roki in je strog meril neznanca.

Jurček se je globoko priklonil in povedal, da je slavni zdravnik Kalakura in da bo poskusil ozdraviti nesrečnega princa, samo če mu kralj dovolji, da odvede princa v svoj sanatorij. "V štirinajstih dneih bo kraljevič kakor prerjen, na jok se je spomnil ne bo, in vse to bo storil za eno samo krono!" (V tisti državi so imeli še krono namesto dinarjev.) Za pet ran božjih, Jurček se je spomnil, da se take stvari vendar ne morejo delati tako poceni: zato je brz obrnil in rekel: "To se pravi, hotel sem reči za kraljevske krono!" Kralj se je prestrašil, da se je kar prestol z njim zamažal. Tega mu vendar ne more dati in tudi prinčeva bolezen ni tako resna, vsak mameš bo to opravil ceneje. Zdjaj se je spet prestrašil Jurček. Takole bi bil ob zaslužek. Rajši nekoliko popusti. "Ne, največkrat ne zahtevam kraljevske krono, pravi resno: ampak kraljevo, dve koci in parček domačih zajcev moram dobiti!" Kralj je takoj v devetih nebesh in bi Jurček najrajši objel. Pa se je premislil, poklical gluha kuharja in mu velel: "Miha, prinesi nama kavo!"

Kuhar poskoči: "Kravo! Kje naj vzamem kravo?"

THE IMAGE

Eddy, the Missionary's little son, sat the spirits worship My Lord the Elephant, his father's teakwood house thinking about something very important. He had just been talking with de-Nan Chai, the Missionary's elephant driver, who had told him an extraordinary story. Of course, Eddy wasn't superstitious in the least and really didn't believe all of the story, but it had set him to thinking seriously. Nan Chai had said that once upon a



Nan Chai Told Him An Extraordinary Story.

time there was a bad man who had more nerve than was good for him. This man made an elephant image out of clay, then he got four snails and fastened them in the elephant's legs for feet, then he got an earthworm and stuck it in behind for a tail, then he got a leech and used it for the elephant's trunk. When the image was made it moved on its snail feet and switched its leech trunk and earthworm tail. Now every one knows, so Nan Chai said, that

"Kavo!" se jezi kralj. Kuhar odhaja mirno v kuhinjo in godrnja sam pri sebi: "Da, da, imam že pozabljeni glasivo!"

Kralj je ponudil Jurčku nekaj keksov, in preden jih je Jurček pojedel, je pripravil princ nahrbtnik. Potem je prišel princ, rekel si mu, da se pojde zdraviti, in kralj ga je usekal z žezlom, da bi se vsaj pred slavim tujcem ne cemeril. Toda princ je udaril še bolj v jok in bilo je po slovesu.

Jurček je vzel v eno roko nahrtnik, z drugo je prijel kraljeviča in šla sta na pot. Princ je jokal in jokaj, Jurček pa je živigal. Ko sta bila že precej daleč od gradu, je Jurček vrgel materino krilo raz sebe in spravil brado v žep. Princ je gledal to s solzami v očeh, hipoma pa je butnil v smeh: "Ti nisi učeni Kalakura?" "Kje neki!" se je krohotal Jurček in skočil v gozd po maline. Princ brž je začelo. Tja, sem -- tja, sem, dokler se ni princa zatankila noga in je ležal v jarku. Izlezel je kakor povodni mož in že je imel jok na kraju. Toda Jurček kričeal: "Metulji!" in hiti za njim. Princ ni vedel, ali naj joka ali naj jo ubere za Jurčkom. Seveda jima je veverica ušla, toda glavno je bilo, da se je princ naučil plezati na drevesa. Ampak na zadnjem boru si je raztrgal hlače. Ko je to opazil, se je začel kremžiti in solze so mu silile v oči. Jurček pa je bil kakor skrat. "Poglej! Takole se skače čez jarek!" "Hup!" in že je bil na drugi strani. Princ tako za njim. In zdaj se je začelo. 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MLADINSKI DOPISI

Contributions From Our Junior Members

ELLY, MINN. I am sending my best regards and good wishes to all members of the Nova Doba and to the editor.

ELLY, MINN. HARVEST When the Harvest is all brought in, Father fills the potato bin.

CLEVELAND, O. DEAR EDITOR: Vacation days are over and I spent two weeks at the country.

FARREL, PA. DEAR EDITOR: This is my second letter to the Nova Doba. I enjoy reading all the stories.

DEAR EDITOR: I have written to Nova Doba a few times and decided to write again.

AURORA, MINN. DEAR EDITOR: I have written to Nova Doba a few times and decided to write again.

DEAR EDITOR: At our school we have a paper which is called "St. Christine's Flash".

CLEVELAND, OHIO DEAR EDITOR: At our school we have a paper which is called "St. Christine's Flash".

ELY, MINN. DEAR EDITOR: I am submitting a Slovene poem for reprinting in our paper.

DEAR EDITOR: I am submitting a Slovene poem for reprinting in our paper.

on wondering what made them so carefree that now there is nothing to harvest.

That is the way our summer flew by. Some children made the most of the three months vacation, some just wasted that time and have nothing to show for it.

Our school troop had a candy sale last Friday. I was one of the sellers. We have a new scout teacher Miss Guitar.

Our girls' choir had a picnic at Lozar's cabin at White Iron. We certainly had a wonderful time and enough to eat.

THE MASQUERADE PARTY When the leaves have turned to red and brown and golden yellow.

DEAR EDITOR: First of all I want to thank you very much for awarding a dollar prize for my article.

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to thank the Nova Doba for the dollar check I received.

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September sixth found me back at Peabody High School, a Sophomore. I will tell you of an interesting assembly that we had recently in the school auditorium.

I was very happy to receive the dollar check for my previous article to the Nova Doba.

I am a sophomore this year, which seems to put me on a plane a little higher than I ever expected to be.

THE MASQUERADE PARTY When the leaves have turned to red and brown and golden yellow.

DEAR EDITOR: Now is the time for me to say good-bye to you and all the juvenile readers because I am now sixteen years old and ready for the adult department.

DEAR EDITOR: I want to express my appreciation for the dollar prize awarded me for my last contribution to the Nova Doba.

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many people think that it is, or was, a church festival, but this is not true.

In the days of long ago superstition was very common, and one of the widespread beliefs was that on Hallowe'en night the spirits of the dead were allowed to return and visit their families and friends.

I hope that all my friends who write to and read the juvenile section of the Nova Doba have a successful Hallowe'en celebration.

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OAK CREEK, COLO. DEAR EDITOR: My surprise was too great for words when I received the dollar check as an award for my last article.

My surprise was too great for words when I received the dollar check as an award for my last article.

This is my closing sentence. I hope to find time to write again when next month rolls around.

ANNABELL CHAZEV. No. 21, SSCU.

EVELETH, MINN. DEAR EDITOR: Now is the time for me to say good-bye to you and all the juvenile readers because I am now sixteen years old and ready for the adult department.

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business people live. Their homes are the latest in design, surrounded by lawns of velvety grass.

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DEAR EDITOR: I wish to thank the Nova Doba for the dollar check I received.

ODMEVI IZ RODNIH KRAJEV

STARE KORENTINE Nenevaden jubilej sta nedavno praznovali sestri Urša in Zefka Turk v Gomilskem v Savinjski dolini.

VISOKA STAROST Pri Somboru je umrla v starosti 104 let vdova obrtnika Engelmana, ki je bila najstarejša prebivalka Bačke.

ODMEV ZGODOVINE V Begovi džamiji v Sarajevu so se 18. avgusta letos vršile spominske svečanosti za upornike, ki so se branili avstrijske zasedbe pred 60 leti.

HUDA LJUBEZEN V Mariboru je bil obsojen na dve leti strogega zaporja nek 25-letni trgovski pomočnik, ki je gospodarju, pri katerem je stanoval, v presledkih izmaknil 40 tisočakov.

STRELA UDARJA V Bohovi pri Mariboru je udarila strela skozi okno Vernikove domačije.

POVOZENI SVETOVNI POTNIK Pri Slovenskih Konjicah sta srečala svetovna popotnika Alfred W. Beer iz Loraine, Ill., v Zedinjenih državah, in Noel Adolf Vogt iz Freiburga nek 72-letni avtomobilski voznik.

STUDIRA ZADRUGE V Splitu se mudri vseučiliški profesor Mosely iz New Yorka, ki proučuje kmečke rodbinske zadruge.

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New Era

ENGLISH SECTION OF
Official Organ
of the
South Slavonic Catholic Union.

Nova Doba



AMPLIFYING THE VOICE OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING MEMBERS

Current Thought On Bowling

Several of our SSCU lodges are contemplating the formation of bowling teams within their own lodge during the 1938-9 season. They plan to form their own leagues and hold regular weekly bowling sessions on one of the local alleys.

Not only in the SSCU, but in other fraternal, including denominations other than Yugoslav, have members discovered that bowling as a sport has few peers, when the entire lodge, consisting of senior and junior members, is considered.

Let it be tenpins or duckpins, the fundamentals being the same, the game of bowling is most easily acquired by young men and women, middle aged, and even those in the sixties, if physically fit. For that reason, chiefly, bowling as a sport among our lodges is gaining momentum.

During the long winter days and evenings, when members are compelled to stay indoors, a diversion in which a group of members can jointly participate is bound to create followers. And once the league has been organized, and the lodge teams have developed their normal strength, the spirit of competition prevents the weekly participation in the sport from becoming monotonous.

In our SSCU lodges, the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, New York, are frequently heard from in connection with SSCU lodge bowling teams. The remaining states either lack bowling alleys, or the members are not interested in the art of kegling tenpins or duckpins.

Perhaps the greatest advantage offered by bowling is the fact that both men and women, boys and girls, may participate, in separate groups, or together; on a fraternal co-ed basis, if such an expression is permissible.

Too often, sports in our lodges fail to include the girls and ladies, many of whom are not only members, but active, wide awake and full of the determined spirit to forge the lodge ahead. They are left out of the sports picture.

Such a situation is decidedly unfair to the ladies. Until recently, the ladies led this ill-arrangement unchallenged, but lately, especially since they read about this and that girl athlete doing as well as some of the boy athletes, the idea struck home and they asked this question: Why not include the ladies in the lodge's athletic program?

Hence, when members discussed sports at the lodge meetings, the ladies asked to be included. In some lodges the girls organized basketball teams, but in most of our SSCU units, the girls appeared to be satisfied when they were included in either tenpins or duckpins.

Sometimes members lament that the younger members do not care to mix in with the senior members, and vice versa. Be that as it may, for entertainment alone on many occasions fails to meet either the anticipation of the younger group, or the senior group, and sometimes it disappoints both.

Bowling appears to be a happy medium in which both groups can play side by side, and both groups seem to be equally satisfied. Rolling tenpins or duckpins also offers an opportunity to mix socially, between rolls, and that item alone perhaps is responsible for the success enjoyed by many of our lodges when they indulge in the game of bowling.

My Trip Across

Lorain, O. — After years of talk and months of preparation, I am safely standing on the Vulcansia looking at the sunset on the Atlantic. This boat is really very nice now and that I can't forget the day I sailed, a beautiful but hot day in New York, June 25th; people everywhere, on and off the boat, so that when I finally had my passport examined, my cabin verified, and got on the boat, I thought I would never find my cabin. Someone said, "get your dining room seats first," so I stood in line while my sister and friends were frantically looking for me. My seat gotten, I asked every steward in sight where 370 was but no one made an attempt to help, so I finally tried my Italian and pushed half consciously into my sister standing at my door. A quick glance at the room and up on deck—we went to bid farewell before we would all be off together. I never saw such excitement. Everyone was

talking as fast as he could if not shouting, crying or embracing. To me all was still a dream so I was anxious to be off. Be off to what? I had not the faintest idea what to expect.

Finally away from the docks, the skyscrapers of New York made as beautiful an effect in the background as children's blocks built so closely together and so high "they nearly reach the sky."

We passed the Statue of Liberty which seemed to wish us Bon Voyage, and then, into the deep blue Atlantic before anyone made a move to leave his post on deck.

A gong was sounded, yes, that meant lunch time, so everyone went to meet his first companions. Mrs. L. Barnhart and her two boys Kenneth and Ruseel were mine and so the conversation began: Where do you live? Where are you going? For how long? How are you coming back? First trip? They all asked the same questions yet no one minds repeating the answers. Vida A. Kums.

Lodge 132

Euclid, O. — Members of lodge Napredok, No. 132, SSCU are urged to attend the next meeting which is scheduled for Friday, October 14, starting at 7:30 p.m. in the usual quarters. Many important matters will be discussed and passed upon at this meeting. At the September meeting it was decided to provide entertainment for the November meeting. Of course, it is understood that the entertainment will follow the regular order of business. The nine-month financial report will be read. I think that every member should be informed of the lodge's financial status.

Also to be discussed at the next meeting will be the initiative motion proposed by lodge No. 37. This initiative motion suggests a few changes in the by-laws. Concerning this matter, my own personal point of view is that the present by-laws are satisfactory to the members of the SSCU; only the members should abide by the by-laws. Certainly, during the present business recession money is hard to get, but this is not the principal reason for suspension. Even when times were good and work was plentiful all over, some members never could pay their assessments on time. Just like at present, the lodge secretaries had trouble with those members then, for these members did not concern themselves whether or not they paid their assessments on time. They did not worry over the matter figuring that someone else would take care of them. There are only a few such members. At our lodge No. 132, we had a couple of members who excused themselves every month that they could not pay their assessment. But they had money for everything else, and none for assessments. At that time the lodge treasury was strong and payment of assessments for such members came out of the lodge treasury. And many times would these members place themselves on the sick list and draw benefits. When the lodge concluded that it had paid enough from its treasury for such members, payments were stopped and the members informed accordingly. When these members found out that the lodge no longer would pay their assessments, they dropped out of the unit one by one. And they never considered their obligation to the lodge, to pay the money owed to the local unit. In my estimation the present sections which are in force today prevent members to become too much in arrears with their assessments. They are not afraid of suspensions so much as non-payment of benefits in case of illness. I believe that these sections in our by-laws should be left intact, although each lodge enjoys the privilege of proposing initiative motions, and if it receives sufficient support, to be presented to the members by referendum.

John Tanko, Sec'y.

That's Different

Lawyer to Witness: "Are you married or single?"
Witness: "Married."
Lawyer to Witness: "Where were you married?"
Witness: "I don't know."
Lawyer to Witness: "You don't know where you were married?"
Witness: "Oh, I thought you said why."—The Rail.

BRIEFS

Second supreme trustee. Bro. Frank E. Vranichar of Joliet, Ill. called at the Nova Doba office last week-end on official business as did Bro. John Kumse of Lorain, O. chairman of the supreme board of trustees.

Center Ramblers lodge. No. 221, SSCU of Center, Pa. will hold its annual Masquerade Dance on October 29 at Smitty's Hall.

On Saturday, October 15, Electronics lodge, No. 228, SSCU of Cheswick, Pa. will hold a dance in Harwick Union Hall. Frank Rebarnik and his orchestra have been engaged to furnish the music for the dance which will observe the SSCU's fortieth anniversary.

In Milwaukee, Wisc., lodge No. 225, SSCU will observe the Union's fortieth anniversary and the lodge's fifth with a program of entertainment.

On Saturday, October 29, ladies lodge No. 230, SSCU of Chisholm, Minn., will sponsor a dance to celebrate the SSCU's fortieth anniversary.

In Detroit, Mich., lodge No. 144, SSCU will sponsor a banquet and dance on Saturday, October 29, to celebrate the Union's fortieth anniversary.

Lodge No. 124, SSCU of La Salle, Ill., will observe its own twentieth birthday and the SSCU's fortieth with an appropriate program including a Slovene play "Zupanova Micka."

In Cleveland, O., Betsy Ross lodge, No. 186, SSCU will hold a dance on Saturday, October 22, in the Slovene Workmen's Home. Purpose of the dance is to commemorate the lodge's eleventh anniversary and the Union's fortieth.

In Baggaley, Pa., lodge No. 13, will hold a dance on Saturday, October 15.

Lodge No. 233, SSCU of Ludlow, Colo., the latest unit to join the Union, will sponsor a dance on Sunday, October 16, to commemorate the SSCU's fortieth anniversary.

Western Sisters lodge, No. 190, SSCU of Butte, Mont., will hold a dance on Sunday, October 30. The lodge will celebrate its own tenth anniversary and the Union's fortieth.

A goal of \$3,450,000 has been set this year for the twentieth annual Cleveland Community Fund campaign, which is scheduled to get under way on November 14 and terminate on November 22. Welfare agencies and hospitals of Greater Cleveland included in this year's Fund appeal number an even hundred. In addition twelve national and state welfare organizations are expected to continue to receive their local share of contributions through the medium of the Community Fund. The 1938 campaign keynote will be "Give — Make Life Worth While." About 15,000 volunteers are now being enlisted as campaign aids and solicitors.

Lodge No. 108, SSCU of Youngstown, O. will hold a dance on November 12 at Anton

With the Pathfinders

Gowanda, N. Y. — The Slovene Hall is holding a Fall Dance on Saturday, Oct. 15th, with Nin Gugino and His Orchestra furnishing music for the upper hall, while Looch Klancer with his accordion will make the lower hall go round n' round.

There will be plenty of good beer and refreshments. The board of directors are cordially extending an invitation to all members and their friends and to the neighboring lodges. A grand time is in store for everyone. So let us all forget our worries and troubles for the night and join together as one big family reunion. Surely, you all want to be with your friends and meet new friends as well. Therefore, we'll greet you all at the door on October 15th.

At this time I wish to remind all Pathfinder members to keep our dance in mind which will be held Saturday, Oct. 29th. We are having Duke Charles and His Orchestra and our own accordionist, Looch Klancer.

The monthly meeting this month will be very important as the dance must be planned and arranged. I urge each and every member to please come and make it a record attendance. You all know as well as I do that it takes more than five or six members to make a successful dance. Therefore, let's go as success is what we are striving for.

Mary Veloski, Sec'y
No. 222, SSCU.

Center Ramblers' Masquerade Dance

Center, Pa. — Members of lodge No. 221, SSCU, are sponsoring their annual Masquerade Dance on October 29. I'm giving you notice in plenty of time to get those costumes in tip-top shape for this big day. There will be a well known orchestra to provide the music. We are inviting the old as well as our neighboring SSCUers and also friends to help make this dance the greatest success of the season. Good ole Smitty's Hall will be decorated and ready to welcome you all from far and near. So come one and all to this gala affair.

Congratulations to our member Frank Pintar who will join hands in matrimony with Grace Yeager on October 15.

Members of Center Ramblers are hereby notified to attend our monthly meeting on October 9, at 2:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. We want a perfect attendance. You know our bowling season is near.

Frances Mozina, Sec'y
No. 221, SSCU

Western Stars Dance On October 15

Rock Springs, Wyo. — Western Stars lodge, No. 202, SSCU is sponsoring a wine dance, better known in Slovene as "Vinski trgatav," or grapevine dance, on Saturday, October 15, in the Slovenski Dom. The public is invited. Paul Krainer and his band will provide the music. Admission to the dance is fifty cents for men and ten cents for ladies.

Fannie Jenko, Sec'y
Nagode's place in Avon Park, Girard.

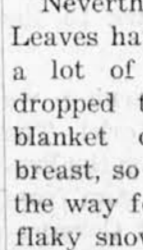
COVERING THE NEWS FRONT



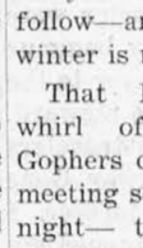
By Little Stan



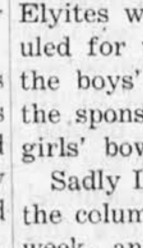
Ely, Minn. — Nimrods—duck hunters to you—are trekking this vast Northern wilderness in quest of those nice juicy blue-bill and mallard ducks. They are taking advantage of a six-week open season on ducks, but so far they haven't been very successful.



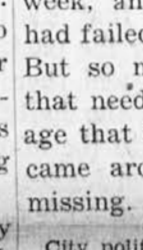
Nevertheless, it's fall time. Leaves have changed color, and a lot of them have already dropped to earth—to form a blanket on Mother Nature's breast, so to speak—and paving the way for the beautiful white flaky snow covering which will follow—and we'll know that winter is really here.



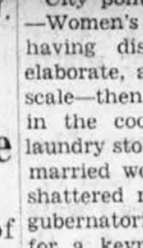
That Fall and pre-winter whirl of activity is here. Gophers of lodge No. 2 have a meeting scheduled for Thursday night—that is last night to Elyites where plans are scheduled for the re-organization of the boys' basketball team, and the sponsorship of a boys' and girls' bowling squads.



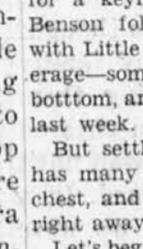
Sadly Little Stan looked over the columns of Nova Doba last week, and saw that he again had failed to make the deadline. But so many things happened that needed proper news coverage that when Nova Doba time came around, Little Stan was missing.



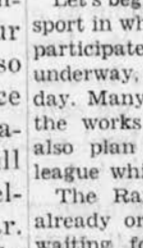
City politics were reaching a climax—Women's social organizations were having district sessions which were elaborate, and almost on a convention scale—then two Indian women drowned in the cool waters of Fall lake—a laundry stove exploded, sending a young married woman to the hospital with a shattered right limb—Harold Stassen, gubernatorial candidate, was in town for a keynote address with Governor Benson following the next week, and with Little Stan completing all the coverage—something did drop out of the bottom, and that is why he was missing last week.



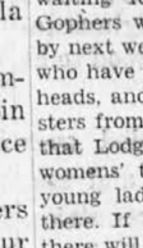
But settling down again, Little Stan has many newsy things to get off his chest, and there's nothing like starting right away. Let's begin with bowling—that favorite sport in which many of our SSCU lodges participate. The city league is already underway, games starting last Wednesday. Many SSCU bowlers are shooting the works so far in the leagues, and also plan to bowl in the Inter-lodge league which will be organized. The Rangers of Lodge No. 1 have already organized their team, and are waiting for the others to get going. Gophers will have their line-ups ready by next week. Left will be the Hawkeyes who have some fine keggers, the Arrowheads, and the newly organized youngsters from Lodge No. 200. It is expected that Lodge No. 129 will also sponsor a women's team, and we hope that the young ladies of Lodge No. 129 get in there. If every unit organizes a team, there will be a fine women's and men's league. From this list of top-notchers, Little Stan feels certain that a fine representation of the Ely SSCU bowlers can be had at the National SSCU bowling tournament in Cleveland next April. How about it folks?



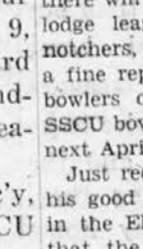
Just recently, Little Stan met one of his good friends from Kitzville, Minn., in the Ely Sweet Shoppe. He reported that the SSCU lodge in his town is having a bowling team, and the Gophers challenge the boys for a game on a home and home basis. How about it Kitzville? Drop Little Stan a card if you accept the challenge, and we'll roll 'em in a six-game match—three at home—three at Kitzville, or wherever your alleys are located.



Within a week, the athletic supervisors of Ely SSCU lodges are expected to be called together to effect the organization of the lodge-bowling league, and then the season will officially get the swinging.



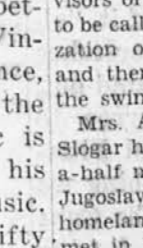
Mrs. Anton Slogar and Mrs. Marko Slogar have returned from a three-and-a-half month trip to Europe, including Yugoslavia, where they visited their own homeland. Upon their return they were met in Duluth by their husbands, and returned to Ely by car. No sooner did word of the ladies return spread through this populace, people who were interested in news of their homeland visited the Slogar residence where the ladies told them many interesting things. They were very glad to come



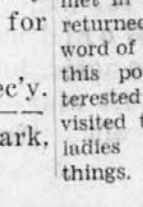
home and declared there was nothing that could compare with the good old USA. The economic situation has changed tremendously since they left their homeland for America years ago... In fact the ladies were disappointed so, that they felt like leaving immediately if it were possible. However, they visited many beauty spots including picturesque Lake Bled, and other points. Their report coincided in almost minute detail with the current articles being written by Bro. Janko N. Rogelj, supreme trustee of Cleveland, who several months ago returned from a similar trip. Eagerly the people await Bro. Rogelj's articles. They are so anxious to read of their mother country, and Bro. Rogelj's descriptions are so vivid, everybody can just visualize the situation.



We're all very happy to see Mrs. Anton and Mrs. Marko Slogar at home again... and know that they enjoyed their fine trip. Little Stan hasn't interviewed the couple yet, but plans to do it in the near future and bring you the picture as they saw it.



The Minnesota juggernaut—the 1938 edition of national football supremacy has started to roll. So far this mighty team from the north country has beaten Washington University from the west coast by 14 to 0; and followed up by taking Nebraska 16 to 7. Such strength did the team show, that it was expected to take Purdue today (Saturday) with much to spare, and roll along to a Big Ten Conference championship, and to national supremacy. This notwithstanding the fact that Pittsburgh is again knocking on the same door. Little Stan would like to see Minnesota and Pittsburgh tangle for the national title this year. Poor Pitt, task tsks!



Pleasantly surprised and tickled was Little Stan one day last week when he received a card from his old friend, Bro. Martin Regina, who was a delegate to the 1936 Cleveland, O., convention. Bro. Regina, still strongly enthusiastic about the Pitt Panthers has gone places since last heard from. He has graduated from the University of Pittsburgh and is now employed at the U. S. Naval Aircraft factory as aeronautical engineer. "I'm getting to like the place quite well... Oh yes, I forgot, you're still single" — he says, "and bet that Pitt's the national champion again! and then — "They would be if they were to play Minnesota!"
You've got something there Martin, old pal... But I still strongly believe, and my convictions are that Minnesota just won't beat this year—no, not even by Pitt! — (That's starting the good old argument again!) Heh Heh... Well, Martin, will write you a nice long (Continued on page 6)

From the Supreme Judiciary Committee

57-309.

Appeal of brother Frank Nagoda, a member of lodge Sv. Alojzija, No. 57 in Export, Pennsylvania, wherein he complains that his claim for sick benefit, from May 7, 1938 to May 31, 1938 was unjustly disallowed. The claim was disallowed by our executive committee after it was informed that the lodge did not recommend the payment of same, because it was reported at its meeting that the appellant erased a word from the report of his physician and that his illness was the result of his fighting. The appellant denies the charge, saying that he made no erasure and that he was not fighting but was attacked by two men. On request from the supreme judiciary committee, names of several eye witnesses to the alleged fighting were submitted but only one witness testified and his testimony was that the appellant was attacked by two men. For some reason other witnesses could not or were unwilling to testify. As for the erasure it was not proved that the appellant made it. The supreme judiciary committee decided that the above named appellant is entitled to a sick benefit for the above stated period and the decision of our executive committee is hereby reversed.

Anton Okolish, John Schutte, Frank Mikec, Rose Svetich, Valentin Orehek, judiciaries of SSCU.

Sport Flashbacks

By Stan Progar

Blawnox, Pa. — Back in Springdale stands a one-room building, now somewhat depleted because of a year's idleness and lack of proper care. Its one window facing Main Street proudly displays a neat sign (partially covered with dirt and Hallowe'en soap) proclaiming to the world that here is the office of the "Sport Flashbacks." But to the left of the window and across the only door, a conspicuous notice can be seen from about one-hundred feet down street. On it is inscribed the following, "Closed until the Pirates win the National League Flag."

Coming up the street we can see a dejected and very forlorn figure walking as if accompanied by a funeral march. His feet drag with every step, hands are thrust deep in his trouser pockets and the once high held head is now resting wearily on his sagging chest. As he approaches the Flashback office and notices the window sign, an adoring gleam appears in his eyes and a broad smile spreads happily across his face. For a simple fleeting second, tender memories disperse all traces of gloom and peace settles over his tired frame. But a glance at the door returns the mounting disgust with a surging rush. At one jump and a determined jerk, the broadside is ripped from the door and smashed to a million pieces. With a snarl curling around his mouth, he shoots a hand in one of the many pockets and it emerges with a key, long since forgotten and just recently retrieved from its hiding place. Into the lock goes the key and the battle begins. A few seconds of twisting and turning and pushing and cursing and the weather-beaten lock refused to budge. Just as patience was about to be exhausted, the rust-eaten lock gave away and the door, protesting loudly, began opening slowly. Inside, dust was everywhere. Over the desk, chair, floor, shelves and even the old records were submerged in a sea of dust and webs. Still seething with mixed emotions, his sweeping glance "took-in" the room and then stepped in. Every step raised a swirling cloud of dust that helped to choke back any utterances he might have attempted. He stopped in the center and looked about. A hand raises and is run through hair fast thinning. Then he stops over and stands in front of his long neglected desk as happy memories flutter back. He reaches over and gives the battered old typewriter an affectionate pat as huge tears well in his eyes. Then suddenly he remembers why he was separated from his best pals. He throws back his head and breaks in a half-hysterical laugh.

Outside, passers-by stopped and stared in amazement. Yes, the sound came from the small, long forgotten building. Those venturing to look in, saw a solitary figure hanging on the back of an office chair and rocking with crazy laughter. After one look, they continue on their way, making funny little motions with their fingers alongside the head.

Explanation

To most of you, this may seem a crazy way to explain why Sport Flashbacks failed to appear during the last year but you will find the reason just as crazy as the attempted explanation. You see, this department had the nutty idea that he was a jinx to the Pirates in their pennant race by printing boastful statements of the Pirate's success before the season was over. This year, he was resolved not to write one single word about the Pirates until they met their World Series opponent. My fingers were crossed all season but something went wrong. May-

MY TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY Doris Marie Birtic,
Lodge 180

Final Installment

Almost before we realized it, we docked in the American harbor of Boston, Massachusetts, our last stop before New York. After a brief search by customs officials we were permitted to go ashore.

There was a party ready to make the rounds of the city in sight-seeing cars, but I had had quite enough of that for the time being, so I struck out for town on foot with one goal in mind—a good 12-inch American hot dog. Strange, but that was what I had missed most during my trip. Well, I got it and it certainly was a treat! I topped it off with two ice cream cones, bought a Cleveland newspaper and then walked back to the dock.

The following morning we pulled into New York! The cheery young lady from the Propeller Club, a genial man from the American Export Corporation and a news reporter were there to meet me. My baggage was quickly whisked over to the customs house by the steward. One by one my fellow-travelers walked down the gangway. Gone—out of my world forever. I swallowed hard, and turned my face aside to hide the tears that were falling in quick succession. I excused myself and hurried back to my stateroom, dashed a bit of cold water over my tear-stained face and immediately felt better. I gave one fond glance at the room that had been "home" to me for the past six and a half weeks and then walked quickly down the hall. As I said "Goodbye" to the officers and thanked them for seeing to it that I had had such a nice sea voyage, I even managed to smile a bit, although I will confess it was a rather wistful attempt.

It took all the will power I had to maintain the appearance of a poised young lady when I walked down the gangway for the last time. However, the thought of coming home to my family and friends and telling them all about my trip soon cheered me and I could hardly wait until my train sped homeward. In a seemingly short time we were passing through the suburbs of Cleveland and finally the long drawn out puffs of the locomotive could be heard as we came to a stop—East Cleveland station! Familiar faces greeted me as I stepped from the platform. Smiles, tears, embraces, eager questions! What a conglomeration of things! It was good to be back!

After having traveled over 12,000 miles by land and sea, and visited seven countries, three continents other than our own, I had arrived home healthy, happy, with a treasure of memories, a keen desire to go back again sometime, and the satisfaction of knowing that, after all, America, my home sweet home is best!

be because I forgot myself and placed a bet on "My Bucs," another thing that is taboo. But anyhow they came close. They almost were the National League winners. But the heck of it, "almost" only counts in horseshoe pitching as the Bucs found out, much to the general sorrow to all of us in and around Pittsburgh. Now, the only thing we can do is to cheer for the Cubs and wait for next year for the Pittsburgh - Detroit World Series. Oh, oh, there I go again. How the heck can the Bucs win if I start that all over again.

Lodge 70

Chicago, Ill. — Members of lodge Zvon, No. 70, SSCU are hereby notified to attend in full numbers our next meeting, which will be held October 15, in the usual quarters. The quarterly financial report will be read at this meeting. Those members who had admission tickets for the October 2 dance are requested to settle for the sold tickets and to return the unsold tickets to the meeting. I must make a report to the entertainment committee immediately after the meeting.

Members who become in arrears with their assessments are cautioned to pay their obligations on time, and whoever fails to pay his assessment by the last day of the month will be suspended without a letter from the secretary to that effect. The by-laws are clear on this point. Those members who pay two or three months assessments at one time for obligations past due should pay for so many months in advance, not in arrears. During the month of September less than 30 members paid their assessments on time, and the treasurer had to take around 40 dollars out of his own pocket in order to send a remittance to the supreme treasurer on time. This cannot go in the future. No one is indebted to pay the assessments of another, not even the lodge treasury.

Andrew Bavetz, Sec'y.

"As A Secretary Sees It"

Blawnox, Pa. — The opening wedge into this column, to our local and "near distant" followers, is just a repetition, nevertheless we serve it as a reminder and as a possibility that to some it may be news. . . There is also the fact that there are those who look forward to such eleventh hour broadsides. . . There are those who rely on every ounce of ballyhoo and view other attempts thru similar lenses. . . We hope to avoid such an outlook and present the final announcement with thoughts that the climax of the affair will speak for itself.

This column appreciates very much the fitting tribute paid by Larry Boberg to Frank Rebarnik's display of what is in store for those who help commemorate the SSCU 40th anniversary at Harwick.

This vicinity likewise expressed grand approval of our choice for the evening's entertainment. Which this column wishes to avoid being too optimistic, it is pleased with the attitude adopted by our regular patrons and many "first timers." That they are looking forward with anticipation to our affair, is to ours as well as their good fortune. Frank's style of play, not to forget the fine qualities of his orchestra, is certain to find satisfaction among both the elders and American music lovers.

That you attended, we know you will not be sorry. And to some fortunate person in attendance will go a beautiful canary and cage. This certainly cannot be overlooked. Likewise there is some rumor of a novelty surprise to be produced. I wonder whether it will materialize? Lastly, for a grand evening's entertainment attend Electrons 3rd and SSCU's 40th Anniversary at Harwick Union Hall, in Harwick; Sat., Oct. 15th; commencing at 8 until 12. Admission to all 25c. Be see-in-ya!

F. J. Progar.

Tit For Tat

Wife — How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price.
Hubby — You mean you got it for an absurd figure.

Did You Know That . . .

By Anna Prosen, Lodge 173

York village, Maine was the first chartered city in America and the King's Prison, or old York goal, built in 1657 is the oldest public building in New England? The King's Prison is now a museum and the sheriff's quarters are furnished in the style of the 1600's?

Geometry, a deductive science which treats of the properties of space, is supposed to have had its origin in land surveying in Egypt?

Oliver Goldsmith, who died in London in 1744, was buried on the north side of Temple Church, where a stone marks his grave?

Portland, Oregon, known as the "City of Roses", has some of the world's prettiest roses. Everywhere the city appears to be one big bed of colorful roses?

Crown Point on the Columbia River is a high, bare rock that juts out and is more than 700 feet high. At the top of this rock a stone and concrete building, the "Vista House", was built as a memorial to the pioneers who developed the surrounding regions?

Mount Rainer, snowy sentinel of the western skies, seems to change color — one minute snowy white, the rosy pink — when the light strikes its massive dome, partly veiled in the clouds. Its snow fields, waterfalls, and glaciers add to its beauty and grandeur?

Tacoma, Washington manufactures many lumber products such as: doors, panels, wooden columns and boxes, furniture. It is often called "Lumber Capital of America"?

Anaconda, Montana is the rich copper country of Montana. At the copper smelters of Anaconda is an enormous smokestack — the largest and tallest in the world, so large that the Washington Monument, 555 feet high, could be hidden within it. This large stack helps to keep the poisonous fumes which come from the smelters, from killing the vegetation near by?

On the steps of the capitol at Denver, Colorado, a bronze plate states that the elevation is exactly 5,280 feet above sea level. This explains why Denver is known as the "mile high city". Denver, with its homes, parks, public buildings, fine office buildings, is a popular summer and winter vacation resort?

Near Pikes Peak is the Garden of the Gods, a scenic wonder of Colorado. Here the visitor sees a large number of strange shapely red and white sandstone formations?

The first flour mill in Minneapolis, Minnesota, was built in 1854?

The many huge grain elevators along the Buffalo harbor have caused the city to be called the "Elevator City." Here millions of bushels of wheat are stored?

Niagara Falls are divided into two sections by Goat Island, which marks the boundary between U. S. and Canada. The American falls, 160 feet high, have a span of 1000 feet, the Canadian, or Horseshoe Falls, about 150 feet high, a span of 2500 feet?

Rochester, New York, on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, is a city noted for its flour mills, manufacture of cameras, optical goods, surgical instruments, motion-picture film, nursery products, office supplies and many other products?

At the foot of Beacon Hill is a patch of oblong ground known as Boston Common, the oldest public park in the U. S. Here, where the early settlers once grazed their cows, the Boston-

A Safety Message to all Cleveland People

From the beginning of 1938 until mid-September Cleveland had watched with satisfaction a steady increase in safety activities, and a decline of traffic mishaps upon our streets. We have enjoyed greater safety, and our safety record has climbed to a point where Cleveland has achieved the best per capita rate of fatal accidents in the past ten years.

Then abruptly into this record there has come a sudden increase in accidents, that at least temporarily, reversed our trend. By September 15 we had recorded twelve fatal accidents compared with eleven during the same fortnight of last year. This marked the first instance in which 1938 accidents have increased over accidents in 1937.

Records of these mishaps show that in eight instances it has been a pedestrian struck down rather than collision between automobiles. This same ratio was held in the last fifteen accidents in which eleven pedestrians have suffered as compared with only four driver fatalities.

In all the pedestrian cases a study by our traffic force has brought out one principle factor that is the same in each accident. It is a fact that the pedestrians have been thinking of other things at the time, and became unaware or forgetful of traffic hazards. This is comparable to the problem of child safety where children forget safety when their minds are engaged with their school problems or their play.

By our increased safety activities we believe we have improved traffic conditions in Cleveland. Through enforcement of laws we have reached out to curb the unsafe drivers.

However, the pedestrians must be guided almost solely by their own wills and the help we can give them through corner traffic post men and traffic signals. And we must appeal to the will and the intelligence of the people who walk on the streets to remember the vital part they take in safety.

We want Cleveland's traffic accidents barometer to continue downward. We believe that this can be best achieved through cooperation expressed in a renewed pledge to make safety conduct part of our attention while on the streets. — **Eliot Ness, Director of Public Safety.**

Busy Stork

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road near Rastus' house.

Doctor — "Whose duck is that?"

Rastus — "Dat ain't no duck. Dat's a stork wit his legs wore off." — Highway Traveler.

ians of today come for rest and amusement?

So many insurance companies (over 40) have their headquarters in Hartford, Connecticut, that it is called the "Insurance City". This business began here in 1794?

New York City is the largest city in the western hemisphere and the second largest in the world?

Wall Street, the heart of America's financial world, is often called the "pocketbook of the world". Here are located some of the world's greatest banks and investment houses?

More than one-third of all our women's clothing is made in New York by foreigners of Little Italy, Ghetto, Bowery and Chinatown?

Blood and Battle Field

A World War Chronicle
By IVAN MATICICFrom the Slovene by
VALENTINE OREHEK

(Continuation)

A German regiment is sent against the rebels. It marches into the town four men abreast and our gunners do not open fire on them until they have proceeded some ways in. A devastating volley greets them then from doorways and windows. When it becomes known that there are many Magyars in this regiment, Gyla commander of the 8th Company, who is a Magyar by birth, assembles his company and deserting us marches away to rejoin the 21st Regiment. By morning all Codroipo lies surrounded by German troops. They enter the town in armored cars. After a brief resistance our regiment surrenders. As a result of this conflict seven of our men are dead, sixteen wounded and above two hundred taken prisoners.

Thus for the time being the uprising is quelled. The prisoners have tasted the joys of rebellion and wink at one another covertly as they enter the drill grounds where they are further relieved of their guns and other weapons.

But on the Piava it thunders out again and the military authorities reconsider their decision. The upshot of it is that they return the guns to us. The occasion is marked by impressive rites designed to put us in mind of the magnificent nature of this act. The division general himself is present and he speaks at length on the "foolhardiness" of our regiment. He urges us to be steadfast for our own good and not to be so easily moved by instigators who wish only to bring ruin on the nation. He avers that everyone of these will suffer the extreme penalty; that all the others who had unthinkingly followed will be forgiven all if they return to fight with sincere endeavor for Austria. When at the end of his speech he asks the regiment whether it wishes to heed his advice the men are silent. However, the guns and ammunition are given out nevertheless. One troop which is deemed exceptionally trustworthy receives guns with the breeches removed until such time as it proves itself reliable.

The command of the regiment is given to our friend from the 1st Offensive, good old Mostl, who has until recently been a brigadier general; this since Montoj has been called away to Vid to answer for the conduct of his regiment.

On October 29th we march to Casarsi with our ultimate destination in Montello where a fierce battle is raging. A whisper passes through our ranks, "Don't fire a single shot when you meet the enemy. Throw away your arms and surrender before any blood is spilt."

On our way we meet a Czech regiment. Its men are very happy and gay and they shout to us that they are on their way home and that war is over for them.

This night our men rebel openly and their protesting yells fill the night.

"This is as far as we go; they can't make us budge another step!"

"There's nothing in it for us even if we should grab up a mess of Italian ground!"

"Let's go back to the Soča!"

"We'll be damned if we'll croak for Austria! We don't want to be slaves to Italy neither where living Turks still are chained to dungeon walls since the wars with Tripoli!"

"Too much Slavic blood's been spilled for Teutons! Our people have been drained dry; our blood mingles with the soil; our people have martyred themselves for an empty cause!"

"Seven hundred men rot within Monte Sisemol in a single grave!" (This happened in January during the French and English drive. A reserve force lay encamped in a narrow pass. During the night the French flooded it with poison gas and then blew up both entrances with dynamite, burying the men under a mountain of sand and stone.)

When the officers see that nothing can get the men to continue they consult among themselves. They then call on several of the men who reiterate that none of them care to continue as cannon-fodder for a hated country. The officers consider awhile and then ask them to try to persuade the other men to go at least as far as Casarsi so that they will not stand in the rain and sleet all night. At first the men stubbornly refuse to hear even this proposal but eventually they give in and go.

In Casarsi we come upon the men of a Croatian battalion busy plundering a train loaded with food and large quantities of rum. Our men immediately join themselves to the milling throng and soon they and everyone else is drunk.

With morning comes the news of the Austrian disaster. Whole divisions have surrendered passively and the enemy has crashed through at Livigno. Borevich has led his army to the old line along the Soča where he intends to stick until the conclusion of peace. During this time the army command is to move into Postojna and Ljubljana. The marshal instructs the troops against taking anything that belongs to the Italians and to guard against harming them in any way. He wants to impress the orderliness of his army on the enemy.

From this time on not another shot is fired by Austrian troops. Most of them are in flight or giving themselves up. This does not influence the conduct of the enemy, who instead of ceasing increases his fire.

Wurm and his attendant staff have destroyed all the maps and plans and have fled San Vito. Their small printing outfit has been kept going to the last clicking out manifestos to the Slovene regiments urging them to return to their places now when the country needs them most and that this is the one time for them to display their celebrated heroism. Needless to say their pleas go unheeded. The Austrian army and the nation as a whole are disrupting and there is no power in heaven or in hell to stay the process. Fear is in the hearts of our generals but ours are filled with joy, for the fetters of bondage are bursting. The stink of gunpowder lifts and we begin to breathe the fresh air of freedom. Freedom... it boils in our breasts while an exultant whoop bubbles on our lips. At last we are rising out of the slough of death where we have died so many times, for so many years. Life which has been a doubtful gamble for so long now takes on a different hue and seems to return in full. And then memories of those first days of horror come pouring back, when the lash whistled over us, when the revolver pressed at our back, when our brothers were sent to death on the gibbet with scurrilous tablets on their breasts. We still remember the threats, the scoffs and contempt, we still remember the cuffs sustained at the hands of beastly superiors, and the years wasted in an ungrateful service. But today the heads of the pompous overlords who have been out masters are bowed in defeat and strangely there is a softening in our hearts for them; we feel lighter than we have for long.

On Livenci the caissons rumble, but we know that the cannons no longer blaze for us, that their vomit can never reach us more.

Our regiment goes back over the long road past Palmanov and the Austrian cockades are snapped from our forage caps. The civilians we meet are happy with the way things have turned out and they are active in stealing Austrian supplies on the sly. The rows on rows of trains loaded with our goods fall into the hands of the Italian army now. The bridges begun in Livigno and Palmanov and over the important rivers suffer a like fate together with all the building material intended for their construction. All this we are certain repays the enemy nation a hundred times over for the wine we have consumed and for every pig and chicken lifted. Loads of timber and materials worth a fortune we leave behind to these people.

As we move through Furian, Jože and I each pull a pair of pants from a heap piled in a storage train. A young officer detects us and jumping down from a car up ahead blazes after us viciously with his carbine. Startled, we whirl and Jože shakes his fist at the intruder as we break into a run.

The people here are loud in their denunciation of Italy and they asseverate that they will never live under Italian rule. Many of them even go as far as to make preparations to follow us with their belongings, but one after another they cool off and stay where they are. It is during this journey that I first hear Col. Mostl issue a command in the Slovene tongue; it is when he tells us that the Army Command has sanctioned the withdrawal of the troops across the border. He speaks at some length and tells us that it is expected of us to continue fighting as long as there is hope to fend the enemy off. He goes on to say that he deplores the drunkenness and intemperance of the men, especially the terrible spectacles they made of themselves at Casarsi, and he says that he has never experienced anything like it in all his forty years of military service. He begs the troops to refrain from such loud practices and reminds them that actions of that kind bring nothing but discredit upon a regiment and does more than anything to cast ill reflection on the nation itself.

(To be continued)

LITTLE STAN'S ARTICLE

(Continued from page 5)

letter, and tell you all about it. Hello...

It was nice hearing from you. Thought that Sister Helen Okrova's nice article was tops last week, and think that Stan and Frank Progar are pitching fine ball in their articles each week. Glad to see them back in stride again. They cover lots of territory in Pennsylvania. What do you think of Minnesota team this year boys! Whoa—Huh! Heh! Little Stan thinks the Pitt Panthers will be tamed this year. If he has to grab them by the tail himself! But it's nice work if you can get it.

Those Rockdale and Joliet memories reign supreme! A letter from Little Stan is behind schedule, but a heart says it will be answered very very soon. . . so much work, so little time to do it. . . that's how it goes— and juveniles—remember Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Day, and Christmas are just around that corner. . . keep sending in your articles to the juvenile section, and your fine work will be rewarded. . . Little Stan says so. . . and keep your eyes peeled on the plans for the joint third juvenile convention and athletic conference—and don't miss Little Stan too much until next week. . .

DOPISI

Uniontown, Pa. — Na seji ...

Cleveland, O. Bilo je skle- ...

Naše članice ...

Joseph Prah, tajnik.

Frances Lopp, tajnica.

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Francis Koritnik, tajnica.

Salida, Colo. — Članom dru- ...

Članom društva Sv. Alojzija, št. 78 JSKJ, ...

Članom društva Sv. Petra, št. 50 JSKJ, ...

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