

Scouts Hold en House

Felix A. Danton,
Scoutmaster, Troop 250
do honor to some of their
members, now in the
and to recognize the
of present mem-
Troop 250 of the Boy
of America, local scout
is holding an open house
court of honor meeting on
Wednesday evening, June
14 at 8 p. m. at the St.
Recreation Center, 6250 St.
Ave.

at the meeting will be
Francis R. Jaksic, AAF for
assistant scoutmaster of the
and now home having re-
an honorable discharge
the Air Corps. Lt. Jaksic
present Life Scout badges
Joseph Bergoc, Joseph San-
and Robert Suhadolnik.
man Ray I. Gornik,
on leave from the United
Naval Academy, also a
assistant scoutmaster of
troop, will be on hand and
present Star Scout badges
Albert Princic and Gabriel
Kukar. Staff Sergeant Karl
AAF and a former mem-
the local Sea Scout group
Milan Jaksic, USA, an
former local Scout, are
to be present.

badges will be present
a large number of scouts
troop by a member of
Committee.
addition to the court of
meeting, the Troop Com-
of Troop 250 will give
prizes, the first prize
\$25.00 War Bond.
ertainment will be fur-
by the scouts and par-
friends of scouting are
to attend the meeting.

Mutuaries

Joseph—Of 716 E.
St. Age, 41 years. Sur-
by wife, mother and
Joseph—Age 60 years.
ence, 1171 E. 58th St.
three daughters, and
sons survive.

Andrea—Resi-
4206 St. Clair Ave. 54
years of age.

Irene A.—22 years
Survived by parents
two brothers.
—5 week old daugh-
Henry and Dolores Koz-
Residence at 981 E.
St. Survived by parents
two sisters.

30th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs.
and Elizabeth Babic,
Rd., Madison, O., cele-
their 30th wedding anni-
A gathering of their
from Madison and Gene-
helped celebrate this occa-
Congratulations!

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Mr. Prince Working on New Bridge

Since John J. Prince, council-
man from the 32nd ward took
office, he has quietly been try-
ing to induce the necessary city
officials to authorize the expen-
diture of rebuilding Collinwood
bridge, which runs over N.Y.C.
R.R. premises on E. 152nd St.
Mayor Thomas Burke has in-
structed the city engineers to do
something about it. Recently,
with the approval of the admin-
istration, Mr. Prince has intro-
duced a resolution into council
creating a need for the new pro-
ject. Said resolution must be in-
troduced in accordance with the
resolution passed by council in
1923 and 1924, at which time the
New York Central R. R. Co.
agreed to pay 65% of the cost
of the project. The cost involved
will be about \$300,000. It is pos-
sible that work on the bridge
may be started this year.

Telenews Theatre

Telenews salutes General
Dwight D. Eisenhower, Archi-
tect of Victory. Newsreel pic-
tures of the Supreme Allied
Commander's triumphal home-
coming, headlines the new pro-
gram at the Telenews Theater
this week.

London acclaims General
"Ike," makes him an honorary
citizen. At famous Guild Hall,
the Lord Mayor presents a
sword of honor.

Paris hails the "citizen of Abi-
lene." General DeGaulle him-
self presents him with the Cross
of Liberation, highest French
honor.

Then Washington, D. C. and
the triumphant homecoming.
Thousands acclaim the victori-
ous warrior as he rides down
Pennsylvania Avenue with Gen.
Marshall, in the warmest wel-
come of all. Congress gives him
a rousing reception, as General
"Ike" makes a deeply stirring
address. "The genius and power
of America," he tells them,
"have eliminated one menace to
our country's freedom. Still an-
other remains to be crushed in
the Pacific before peace can be
restored."

Killed in Action

Major Herman M. Turk

Major Herman M. Turk, was
killed in action on January 23rd.
his wife, Daphne, was notified.
Major Turk, a physician, was
serving with the 12th Army Air
Force.

Besides his wife and two chil-
dren, who reside in San Antonio,
Texas, he is survived by his
father, Mr. Louis Turk of 1941
Pasnow Ave. Major Turk was
46 years of age, at the time of
his death.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMED 86th DIVISION ARRIVE IN U. S.

On June 17th, 4 troop ships
docked in New York Harbor,
bearing members of the 86th
Division serving under General
Patton's Third Army. Home on
a short furlough, before ship-
ment to the Pacific, are some
14,247 troops, among them 591
of Ohio. In this group are 124
Clevelanders. Slovenes who have
or will soon arrive home
on furlough are: Pfc. John M.
Miskulin, 7617 Lockyear Ave.;
Pvt. George Novacic, 687 E.
185th St., and Pfc. Ray F. Mila-
vec, 1069 E. 51 St.

ILL

Ann Grozdanic, 14930 Sylvia
Ave., returned home from St.
Joseph Hospital in Mt. Clemens,
Michigan, this past week.

ENAKOPRavnost
6231 St. Clair Ave.
Henderson 5311-12

ENGLISH SECTION

FOR VICTORY—Buy
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JUNE 23, 1945

THE SINKING OF "ATLANTIC SUN"

(Continued from last week)

Gradually my senses and
strength came back. As I lay
there and rested, the captain of
the submarine came to me. I
immediately asked about the
eight men. He told me he
couldn't do anything for them;
there wasn't room to take them
aboard. He informed me I was
going to Germany, a prisoner
of war!

For 23 days I was on the U-
boat, down below nearly all of
the time as it prowled the sea
searching for Allied shipping.
They didn't mistreat me, and I
shared their rations of luncheon
meats, cheese, and potatoes,
fish, bread, coffee and tea. Every
now and then, usually at night,
they would allow me on deck to
get air.

But I was terribly discour-
aged. The Atlantic Sun and my
shipmates were gone. The
thought of spending years in a
German prison camp took all
heart out of me.

The Germans saw how de-
pressed I was, and even tried to
cheer me up. In fact, every now
and then they engaged me in
conversation, and I found that
the officers aboard spoke En-
glish rather well.

From the captain I learned
some further facts about the at-
tack on the Atlantic Sun. The
tanker was the only vessel sunk
by the U-boat so far on that trip
which began about January 1, but
the undersea raider had also
sent a derelict to the bottom.

The sub captain revealed his
first torpedo aimed at the Sun
missed; it went under-
neath. The second crashed into
the bow. The third hit at or
near the pumproom, just aft of
midship, and tore the Atlantic
Sun in two. The fourth, as I
knew, finished off the stern
half. The sinking took place 150
miles off Cape Race, the cap-
tain told me. He explained that
the machine gun was pointed at
the lifeboat in case any of the
men were armed, or had a grenade
ready to throw.

We also discussed the war,
and I found all of them cocky
and confident of victory. They
would sink all our vessels, they
promised. Then where would
we be? We talked, too, about the
fighting in Europe, and since I
wasn't up on the news, I
asked the captain about the
battle for Stalingrad. He admitted
the Germans had been pushed
back but assured me it was "a
strategic retreat."

"In the Spring, Germany will
start an offensive and over-run
all Russia," he said.

I remember when the captain
proudly told me of having re-
ceived radio news that under-
sea boats had sunk 23 United
Nations vessels within a few
days. That was when the U-boat
attacks were especially bad. I
guess he had it pretty straight
because later I was to meet
some of the survivors, and get
a first-hand account of some of
the sinkings.

The captain was about 30
years of age, and the oldest man
aboard was the bos'n, who was
32. Other officers were about 22,
and the crew were mostly of the
same age. The usual comple-
ment of men, normally 35 in
number, was supplemented on
this voyage by four or five ap-
prentices, boys of 17 or 18, mak-
ing their first submarine trip.

Several incidents stand out.
One was when we stopped
somewhere at sea to refuel from
another ship. Of course I was
kept below but that evening
when they allowed me up I
could see at least three subma-
rines in the distance. Apparently
this was the rendezvous of a
wolfpack.

Another incident was the U-
boat's attack on an English ship
some 350 miles off the coast of
Britain. Two torpedoes were
fired; but—as I learned later—the
intended victim avoided them.
I thought they had hit, because
I heard two explosions; then the
Nazis cheered. Later it was
explained to me that what I
heard were depth charges
dropped by a British patrol
plane. I doubted that story.

On March 9 we arrived at the
Nazi submarine base at St. Na-
zaire, France. There I learned
the sub captain had told the
truth for he flew no flag for
that English ship, but he did
fly a flag for the Atlantic Sun
and the derelict.

I was taken ashore, and sent
by rail under a one-man guard
to an interrogation center at
Wilhelmshaven, Germany. There
they entered by name and a lot
of particulars about me on their
prisoner records. I was kept at
the center for twelve days, one
of which was a thriller. That
was when U. S. planes staged a
daylight raid on the city, and
they did real damage. I won't
forget in a hurry a few of the
big ones that hit nearby.

From Wilhelmshaven they
took me to what was to be my
prison for 22 months—Milag
Nord, about 20 miles northeast
of Bremen. It was a detention
camp for merchant seamen. I
found that of some 3,000 prison-
ers there, 60 were Americans.

Then began a drab, wearisome
existence behind the barbed
wire of the Nazis. One day was
like another. There wasn't much
to do but think, talk, read and
hope.

A sufficient supply of cloth-
ing was furnished me by the
Red Cross, but food was the big
problem. The standard daily ra-
tion consisted of a chunk of
black bread, enough for three
slices; four boiled potatoes; a
bowl of thin soup; and a small
quantity of either cheese or
oleomargarine. None of it was
tasty. This we supplemented
with food from packages distri-
buted by the Red Cross. A typical
package contained corned
beef, cheese, chocolate, powdered
milk, soluble coffee, sugar and
raisins. At first these Red
Cross packages arrived weekly.
Later they came only once ev-
ery two weeks. Probably due to
mounting transportation diffi-
culties. But there was no cor-
responding increase in the food
the Germans doled out to us.

We lived in barracks, with a
number of men to each room.
Ten were in the room to which
I was assigned. We read all the
magazines we could get our
hands on, and books received
through the International YM-
CA helped a lot. I was able to
get some books on navigation
and mathematics, and put in
many hours studying.

Once a month we had movies,
usually German talkies we
couldn't understand. We were
also permitted to listen to some
English-language radio broad-
casts originating in Germany,
such as the "Lord Haw Haw"
programs (he is William Joyce,
renegade Englishman). Of
course he gave the news with a
strong Nazi flavor, with Ger-
man successes magnified and
verses minimized. His lordship's
broadcasts didn't interest me
very much.

At times, a representative of
the Swiss Government inspect-
ed the camp. Each group at the
camp had a leader, or what we
called a "confidence officer."
The Swiss representative talked
to each of these to see how we
were faring, asked questions
and heard any complaints. Then
occasionally sharp-eyed Gestapo
men showed up, also on in-

spection. But they didn't bother
us. In fact, I wasn't mistreated
at all. I did hear some stories of
German brutality, but never
saw any instances of it.

I began to notice late in 1943
a change in German spirit.

Eunice Podis Soloist at Pop Concert

Tonight, Eunice Podis, brill-
iant, young Cleveland pianist,
will be the soloist at the Pop
Concert at the Cleveland Public
Auditorium to be presented by
the Cleveland Summer Orches-
tra, Rudolph Ringwall conduct-
ing, under the sponsorship of the
Musical Arts Association.

Miss Podis, who recently won
the first award of \$1,000 in the
nationwide piano competition
sponsored by the National Fed-
eration of Music Clubs, will
play the popular Liszt Concerto
for Piano No. 1, E flat major.

Next week's concerts by the
Summer Orchestra will likewise
bring two distinguished artists
well known to Cleveland con-
cert goers. Wednesday evening
Tossy Spivakovsky, who recent-
ly left the concertmaster's desk
of the Cleveland Orchestra to
launch a career as a concert violinist,
will be featured artist.

Tickets for all Pop Concerts
are available at Taylor's, 630 Eu-
clid Avenue, either by mail or
by applying in person.

GRADUATE OF KENT STATE UNIVERSITY

Miss Emily Wess, a graduate
of Kent State University, Cum
Laude, received the degree of
Bachelor of Science in Educa-
tion on June 11, 1945.

He replied that no word had
been received of any other sur-
vivor, and from his letter I came
to the sad conclusion that all
indeed had been lost except myself.
Until I heard from him, I had a faint hope that some of
the others had survived in some
way, but now that hope was
gone. I knew that if an Allied
vessel had picked up any of
them, the word would have
gone to their families and Sun
Oil.

On January 13 came electrify-
ing news I could hardly be-
lieve at first. An exchange of
prisoners had been arranged by
the warring nations; and many
others at the camp were to be
returned to our respective coun-
tries.

Two days later I was on my
way, in company with most of
the U. S. merchant seamen who
had been in camp, and some
British mariners.

By Red Cross train they took
us southward through Ger-
many, following a roundabout
route which I suppose was due
to transportation troubles and
Allied bombings of rail lines.

On January 19 we arrived at
Lake Constance, Switzerland,
and saw the last of German
guards.

Swiss soldiers took over. We
were sent to Geneva, and for
five days were in barracks
there. Then—to Marseilles,
where we saw the Stars and
Stripes on an Army hospital
ship which was our "hotel" for
three days.

At Marseilles we were joined
by other repatriates—maimed
U. S. soldiers and a number of
civilians—and finally boarded
the exchange ship Gripsholm
for passage to New York. We
left the port on February 9, and
the voyage was "uneventful."

On February 21 I set foot on
American soil, in New York. Mr.
Boyle, Captain Burgess, and
Harold Lawton, all of the Sun
Oil Company, met me there,
and gave me a great welcome. I
told them my story, and gravely
they listened as I related the
details of the last hours of the
Atlantic Sun.

Then—home!

It was a homecoming tinged
with deep sadness. While I was
a prisoner in Germany, my
father passed away. A brother,
Louis, who was in the Army,
died in a training camp in Wash-
ington.

I found my mother had been
ill, but at least one of her wor-
ries ended with my return. Now
she is looking forward eagerly
to another homecoming, even
though it may be brief. That is
the return of my brother, now

all.

Army & Navy News

Flight Officer Victor F. Ro-
zane, son of Mr. and Mrs. John
Rozane, 15216 Lucknow Ave.,
arrived home last week-end on
a short leave from Denver, Colo.
after which he reported for fur-
ther duty in Lincoln, Neb. He
has two brothers in the service.
They are: Edward, stationed in
England, and Ivan in Belgium.

Home on a 60 day furlough,
after sixteen months in a Ger-
man prison camp, is Sgt. Emil
Mahne, son of Mr. and Mrs.
John and Mary Mahne, 12529
Vashti Ave. He was a gunner on
a bomber, and was captured on
a mission over enemy territory.

Petty Officer 2/c Henry Pe-
tric, husband of Mildred, and
son of Mr. and Mrs. Blaz Petric,
13802 Deise Ave., is home on a
30 day furlough from Okinawa.
P/O Petric was serving over-
seas for nineteen months. On

F. S. FINŽGARJEVI
ZBRANI SPISI
 I. Sama

(Nadaljevanje)

"Kako to, da vam ne privoščim? Prav je, da imate šolo, kakor drugod! Ali naj imamo samo mi stroške? Dosti neuimen je bil gospod Boštjan, da se je ukvarjal tako dolgo z vašimi otroki in za prazen nič. Ampak naj bi dali drugo za začetek, ne pa naše."

"Jaz pa tako pravim, da jo je sam Bog prinesel k nam. Povem vam, da sem svojega fanta prej s palico gonil v šolo, pa mi je trma ušel v borovnico namesto pred gospoda. Sedaj je pa tak, da ti brez kosila uide k pouku. Takole je. Prve dni so se otroci puntali, da smo že stari rekli: Le čemu žensko k nam, za naše otroke, ko jih trden možak deva komaj v ris, na sedaj pa takole! Vse dere za njo in zagotovo, da jo imajo otroci rajši kot nas, lastne starše."

"Čuda, kaj en človek naredi v fari, če je iz prave moke pečen!" so mu pritrjevali Zaseljani.

"In še večje čudo je to," pridodene Markovec, "da so ljudje iz iste šole in istih naukov kaškar noč in dan. Naši bil prej z Minke nikoli zaprt in prvi je bil, so rekli. Jaz ga nič ne hvalim, drugi so rekli tako. No, od kar je prišla ta Alena, se pricermeri vsak teden vsaj enkrat domov iz zapora, potem torbo za peč — in knjiga mu smrdi kot le kaj. Ali ni to čudo?"

"Markovec, moder si, nič ne rečem, ali da se temu čudiš, ne razumem. Saj vendar vsa fara govori: Brestovkin' študent — in nova učiteljica! E, saj nisi pet let star! Ali ne veš, kaj je ljubezen? Pametnega zbega, bi pa takega deklila ne, ko je komaj iz pogojev. Kako ti bo potem za delo, le kako, preudari!"

Andrec se je veselo zasmjal.

"Zahvaljen Bog, stokrat zahvaljen, in Smrekar z njim vred, če ima kaj dejela pri tem, da je Minka pri nas!"

"Ti po pravici govoris, Štupar," je pričel Markovec, ko je Andrec od veselja praznil kozarec, "res je zbegana. Saj je bila moja tudi, ne da bi jo opravljala ali oponašala. Ko sem ji razdel med štirimi očmi in jih ravnost povelen: Micka, rad te imam in vzamem te, je bila takka, da je šla zjutraj z jerbasom na korito po vode."

"Hahaha," se je smejal Andrec židane volje in pomikal kozarec sosedu. "Ta bo lepa, Štupar, če se vaša učiteljica tako zbera, da bo otroke i za naucila. Hahaha, Babilon v Zasejju!"

Rahne je vlekel na uho ob sedanji mizi in se približal pogledat, ali je steklenica že prazna.

"Andrec, ne verjemi vsega. Vsi imamo žene radi in jih nismo na sejmu kupili ali iz Amerike naročili. Naj se imata rada Brestov in učiteljica. Ali ne bi bil to lep par?"

"Lep, seveda, lep, ampak . . ."

V tem so se duri hrupno odprle, da je Markovec obmolknil in so se vsi gosti ozrli proti vratom.

V sobo je prikolovratil in pridel meštar Jok.

"Hoj, na, Jok!"

Od obeh miz so ga vabili pit. Jok je vrgel klobuk v Rahneta, ki ga je pobral in obesil na kljuko, nato je razkrili roke in opotekajo se lovili za Andrečeve roke.

"Si prodal, kaj? Slabo, vem, ker me ni bilo, tristo hudobcev, in ta pasja pravda!"

Jok je prisledel k Andrecom za mizo, da je zaškrpala klop, segel po pijači, držal vino pred usti in je pocejal iz kozarca, ker se mu je roka tresla in gugala.

"Pij, Jok, potem pripoveduj, ali so te zašli ali te niso!"

"Koga? Mene?"

Jok je postavil kozarec trdo na mizo, da je pljusknilo iz nje.

"Mene, da bi zašli? Zakaj? Ali sem goljuf, ali slepar? Kaj? Govori, Andrec! Govori, ali ti nisem vselej prav meštaril?

Meštarji niso za bogatine, meštarji so za revze! Aha, zato bi nas radi — o — pa nas ne bodo!"

"Pij, pij," ga je silil Andrec, kateremu se je smililo izlito vino, "potem pa povej kaj o pravdi!"

Jok se je gugal in segal po časi, mežikal z bolnim očesom, iz katerega so radi prezebe kapale solze, in počasi nesel k ustom, nato zamislil in izpraznil v dušku.

"Fej te bodi, Rahne," je izpljunil na tla Jok. "Da točis tako oplako! Slivovke mi daj! To je voda, ne vino. Ali naj se pri tem ogrejem, ko tako strupensko zebe, da se mi je zanohatalo. Slivovke!"

"Ko bi rajši kaj gorkega, Jok. Ne zameri, za potrebo ga že imas!"

Tako je skromno branil Markovec, ker je videl, da je Jok pijan.

"Nak," je zarežal Jok, si obrsal solzo pod levim očesom in segel po klobuk na kljuko, da je v okrajci zasenčil grdo oko.

"Torej slivovke," je ponovil Rahne.

"Jaz plačam," se je ponudil Andrec.

"Ne boš! Nisem meštaril in nisem zasluzil in tudi nisem prazen!"

Jok je potegnil listnico in potrkal z njo ob mizo.

"Kako smo bogati," ga je špiknil Štupar.

"Jok, pripoveduj o pravdi," je hitel Andrec, da je prevpil Štuparjevo zabavljico.

"O pravdi? Prmej! Zapomnite si to: Dobrota je sirota! Dobroto sem storil pismenošč, ko sem nesel zanj pismo v Marzvezec tedaj, ko sem kupoval krave za Vrbka. Dobroto sem storil Strniški, ko sem ji primeštaril debele stotake, da me je Smrekar klel zaradi tega. In za dobroto me je spravil v pravdo pismenošč in me je potisnila Strniška. Fej, takih ljudi!"

Jok je segel po slivovki in pil kar iz steklenice brez kozarčka.

"Pa so rekli, da ti pisma nisi oddal Strniški, ampak Smrekarju."

(Dalje prihodnjic)

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Dušica Rožamarija

(SVETNICA IN NJEN NOREC)

Agnes Gunther

Poslovenil Boris Rihteršič

(Nadaljevanje)

"Model," je reče Harro. "Gnusno. Iz Berlina, s trga za modele. Toda še strašnejše imam. Ne, zdi se mi, da tole še za kuhičko ni preveč primerno."

"Kako nesrečna je videti ta deklica. Morala je pač služiti denar, Harro."

"Niso vse takšne. Morda sem na izrazu njenega obraza pretival."

"O, ne. Duše slikaš, Harro, čeprav tega ne veš. Ali je mesta, strašno, če mora človek to dečati? In ti nisi bil edini. Še drugi so bili, sirota!"

"O, ljubo nebo, kaj naj storim drugega? Saj je vendar to samo učenje.—Kaj bi pa prav za prav rada?"

"Lahko ti pomagam pri pospravljanju."

"To bo opravil Mart. Škoda twojih belih rok. Poglej, kako sem jaz präšen."

"Tu je toliko tvojega dela. Morda najdem še kaj lepega."

"Zastonj iščeš. Stara navlaka, oglodane kosti."

"Toda, Harro, tu si napel platno za novo sliko, pa mi ničesar ne poveš. O, pojoči vodnjaki, zid z rožnimi grmi! In dve postavi?"

"Nič ne bo iz tega. Včeraj sem sanjal. Da sem bil le s teboj v Molčečem gradu, in tam si mi povedala pravljico o braunškem graščaku in vili. In spet si bila Dušica, in zelo vneta, in vse si natanko vedela."

"Nikoli nisi bil tam z menoj, čeprav si mi obljudil."

"Saj veš, da me takrat niste marali."

"Ali zdaj poznaš pravljico?"

"Seveda ne natanko. Samo toliko, da sta sedela pri vodnjaku dva, vitez in vila. In tako toplo mi je bilo v srcu, da sem napravil osnutek, toda slika se mi žal najbrž ne bo posrečila."

"Zakaj? Ali je lepi ogenj ugasnil?"

Harro je zasadil roke v žepa in skomignil z rameni. Njene oči so pogledale v tla. Toliko osnutkov — nekaj ji prešine srce, temna rdečica zalije njena lica, nekaj govori v njej: "Davi si mu hotela dati vse. Vse, vse. In zdaj meštaristi!"

Harro je izginil v sosedni sobi in ona sliši pljuskanje vode. Tedaj se spomni, da ne poznati spalnice svojega moža. Ko je prišla pogledat njegovo delavnico, je bila spalnica zaprta. In odtej nila bila nikoli sama tu. Toda zdaj hoče iti vanjo. Harro pride spet iz sobe in reče:

"Marta grem iskat. To strahoto naj spravi stran."

(Dalje prihodnjic)

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War Crimes Conference in Session



Here is a view of the scene in the law court of London as the United Nations War Crimes conference opened. Great Britain's Justice Wright (standing in center background) is addressing the assembled United Nations delegates to the conference.

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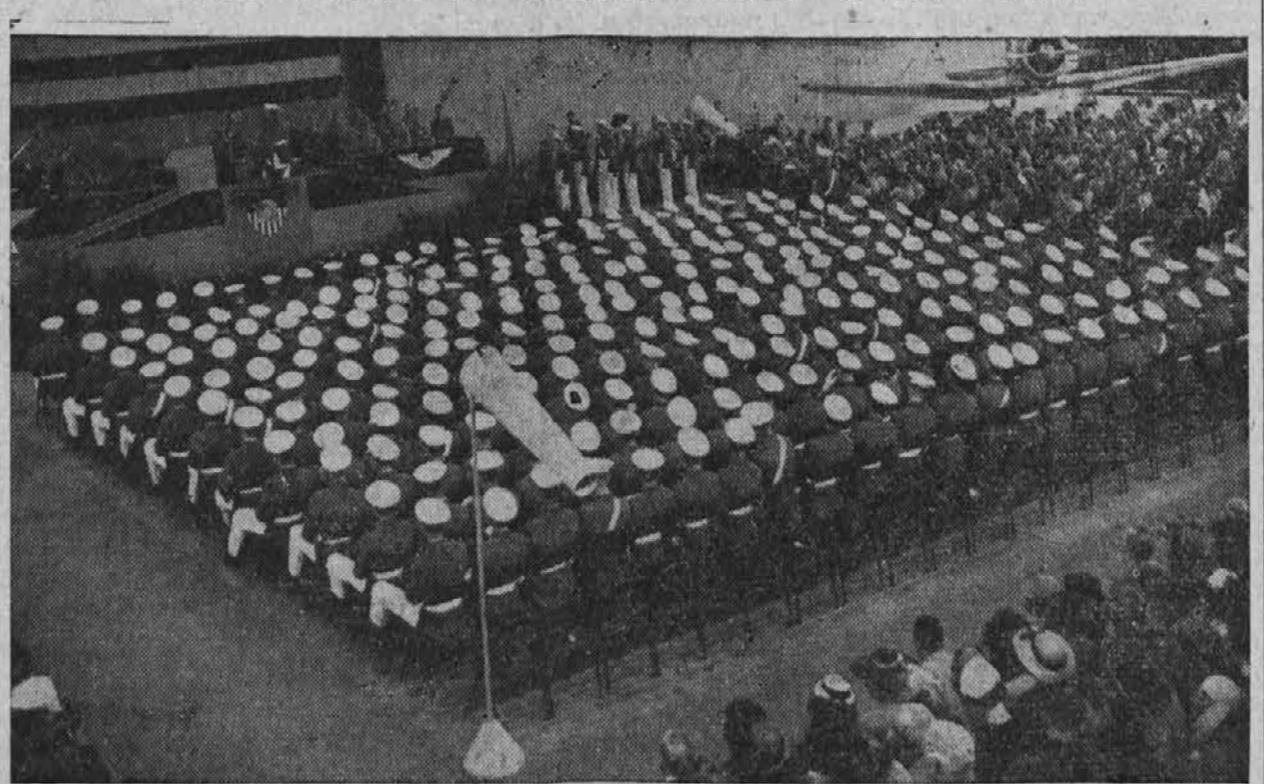
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853 Cadets Graduate From West Point



An overhead view showing some of the 853 cadets who graduated from the West Point military academy, as Lt. Gen. Barton K. Yount, commanding general, A.A.F.T.C., gives the graduates their wings. Dwight Riley of Athens, Ohio, was selected as honor man of the 1945 graduating class. Among the graduates was Cadet W. D. Clark, who received his diploma from the hand of Gen. Mark W. Clark, his father.

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