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NOVA DOBA
6233 St. Clair Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
(Tel. HENDerson 3389)

NOVA DOBA

(NEW ERA)

URADNO GLASILO JUGOSLOVANSKE KATOLISKE JEDNOTE — OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOUTH SLAVONIC CATHOLIC UNION

Letos obhajamo 45-letnico J. S. K.
Jednote. Poskrbimo, da bo ta mejnik
bratstva tako proslavljen kot še ni
bil noben dosedanjih jubilejev.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th — SREDA, 17. AVGUSTA, 1938

VOL. XIV. — LETNIK XIV.

USTVENE IN DRUGE RAZNO IZ AMERIKE IN ENAKOPRavnost žensk SLOVENSKIE VESTI INOZEMSTVA

VAZNA OBLETNICA

odnosno prostavo jednoti-
letnice priredi društvo št.
JSKJ v Canonsburgu, Pa.,
več plesno veselico na več
avgusta in piknik z bo-
programom v nedeljo 21.
Oboje se bo vršilo v
skovem parku v Strabane,
v slučaju slabega vremena
dvorani KSKJ v isti nasel-
*
Aurori, III., se bo v nedeljo
avgusta vršil piknik tamkaj-
društva št. 81 JSKJ.
piknika: Weiland's
Lovedale.

*
udreno zabavo za člane in
društva priredi v ne-
21. avgusta popoldne po-
drštvo št. 88 JSKJ v
Mont. Prostor pri-
re: Union Hall, Gibbtown.

*
drustev JSKJ v zapad-
sloveniji bo zborovala v
28. avgusta v Presto,
zborovanju bo velik pik-
Presto parku v proslavo
40-letnice in obenem
tamkajnjega društ-
4 JSKJ.

*
št. 118 JSKJ priredi
veselico na večer 27. av-
Vršila se bo pri "Charli-
Starkvillu, Colo.

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piknik v proslavo jed-
40-letnice priredita v ne-
28. avgusta društvi št. 66
JSKJ iz Jolietta odnos-
Rockdale. Prostor pikni-
k Grove, Rockdale, Ill.

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JSKJ v Brooklynu, N. Y., v
28. avgusta. Prostor
Bohemian Hall, 24th
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MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Jože Grbin: RAZTRGANE HLACE

V četrtem razredu trške šole je bil kaj pisan svet: vanj so hodili otroci iz bogatih trških hiš, pa tudi otroci revnih delavcev in malih kmetov iz okoliških vasi. Med najbolj siromašnimi je bil Lojzek, sinke vdove Neže. Oče Matevž je umrl že pred leti in vsa skrb za vzgojo četvero dece je padla na ramena vdove Neže. Od jutra do večera je garaža, da je zaslužila za najnajnejše vzdrževanje družine.

Klub marljivim rokam vdove Neže je vladalo pri Tesarjevi, kakor se je pisala družina, pomanjkanje.

Revsčinske v Tesarjevi družini ni jemania malemu Lojzku dobre volje do učenja. Bil je v šoli med najbolj pridnimi učencji in učitelj ga je stavjal za vrgzel vsem tistim, ki so nosili s seboj izdatne kose kruha za malico, imeli lepe oblike, a nalog niso delali in so prinašali prazno glavo.

Med takimi je bil tudi Hanzi, deček iz bogate družine, a sila len učenec. Kadar mu je dal gospod učitelj kako vprašanje, mu je ostal Hanzi navadno dolžan odgovor.

Zato je bil Hanzi v odmorih in po šoli kaj zgovoren. Hanzi je vsepopoved, hotel je vedeti vse in je dajal svojim sošolcem najrazličnejše žaljive prizanke.

Močno je imel na piki Tesarjevega Lojzka, ki je bil siromašno napravljen v odmorih ni imel nikoli s seboj maličice. Z bledoličnim Lojzkom so imeli vsi drugi mnogo usmiljenja, kar je le utegnil, je odščipnil od svojega kosa kruha grizljaj in ga je pomilil. Tesarjevemu Lojzku. Ta je znal biti za vsako dobrino veden hvaljen.

Oni dan so imeli na letnjem telovadcu naši četrtnički telovadbo. Pomladansko solnce je premotilo mlado druščino, da so prevratali kozolce. Tudi Lojsek se je zakotail preko glave in je veselo stribunknil v mlado travo. Pa je pri tem ugledal stacunjarjet Hanzi, da ima Lojzek zakrapane hlace in se je zasmajal na glas in namuznil. Priplazil se je fantička in je streljal v njegove zakrapne hlace. Bog vedi katera jeva Lojzkovi hlaci je bila prvotna? Zdaj so jo pokrivala neštivilne krpe. Vsaka je bila drugačne barve in iz drugačnega blaga.

Lojzkove hlace z neštivilnimi krpami so spravile Hanzijo v dobro voljo. Pokljal je dvojico svojih najozjih prijateljev in jim je zaščetal svoje odkritje na uho. Fantički so počepnili okrog Tesarjevega Lojzka in se prepričali, da je imel Hanzi prav, ko je hihitajoči pravil o neobičajnih hlacah s sto krpami.

Naslednji dan je spraševal gospod učitelj računštva. Mali učenjak so moral k tabli, vsak je dobil nalog, ki jo je moral izvršiti. Nekateri so se odrezali dobro, drugi so stokali, pri niso spravili nič iz sebe in so morali osramoceni in s slabim redom v klop. Tako se je zgodilo tudi stacunjarjevemu Hanziu. Gospod učitelj mu je dal nalog iz deljenja Hanzi pa je skušal rešiti nalogu najprej s seštevanjem, nato je trdil, da bo potrebno odštevati. Kasneje se je spomnil na množenje. Pomanjkal so mu in učitelj, pomagali so mu učenci, pri Hanzi ni znal rešiti postavljene naloge. Moral je v klop, kar ga je močno jezilo, da je pordečil kakor kuhan rak.

Nato je bil poklicen k tabli skromni Tesarjev Lojz. Gospod učitelj je spet povedal zavito nalogu. Fantiček je za hip pomisli, nato je povedal rešitev in kratko nato je bila naloga že pravilno izračunana.

Pridnega je v iznajdiljivega učenceja je gospod učitelj poahljal. V tistem je posvonilo za odmor. Gospod učitelj je imel v konferenčni sobi opravek in je odšel iz razreza. V odmorju je prepustil učence brez nadzorstva. To je bilo kakor načak na Hanzi, ki ga je kuhal jaza, da on spet ni znal računskih nalog. Tesarjev Lojz pa je bil za nalogu poahljeno.

V tistem, ko je Lojzek se snaižil tablo in jo pripravil za naslednjo, zemljepisno uro, je Hanzi kar poskočil k tabli in se zavilki v nič hudega slutečega Lojzka. Dugnili mu je suknič, da so ugledali vse zakrapne hlace in Hanzi je zavil zmagonsko: "Glejte berače!

V prvem trenutku je razred osterml in onemel, ko pa je Hanzi ponovil zasmehljive besede in je pahnui Lojzka izpred tabli, so se mnogi zarezali.

Kakor bi ga zdalo zabodel v sreči, tako so zadele Hanzjeve besede malega blepoličnega Lojzka. Sedel je v svojo klop, glavo je skril med roke in obupno "zaplakal".

Nekateri sošolci so skušali potolažiti drhteciga prijatelja, Lojzek pa je bil neutolažljiv, tako so ga potrle psovke lahkomislenga Hanzija.

V tistem, ko je vstopil v razred gospod učitelj in je videl, da nekaj ni v redu. Stopil je do Lojzka, ta pa ni hotel izdati ničesar, le kaj ga je krcavito stresal. Selo drugi učenci so pojaznili, kaj se je med tem zgodilo. Tedaj je bilo učitelju dovolj. Pokljal je k sebi plakajočega Lojzka in ga je skušal potolažiti. Predepu je nadaljeval s poukom, jim je napravil naslednjo pridigo:

"Vem, da ste neuganci, a brez zleh misli. Ti Hanzi, pozabljaj, da Lojzek nima več očeta in leži vsa skrb za njega in ostalo družino in njegovim materi. Pri vas je drugač. Tvoj oče je marljiv in narekoval veselje, ko jim je gospod učitelj spet držal 'pridigo'. To pot je bila vse vesela. Učitelj jih je vse poahljal s kose za kes in je zaključil, da je vseki ker ima take fante, ki pripozajajo

A Surprise In The Country

When vacation began Joe, strange to say was sorry. Not that Joe was a "sissy"; no indeed, for he was as real a boy as ever twirled a ball or swung a baseball bat. But he always went away with his mother into the country as soon as school closed, and there he had no fellers to play with; so it is little wonder that he hated to see Farmer Lynch about them.

He felt that he knew the farm and country roundabout so well that he could find nothing new to interest him. Really and truly, it was a forlorn little chap who stepped aboard the train with his mother one morning in July.

The train sped along and as the last houses of the city faded from view and the broad fields of the country came into sight, Joe cheered up a little. The air smelled good and it was jolly to think of seeing the old farm again. If only he could find some chap of his own age for play-fellows, he thought, he wouldn't mind it at all. He began to think of all the things he could do with other boys, and he occupied himself with such

vile oblek ne zmore kupiti, zato kralje stranske hlace vedno z novimi krpami. Res, Lojzkove hlace imajo krpo vrhu krpe; takoj dela ne zmore noben mojer. Zmore ga na svetu le eno samo bitje, to je mati. Lojzkova mati je umetnica prav posebne vrste. Vse noči predi z iglo v roki in krpa. Pomanjkanje in ljubezen po vodita pri delu. O, koliko ur in noči je že prečula njegova mama na teh zakrapnih hlacah in Bog vedeti, koliko solza je že prečula po njih, ker ji je hudo, da ne more svojemu sinu kupiti novega oblačila."

Razred je onemel in poslušal. Množin, ki so se smejali Lojzkovim krpam, je govorila slaba vest, da niso storili prav. Učitelj pa je nadaljeval: "Pravijo, da so najboljši kraljevci v Parizu in najboljše blago prodajajo na Angleškem. Naš Lojzek pa ima tako obliko, kakor jo ne morejo narediti niti v Angliji, niti v Parizu, njegove hlace imajo prav poseben znak: vanje je všila njegova mama in mnogo ur in noči in je uvezla vanje vso ljubezen, ki jo zmore dokazati za svojega sinčka le dobra, požrtvovana mamica.

Hanži je rdel od sramote in ukora, gospod učitelj pa je še povedel: "Tiste ure, ki jih je posvetila Lojzkova mati kranju njegovih hlac, dokazujejo, da je njegova mamica ženska prav posebne vrste. Brez moža se bori v življenju, da je njena deca oblecena in neraztrgana. Vem, da bi raje kupovala svojim otrokom nove oblike, pa jih skromen zaslužek tega ne dovoli. Lojzkova mati pa ne obupa, vso skrb in brigo posveča deci, in otroci ji z našim Lojzkom vred hvaljeno plaučijo skrb. Saj so vši Tesarjevi med najboljšimi učenci na naši šoli."

"Lojzek!", tako je dejal gospod učitelj fantičku, ki se je ob njegovih besedah že posvetil: "Ti pa ne žaluj. Tazi ti čestitam, da imas tako dobro in plemenito mater. Dokler boš nosil hlace s tolikimi krpami pred, da nosi mamica takо srce, ki zate utripa po dnevi in ponoči . . ."

Kakor onemel je poslušal ves razred učiteljeve besede, in vsem, ki so se preje krohati Hanzijevim besedam, je bilo priča, težko pomagati so mu učenci, pri Hanzi ni znal rešiti postavljene naloge. Moral je v klop, kar ga je močno jezilo, da je pordečil kakor kuhan rak.

Nato je bil poklicen k tabli skromni Tesarjev Lojz. Gospod učitelj je spet povedal zavito nalogu. Fantiček je za hip pomisli, nato je povedal rešitev in kratko nato je bila naloga že pravilno izračunana.

Pridnega je v iznajdiljivega učenceja je gospod učitelj poahljal. Mali učenjak so moral k tabli, vsak je dobil nalog, ki jo je moral izvršiti. Nekateri so se odrezali dobro, drugi so stokali, pri niso spravili nič iz sebe in so morali osramoceni in s slabim redom v klop. Tako se je zgodilo tudi stacunjarjevemu Hanziu. Gospod učitelj mu je dal nalog iz deljenja Hanzi pa je skušal rešiti nalogu najprej s seštevanjem, nato je trdil, da bo potrebno odštevati. Kasneje se je spomnil na množenje. Pomanjkal so mu in učitelj, pomagali so mu učenci, pri Hanzi ni znal rešiti postavljene naloge. Moral je v klop, kar ga je močno jezilo, da je pordečil kakor kuhan rak.

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V tistem, ko je Lojzek se snaižil tablo in jo pripravil za naslednjo, zemljepisno uro, je Hanzi kar poskočil k tabli in se zavilki v nič hudega slutečega Lojzka. Dugnili mu je suknič, da so ugledali vse zakrapne hlace in Hanzi je zavil zmagonsko: "Glejte berače!"

V prvem trenutku je razred osterml in onemel, ko pa je Hanzi ponovil zasmehljive besede in je pahnui Lojzka izpred tabli, so se mnogi zarezali.

Kakor bi ga zdalo zabodel v sreči, tako so zadele Hanzjeve besede malega blepoličnega Lojzka. Sedel je v svojo klop, glavo je skril med roke in obupno "zaplakal".

Nekateri sošolci so skušali potolažiti drhteciga prijatelja, Lojzek pa je bil neutolažljiv, tako so ga potrle psovke lahkomislenga Hanzija.

V tistem, ko je vstopil v razred gospod učitelj in je videl, da nekaj ni v redu. Stopil je do Lojzka, ta pa ni hotel izdati ničesar, le kaj ga je krcavito stresal. Selo drugi učenci so pojaznili, kaj se je med tem zgodilo. Tedaj je bilo učitelju dovolj. Pokljal je k sebi plakajočega Lojzka in ga je skušal potolažiti. Predepu je nadaljeval s poukom, jim je napravil naslednjo pridigo:

"Vem, da ste neuganci, a brez zleh misli. Ti Hanzi, pozabljaj, da Lojzek nima več očeta in leži vsa skrb za njega in ostalo družino in njegovim materi. Pri vas je drugač. Tvoj oče je marljiv in narekoval veselje, ko jim je gospod učitelj spet držal 'pridigo'. To pot je bila vse vesela. Učitelj jih je vse poahljal s kose za kes in je zaključil, da je vseki ker ima take fante, ki pripozajajo

"It Looks Like A Good Summer," Said Joe To Himself.

"Baseball!" breathed Joe. "How'll I ever get 'in' with those kids?" He watched the play for a few seconds, but all the while no one paid the least bit of attention to him. The kids hardly noticed his presence. Discouraged and hurt, Joe turned back towards his house. He was usually the center of things and it didn't suit him at all to be entirely left out.

The next day he took a farm horse and a light wagon to the station to get the trunks. As he drove near the houses he noticed that the pasture was deserted; not a feller in sight. He felt sorry, somehow. At the station the old stationmaster, who knew Joe's father and mother ever since they were children, dragged the trunks across the platform and loaded them on the wagon.

"Quite a load there, son," he said. "Think you can manage all right?" "Sure," replied Joe, "Old Bob'll take care of it. I'll walk her back."

"Those trunks are strapped on good and tight," said the old man, "I guess you'll get along." And with that he turned away and Joe tightened up the reins. Bob started off.

All went well, for Bob was a quiet old horse. Joe almost went to sleep, as she dragged along. They reached the new houses, and Joe halfway opened his eyes to see if anyone was around. Not a person was in sight; so he settled down again to resume his nap.

Crash! Something splintered. Joe thought one of the trunks had fallen, so he hopped off to see what he could do. But he guessed wrong. Something worse from his point of view. was the cause of that crash.

In the middle of the road, broken in two, was a new baseball bat! The heavy load on the wagon had passed over it, and there it lay, a wreck.

"What shall I do?" Joe questioned himself. "This bat belongs to those fellers. They'll be as mad as hops, because they can't play ball without it. And it's a brand new one, too."

It looked like a bad situation. But Joe was quick to see that here was an opportunity to get acquainted if he squared things up. He walked up to the nearest house and knocked at the door. A freckled-face little boy appeared and Joe told him the story.

"Gee," said the boy, "us fellers chipped in to buy that bat, 'course it was our fault to forget and drop it in the road. He looked to Joe for the next suggestion. Joe was ready.

"I tell you; you get all the fellers together and tell 'em about it," he said. They both sauntered out to the road and the freckled-face boy gave a blood-curdling yell which brought about six boys out of the houses in a jiffy, like firemen at the sound of an alarm. When they got together he showed them the splintered bat and told the story. Then Joe stepped forward.

"Vem, da ste neuganci, a brez zleh misli. Ti Hanzi, pozabljaj, da Lojzek nima več očeta in leži vsa skrb za njega in ostalo družino in njegovim materi. Pri vas je drugač. Tvoj oče je marljiv in narekoval veselje, ko jim je gospod učitelj spet držal 'pridigo'. To pot je bila vse vesela. Učitelj jih je vse poahljal s kose za kes in je zaključil, da je vseki ker ima take fante, ki pripozajajo

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THE JUNIOR COOK

SUMMER BEVERAGES

Iced Coffee

Make fresh, rather strong coffee.

Fill glasses with cracked ice and pour over ice freshly made and slightly cooled coffee.

Serve with cream and sugar if desired.

Gingered Iced Tea

To one good size pitcherful of tea, add a tablespoon of fresh mint leaves and one pint of ginger ale.

Serve in glasses half filled with crushed ice.

Grška Koritnik:

NEZADOVOLJNO JAGNJE

Neki ovčar je imel večjo čredo ovac. Kakor pa naključjuje pa so bile vse njegove ovce in vsi janjekti bili. Samo eno jagnje je bilo črno od glave do nog. Jagnje je bilo silno žalostno zaradi tega in vredno je tožilo svoji materi, kako je nesrečno. Ko so se njegovi bratci veselo zabavali na sončnem travniku, si nastavljali kočetačela in se trkali, se je njihov črni brat obupno stiskal k materi in govoril.

"Kako sem nesrečen. Vsi moji bratci imajo lepo bele kožnike, ki se jim kar bleste na soncu jaz pri moram hoditi v tej žalostni črni suknji kakor pogrebec med svat." Na bližnjem drevesu je slučajno sedel črni kos. Ko je slišal jagnje zaradi črne volne žalostno tančati se je po svoji navadi saljajo ogajo: "Oj, tja cmerata zaradi žalostne suknje se jokaš. Poglej mene, črn sem kdimnikar, pa le venomer kromč veselo v krakotcasne." In kas je odpriljkuje in glasno vrgzel: "Oj, tja cmerata zaradi žalostne suknje se jokaš. Poglej mene, črn sem kdimnikar, pa le venomer kromč veselo v krakotcasne."

<p

Contributions From Our Junior Members MLADINSKI DOPISI

ENUMCLAW, WASH.

years ago, a goat with a red ribbon around its neck.

Hedvi Sterle
No. 149, SSCU

LORAIN, OHIO

DEAR EDITOR:

Thanks for the check! The weather here in Lorain has sent many people to the beaches for swims and suntans! Lake View is the best known section. It has a beautiful rose garden and each of the nationality groups in Lorain are given a block of land to plant flowers in. Also in this park, there is an enormous fountain that shoots water 150 ft. into the air. Colored lights make the water change into all the colors of the rainbow. Then they have large tracts of carpet grass on which the Scot and English people lawn bowl. Here at this park the annual Regatta was held, boats coming from all lake cities to compete for prizes.

I am usually playing ball, which

brings up the question who is going to

win the Pennant this year. Cleveland

should end up on top because of the

pitchers they have, namely, Johnny

Allen, Johnny Humphries, Mel Harder,

Bob Feller and others and because of

the batters like Averill, Trosky and

Keltner.

Stanley F. Ostank
No. 6, SSCU

FALLS CREEK, PA.

DEAR EDITOR:

Here is a story for the juvenile section. It is entitled "A Very Pleasant Day."

One Saturday Alice and my mother went to DuBois and my father, brother and I were the only ones home. We put brother to sleep, then I went to my friend's house. Here we played for a while, and then I said, "let's have a picnic!"

My friend agreed and we had our picnic. Although we served only sandwiches, we did manage to have lots of fun. After we were through eating, my mother and Alice came home. That was how we passed away one Saturday.

Mary Margaret Kozel (Age: 10)
No. 13, SSCU

OAK CREEK, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR:

The first item on my list is to express my thanks for the reward presented to me on my latest article. I hope my efforts in letter writing will prove just as successful in the future.

These summer months seem to have taken wings and are flying swiftly by. But with the swiftness of passing, I recall a very happy Sunday spent in the mountains. To begin with the occasion was a "Bar-B-Q" taken place at Still Waters. A large crowd was present and the hurried preparation and chatter of the mothers preparing for the feast, the loud shouts of "come and get it," the merry-making of chasing a stray squirrel or ground hog, the wind blowing through the tall pines bringing warning of an approaching rain, the speech-making for their unexpressable gratitude, and to top it all, I must say we had four lambs, a grand time, and plenty of rain.

I want to thank Mr. Janko N. Rogelj for the lovely letter he wrote in the Nova Doba on our picnic. Nice of him to remember us. At this time we want to say that we were glad Mr. Rogelj came to see us, even though he didn't get an opportunity to visit us on the farm.

Here is a story about the man who lived in a shoe.

We all met the lady who lived in a shoe, had so many children she didn't know what to do. So let's go in and meet the heel of the shoe of George, the father.

As we come in, we hear him saying, "Lucy dear, what an odd week this is, no stork showing up."

To which mother said: "Thirty days

has September, June and November,

while the remaining ones have thirty-one; but we have thirty-seven."

While this conversation took place,

a knock is heard on the door. George

goes to see who is there, and finds a

stork with a baby. The stork says:

"Here is the baby, but I only work

forty hours a week, so please don't

call for me anymore, for I am quitting

to see a friend down in Texas."

One evening the children and the

neighboring children were playing,

while Lucy called the children for

supper. A messenger sent the following

message: "Your uncle passed away

and is leaving you all", and at that

point George said, "uncle is leaving

to all the children, sixteen in number."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR EDITOR:

Everybody is writing such interesting letters and poems to the Nova Doba that I could not resist the temptation to write a poem myself. As I told my sister (Elise) that I think it is every juvenile's duty to write an article on the 40th anniversary of the SSCU.

So here is my poem. Of course it is not as interesting as some of the poems of older juveniles, but it is my best.

A SWELL LODGE

Here's to the SSCU,
May God bless all of you.Through it, new friends you'll meet
And some that can't be beat!For instance, Little Stan, etc.
With his little or big Austin.
Belongs to a lodge of the SSCU.
And he's one of the friends you would meet,
If you just join this lodge and you won't beat!

All over the U. S. they will be celebrating the 40th anniversary of the SSCU. We must do our part too. We should encourage other people to join this Union, describe to them what the Union will do for them. The younger children writing to the juvenile page and Little Stan encouraging them to write and send in new ideas. So juveniles, let us try to do our parts.

It was a beautiful day when my sister and her two girl friends packed up a lunch and went to Metropolitan Park. We had spent a pleasant day there. We climbed Bald Eagle Mountain and all the surrounding hills. We watched the water run swiftly down stream. Isn't nature grand? The most interesting point was this: There was a man at the park and he had a tamed crow! The crow's name was Jim. His feathers were black with a streak of red here and there. The man threw a box of matches on the ground and the crow quickly flew from the man's shoulders, where he was perched, on to the ground. He had made a successful trip. The result was he opened the box of matches, took out a match, struck it and returned it to its master just as he was to put a cigarette unto his lips. I caught four minnows and I just gave them away. At 6:30 p. m. we were on our way home singing and telling jokes.

In last month's issue (July) I enjoyed reading Dorothy Gregor's story called "The Mystery of Fair Glades" and Josephine Cerne's poem entitled "Class Poem" and Florence Prosen's poem "SSCU".

Regards to all juveniles and to you, editor.

Sally Hrvatin (Age: 11)
No. 173, SSCU

EXPORT, PA.

DEAR EDITOR:

It's a long time since I wrote to the Nova Doba, but since I am a farmer, work is plentiful at this time of the year; for it is grain cutting time ready for thrashing.

Recently, I was on my summer trip in the mountains about 125 miles from Export. My mother, father, brother Rudolph, and my sisters Anna and Mary, came along as did another car-load of friends. We saw the mountains and rode on the lake with a rowboat. We had nice weather on our trip, although we could have used a little more rain to make a rainbow.

I am to have an appointment with Mrs. M. Johnson, editor of the Young Folks' Page, issued every Wednesday in The Cleveland Press. While I am at the Press I shall visit all the offices and the shop in the building. I will relate to the juveniles my experiences in my next letter.

I wrote a story for the juveniles, titled, "Good Looks Don't Only Count, Girls."

Anne sat at her desk looking very desolate. Her friend Jean Marie Cowerboton had just left the room in which Jean Marie and Anne shared. Jean Marie was good looking with blonde hair, blue eyes, and the daughter of wealthy parents. She had many beauties, and was present at all college dances and proms. She lacked one thing, and that was brains.

Anne was different. She was a brUNETTE, with brown eyes. One thing she did have was brains. Anne wanted to be an author and had an offer from a publisher to write a poem within a month, for which she was to receive five hundred dollars. However, Jean Marie thought different. She believed that Anne didn't have a chance in a million.

It was getting rather late and Anne thought it best to go to bed. As she was undressing, the telephone rang. Bob Jean had called. He was Marie's boy friend. He asked her to come at the ballroom on Main Street, as Jean Marie had met with an accident.

We all met the lady who lived in a shoe, had so many children she didn't know what to do. So let's go in and meet the heel of the shoe of George, the father.

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point George said, "uncle is leaving

to all the children, sixteen in number."

Louis Kuznik (Age: 14)
No. 138, SSCU

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR:

Again, thank you for the dollar prize I received for my article. This time it was really unexpected!

This year, we are having a rather

windy, though warm summer in San

Francisco, especially on our side of

town. Our home is not very far from

the Pacific Ocean, and we get all the

fog and wind, that is to be gotten.

There has not been much for me

to do during this vacation, but I

expect to learn how to play tennis.

I don't know much about the game,

but my brother, Edison, will teach me

the fundamentals and I will be ex-

pected to learn the rest, as I go along.

As I have not much to do this vaca-

tion, I would be glad to answer any

letters to anyone who will write to

me. I am 13 years old, in the high

eighth grade, and I am interested in

competitive sports, journalism, and in

writing letters to children in any

and every state of the United States.

Again thanking you,

Gloria H. Terbovec,
No. 141, SSCU
37 Capistrano Ave.
San Francisco, Cal.

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS:

The month of July is fading away. We should remember a few of the following points: The 40th anniversary of our SSCU. Bastille Day in France, (storming of the Bastille) took place 149 years ago July 14.

Since Little Stan was very busy writing and making plans for the 40th anniversary, I hope he won't mind if I take his task on. The Magic Carpet tours and we find the following:

Florence Prosen (she lives across the street from where I do), enjoys letters concerning the 40th anniversary. From Euclid, Albeena Nosee, expressed a wish that all persons going to Ely to celebrate the 40th anniversary, will have an enjoyable time. Josephine Cerne of Barberton believes she has very little poetic ability. I think otherwise. On to Conemaugh with "Dot" Brezovec studying Biology and writing a story for the juvenile page, titled "The Mystery of Fair Glades". To Pittsburgh, where Mary Zugell thanks the editor for the award. And to Bertha Krall, who lives in Etna, sends best regards and does not like school. From Falls Creek, eight-year-old Alice Kozel has spent a good time swimming. In Strabane Hedvi Sterle reports of the tragic death of Mrs. Horwitz. Hedvi! you neglected to insert your lodge number and your age, but since this is your first letter I hope the editor will excuse you.

Out West, Pueblo, Colo., with delegate Theresa Rupar, feeling very much surprised that the days fly so fast. The magic carpet is tired and so is its driver. On our last stop, in Rock Springs, Wyo., where Elsie Obloek includes her age and lodge number this month; she is surprised to receive an award of \$1.00 — Thanks to Little Stan for the use of his magic carpet.

I am to have an appointment with Mrs. M. Johnson, editor of the Young Folks' Page, issued every Wednesday in The Cleveland Press. While I am at the Press I shall visit all the offices and the shop in the building. I will relate to the juveniles my experiences in my next letter.

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It was getting rather late and Anne thought it best to go to bed. As she was undressing, the telephone rang. Bob Jean had called. He was Marie's boy friend. He asked her to come at the ballroom on Main Street, as Jean Marie had met with an accident.

Anne hurriedly took a taxi to Main St. There she met Bob, who was surprised to meet such a gorgeous roommate of Marie's. Quickly the pair brought Marie in a taxi to her room where a doctor had been summoned. Doctor Brown, the school's physician, said that Jean Marie had broken her leg, and that she would have to rest for six months. Marie did not like this decision at all, for she was thinking of the number of dances and proms she necessarily would have to miss in the meantime.

Unfortunately, Marie expressed her thoughts aloud. Then Bob said something that shook Marie. He said: "Listen, Jean Marie Cowerboton, I've been going out with you for the past six months. Every time I met you, you have been complaining. I haven't enough dresses, a freckle just popped out of my face. Dick refused to dance with me, and to make the whole situation worse, you have been telling dreadful tales about Anne. You said she was ugly, dumb, etc. Since I want to be an author I am going to help Anne with her poem, while you can rest for six months, and forever on. Besides I don't go for girls with good looks, rather I prefer those with brains."

Anne was taken back for a while. But she did agree to go with Bob to a dance the next week. It was to be her first dance.

Regards to all juveniles.

Elsie Mary Desmond (Age: 14)

No. 173, SSCU

ELY, MINN.

EDITOR:

This is the first time that I have written to the Nova Doba. I hope to write more times. I am a member of Lodge No. 120 and am 14 years of age.

FLOWERS

The yellow and purple pansies small,

Smile up to us just like a doll.

The sweet-pea growing higher, higher

still.

"NOVA DOBA"

GLASILLO JUGOSLOVANSKE KATOLIŠKE JEDNOTE
Lastnina Jugoslovanske Katoliške Jednote

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AKTIVNOST MLADINE

Mladine si skoro ne moremo predstavljati počivajoče. Ljudje tako zvanih srednjih ali zrelih let smatrajo počitek za tem potrebenjši, čim starejši postajajo. To so čisto naravni pojavi. Vsa mlada bitja v naravi, od človeka in živali do rastlin, kažejo neprimerno večjo aktivnost kot starejša.

Mlada kri ne more mirovati, zato vidimo, da je mladina vedno z nečem zaposlena, razen kadar spi. Ta aktivnost se mestoma izraža v delu, še bolj pogostoma pa v igrah in zabavah. Potrebe in važnosti resnega dela se mladina v splošnem le malo zaveda, mladostna brezskrbnost jo vleče le bolj k igram in zabavam. Nam starejšim morda to včasih ni všeč, toda pomagati se ne da; ko smo bili mi mladi, nismo bili nič boljši.

Najpametnejše je, da vzamemo problem kakršen je in ga skušamo napeljevati v koristne smeri. Marsikako za mladino primerno delo zamoremo aranžirati tako, da se ji bo zdele zabavno. V mnogih ameriških šolah so dandanes učeni sistemi prikrojeni tako, da se otroci učijo potrebnih predmetov tako rekoč igraje, da jim učenje ni muka, ampak zabava. In za marsikatero društveno aktivnost lahko zainteresiramo mladino, če ji pokažemo ali damo razumeši, da ji bo dotični posel nudil nekaj zavabe oziroma razvedril ali pa da bo pokazal javnosti njene zmožnosti.

Ta okolnost je za nas starejše člane podpornih organizacij važna. Brezskrbno mladino, ki ne misli na bolezen in starost, moremo le v redkih primerih zainteresirati direktno za zavarovanje, katero nudijo naše podporne organizacije. Veliko lažje se da to storiti indirektnim potom. Športne aktivnosti pri naših društvih same na sebi niso v nikako posebno körst organizzaciji, toda važne so zato, ker privlačujejo mladino v podporno organizacijo in jo v isti obdržje. Po nekaj letih se bo ta mladina zavedla, da je gojitev športa sicer lepa reč, toda zavarovalna stran organizacije je važnejša. Na ta način bomo mladino dobili tja, kjer jo hočemo imeti.

Kadar društva prirejajo kake veselice ali zabave, je priporočljivo, da se mladini odraslega v mladinskega oddelka poverijo kaki posli, na primer dekoracije prostorov, prodajanje vstopnic, deklamacije, pevski, plesni in godbeni nastopi itd. To je navadno mladini v zabavo, obenem pa ji daje prilike, da pokaže svoje zmožnosti pred svojimi vrstniki in starejšimi člani. Na ta način se začne zavedati, da je del društva, v katerem se udejstvuje, in da je nekako njena dolžnost delati za napredok in ugled istega.

Za vse naše podporne organizacije je dandanes problem naše mladine najbolj važen in postajal bo še važnejši z vsakim dnem, z vsakim letom. Ta problem je, kako dobiti mladino v naše organizacije in kako jo v njih obdržati. K temu cilju vodijo množe poti, naše delo pa je, da najdemo in uporabljamo tiste, ki so vprito razmer v različnih krajih najbolj primerne.

Naša slovenska v tej deželi rojena in vzgojena mladina je v splošnem mnogo boljša, kakor so nam jo do zadnjih časov hoteli predstavljati gotovi črnogledi pesci. Čim večkrat bomo prihajali z njo v dotiko, tem bolj bomo to spoznali. V splošnem je ta mladina prijazna, inteligentna, izobražena, tolerantna in, kljub mladostni razigranosti, dostojna. Na naših prireditvah ene ali druge vrste se navadno čisto domačo počuti. Naše ustanove, kolikor jih razume, spoštuje, in tudi naš jezik obvlada, če ne vselej v govoru, pa vsaj v razumevanju. To velja vsaj za veliko večino tu rojene mladine, s katero je imel avtor tega članka priliko priti v dotiko.

Ta mladina je naša in ta mladina bo v dogledni bodočnosti hrbitenica J. S. K. Jednote, če jo bomo znali pridobiti v naše vrste in jo s primerno taktiko v njih obdržati. V naši nestrankarski organizaciji se bo lahko udomačila in se je bo z navdušenjem oprijela, ako jo bomo sprejeli kot sebi enako in vredno stoprocentnega upoštevanja. Začetek je v tem oziru že storjen, in sicer dober začetek. In ako se bomo iz izkušenj učili, bo naše nadaljnje delo v tem oziru še boljše. Predvsem pa nikdar ne pozabimo, da bodočnost J. S. K. Jednote je v naši mladini, in skušajmo pri vsaki priliki obrniti sile njenje mladostne aktivnosti v žive vrelce, potoke in reke naše organizacije.

Iz urada glavnega tajnika JSKJ

URADNIKOM (CAM) DRUŠTEV JSKJ V DRŽAVI COLORADO:

Pravkar smo bili obveščeni od zavarovalninskega oddelka države Colorado, da po mnenju generalnega državnega pravnika (Attorney General) otroci ne morejo biti sprejeti v mladinski oddelki, dokler niso dosegli starost enega leta. Z ozirom na to razsodbo generalnega državnega pravnika se naroča vsem bratskim podpornim organizacijam, da v bodoče ne sprejemajo otrok v svoje mladinske oddelke, ki so stari manj kot eno leto, ampak da sprejemajo samo take otroke, ki so stari že eno let ali več.

Bratski podporne organizacije, ki imajo poslovno dovoljenje v državi Colorado, so obvezne gornje naročilo upoštevati in se po njem ravnat, in ker imamo tudi mi poslovno dovoljenje v omenjeni državi, je naročilo obvezno tudi za nas.

V smislu navedene razsodbe se torej naroča vsem našim društvom uradnikom in uradnicam v državi Colorado, da od zdaj naprej sprejemajo v mladinski oddelki samo take otroke, ki so stari eno leto ali več. Kar se tiče porodnih nagrad bomo članicam v državi Colorado takoj po sprejemu tozadevne zahteve izplačali vsoto \$15.00, ostalih pet dolarjev se bo pa izplačalo šele po preteklu enega leta, ko bo otrok lahko kvalificiral za sprejem, odnosno, ko bo sprejet v Jednote.

Gornji sklep velja SAMO ZA DRŽAVO COLORADO, v vseh drugih državah ostane po starem, to je, da se otroke lahko sprejema takoj po rojstvu.

Ely, Minnesota, dne 12. avgusta 1938.

Za glavni urad JSKJ:

VSAK PO SVOJE

(Nadaljevanje s 1. strani)

ki je bil prirejen v proslavo jednotine 40-letnice v Enumclawu, Wash. Stab banketnih kuharjev je pri tisti priliki počastil avtorje in kolone s posebno poslanico, obešeno na črešnjo, in črešnja s to depešo je bila postavljena pred njega na mizo. Črešnja je menda spadala še v mladinski oddelki, ker je bila komaj dober komolec visoka in je rastla iz nekake čudne posode, toda imela je obilico rdečih sadežev. V depeši je bilo rečeeno, da mi črešnjo poklanja banketni kuharški stab, da bi me ne lomilo domotajo po črešnji fotografa Bukovnika in da bi se držal prijazno, kot se za banket spodobi. Ženska iznajdij vest res nima mej. Da bi bila v tem slučaju kaj prida zaledla, pa ne more reči. Pokusil sem bil namreč par vabljivo rdečih črešenj in izkazale so se za idealno kisle. Morda je bilo tega okusa sadje drevesa spoznanja v paradižu. Tudi zame so bile tiste črešnje spoznanje, da ni vse sladko, kar nam ponujajo ženske. Koliko stopinj kislice je pokazal moj obraz, ne vem, ker ni bilo nobenega zraka v bližini. Kolikor vem, tudi ni bilo navzoče nobene fotografiske kamere in to je bila vedenje.

Ko se je urednik Nove Dobe dne 2. avgusta letos mudil v Denverju, se je razgovarjal tudi z zdaj pokojno Mrs. Lunke, ki mu je naročila pozdrave za sina Johna v Clevelandu, zdržene s pozivom, naj kaj kmalu pride v Denver. Takrat je bila videti pri priljubo dobrem zdravju. Urednik izraža iskreno sožalje zaradi izgube matere sinu. 4. avgulnega podpredsednika JSKJ, Antonu, ki je bil delegat na zadnji konvenciji JSKJ, ob času urednikovega poseta v Denverju pa njegov nad vse uslužni šofer, ter sinoma Josephu in Franku, s katerima se je seznanil pred par tedni v Denverju.

Po informacijah, ki jih je urednik izražal prejelo, namerava sobrat John P. Lunke v Denverju več tednov.

A. J. T.

DRUŠTVE IN DRUGE SLOVENSKE VESTI

(Nadaljevanje s 1. strani)

Iz sosedne republike Mehike, in sicer iz mesta Monterey, pošljata pozdrave društveni in vsemu članstvu JSKJ Frances in Priscilla Lopp iz Gilberta, Minn.

Vile rojenice so obdarovale s sinčkom prvorjenec družino William Sitter v Clevelandu. Mr. Sitter je poslovodja v tiskarni "Enakopravnosti," kjer se tiska Nova Doba, in Mrs. Sitter je članica društva št. 173 JSKJ, v katerega mladinski oddelki je tudi že vpisan malu junak William Sitter, Jr.

Za S. N. Čitalnico v Clevelandu, O., so nabrali člani društva št. 173 JSKJ \$4.00 prostovoljnih prispevkov, s katero vsoto so za svoje društvo plačali častno članarino pri Čitalnici.

V Gowandi, N. Y., je umrl Anton Strauss, rojen leta 1874 v Kumpolju pri Dobrem polju na Dolenjskem. V to deželo je prišel, ko je bil približno 14 let, star in je bival v okrog 50 let. Bil je član in eden ustanovnih členov društva št. 89 JSKJ v Gowandi, kjer zupušča soprogino in deloma preskrbljenih otrok.

izmed vseh coloradskih naselbin obiskati samo Denver. Pa je bilo že samo tukaj toliko prijaznosti in gostoljubnosti, da se bom napram tamkajšnjim prijateljem čutil večnega dolžnika.

Naš tretji glavni podpredsednik sobrat Frank Okoren, prvi glavni porotnik John Schutte, bivši delegat Steve Mauser, bivši delegat in moj dolgoletni prijatelj Joe Jartz, bivši delegat Anton Lunka (brat našega četrtega glavnega podpredsednika Johana Lunke v Clevelandu), sobrat Anton Jeršin, glavni tajnik ZSZ, Chas. H. Chitwood, agilni angleško poslujočega društva Colorado Sunshine, in drugi, katerih imen se ne morem spominjati, bi me bili najrajsi na rokah nosili, če bi ne bilo tako vroče. Zvečer je bil aranžiran pravi domači piknik na bližnji farmi sobrata Jos. Jartz, kjer so se nam v prijetno ohlajenem ozračju prav prilegla razna okrepčila pri prijaznih razgovorih, šalah, petju in gobli. Drugi dan me je Mr. Lunka v družbi njegove prijazne soproge, male, ljubke hčerkice Pauline, Mr. Jartz in Mr. Jeršin popeljal v slikovite gorske kraje denverske okolice, na goru Lookout Mountain, kjer je pokopan znameniti "showman" Buffalo Bill, nato pa po izredno držnih cestnih serpentinah navzdol v mestec Golden, kjer smo se v Coors pivovarni okrepčali s tam pridelanimi medicinami. (Sobrat Zbašnik za enkrat še ne bi vozil svojega avtomobila po tistih serpentinah! Gleda moje Lize pa nič ne rečem!) Potem nas je spet pri sobrati Jartz čakala cela "ohčet," in to bi se bilo menda kar naprej ponavljalo, da me ni uro poznje Zephyr (grški bog z padnega vetra) ponesel proti Chicagu.

Naj še omenim, da sem v Denverju imel srečo se pozdraviti z bivšimi mladinskimi delegatinjami Misses Helen Okoren, Josephine Mauser, Josephine Janečich in Mary Ambrozich ter z njihovimi materami, sestrami, brati in drugimi srodniki, dalje s tremi brati in materjo našega 4. glavnega podpredsednika Johna Lunke in z mnogimi drugimi sobrati in sestrami, katerih imen si nisem zapomnil.

Mnogo bi mogel še napisati o tem posetu, pa naj to zadostuje. Za zaključek naj še dostavim, da Denver z ostalo Colorado vred ni samo lep biser v diademu JSKJ, kar se je jasno pokazalo tekom naših zadnjih treh kampanj, ampak je tudi blesteč biser v kroni prijateljstva in gostoljubnosti našega zapada. Bodil mi zdrava dežela columbin, sončna Colorado, bodite mi zdravi sinovi in hčere sonca! Upam, da se še kdaj vidi.

A. J. T.

COLORADO IN DENVER

(Nadaljevanje s 1. strani)

derne tlakovane ceste in hodniki, senčno drevje, prijazna stanovanja rojakov, obdana z zelenjem in cvetjem, vse to na pravu na obiskovalca, posebno če je kraj poznal v prejšnjih letih, zelo ugoden vtis. Dom slovenskih društv je čedna zidana stavba, sicer nič koštatega in bahatega, vendar menda polnoma odgovarja zahtevam tamkajšnjih rojakov in njihovemu številu. In pogovarjajo se, da morda zgradijo večji in posnejši Dom.

Ko sem se podpisani pred par tedni vračal z zapada skozi Colorado proti domu, me je zelo držalo, da bi bil obiskal vsaj nekatere večje slovenske naselbine v državi ter se pozdravil s številnimi sobrati, prijatelji in starimi znanci, toda že zeleniške zveze tam so nekam redke, in zamudne in moje kratke počitnice so se bliskovito bližale svojemu koncu, zato sem mogel

Jugoslovanska Katoliška Jednota v Ameriki

ELY, MINNESOTA

GLAVNI ODBOR:

a). Izvrševalni odbrek:

Predsednik: PAUL BARTEL, 225 N. Lewis Ave., Waukegan, Ill. Pričevanje: JOSEPH MANTEL, Ely, Minn.

Druži podpredsednik: FRANK OBLOCK, Box 105, Unity, Pa.

Tretji podpredsednik: FRANK OKOREN, 4759 Pearl St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cetrti podpredsednik: JOHN P. LUNKA, 1266 E. 173rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

b). Nadzorni odbrek:

Predsednik: JOHN KUMSE, 1735 E. 33rd St., Lorain, Ohio.

1. nadzornik: JANKO N. ROGELJ, 6208 Schade Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

2. nadzornik: FRANK E. VRANICHAR, 1312 N. Center St., Joliet, Illinois.

3. nadzornik: MATT ANZELC, Box 12, Aurora, Minn.

4. nadzornik: ANDREW MILAVEC, Box 31, Meadow Lands, Pa.

GLAVNI POROTNI ODBOR:

Predsednik: ANTON JERŠIN, 1078 Liberty Ave., Barberville, Pa.

1. porotnik: JOHN SCHUTTE, 4751 Baldwin Ct., Denver, Colo.

2. porotnik: FRANK MIKEC, Box 46, Strabane, Pa.

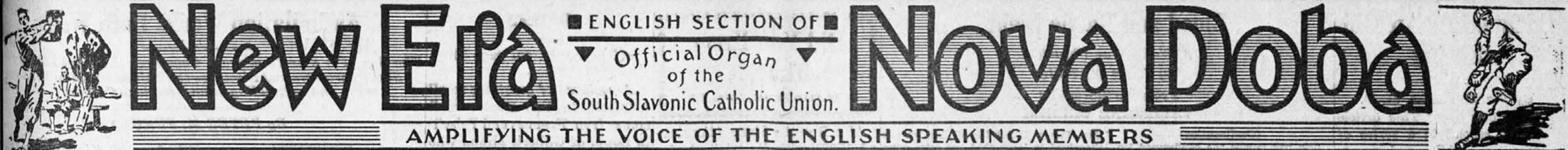
3. porotnica: ROSE SVETICH, Ely, Minn.

4. porotnik: VALENTIN OREHEK, 264 Union Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jednotino uradno glasilo.

NOVA DOBA, 6233 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Vse stvari, tukajče so uradni zadevi, nači so pošljati na glavnega tajnika. Vse pritožbe in prijave na glavnega tajnika, ki jih ne sprejemajo, so vrnjene na uradni odbrek. Vse pritožbe in prijave na glavnega tajnika, ki jih ne sprejemajo, so vrnjene na uradni odbrek. Vse



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

Ohio SSCU Champion

Next Sunday, August 21st, three Ohio SSCU lodges shall meet in Barberton, O., to determine the Ohio SSCU championship in softball. The three lodges are: St. Martin, No. 44, of Barberton, Betsy Ross, No. 186, of Cleveland and Cardinals, No. 229, of Struthers.

Games shall be played at Novak's farm in connection with the picnic sponsored by the softball team of St. Martin's Lodge of Barberton, which has invited only the two out-of-town lodge teams to the picnic, but also the rest of the members, friends, relatives and acquaintances.

Many months have elapsed since a subsidiary English-speaking group of one of our SSCU lodges, has held a picnic entirely on its own responsibility. Whatever reaction, favorable or not, towards picnic as seen through the eyes of the younger element, all of us who have had any experience in holding such out-of-door picnics, realize that it takes fortitude to plan and hold a picnic.

So many disturbing elements enter into the picture. It may rain, the crowd may be small in spite of good weather, etc., but like "the faint heart that never won a fair girl" the chicken-hearted unit fails to establish itself in the right position under the sun if it allows discouraging factors to control the mind.

The stout heart who says I will, who overlooks the discouraging factors, who goes ahead and plans, deserves commendation of its neighboring groups.

Such is the softball team of lodge 44, SSCU of Barberton. Consisting of a group of active and energetic young men, this team has won the great majority of its match games. According to the last report, the team (a group picture of this lodge team appeared in last week's issue of Nova Doba) won twenty out of twenty-six games played. This is a good record for any team; and more so for a team which has entered the softball field for the first time this year.

Enterprises undertaken by the English-speaking groups within our SSCU require encouragement, and no better incentive to go ahead with their plans and ideas could be given a group of young men than to attend a program sponsored by themselves. The degree of response to the picnic in Barberton next Sunday, August 21st, will enter into the equation of what may be expected from this particular group in the future. Regardless of the city, town or village, the same problem arises in connection with our English-speaking groups: How much interest is taken by others in affairs which we (the English-speaking group) are interested?

All SSCU lodges within the state of Ohio, and those in the neighboring vicinity of Barberton are urged to send the picnic at Novak's farm. Lovers of out-of-door entertainment will find the picnic scheduled for next Saturday to their liking. And as an added incentive, two softball games shall be played, the winner to be crowned Ohio SSCU softball champion.

National SSCU
Athletic Board

MINNESOTA
Joseph Kovach, 342 E. Sheridan, Ely, Minn., Lodge No. 1.
Stanley Pechauer, 648 E. Camp St., Minn., Lodge No. 2.
Louis Kovach, 342 E. Sheridan, Ely, Minn., Lodge No. 184.
Zgong, Gilbert, Minn., Lodge No. 225.

PENNSYLVANIA
Adolph Yerina, Claridge, Pa., Lodge No. 10.
John Pezler Jr., 715 Gordon St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 61.
William Fisher, R. D. No. 2, Export, Pa., Lodge No. 116.
Frank Kuznik, Box 254, Export, Pa., Antioch, 209 Fifty-seventh Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 196.
Polaski Jr., 504 Giffin Ave., Monaca, Pa., Lodge No. 205.
William Korach, Box 504, Export, Pa., Lodge No. 218.
Oblock, R. D. No. 1, Turle Center, Pa., Lodge No. 221.
Proctor, 400 School St., Springdale, Pa., Lodge No. 228.

OHIO
Frank Novak, R. D. 2, Sherman Rd., Marion, O., Lodge No. 44.
John A. Kunze, 1733 East 33 St., Lodge No. 6.
Frank Drobnic, 6124 Glass Ave., Lodge No. 180.
John Kralj, 702 E. 159th St., Cleveland, O., Lodge No. 186.
John Struna, 1190 E. 61st St., Cleveland, O., Lodge No. 188.
John R. Babich, Box 781, Struthers, O., Lodge No. 229.

ILLINOIS
Kosick, 924 Oakland Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 66.
Novak, 2350 W. 21st Place, Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 70.

WISCONSIN
George Novoselac, 1960 E. 71st St., West Allis, Milwaukee, Wisc., Lodge No. 225.

Witness

The men were swapping stories.

"When I was logging up in Oregon," said one of them. "I saw a wildcat come right up to the skidder one day. It was a fierce beast, but with great presence of mind, I threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened, I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this wildcat and, as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet!" — Wall Street Journal.

Corns Still There

The following letter was received recently by a concern that manufactures corn syrup:

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your corn syrup my feet are no better now than they were before I started."

Third little bird: Well, what are we waiting for?

Prepare For Joint Picnic Sept. 3

Denver, Colo.—Time is rolling along and with it the plans for our big 40th anniversary picnic which we will hold at the Slovene Home, 4464 Washington St., on Saturday, September 3. By we, is meant, Lodge St. Joseph, No. 21, and Colorado Sunshine, No. 201, both SSCU, who together are formulating gigantic plans.

We know that a real good time is anticipated by our guests, and to that end we shall endeavor to fulfill our obligation. Those who have attended picnics in the past sponsored by either of the two lodges already are familiar with the splendid entertainment arranged for the guests. This year, all these features are to be incorporated. Moreover, an added attraction awaits our picnickers. For our guest of honor we shall have our supreme secretary, Bro. Anton Zbasnik, who will be the principal speaker at the picnic.

Inasmuch as this is Bro. Zbasnik's first trip out west in the capacity of supreme secretary, we are making all sorts of additional preparations, in order to make his visit an enjoyable one. We want him to be very much satisfied with this visit; in fact so much that he shall wish to repeat a trip to Colorado in the future.

Our members, friends, relatives, acquaintances, of Denver and neighboring vicinity, shall avail themselves of a splendid opportunity to see and talk to the man who has made history for our wonderful organization, the South Slovonic Catholic Union of America. I take this opportunity to invite all members of lodges in Colorado to come to our picnic. Plenty of eats, drinks, the kind that satisfy your palate.

All members of Colorado Sunshine Lodge, No. 201, SSCU are requested to attend our meeting, which will be held on Sunday, August 21, starting at 4 p.m. It is important that all members attend. Our meeting will be held at the regular place, Slovene Hall, 4464 Washington St. Plans for the picnic shall be discussed and other important matters transacted. May we have a 100 percent attendance? Let us hope so.

Chas. H. Chitwood, Sec'y. No. 201, SSCU.

Doubling the Speed

The hillbilly's mule had just balked in the road when the country doctor came by. The hillbilly asked if he could give something to start the mule. The doctor said yes and gave the animal some powder.

The mule switched its tail, tossed its head and started off at a mad gallop. The hillbilly looked first at the flying animal and then at the doctor.

"How much did the medicine cost, doc?"

"Oh about half a dollar."

"Well, give me a dollar's worth—quick! I've got to catch that mule." — Erie Railroad Magazine.

Three little birds sat on a limb.

First little bird: What's that sitting on the bench below us?

Second little bird: Oh, that's the guy who fired buckshot at us the other day.

Third little bird: Well, what are we waiting for?

BRIEFS

Janko N. Rogelj, first supreme trustee, SSCU of Cleveland, will attend the National Fraternal Congress Convention in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. The first session is scheduled to begin Monday, August 22d. Bro. Rogelj is attending as delegate, representing the SSCU.

Mrs. Ivana Lunka, of Denver, Colo., mother of fourth supreme vice president John P. Lunka of Cleveland, O. passed into the great beyond on August 11. She leaves behind four sons, Anton, Joe and Frank of Denver, and John of Cleveland. When news of his mother's illness reached our fourth supreme vice president, he immediately left for Denver, although he found her dead upon arrival. According to the information given Nova Doba office, John P. Lunka intends to stay in Denver for several weeks. His brother, Anton, was a delegate to the 15th quadrennial SSCU convention held in Cleveland in 1936.

Ohio state SSCU lodge champion softball team shall be decided next Sunday, August 21, when three lodge teams shall play in an elimination series in Barberton, O. Lodge 44 softball team is sponsoring a picnic on that day at Novak's farm, located off route 5 on Sherman Rd. Cleveland. Betsy Ross Lodge No. 186, SSCU and Struthers' Cardinals, No. 229, SSCU softball teams are the two outside teams entered in the elimination series along with lodge 44, the home team. The champion team shall be awarded individual prizes from our SSCU.

All the English-speaking SSCU members in Ohio especially are invited to attend the picnic at Barberton, next Sunday, August 21, sponsored by lodge 44 SSCU softball team. The senior members, too, are invited as are friends and relatives. Clevelanders coming to the picnic on route 21, should turn right at route 5, go to the first asphalt road to the right, which is Sherman Rd. Novak's farm, the site of the picnic, is located about one mile on the right hand side, picnic grounds being visible from the highway.

A baby boy, weighing seven pounds and seven ounces, joined Mr. and Mrs. William Sitter of Cleveland, on Wednesday, August 10, at the Glenville Hospital. The mother is a member of lodge 173, SSCU. The father, who is foreman of the Enakopravost (Equality) printing shop, where the weekly Nova Doba is printed, was busy passing out cigars last Thursday when friends and relatives extended congratulations to the new father. Both the baby and mother are doing well at the hospital.

Ivan Tazell, member of lodge 114, SSCU of Ely, Minn. was elected chairman of the board of Independent School District No. 12 at the organization meeting held recently. Other members of the board consist of Dr. Taito Ahola, secretary; Jack Gianotti, treasurer, and directors Anton Kotchevar, Ben S. Richards and John Dragavon.

(Continued on page 6)

Bedside Seats

Cleveland, O.—A clever birth announcement of a baby son was sent out this week by Bertha and Sam Richter, the latter a member of George Washington Lodge, No. 180, SSCU, formerly recording secretary and co-manager of the baseball team.

The announcement is in the form of a theatre box ticket, and reads as follows: "Bertha and Sam Richter present 'The Heir to the Richter Millions', starring Robert Thomas Richter, August 10, 1938 (the date of birth), 10:30 a. m. Directed by Dr. N. Zimmer, costumes by Vanta, new music." On the bottom of the improvised theatre birth announcement is added this provision: "The management reserves the right to cancel personal appearances if the star is sleeping."

The stub of the "ticket" reads: "Weight, 7 pounds, 9 ounces; eyes, blue; lullaby theatre, bedside seat, 6505 Bonna Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio."

Congratulations to Bertha and Sam Richter. May the son grow up to be a real tennis player. Incidentally, the father also plays tennis, ping pong, checkers (he beat the writer four games and lost one) and basketball.

Lodge 70

Chicago, Ill.—Members of Lodge Zyon, No. 70, SSCU are hereby informed that the next meeting, which will take place on Saturday, August 20, will start one-half hour earlier than usual; that is, at 7 p. m. The meeting will be held in the usual quarters, in the church hall located on 22d Place and Wolcott Ave., formerly Lincoln St. Bro. Louis Zefran will show motion pictures at 8:30 p. m. All members are requested to attend the meeting, and to bring along their friends. Admission will be free to all.

John Gottlieb, Pres.

Lodge 81

Aurora, Ill.—St. Jerry's Lodge, No. 81, SSCU will hold its annual picnic on August 21, 1938, at Weiland's Grove in Loveland. Members, their friends and relatives are invited to attend this picnic. Refreshments will be served.

Joseph Fayfar Jr., Sec'y.

Ladies of SSCU

Joliet, Ill.—Miss Anne Jevitz acted as hostess to the Ladies of SSCU at her home on July 19. A business meeting took place in which the girls decided to hold a weiner roast, the party to be held at Inwood. They are to meet at 7:30 sharp at the club rooms.

The girls then played games, prizes being awarded the Mrs. F. Vranichar, Miss Jule Adamich, Miss Elizabeth Jevitz and Miss Lillian Kosick. The hostess served luncheon at quartet tables on the front porch, which was beautifully lighted with lanterns. The Ladies shall meet again on August 24 at the home of Miss Genevie Kosick.

Helen M. Kozlita, No. 66, SSCU.

OFFICE OF THE SUPREME SECRETARY OF SSCU

To the Officers of our Subordinate Lodges in the State of Colorado:

The Home Office is in receipt of a letter from the Insurance Department of the State of Colorado to which there is attached a copy of a recent opinion of the Attorney General of said State, bearing on the question of age upon which a policy or certificate of fraternal insurance can be written on the life of a child in said State.

In his opinion the Attorney General held that a child must be at least one year old before becoming eligible for protection.

In Forwarding to us a copy of said opinion the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Colorado advised us "to govern ourselves accordingly." This means that hereafter we must not admit children into our juvenile branch unless at the time of application they are at least one year old. The decision of the Attorney General of the State of Colorado applies only to NEW juvenile business hereafter written in the State of Colorado and therefore does not affect the writing of juvenile business in other States. The ruling affects all fraternal societies licensed to do business in the State of Colorado.

In view of the foregoing opinion the officers of all subordinate lodges in the State of Colorado are hereby requested not to write any new juvenile applications unless the child is at least one year old. As to payment of maternity benefits we shall pay the sum of \$15.00 immediately upon receipt of claim, the remaining \$5.00 to be paid when the child becomes eligible for membership and is enrolled in the juvenile branch.

Ely, Minnesota, August 12, 1938.

Anton Zbasnik, Supreme Secretary.

MY TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

Safe Driving Is In Your Mind

BY Doris Marie Birtic,
Lodge 180

Editor's note: This is the 30th installment of a series of articles which Doris Marie Birtic has prepared for publication in the Nova Doba. Readers will recall that Doris won a six-week cruise to the Mediterranean in a nation-wide contest sponsored by The Cleveland Press and The Cleveland Propeller Club. Other installments will follow in subsequent editions.

The Swiss Guards at the Vatican were by far the most colorful of the many uniformed men that we saw in Rome. Bright stripes of yellow and blue material were sewn over a dashing red background and the result was the most handsome, attractive uniform I have ever seen.

As we paused a moment outside of St. Peter's, we took in a bit of the movie that is passing continually before the eyes of the guards stationed there, and concluded that theirs is indeed an enviable position.

Just as one would expect, people from every clime and every race were constantly going in and out of this world-famed basilica; but few attracted as much attention as did the some five hundred German youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two who came in big busses from their homeland to make a pilgrimage to Rome. These fair-haired healthily-looking youths made a striking appearance in their black regulation shirts and shorts, and white socks. Brown coats were slung over the right shoulder and a white and red swastika monogram was embroidered on the left. Their caps were held in their left hands, and the bared heads revealed that a uniform hair style prevailed.

All in step, they walked double file through the church. They, too, gazed in wonder at the huge statues, the gorgeous stucco and mosaic work and the magnificence of the adjoining chapels. It hardly seemed possible that so many beautiful art treasures could be found in one spot,—and the originals at that!

As this large group of lads filed past me, I couldn't help but admire the manner in which they conducted themselves; no whispering or nudging one another, no laughter or disrespect.

His Complaint

The octogenarian, Mr. Jones, during an operation for the rejuvenation of youth, became very impatient.

"Don't be so restless," growled the nurse.

The poor man went on moaning and sobbing.

"Don't cry, the pain will soon vanish."

"I'm not crying because of pain," explained the old man, "I'm afraid I'll be late for school."

ful giggles in this place of worship. They were, in fact, ideal in their behavior.

Conquering An Old Enemy

By Walter Clarke, M. D.
Editor's note: This article is the second in a series of four on syphilis and gonorrhoea by Walter Clarke, M. D. Executive Director, of The American Social Hygiene Association.

For three hundred years syphilis was a great mystery. Its cause was unknown. The methods of treating it were unsatisfactory. The extent of its damage to the population was unsuspected. Then in the early part of the twentieth century a series of discoveries gave us accurate methods of diagnosis and effective methods of treatment. For the first time it was proved that many conditions previously unsuspected were, in fact, syphilis, general paralysis of the insane, and locomotor ataxia, for example, were shown to be syphilis.

More important, it became possible to diagnose syphilis definitely in the earliest stage. The germs of syphilis in the chancre and in the skin rash could be seen under the microscope by means of special equipment called the "dark stage." So patients who come with a suspicious sore can now learn promptly whether they have syphilis.

A blood test was perfected by which evidence of syphilis in the blood may be discovered. Many persons who have syphilis without any outward sign of the disease have germs which can be detected by this test. This leads the doctor to search carefully for syphilis and to make a diagnosis in cases that formerly were neglected until too late to save health or lives. There are now several blood tests, the best known to the public being the Wassermann test. Sometimes the blood of a person who is carrying a syphilis infection will not have this evidence, therefore, a negative test is not always proof that the person is free from syphilis. But even a very slight positive result is a pretty sure sign of trouble.

For two hundred years mercury had been used in the treatment of syphilis. It was sometimes beneficial, but it was not helpful in many cases and it caused many unpleasant symptoms of poisoning. With the discovery of Salvarsan (called 606 or Arsphenamine), early in the present century, doctors were given a drug which acts quickly and effectively to make syphilis non-catching. In addition to the Salvarsan, a heavy metals compound of mercury or bismuth is usually given. A long series of these treatments leads to complete cure in a large percentage of cases, and gives good results in nearly all cases.

It is good news to the world that syphilis can now be stopped from spreading and can be cured. If every person with syphilis came regularly for treatment from the beginning of the disease, syphilis would never spread and would soon disappear. If every case stayed under treatment as long as the doctor required nearly all could be cured.

The best time to treat syphilis is when the first sore (or chancre) appears. The next best time is when the rash appears. These cases can be cured. Physicians cannot cure the late cases when the brain or heart or other vital organ is already damaged, but such cases benefit greatly from modern treatment and many are made more comfortable and life is prolonged.

The practical application of these facts is simple. Every one who has a genital sore, or an

Blood and Battle Field

*A World War Chronicle
By IVAN MATICIO
From the Slovene by
VALENTINE OREHEK*

(Continuation)

"Ha ha" laughs the condemned ironically, "of such stuff are your laws made, that they can be broken and disposed of at will to suit whatever occasion. Shame on you, you cheats!"

A new rope is drawn round his neck and again he thrusts the men from him. He steps upon the stump and when the rope has taunted kicks the stump from under himself. And those who have come to witness his death hang their heads and stare before them at the ground.

Shortly tablets with shameful inscriptions written upon them appear on the breasts of the dangling bodies. The mobs that mill about the dead men are composed of both military and civilians, for all have been accorded permission to gaze upon and marvel at the justice that Austria metes out in full measure to her traitors.

Our division now turns up and my regiment is forced at Salgaredi over the Piava and toward Treviso. The road over which we trudge is a long one chopped and desolated and strewn we are forced to seek shelter from with the dead. Before the fourth lines the fierce and raging downpour of Italian and French fire. That our slaughter is not more extensive we ascribe to the soft condition of the soil which being unusually free from stone as well mitigates most of the effect of the guns.

We are followed by droves of Austrian planes which begin peppering the fourth line. Conquered and victors now whip alike in the throes of death. And there under a crashing fury they twist and gasp in the bloody messes of earth and flesh.

We have been attacking but a

counter attack now checks and demarcates our numbers in an instant.

Before we can even grasp what is hap-

pening we are in mad retreat. Attack follows attack, regiments form and re-

form to be hurled back anew. Like hungry waves they gather and rush

and are dashed upon the rocks of the enemy's resistance. And just as the receding floods pour off the stone and are sucked down jagged fissures so our soldiers fall and disappear. From night till dawn regiment after regiment crosses the Piava. It is out of the question to attempt it in broad day-

light for long range guns lie trained on every accessible point.

No aid can be advanced to the

wounded; most of them find deliverance in the turbid waters. From invisible heights daring Italian airmen zoom down upon our observation balloons, loose a deadly load of combustion bombs and are off like streaks into the blue.

The ukaz does not vary, it thunders forth steel hard, threatening and enraged.

"Regiments to the fore! Cowards, why do you lag? Advance all of you without delay! We must crush the

enemy's defenses, we must penetrate

through Venice and Treviso, and that

at any cost! On through death if need

be! Don't sulky the glory of our armies

by even a moment's hesitation! Ad-

vance, and give no quarter! He who

hesitates dies that moment; he who

sinks back, let the bayonet snap in his

bones; he who runs from danger will

strangle on the gallows! Advance my

men and strike hard that the accursed

enemy totter, that it fall crushed and

dishonored to its knees! Destroy all

that stands still before our irresistible

corps! Where are you, 7th Corps? Why

don't you strike? Come, show what is

in your power! Where are the mighty

heroes of Doberdö, Michael, Fajt, Hrib, Hudl Log, Grmada? Where are

you heroes of the Tolmin steeps, from

the Bovec strongholds, from the Ko-

barid passes and hills? Where are you

heroes of the Mrzel heights and

Matterhorn? Come, show yourselves!"

With the supply trains unable to

cross the Piava we verge on starva-

tion. Treviso is not far off, but we are

chagrined to learn that our seige guns

have reduced it. In our next attempt

we gain a hold in the fourth line but

are routed by an unexpected rally. No-

thing daunted, we try again and this

time fortune favors us.

From shredded clouds a sharp down-

pour begins. It lashes the starving men

and washes out the bloody gullies. On

the road from Treviso English tanks

come trundling to block the passage of

our troops. The condition of the ground

prevents our batteries from closing up

with the enemy. They stand rooted far

behind in a gripping sea of mud. It

doesn't matter though, their limit is

the opposite shore of the Piava for we

have no means of transporting them

across.

Our regiments push on. Of a sudden

the enemy deals us a blow so compell-

ing that our men fall like wheat before

the scythe. This time the Italians de-

finitely void the line of their besiegers.

Everything has turned against us . . .

heaven and earth conspire toward our

destruction. Torrents tear in the Venetian

highlands and flood the plain to

engulf the human ferment struggling

there. The Piava rises and in fierce

undulations uproots bridges, shatters

pontoons, swallows men and drags them

out to the sea's abysses. Iron, knife, fire

and flood. . . all scourge and torture

our suffering masses. Want and hunger

gnaw away the strength of our once

mighty armies while a resistance grows

ever stronger before them.

Above this chaos thunders the all

levelling ukaz that rolls amid the lightnings

of the sky, "On, you craven herds

through death to victory! We must

crash through the enemy. There is no

alternative for you but to advance,

else we'll train your own mortars on

your backs! Be it over land or sea,

through fair or storm, you must go on!

An empire is at stake! Let the black

sky witness that you are worthy and fit

to uphold the traditions of an illustrious

nation's army! Break on! Let

your bayonet tear, let it rend the flesh

of swine who dare oppose our Fatherland!

We do not know nor expect mercy!

Our steel is hard, our iron hot, we

will cool it in Venice and Adigio where

the soothng shades of palms await us.

Advance! Let the bayonet shred and

the hoof trample all!"

Our ammunition like our food grows

daily less. We have emptied the fourth

line of everything of value and so all

incentive of waging further battle is

gone. And now for the first time the

terrible truth dawns on our war lords,

that utter and ignominious defeat is

certain. Disillusionment black and hor-

rible is upon them.

Your Excellency, my corps cannot

last much longer. One half of it is

gone and there are no reserves. What

remains is too weak with hunger and

fatigue to be of any value."

"Your Excellency, my corps is all

but gone. One division is wiped out en-

tirely. The men demand food and they

won't accept promises. What am I to

do?"

"Stop, please stop! I know all that

and more! . . . Podmaršal, how is it

with your corps?"

"Hopeless. My best forces rot on Kras.

Our finest manhood strangle itself

against that barrier. Today their loss

makes our future doubly terrible. Your

Excellency, you have seen for yourself

how every attack we launched worked

to our disadvantage.

"We are without food and ammunition.

We do not know where to take

our sick and wounded. Some of our

men are forced to live in the marshes

where the water reaches to their waists;

others wander about waiting only for

a chance to desert us. They are all

starved and perfectly frantic. God, it

makes me weep to see my splendid

corps desolated and brought to such a

pass. There was never a finer body of

men. They weren't broken by a superior

type of soldier, no, but by want and the

harsher elements. Mountain tor-

rents

Janko N. Rogelj:
Peljimo se v Kamnik

Predno sem odpotoval v Jugoslavijo, prečital sem knjigo "Gorenjska", katero je izdal in založil "Progress", zavod za pospeševanje mednarodnih trgovskih zvez v Novem mestu. To njigo je uredil g. Mohorčič Karel, ki zasluži za to priznanje. Iz te knjige sem dobil vse znanje in informacije, katere imam človek rad, ko potuje skozi vasi in mesta naše prelepe in rajske Gorenjske. Kdor je prečital to knjigo ter potem potoval iz vasi v vas, iz mesta v mesto, od potokov do reke Save, od Kamniških planin do Julijskih Alp, ta je potoval kot star znanec in poznavalec naše Gorenjske.

Z ženo sva se odpeljala v Ljubljano. Dosti opravkov je bilo. Treba je bilo obiskati sestro Mr. Johna Bukovnika, slovenskega fotografa v Clevelandu, go. Ivanko Kalinšek, potem sestro Mrs. Bartol, brata Mrs. Mary Spelič, bratrance Mrs. Arko, itd., itd., kaj bi našteval imena, katerih menda ne poznate. Vozimo se po Ljubljani in iščemo hišne številke, ki so precej velike in vidne, ko jo enkrat najdeš. Malo sitno pa postane človeku pri srcu, ako je potreba stopicati v peto ali šesto nadstropje, ker tam nimajo v vsakem poslopu dvigala ali elevatorja. Ubogi ljudje, če hodijo v pritličje plin nažigat ali premog nakladat na ogenj. Res niso tako visoke hiše v Ljubljani, še nebotičnik je za ameriške oči malenkosten, toda če človek hodi po stopnicah v šesto nadstropje, potem je pa res najvišja hiša v Ljubljani — nebotičnik.

Po tem opravku sem imel daljši sestanek v kavarni "Emona", kjer sva z Mr. Birtičem pripovedovala o našem ameriškem življenju. Urednika "Jutra" je zanimalo posebno naše življenjsko in bolniško zavarovanje v Ameriki. Treba je bilo našteti imena naših jugoslovenskih podpornih organizacij, njih delokroge in posebna dela, ki jih upravlja. Nato je bilo opisovanje naše slovenske metropole, naših slovenskih domov in splošno o našem gibanju na tujih zemljah. Časnikarji znajo staviti vprašanja, na katera je bilo potreba odgovarjati.

Peljemo se po Masarykovim cesti. Tam se vedno vidi Amerikance, ki hodijo gledati v Ljubljano, če še vlak vozi v Ameriko. Ob strani ceste zagledamo na dve sopotnici, Mrs. Terček in Mrs. Dolinar. Prispeli sta iz Francije. Pogovorili smo se, menjali smo denar ter šli iskat prtljago, da se odpeljeta proti domu.

Ta dan je bil v Ljubljani tudi Mr. Wm. Candon, ki si je že ogledal svoje domovanje na Dolenjskem. Zjutraj smo se srečali ter pogovorili, da se odpeljemo popoldan kam drugam. Po okusni južini pri Mr. Birtiču smo poiskali Mr. Candonu ter se vprašali: Kam se peljemo?

"Peljimo se v Kamnik", se mi zdi, da smo rekli trije naenkrat. Avtomobil se je obrnil proti Kamniškim planinam. Ni smo vozili prehitro, da bi bila nevarnost, da prekršimo prometni red. Zakaj, tega vam ne bom pripovedoval, o tem smo se že pogovorili. Mi smo se peljali v Kamnik, o katerem pravi narodna pesem:

Bela Ljubljana,
Črn je Kranj,
Pisana Loka,
Kamnik krasan!

Iz Ljubljane do črnuč, to je do Save, se človeku zdi, da sega sedanja Ljubljana. Ko se pride čez savski most, prične se podeželsko življenje. Take občutke ima človek, ko se vozi z avtomobilom. Cesta proti Trznu je čedna, če izvzamemo to, proti Kranju. Ta pot je zelo

da se prav tako po nji praši, kakor po drugih cestah v Sloveniji. Ta vas slovi po naši Gorenjski zaradi zelo razvite prasičereje. Na živinskem trgu v Kranju so bili spomladi na najboljšem glasu mladi prasički iz Trzina. Vas sem z zanimanjem opazoval, ker od tu je doma moj priatelj J. Jemec, ki ima trgovino v Maple Heights, Ohio. Na travniku pri Trznu stoji spomenik, kateri je bil postavljen padlim Francozom.

Peljemo se skozi Mengesh, kjer je bil rojen poznani pripovedalec in opisovalec Gorjanec, pisatelj Janez Trdina.

Od tu prihaja tudi nekdanji ljubljanski župan, Ivan Hribar. Od tu imamo že lep pogled na Kamniške planine, na Kavanke in Triglav v Julijskih Alpah.

Mr. Wm. Candon, ki je naš Clevelandan ter obenem predsednik glavnega nadzornega odbora pri Slovenski svobodomskega podpornega zvezi v Chicagu, Ill., je naš gost. Peljemo se v Kamnik, da obiščemo našega starega prijatelja v prijateljico Mr. in Mrs. Birk. Med potjo se pogovarjam o tem in onem, seveda med enakim pogovaranjem z Mr. Birtičem pripoveduje Mr. Candonu in moji ženi znamenitosti te vasi, te planine ali gore.

Ni daleč iz Ljubljane v Kamnik — z avtomobilom. Okoli 15 milj. Kaj je to v Ameriki. Včasih se še motor ne ogreje. Tam v Sloveniji je malo dalj. Tako nekako 25 milj, bi rekeli. Pa vendar, če je družba, tudi ta čas hitro preteče. Kar hitro smo zavozili v skriti Kamnik, katerega vidiš še le potem, ko si prišel v mesto. Jaz imam o Kamniku prav isto sliko, kakor o mestu Tržiču na Gorenjskem: Mesto vidiš, ko prideš v mesto.

Pred Birkovo gostilno se ustavimo. Že nam nasproti hita. Zofka Birkova, za njo počasi stopica g. Birk, da govorimo po starokrajsko. Predstavljati nam ni potreba ne enega, ne drugega. Vsi se poznamo, stari znanci, stari prijatelji in menda še vsi Amerikanci. Sedemo na vrt. Na mizo se prisemeje okusna gorenjska potica. Pogovori čvrsti, prijateljski in informativni. Vse bi radi pogedali v eni sapi. Z Zofko govoriva o dramskem društvu "Ivan Cankar" v Clevelandu, kateremu je takoreč ona dala ime, a pomagal sem jaz kot predsednik ustanovne seje, ko sem ob enakosti glasov glasoval za predlog ge. Zofke Birkove. Po skoro dvajsetih letih sveta se o tem pogovarjala v Kamniku.

G. Birk ni mogel priti v besedo. Zato me povabi, da stopeva preko mostu okoli novega kopalnišča. Hotel je govoriti o stvareh, ki zanimajo njega. Najprvo so bila vprašanja o Clevelandu. O tem sva hitro končala. Potem stisne cigaro z ustmi, pogleda gori proti planinam in pravi: "Tu ostaneš dva ali tri dni. V planine greva." Takrat sem videl v njem tisto lovsko strast, ki ga drži v domovini, da pozablja na Ameriko.

Jaz pa sem gledal tja gori proti Sv. Primožu, proti Sv. Petru in Sv. Ambrožu, ki stojijo tam gori kot čuvanje in klicarji krasnih, zanimivih in mikavnih Kamniških planin. Koliko bi človek napisal o teh gorskih velikanih: Grintavec, Mokriča, Greben, Krvavec in Koren! O tem bi moral biti drugo poglavje.

Po par-urnem razgovoru smo se slikali, da nam ostane oči, viden spomin na naš nenavadni sestanek v Kamniku. Pozdravili smo se ter odpeljali. G. Birk pa je klical za nami: "Če se več ne vidimo, pozdravite Jožeta in Milko."

Iz Kamnika smo se peljali po par-urnem razgovoru smo se slikali, da nam ostane oči, viden spomin na naš nenavadni sestanek v Kamniku. Pozdravili smo se ter odpeljali. G. Birk pa je klical za nami: "Če se več ne vidimo, pozdravite Jožeta in Milko."

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lepa. Skozi vasi Moste, Nasovice, Lahoviči in Berniki vodi navadna kmečka cesta, toda dosti boljša kot so državne ceste. Cesta pelje skozi mlade gozdove, poleg rodovitnih njiv. Zelo se mi je dopadla rdeča detelja, ki je takrat cvetela v vsej svoj skrлатni krasoti, ki je pregrinjala naša polja kot bogate perzijske preproge. Zrak je bil kar opojen od vonjav mladega smrečja, od rdeče detelje, od valovite rži in pšenice. Zdeto se mi je, da se vozimo po parku, dokler nismo prišli v vas Senčur, kjer se odpre pogled na Sv. Jošt in Šmarjetno goro.

Peljemo se skozi Mengesh, kjer je bil rojen poznani pripovedalec in opisovalec Gorjanec, pisatelj Janez Trdina. Od tu prihaja tudi nekdanji ljubljanski župan, Ivan Hribar. Od tu imamo že lep pogled na Kamniške planine, na Kavanke in Triglav v Julijskih Alpah.

Vedno sem se rad vozil od Senčurja proti Kranju, ko se niža sonce mogočemu prvaku, Triglavu v Julijskih Alpah. Prav ob tej vožnji se mi je nudil slikovit in nenavadni prižor. O tem sva se v Ameriki že večkrat pogovarjala z Mr. Bukovnikom, ki je takoreč doma iz Senčurja, in ki je bil že priča tem sončnim zahodom. Videl sem že sončne zahode tu in tam, toda najbolj mi ugaja zahod sonca za triglavsko gorovje. Menda baš zato, ker sem ob takih sončnih zahodih pravkar in večkrat sanjal o sončni deželi za soncem — o Ameriki.

Avtomobil je zavil v vas Primskovo. Tu sem hotel pokazati Mr. Candonu mojo rostno hišo in moje sorodnike. Da ne bom poročala samo žalostnih novic, naj še omenim, da se je štorklja oglasila pri dveh naših članicah, namreč pri sestri Petrovič in pri sestri Koren in vsaki je pustila po enega zaleda sinčka. Oba fantiča že glasno pojeta in delata kratek čas svojima mamicama v tej vročini in oba sta že tudi člana JSKJ. Tako je prav.

K zaključku še povabim vse članice našega društva, da se gotovo udeležijo prihodnje seje, ki se bo vršila v nedeljo 21. avgusta. Sestrski pozdrav! — Za društvo Marije Vnebovzete, št. 103 JSKJ:

Mary Walter, blagajničarka.

Milwaukee, Wis. — V imenu društva Združeni Slovani, št. 225 JSKJ, se prav lepo zahajujem vsem posetnikom našega piknika, ki se je vršil 24. julija, ker so s tem pokazali svojo naklonjenost do društva in nekoli podprtji društveno blagajno. Prav za prav sem pricakovala večje udeležbe od strani članov, ker je bil to naš prvi piknik, pa kar je, to je. Vseeno hvala tistim, ki so ga posetili.

Tam izpod sivega Triglava šumi srebrnopena Sava in poje spev tako krasan kot ni še čul ga beli dan.

DOPISI

Nadaljevanje s 7. str.

peljite s seboj svoje prijatelje. Vstopnina bo prosta za vse. Bratski pozdrav! — Za društvo št. 70 JSKJ:

John Gottlieb, predsednik.

Moon Run, Pa. — POPRAVEK. — Poročilo v mojem zadnjem dopisu o smrti dveh tukajšnjih rojakov naj se tem potom popravi, da se bo glasilo sledče: "Dne 20. julija je preminila dobro poznanata rojakinja Frances Čuk, mati 7 otrok. Drugi je bil Andrej Mlekush, tudi družinski oče. Oba sta bila zavarovana, pa ne pri JSKJ. Prva je bila članica SNPJ, drugo imenovani pa član SSPZ."

Frances Koritnik, tajnica društva št. 99 JSKJ

Euclid, O. — Prav danes, ko pišem, je tako vroča, da ni treba peresa skoro nič pomakati, ker je vse moko od vročine. Pa naj bo, saj zdaj je čas za to. Kljub tej vročini bom skušala nekaj nečeckati in upam, da bo sobrat urednik že pogruntal, kaj hočem povediti.

Najprej moram zapeti tisto staro pesem, da naj bi bile govoriti o smrti dveh tukajšnjih rojakov naj se tem potom popravi, da se bo glasilo sledče: "Dne 20. julija je preminila dobro poznanata rojakinja Frances Čuk, mati 7 otrok. Drugi je bil Andrej Mlekush, tudi družinski oče. Oba sta bila zavarovana, pa ne pri JSKJ. Prva je bila članica SNPJ, drugo imenovani pa član SSPZ."

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večina pa je menda kar pozabi na to. Pri društvu imamo vse enake pravice in s tem se razume, da imamo tudi enake dolžnosti. Par članic, ki pridejo na sejo, ne more nič ukreniti, niti dobrega niti slabega. Pravilno bi bilo, da bi prisile na mesecno sejo vse članice, katerih ne začrduje kak izredno važen vzrok.

Pri tej priliki naj sporočim, da smo spet spremile eno sestro k večnemu počitku, namreč sestro Louizo Campa. Po krajnji sestri je bila ustavniteljica našega društva in obenem pravilna pravica v bolnišnici in naša sestra. Bratski pozdrav! — Za društvo Združeni Slovani, št. 225 JSKJ:

Pauline Vogrich, tajnica.

Pueblo, Colo. — Članstvo društva Marija Pomagaj, št. 42 JSKJ pozivam, da se polnoštevilno udeleži redne društvene seje, ki se bo vršila v nedeljo 21. avgusta. Seja se bo vršila v naših prostorih, to je v Orlovih dvorani na Northern Avenue in se bo pričela ob 9. uri dopoldne. Za rešiti bo več važnih zadev. Med drugimi bo treba izvoliti enega člena v društveni nadzorni odbor, ker je eno mesto izpraznjen. Torej, ne pozabite — za udeležiti te važne seje! Bratski pozdrav! — Za društvo št. 42 JSKJ:

Frank Rupar, tajnik.

Denver, Colo. — Priprave za piknik, ki ga priredi naše društvo sv. Jožefa, št. 21 JSKJ, skupno z društvom Colorado Sunshine, št. 201 JSKJ, v soboto