





# 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 Reason For Jubilee

July 6th issue of Nova Doba has been selected as 40th SSCU anniversary edition. Our official organ this week will consist of at least twelve pages and not less than sixteen.

On July 16, 17 and 18, the SSCU officially will celebrate the Union's 40th anniversary with appropriate banquets and festivities now in the process of formation at Ely, Minn., the seat of our Organization.

At the time of this writing, the results of the 40th anniversary campaign are not known. The number of members, the number of delegates qualifying for trip to Ely, at the expense of the SSCU, will be announced shortly by the home office.

Our SSCU lodges everywhere are sponsoring dances, picnics, as a form of commemoration citing 40 years reached thus far by the SSCU.

At the various state federation SSCU meetings, at lodge assemblies, at the athletic events sponsored by or indirectly by our Union, invariably the 40th anniversary came up as a timely topic for discussion.

All these outward manifestations of loyalty to the SSCU reflect a genuine heartfelt interest by the members in their organization. As long as the SSCU commands such a profound attention from its members, whether it be at the meetings or at some form of entertainment, the future progress and spontaneous co-operation from the component members is assured.

For the past decade, and more, our senior members expressed anxiety over the indifference assumed by the English-speaking members towards the SSCU. Until the last four or five years there was reason for lamentation. Had not the seniors provided a sports program with the expressed purpose of furnishing direct aid to lodge athletic teams, hoping that this engagement would incite enthusiasm for the organization. And in justice to the attitude taken by the seniors in their interest in the SSCU and its future progress was evident, it must be admitted that many of our English-speaking members were found wanting in expression of a mild enthusiasm for their organization.

Happily, the last four or five years have shown a decided English-speaking trend for a genuine interest in the SSCU and active participation in the lodge undertakings. Witness the several English-speaking members elected to Slovene-speaking lodge administrative boards.

We have reason to feel jubilant, for this year, the 40th anniversary of our SSCU, the young element has definitely proved that it has "found" itself with the organization. Keen observers have noted the mixing of the young with the old with a spirit that is refreshing. Whether it be at the lodge meeting, or the lodge picnic dance, the tendency has been to go more than half and the result is that our senior and junior members have discovered a permanent tie binding them together in a fraternal unit.

## A New Prospect

Cleveland, O. — A ten-pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Laurich on May 26. Congratulations! Both are members of Collinwood Boosters lodge, No. 188, SSCU. The mother formerly was Miss Alice Srakar. The father has served the Boosters in an executive capacity in the past, holding the office of president. The mother and the baby are getting along splendidly at the Glenville Hospital. Both are expected home on June 5th.

Already there is a movement on foot to persuade the new arrival to become a member of the SSCU soon.

Members of Betsy Ross lodge, No. 186, SSCU softball team express their regrets at being unable to fulfill a scheduled appearance in Struthers, O., next Sunday, June 5, to play a game with the Cardinals lodge, No. 229, SSCU team. Every effort is being made to arrange a game in the near future.

"Patsy" Krall.

## How They Dress

Girls, when they went out to swim, Once dressed like Mother Hubbard; Now they have a bolder whim, And dress more like her cupboard.

## A "Full" Course

Jones: "How is your son getting on at college?"  
Smith: "He must be doing pretty well in languages. I just paid for three courses—\$10 for Latin, \$10 for Greek and \$100 for Scotch."

## The Insect

Anders: "Who beat you up?"  
Sanders: "You see, it's this way. I took my girl to a restaurant and she found a fly in her soup. She called the waiter and said: 'Take this insect out of here!'"  
Anders: "So what?"  
Sanders: "So he threw me down a flight of stairs."

## A Fine Record

East Palestine, O. — The SSCU showed a net gain of 2,013 juveniles for the year 1937. In the last issue of the Nova Doba, we note that in a report from twenty-three fraternal in America, the SSCU ranked fourth in regards to total increase in juvenile membership during the past year. Only three organizations showed larger gains for the past twelve months. A fine record. It is a tribute to the untiring efforts of members and officials who do their utmost in every campaign and activity sponsored by the fraternal with the special purpose of interesting youth. Splendid results from ceaseless efforts.

Anyone can see or estimate the importance and value of 2,013 added youth to an organization. A great injection of new life-blood! Every loyal member of the SSCU should be proud of the accomplishment of the Union in the juvenile field during the year 1937.

Joe J. Golice, No. 41, SSCU.

## BRIEFS

**Albert Golobic, age 20,** member of Cleveland George Washington lodge, No. 180, SSCU died last week, May 24, in the City Hospital, where he was confined for several months. Bro. Albert played on the G. W. basketball team during the 1935-36 and 1936-37 seasons. He also distinguished himself on the East High school basketball team. As a baseball player he attracted the attention of the Cleveland Indians of the American Baseball League. The Indians farmed him out to their Zanesville club for preliminary seasoning, and it was here that the deceased suffered a nervous breakdown which led to other complications resulting in his death. Funeral services were held last Friday, May 27.

**Ohio Federation of SSCU lodges** will hold a meeting on Sunday, June 5, in Cleveland, at the Slovene National Home on St. Clair Ave.

**Picnics and dances** are scheduled by several SSCU lodges this summer to commemorate the 40th anniversary of our Union. Lodge 155 of Blaine, O., will hold a picnic on June 12.

Lodges 45, 166 and 194 of Indianapolis, Ind., a joint picnic on June 28.

Lodge 40 of Claridge, Pa., a picnic on June 18, at Peter Lazar's farm, near Bushy Run Battle Field.

Lodge 42 of Pueblo, Colo., a picnic on June 26, at the site of Presern's home in Rye, Colo.

Lodges 57, 116, 138, and 218, a joint picnic and dance on July 2, at Glunt's Grove, about a half mile off route 22 from Export, Pa.

Lodge 53 of Little Falls, N. Y., a dance on July 16.

Lodge 9 of Calumet, Mich., a picnic on July 17.

Lodge 225 of Milwaukee, Wisc., a picnic on July 24.

Western Pennsylvania Federation of SSCU lodges will hold a picnic on August 28, in Presto, Pa.

**Louis Adamic's newest book** "My America," released May 25, received a full front page of favorable comment in the New York Herald Tribune book review section, Sunday, May 29 issue. The review is covered by Ernest Sutherland Bates. On the same day the New York Times devoted considerable space in its book review section on "My America," and R. L. Duffas, critic, writes highly of the book and the author claiming that Adamic "knows the United States as well as if his ancestors had come over in the Mayflower."

**Heavy oversubscription** of the first offering of national mortgage association obligations points to the success of this new mode of providing funds for home-financing and construction, according to Federal Housing Administration authorities. Applications for \$25,000,000 of 2 per cent five-year notes of the Federal National Mortgage Association, recently offered for sale, approximated \$1,300,000,000, a subscription total equal to 52 times the amount offered. The notes, while not guaranteed by the Federal government, are backed by FHA-insured mortgages and are exempt from normal taxation.

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## MY TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY Doris Marie Birtic, Lodge 180

*Editor's Note: This is the 24th 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 sixweek cruise to the Mediterranean in a nationwide contest sponsored by The Cleveland Press and The Cleveland Propeller Club. Other installments will follow in subsequent editions.*

Before retiring that evening, the steward asked if I would be interested in seeing Stromboli, a volcanic island which we were to pass during the night. I did not want to miss a thing so we made arrangements that he would call me when it came into view.

About 5:30 a.m. I heard a slight knock on the door and in a few seconds was gazing out of the porthole with a wrap thrown over my shoulders. A flaming red mass at the top of the mountain was the only thing that penetrated the still black night. I looked in vain for stars and the moon, but the heavens were dark and forlorn,—a storm was gathering.

Perhaps I would see some waves now. Heretofore the water had been so calm that scarcely a ripple had disturbed its crystal-like surface. I had almost decided that there were not any huge waves, but in the next few hours I was to see at least the front teeth of the sea.

I was too excited to sleep so I dressed and went out on deck. The sailors were still polishing brass and scrubbing decks, but I hadn't time to bother them. I wanted to smell the fresh tang of the sea air and let the tiny sprays of salt water swish across my face. The waves rose and several neatly skimmed the rail, but they didn't send me scuttling to my cabin; as long as I kept my feet dry I had nothing to fear.

A little later, however, when the raindrops seemed to dash down in tiny spears and the gale blew me relentlessly around the deck, I reluctantly sought shelter inside.

The waves continued to lap over the deck and the rain poured down. I had left my porthole open for air, but later was obliged to have it closed for the water streamed in clear over to the other side of the room. "Just a little squall," they said.

Of course the list of people "under the weather" was increased considerably, but the majority recovered quickly when we docked in Naples early that afternoon.

### He Could Manage

Beggar — "Have you got enough money for a cup o' coffee?"

Student — "Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you."

### No Secret Here

Old Man (to reporter): "Young man, you can put it in your pocket that my secret of health and long life is to eat some garlic every day."  
Reporter: "Why do you refer to it as a secret?"

## 40th Anniversary Campaign Closes

RESULTS TO BE PUBLISHED JUNE 15

By Little Stan



Ely, Minn. — The 40th Anniversary campaign is over. Since March 1st, SSCU members throughout the nation have been working ceaselessly in a mighty effort to qualify for the free trip to Ely, Minn., July 16 to 18, where impressive rites will mark the commemoration of this event. And now the results. Who has qualified? How many new members have been enrolled? All these to be answered in the June 15 issue of Nova Doba!

Expected is the fact that our 40th anniversary drive will not reach the thrilling climax of the juvenile campaigns of 1935 and 1937. But the results will nevertheless be exceptionally good, especially when considering the fact that another depression and general business slump is in our midst.

SSCU members throughout the country must have thrilled as Little Stan did when he read the stirring editorial in last week's edition. Imagine, our SSCU is FOURTH among the Nation's fraternal insurance organizations in juvenile gains during 1937. It certainly is a record to be proud of, don't you think?

Meantime, United Lodges of SSCU—seven in all—with delegates from every unit, are hurrying through plans for the gigantic celebration of the 40th anniversary July 16-18. Committees were announced last week. They will work accurately, will outline a program that will be unsurpassed. It includes a multitude of events, each of them different, enjoyable. Thousands from the entire state and country are expected to be present to participate in this great enactment of the 40th anniversary. It will be all that it promises to be. And you just make it a point to be in this northern Minnesota city for that affair. You should place it on your 'Must Be There' list!

So engrossed in the promotion of the great campaign was Little Stan, that he nearly forgot about his many juvenile friends scattered throughout the nation. He didn't exactly forget them, but there was always that feeling he should be writing them about the Magic Carpet—which, believe it or not, is still in existence!

And speaking of juveniles, Little Stan heard a little story about a young member of Lodge No. 114, who at the age of two years and nine months is quite a remarkable fisherman. He is none other than young Joseph Milkovich, jr., and he doesn't mind if you call him "Joey."

It was like this. A couple of weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Milkovich, and the Mr. and Mrs. Fred McReady's went on a fishing trip to Birch lake, some nine miles from Ely. They couldn't keep little Joey home, in fact they didn't even try. They took him along. Then the drive, a beautiful ride on good roads to Birch lake. They got out their fishing tackle, baited their hooks, and started fishing. They stood on the dam, waited pa-

tiently for the "bite." Little Joey was holding a line also. Time passed by. No one had any luck. Suddenly young Joey's line grew taut. He had a bite. Did he get excited? Nope, he was as cool as a cucumber. His parents were more excited than he. Of course he couldn't lift the fish from the high point, so he did the next best thing. He towed it to the shore. The reward: A nice-sized wall-eyed pike—the cream of Minnesota waters! Is he proud? A fisherman at 2 years and nine months—that's quite a record!

Last Sunday, May 15, the cast and characters in the comedy, "Micki Je Treba Moza" journeyed to Chisholm's beautiful auditorium where they presented the play and program to a large audience of enthusiastic Slovenes. The play was sponsored by Lodge No. 120, SSCU, and tickled the palates of everyone present, who giggled and smiled, and laughed out loud at the various twists in the enactment of the plot. Again the players scored a decisive hit. Mrs. Mary Gotchnik who played the part of "Ursa" the maid for the Chisholm presentation was superb. And she had only two weeks in which to learn her lines. Math Kobe directed, and another successful event is scored on SSCU records!

Did you ever stop to think about that? Our SSCU members are successful at nearly every attempted promotion. We are an organization of go-getters, and when we put something on, we certainly know how to put it across. — Heh, heh, and Little Stan isn't bragging either!

Stanley Pechaver No. 2 SSCU

### Never Did

A furrier was selling a coat to a lady customer.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the lady, "what effect will the water have on it? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "I have only one answer. Did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

### An Old One

Teacher: "Mention one of the customs of Christmas time."

Pupil: "Running into debt."

### Right At Home

"My husband is away so much of the time I want a parrot for company. Does this one use rough language?"

"Lady, with this bird in the house you'd never miss your husband."

### Fair Question

"Mama, how much do people pay for a pound of babies?"

"Babies are not sold by the pound, dear."

"Then why do they always weigh them as soon as they are born?"

### Good Training

She: "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

He: "I eat spaghetti."

## National SSCU Athletic Board

- MINNESOTA**  
Louis Kovach, 342 E. Sheridan, Ely, Lodge No. 1.  
Stanley Pechaver, 648 E. Camp St., Ely, Lodge No. 2.  
Louis Kovach, 342 E. Sheridan, Ely, Lodge No. 184.  
Joseph Zgonc, Gilbert, Minn., Lodge No. 218.  
Joseph Stukel, 346 East Camp St., Ely, Lodge No. 200.
- PENNSYLVANIA**  
Joseph Yerina, Claridge, Pa., lodge No. 40.  
Joseph Fezdoro Jr., 715 Gordon St., Claridge, Pa., Lodge No. 61.  
Joseph Fisher, R. D. No. 2, Export, Pa., Lodge No. 116.  
Joseph Kunzik, Box 254, Export, Pa., Lodge No. 158.  
Joseph Antloger, 209 Fifty-seventh St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 196.  
Joseph Polaski Jr., 504 Giffin Ave., Export, Pa., Lodge No. 205.  
Joseph Korach, Box 504, Export, Pa., Lodge No. 218.  
Joseph Oblock, R. D. No. 1, Turtle Creek, Pa., Lodge No. 221.  
Joseph Progar, 400 School St., Springdale, Pa., Lodge No. 228.
- OHIO**  
Joseph Merkun, 583 Brady Ave., Baraboo, O., Lodge No. 44.  
Joseph Kunze, 1735 East 33 St., Lorain, O., Lodge No. 6.  
Joseph Drobnic, 6124 Glass Ave., Cleveland, O., Lodge No. 180.  
Joseph Krall, 702 E. 159th St., Cleveland, O., Lodge No. 186.  
Joseph Struna, 1190 E. 61st St., Cleveland, O., Lodge No. 188.  
Joseph E. Babich, Box 781, Struthers, O., Lodge No. 228.
- ILLINOIS**  
Joseph Kosick, 924 Oakland Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 66.  
Joseph Novak, 2350 W. 21st Place, Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 70.  
Joseph Dirjak, 1200 Belvedere, Waukegan, Ill., Lodge No. 94.
- LOUISIANA**  
Louis Rodé, 930 So. Victory St., Waukegan, Ill., Lodge No. 193.  
John M. Zvezich, Jr., 2414 South Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 211.
- WISCONSIN**  
George Novoselac, 1960 E. 71st St., West Allis, Milwaukee, Wisc., Lodge No. 225.

### Captain of the Men of Death

Editor's Note: This is one of four articles on syphilis and gonorrhea by Walter Clarke, M. D., Executive Director, The American Social Hygiene Association.

A great physician once called syphilis the "Great Killer, Captain of the Men of Death." Everyone should know enough about this disease to avoid catching it. Anyone who already has it should know how to avoid its disastrous effects.

Syphilis is believed to have been introduced into Europe at the end of the 15th century. The sailors of Columbus probably brought it back to Spain with them from the West Indies.

Syphilis spreads from a person who has the disease to a person who does not have it. In the spread from one person to another, there must be close contact of the persons as in sex intercourse or kissing.

This catching disease is caused by a germ called the "Spirochaeta Pallida" which means "pale spiral-shaped germ," because that is what it looks like under the microscope.

Syphilis germs are able to enter the body through a tiny break in the skin or even to pass through that very thin skin called the mucous membrane, such as covers the lips or mouth.

In any case after a while the rash disappears and the patient may feel well again. But the disease is still inside the body, usually progressing very, very slowly—so slowly that for 10 or 15 years the infected person may notice no ill effect.

health fails, and going to a doctor, he learns that the cause is syphilis. Sometimes it is too late to save sight, mind or life. The victim becomes blind, insane, paralyzed, crippled, ill, and finally dies of syphilis.

It is believed that about 5% of all people in this city have syphilis. It is one of the five most prevalent of infectious diseases. Syphilis is the cause of about 11% of all insanity and disease.

During the first 4 or 5 years the disease is most catching. If a person who has a chancre or a syphilis rash or ulcers of the mouth has close contact with another person, the germs of syphilis are very likely to spread from the diseased person to the well person.

Fortunately, it is easy to kill the germ of syphilis. The spirochete cannot stand drying or heat or cold so that there is not very much danger from cups, spoons, forks and knives. Ordinary soap and water, and most antiseptics are effective.

Playing No Favorites  
A mothers sent this somewhat satirical note to the teacher of her small son:

"Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have pulled Johnnie's right ear until it is getting longer than the other. Please pull his left ear for a while, and oblige his mother."

Too Hot  
"I've come to tell you, Mrs. O'Malley, that your husband met with an accident."  
"And what is it now?" wailed Mrs. O'Malley.  
"He was overcome by the heat, ma'am."  
"What! Overcome by the heat in January!"  
"Yes, ma'am. He fell into the furnace at the foundry."

### Did You Know

#### That...

By Anna Prosen, Lodge 173

... Samuel Crompton played the violin for eighteen pence a night in order to purchase the tool he needed in the development of his spinning-mule?

... Stephen Tracy, a lumberman in the heart of a pine country in the State of Washington, having studied the problem of tree-felling for several years, perfected a machine in 1921. With it he cut down trees six feet in diameter in twenty-one minutes, using a seven-foot blade. The big advantage of this machine is that the saw may be changed to three operating positions, or angles, in about twenty seconds?

... According to bee experts, a bee travels about 40,000 miles in making a pound of honey?

... Hot dogs from a coin-in-the-slot machine were a recent innovation at a German fair.

After the depositing of the right coin, costumers turned a crank and out came hot dog, bread and mustard on a paper plate? The frankfurters are steamheated until the crank is turned? This drops them into a bath of hot water cooking them? The machine holds fifty sausages at one filling?

... A run of over sixty years without a stop is the record claimed for "Big Ben" of Berlin, the giant timepiece in the tower of the city hall? The clock is inspected and adjusted once a week by its makers, in accordance with an agreement with the city authorities? It takes one and one half hours to wind the clock once a week by hand?

... Lizette Woodworth Reese spent a quiet, fruitful life, mostly spending time in awakening a love of literature in others or in creating literature herself. For many years she taught English in the Western High School in Baltimore. In 1923 a bronze tablet containing her famous sonnet, "Tears," was erected at the school which she served for a long time. Her first published poem was the "Deserted Home". Her first book was "A Branch of May", published in 1887?

... Edward Bok, born in Helder, Netherlands, moved to America at the age of 6. He rose to be the editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal". He wrote nine books. In 1923 he founded the \$100,000 American Peace award. At his death in 1830 he left to the American people his beautiful bird sanctuary at Lake Wales and the stately bell tower with its famous chimneys?

... James Russell Lowell was a poet, essayist, humorist, literary critic, editor, college professor, reformer, diplomat, speaker, and writer on political subjects?

... Fayette R. Plumb, an axe-and-hatchet manufacturer of Philadelphia, produced an axe in 1911, which was of the same kind of steel throughout, very beneficial to the lumberman?

... Three thousand years before the birth of Christ, a seed sprouted on one of the Cape Verde Islands, off the coast of northern Africa, and developed into what is now one of the world's oldest trees, if estimates of the Portuguese colony of St. Vincent are correct. The ancient "dragon tree" is said to be 5,000 years old. Sometimes they are sixty feet tall and have a crown of short branches, with tufts of sword-shaped foliage?

... More than 15,000,000,000 tons of earth were lifted in dust clouds and redeposited during a storm on the steppes of Russia in 1928?

### Assimilation Works Both Ways

The Son of a Slav Immigrant Compares the Anglo-Saxon and Slav Characters and Discusses the Role of the Slav Element in the Building of an American Culture

By PETER M. FEKULA

Problems of race, nationality, and immigration have existed almost from the beginning of the world and do not present a condition peculiar to America.

Nor are our problems more difficult than those which other nations have faced. While we have a larger variety of nationalities to deal with than most countries, we also have important desirable factors making for national unity. For example, we have one dominating race, a common language. All groups in this country are well scattered and no race or nationality occupies any part of our territory to the exclusion of all others.

There are a few Americans belonging to the Nordic School of thought who believe American unity has been endangered by the late immigrants. Yet America was discovered by an Italian. It was settled by Spaniards, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Negroes, Jews, Italians, the Slavonic peoples, and others from all corners of the globe, not to mention the one that got here first, the Indian. Of these the Slavs are one of the major groups, numbering now approximately ten million. The great majority of the Slavonic peoples arrived here only within the last fifty years, and their influence is hardly yet felt, at least in a cultural way.

If we are to use the loose term "Nordic" there is no question of course that America is predominantly Nordic, with the Anglo-Saxon playing the leading role, at least politically and economically. It is primarily with the Anglo-Saxon that the responsibility for the future of America rests. Even though he is not so overwhelmingly in the majority, I do not believe there is anyone that wants to contest the right of the Anglo-Saxon to this leadership, at least along economic and political lines. But most emphatically do we deny that the Anglo-Saxon is the sole arbiter of the destinies of America.

No race or nation possesses all the virtues, nor can it, whether it is Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Scandinavian, Semitic, Slav, or Teuton, lay effective claim to race superiority. Those who claim race superiority usually have not studied the achievements of other races, or they have used the measuring stick only of their own race. It is usually the case with a race or nationality, as with an individual, that it excels along one line, but is deficient in another. The span of our life is too short to permit our becoming all round. Due to circumstances and conditions a people may temporarily be backward, but another people in the same situation may have been just as backward. The Anglo-Saxon may know how to build skyscrapers, but he is practically at the bottom of the list in the field of art, particularly music. On the other hand, while the Slav may be proficient in music, he has other deficiencies. A tall skyscraper, a speeding automobile, a system of railroads and highways, subways—these are not the only gauges of civilization and culture. They are only the means, not the end. Which is more important, the building of a 100 story skyscraper or the creation of a beautiful song? Which race is superior, the one that produced Andrew Carne-

gie, Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, or the one that produced Chopin, Dvorak, Mokraniec, Tchaikovsky? It would be no more logical to try to compare these with each other than it would be to compare an automobile with a symphony.

Let us delve further into this matter of music, as illustrating the one-sidedness of a race. But instead of examining immigrant contributions and aptitudes let us reverse the process and turn the spotlight on our Anglo-Saxon friends. Anglo-Saxons, and particularly the English, are to a great degree lacking in the ability to create and even to appreciate good music. It is just "not in them." They lack the temperament. It is no mere coincidence that in its long history England has failed to produce even one outstanding composer. If an Anglo-Saxon goes to a concert, five minutes after the music is over, his mind turns to business, automobiles, politics. With the Slav music is a necessity; to the Anglo-Saxon it is entertainment which he can well get along without. In this country in a world metropolis of seven million inhabitants we have one opera, and that functions for only a limited number of weeks in the year, as compared with full season opera in many European cities with a population of less than 100,000 inhabitants. There is also the question of how much of the support being given our opera is given solely for the love of music. Tremendous sums are spent by various foundations and endowments for health and education, but for music or the ballet, almost nothing. Anglo-Saxons, unable to produce their own music, are content to listen to "jazz," a prostitution of music. This combination of rhythmic noises has been permitted to become so prevalent in America that now there is almost no escape from it. One reason for this is that America has too little that is vital in music to take the place of jazz. One prominent American Nordic tried to do so by resorting to "old-time fiddlers," but the attempt proved a failure. Anglo-Saxons should relinquish any claims to musical leadership to races more competent in this line.

Anglo-Saxons could probably pick equal deficiencies in the Slav race. But there is no war between Anglo-Saxon and Slav culture. In fact the two are to a great degree complementary. One is inclined to be materialistic and utilitarian, the other spiritual and emotional. One knows better how to work and shorten the hours of labor, the other knows better how to utilize the additional leisure time made available. One likes to tamper with automobiles and radio as ingenious mechanisms, the other is interested in them primarily as they facilitate his spiritual, cultural, and social activities. To the Anglo-Saxon standard of living is all important, whereas the Slav is ready to sacrifice, if necessary, some of his material assets for a higher cultural and social standard. The Anglo-Saxon is conservative, the Slav is inclined to extremes with periods of very high and of very low accomplishment. The Slav is more talented, the Anglo-Saxon more stable. The two can be reconciled. In America the problem of conciliation is an actual one.

Curious  
Then there was the mechanical engineer who wanted to take his nose apart to see what made it run.

### Blood and Battle Field

A World War Chronicle  
By IVAN MATICIO

From the Slovene by VALENTINE OREHEK

(Continuation)

And eventually even the wine runs out and then there is no consolation left whatever. Our right hand neighbors, a regiment of Poles, have still a cellarful and they guard it religiously day and night. Their sentinel never leaves it. This cellar as the days pass assumes gigantic importance for our boys and drives them almost to distraction. Four of them crawl to it one night and hand-grenade the man on guard so that they can carry away one miserable barrel. An investigation does not ferret them out and the rest of us keep the secret like the grave.

At officers' mess one evening a number of the ranking gentry are engaged in drunken quarrel. Says one, "Once more I repeat that Neubauer didn't have the right to shoot and kill the men like so many rabbits. The representatives from Carniola pick up these trifles and carry them greatly magnified straight to the Parliament in Vienna!"

The commander of the 3rd Battalion returns hotly, "For shame Gospod Lieutenant, and you an officer and a German of Koče, that you should make common cause with these ignorant crazy Slovenes! What do those poor fools, those civilian representatives hope to do? What is Parliament? It's civilian scum! Yes, Neubauer acted rightly... ah, I too would have shot them. I could never demean myself to strike an infantryman with my bare hands!"

When these gentlemen at last lift themselves from their seats a number of our boys roll out from under the table and snatch up the cigar and cigarette butts from the spittoon on the floor.

In February, we return to Chiarano and then to Motto. The roads that we have traveled over on our last march are no more. We stay in the above mentioned towns long enough to see how the Italian people here are being exploited and robbed. In return for their products they are given Occupation Liras which as we know are worthless. In Cinto Caomaggiore and farther back in Taljament we at last come to rest and are quartered in the outlying villages of Graiscutta and Giauarrico... each battalion being assigned a separate village.

The task of breaking the final and most desperate Italian defensive devolves on our division; it is the blockade of the Piava. Day after day we are drilled in Taljament with this end in view and the minimum limit of our drive is calculated to carry us well within the confines of Lombardy. With endless sham battles we are trained the manoeuvres which are believed capable of turning the trick. Far off in a tower at Camunin the general and his staff are watchfully intent upon the operations that will spell either success or failure. At different times Wurm and even Borevič add their austere presences to these councils.

The world now is middling, not bad, not good. By bartering with the farmers we manage to accumulate supplies of corn. These we conceal for private consumption. The best medium of exchange we discover is tobacco, for the natives refuse to accept liras in payment.

Marolt is happily blest with the knack of getting next to a freshly killed pig or lamb now and then, and when this happens our patrol invites itself to the feast which always is held in some out of the way hideout. The carcass vanishes down our throats with a swiftness that is remarkable. By now we have acquired a smattering of Italian and on every hand we are to be seen assiduously trying out our new found knowledge on some unsuspecting victim who struggles vainly to follow our inchoate tattle. In the evenings, as elsewhere, we swarm the firesides and our bodies drink in the cheerful warmth. At first the peasants eye us askance, but when we explain that we are not tedeski (Germans) their faces lighten and they confide their woes and aches with childlike trust. They curse Austria and wish it swift destruction. To us they entrust their most cherished secrets. Besides this they reveal the names and whereabouts of our deserters and those who spy on us. And why do they do this? Simply because we are faithful to their trust and respect their confidences. And truly we have never harbored the thought of betraying them for a moment, for we know too well the spiritual torment and degradation that national and racial subservience to a foreign power brings. So together with these people we share a common hope and wait for the day to come.

In the full sense of the word these people are not so badly off for they have their civilian tribunals to whom to run to with their grievances and complaints. Their rights are protected by the Austrian authorities and they can easily turn to Videm or Borevič.

On the vigil of Ash Wednesday we hold our entertainment in a kitchen in Gradiscutta. Stane from Ljubljana assures the role of an Albanian beggar. He stands before the open hearth and fingers the strings of a delapidated violin. Since his bow arm is missing its services are rendered by Peč who glibly explains the absence of the right arm with the story that the wretch devoured it when no other food was available. Marolt is too busy catching the coins flung him in a battered hat to join in the merriment. The money he collects is to go toward the creation of a monument to Krek before the public library in Ljubljana. Snof has herded a number of protesting men into a corner and is energetically persuading them to sing. Fatigue at last overcomes our "Albanian beggar" and Paul, cavalryman, immediately fills the breach by trotting

into the kitchen astride a ragged horse. He has masqueraded himself as a soldier and the tattered garments that serve in that capacity bulge with straw. He straightway makes for the fireplace and squats his huge hind quarters and the crackling flames. Then he hops up and out of the kitchen hooting for the pond nearby with a squawking horde of boys and girls close at his heels. He plunges down into the water and his rags spread out like feathers on a ruffled hen. The fire has been extinguished before he has mounted his broom and dashed away like a flash out of hell for the quarters of the regimental staff. Here he has the startled officers he grabs up a box full of cigarettes from the table and smoked ham from the chimney. He tops off these exploits by cramming his pockets with doughnuts and then turning to us. Reaching our table he dumps the spoils on the empty benches.

Toward midnight our party breaks up. Stan and Batič stop under a window of a glamorous signora and up a horrible croaking which they believe is too touching for words. A demic of singing sets in then and vociferous trios end up at the bridge in the latrine. Up at the bridge a giant Erklavec's octette sings "Če je gore" which harmony mingles with strains of "Kdo bo listje grabil" from a stable. And all this is done in a din is topped by the shrieks of a singing in a doorway, "General Čisto na ga scrita cartolina."

The following evening a number of self-styled singers meet together at the 1st Battalion's headquarters. Many of the most barefaced of them all have been chosen as the spokesmen. They request the officers to vouchsafe them the honor of permitting them to sing to them in the vestibule. They turn soon and informs his men that the request has been granted. Once inside, they strike off "Če je hodu, mrha pjana" so lustily that the gentlemen at the table perform a feat to take their leave. When the man is gone the boys make a concerted rush for the laden table and wash clean in a trice.

Spring: The sun sucks the green upon the vine, draws it out of the caresses foliage and tree, and blossoms wherever its wanton hand strayed; but in the heart of man there is no joy, there nothing but dull emptiness abides that is not even alleviated by the promise of joy and spring is ushered in upon us all earth everywhere responds.

Crown-Prince Karol comes to the front. Our division stands firm along the road through Romania. We are in parade uniform. No civilians are seen during this review for they have been forbidden to witness the review. Karol drives slowly through the flanked road. He is followed by twelve cars behind him. The first of these men is levelled straight ahead with a studied indifference. Karol is drawn into a sickly smile and that of his ministers is haggard and sunken. His mustaches too are unshaven and neglected. It is rumored that he has taken to drink of late.

We have learned from bitter experience that a visit from the officials spells nothing good for us so we view this one with distrust and a sinking heart. Soon after we are off to Codoirop and Gorlićo.

May has come. The Slovene is fully represented at a ceremony in honor of the arrival of the prince from Ljubljana who will present a silver trumpet to it in recognition of worthy services. All our men are high spirits for everyone has a glance at the City Fathers who have travelled so far to be here. An occasion the long suppressed desire of my people is expressed for the first in a simultaneous burst of joy from all lips:

"Zivela Jugoslavija!" The cry is up on every side and lifting itself to self to the skies.

### BRIEFS

(Continued from Page 4)

The prevalence of contagious and unsanitary living conditions in the 83 cities covered by the National Health Survey of the 36 is conclusive proof of the need for new housing accommodations, particularly for the masses of medium and low income. Finding of the survey, published recently by the U. S. Public Health Service, show that overcrowding is prevalent in every city of every size and in every part of the country. A similar conclusion can be drawn from the survey on the adequacy of public utility facilities, although more city families are in a somewhat more favorable position than those living in communities of 25,000 or less.



