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NUMBER 10
OCTOBER, 1986
VOLUME 58



ZARJA - THE DAWN

(ISSN 0044-1848)

Postmaster: Send all changes of address to: ZARJA — THE DAWN, 2032 W. Cermak Rd., Chicago, IL 60608

NO. 10 OCTOBER, 1986 VOL. 58

Member, Illinois Fraternal Congress

Official Publication of the Slovenian Women's Union of America — Uradno glasilo Slovenske Ženske Zveze.

Published monthly except January, June & August — izhaja vsak mesec razen januar, junij in avgust.

Annual Subscription for non-members, \$10.00 — naročnina \$10.00 letno za ne-članice.

Publisher: SLOVENIAN WOMEN'S UNION OF AMERICA
431 No. Chicago St., Joliet, IL 60432
Telephone (815) 727-1926

Second Class Postage paid at Chicago, IL

All communications for the next issue of publication must be in the hands of the Editor by the first week of the month — vsi dopisi za naslednjo izdajo mesečnika morajo biti v rokah urednice do 1. v mesecu.

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Telephone (312) 847-6679

HAPPY BIRTHDAY IN OCTOBER

National Officers:

- Oct. 9 - Corinne Leskovar, Editor, Chicago, IL
- Oct. 14 - Frances Simonich, Regional President of Colorado-Kansas-Missouri, Pueblo, CO
- Oct. 15 - Anna Pachak, Honorary Regional President, Pueblo, CO

Presidents:

- Oct. 10 - Amalia Oswald, Br. 41, Cleveland, OH
- Oct. 10 - Mary E. Roso, Br. 45, Portland, OR
- Oct. 15 - Rose Bradach, Br. 68, Conneaut, OH
- Oct. 15 - Mildred James, Br. 95, So. Chicago, IL
- Oct. 16 - Jean Planisek, Br. 10, Cleveland, OH
- Oct. 23 - Nancy Satkovich, Br. 97, Cairnbrook, PA

Secretaries:

- Oct. 11 - Mary Jermenc, Br. 85, Depue, IL
- Oct. 15 - Sandra Malmquist, Br. 33, Duluth, MN
- Oct. 23 - Josephine Comenshek, Br. 32, Euclid, OH
- Oct. 31 - Mary Taucher, Br. 47, Garfield Hgts., OH

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!

DATES TO REMEMBER

- Oct. 5 - GRAPE FESTIVAL BAKE SALE, Br. 42, Maple Hts., OH
- Oct. 5 - BAKE SALE, (at Vinska Trgatev), Br. 47, Garfield Hgts., OH at S.N.D., Maple Hgts.
- Oct. 5 - ILL.-IND. STATE CONVENTION, Brs. 85 and 89 co-hosting, at Oglesby and LaSalle, IL.
- Oct. 12 - CARD PARTY, Br. 55, Girard, OH at S.N.D., 2 p.m.
- Oct. 15 - MASS AT ST. CHRISTINE'S CHURCH, 7:00 p.m. for Living and Deceased members; meeting following, Br. 32, Euclid, OH
- Oct. 19 - MOTHER-OF-THE-YEAR PARTY, Br. 17, West Allis, WI
- Oct. 26 - OHIO STATE CONVENTION and 55th ANNIVERSARY, Br. 50, Cleveland, OH. 10:30 a.m. Mass at St. Mary's Church on Holmes Ave.; Convention meeting after Mass and Dinner at 3:00, SND, Holmes Ave.
- Nov. 2 - ANNUAL CARD PARTY, Br. 43, Milwaukee, WI
- Nov. 9 - MASS, 10:30 a.m. St. Leo's Church, Br. 56, Hibbing, MN
- Nov. 12 - 50 YEAR MEMBERS CELEBRATION, Br. 21, Cleveland, OH
- Nov. 13 - PENNY SOCIAL, Br. 2, Chicago, IL
- Dec. 17 - CHRISTMAS PARTY, 7:00 p.m. at Rechar's Hall, Br. 32, Euclid, OH

Just in time for Christmas!!

Two sensational gift ideas for the coming holidays are available immediately from the S.W.U. Home Office and your local branches! The book of poetry, FLOWERS FROM MY GARDENS with poems in Slovenian and English by our member, Mary Štangelj Murn of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the new edition of the popular cookbook, POTS AND PANS, by Hermine Dicke, our ZARJA columnist.

Both books signify the 60th Anniversary of our organization in the most meaningful way - you can share this festival year with your family and friends by giving them a bit of our Slovenian and American cultures!

See the back cover for information on ordering.

INDEPENDENT SAVINGS BANK

1515 E. 260th, Euclid, Ohio 44132 731-8865
920 E. 185th, Cleveland, Ohio 44119 486-4100
2765 SOM Center Rd., Willoughby Hills, Ohio 44094 944-3400
27100 Chardon Road, Richmond Hts., Ohio 44143 944-5500
6650 Pearl Road, Parma Hts., Ohio 44130 845-8200

On the cover...

THE SNOWSHOE PRIEST OF THE NORTHERN PENINSULA

Among the snowdrifts, beyond the frozen lake there was, once upon a time, a man moving on snowshoes. He battled the snow and cold, pushed his way thru the drifts, confronted the icy barriers, trailed over the vast frozen lake seemingly unmindful of the snowflakes dancing before his face in the crisp air. He was victorious over the elements. He took them on, one at a time, and with courage not unlike stubbornness, conquered. Where others would fall or slow down, he forged ahead as if he enjoyed the greatest hardships. He was driven by the deep challenge of nature. He was as if one with it, and he understood its every whim, its every thrust.

This man was of our blood, our ancestry, a man of great exception. He was our Frederic Baraga.

So much has been written about you, Baraga, so many words of praise, so many beautiful descriptions of your kindness, your unselfish dedication. Still, you stand there mute, among the northern winds - perhaps secretly smiling, wondering how it is that we are praising you with words but we ourselves are so unwilling to take any uncertain step. We miss your courage, your ability to look at ourselves as we really are.

Yes, tho we are all traversing the path of life and meeting its trials and we are able to conquer many ob-

stacles, all the while we are still caught in our own humanness, in our own smallness, for we love ourselves too much. We are always looking for an easy way to do things and an easier life, without strain or pain. We think of worldly success and the approval of our peers.

As I look upon you as the Snowshoe Priest I see a proud figure and wish I could be as you, up there on that pedestal, nearer the clouds, not down here where I must continuously struggle. You were once among us and now you are up there, an imposing figure, visible to everyone from near and far, from across the lake and forests. It is hard to remember how much a real man you were, a man who was often weary, disgusted, hungry, a man who sighed as we do at the inhumanity of man and who had many profound problems to face.

I cannot help wondering if you are not a little sad, and a little sentimental. Would you like to bend down and take a friendly hand offered to you by a countryman, and say: welcome to my place, where I once lived and prayed, among the beauty of man and nature. Come and follow me so we can be closer and learn to live again...to rise from the shallows and lift our heads to start living...

Baraga, then you will really be among us because we will be following in your footsteps.

— Na pot za tabo —

Sredi viharjih metežev, zamrznjenih jezer je bilo nekoč mogoče videti moža s krpji na nogah. Boril se je snegom in mrazom, ril skozi zamete, se soočal z ledenimi preprekami, si utiral pot preko zamrznjenih gladin jezerskih površin, se veselil vsake snežinke, ki mu je prekrila obraz in zmagoval. Zmagoval je tam, kje bi najstrumnejši bojevniki brez besed položili orožje, zmagoval tam, kjer ni bilo nobenega upanja na zmago, zmagoval je na polju samega sebe. Ni poznal poraza, v njegovem osebni slovarju ni bilo besede ne morem. Zmagal je ker je hotel zmagati.

To je bil človek naše krvi, našega pokolenja, človek, ki mu danes ves svet kliče v pozdrav. To je bil naš Friderik Baraga. Veš Baraga, toliko je bilo že napisanega o tebi, toliko besed izrečenih na proslavah, ki so veljale tebi, ti pa še vedno stojiš tam sredi viharjev in se nam na tiho smeješ - le čemu smo ljudje taki, da ostajamo le pri lepih besedah in burnih proslavah, le čemu naš korak ne seže dalje. Nekaj nam manjka, manjka nam tvoje junaštvo, manjka nam soočenje s samim seboj.

O, saj tudi mi potujemo, saj tudi mi zmagujemo, se borimo, premagujemo barikade, vendar vsepovsodi nosimo s sabo sebe, tisto kar imamo tako radi, pa vendar včasih ne vemo kaj bi storili sami s sabo. Da tu je tista zanka, ki nas tesno vklepa v oklep in ne pusti, da bi napredovali.

Ko te gledam kako ponosno stojiš na veličastnem postavku, se v meni vzbuja še nekaj - je to nevoščljivost da si tam zgoraj, jaz pa priklenjena na to zemljo - še zdaleč ne, le moti me da nisi več med nami, pa čeprav vem, da so te ljudje, mojstri postavili tja gor, da bi bil bolj viden! S tem se strinjam, moti pa me, da smo malo pozabili na tvoje težke trenutke, na tvoje napore, na tvoja vzdihovanja. Postavili smo te v kip, ker smo na nek način hoteli pokazati, da nisi več popolnoma naš in kar čutim, da tudi ti nisi rad tam zgoraj, da bi nam rad stisnil roko v pozdrav in dobrodošlico - svojim rojakom, rad bi nam bil blizu kot nekoč, kot tedaj, ko je okrog tvoje revne kočice tulil vihar in te opozarjal, da te tam nekje nekdo težko čaka...

Vendar vem, da nas še zmeraj čakaš, da se odpravimo na pot, da mi pridemo v bližino tebe, da v mračnih dneh samote stopamo na pot za tabo, da v viharjih neprespanih noči vstopimo v svojo notranjost, da v zametih razočaranj ponosno dvignemo glavo in začnemo znova...

Baraga, vem, potem boš spet ti med nami, ker bomo hodili isto pot!





BARAGA DAYS AT MARQUETTE



Labor Day for American Slovenians means attendance at the annual Bishop Baraga Days wherever they are held. At Marquette, Michigan this year, a special pleasure was having as main celebrant of Mass, the Most Rev. Edmund Szoka, Archbishop of Detroit, seen here offering

Holy Communion to Mary Lunder of Cleveland. Most Rev. Mark Schmidt, Baraga's 10th successor as Bishop of Marquette congratulates Bishop Kenneth Povich of Lansing, left, this year's winner as the Baraga Man of the Year.

NC News Service:

Bishop Baraga was friend to Indians

Bishop Frederic Baraga who was honored with the issuance of a commemorative U.S. postal card in June 1984, has been called "one of the truest, the most useful friends of the Indian race upon the continent."

The 19th century missionary, born in Slovenia - now part of Yugoslavia - spent more than 35 years working with Indians in the Great Lakes region. In the early 1830s, he began work with the Indians in what is now Grand Rapids, Mich. In 1835, he moved to Michigan's upper peninsula.

An April 1948 copy of the *Apostle of the Chippewas Quarterly Bulletin*, dedicated to promoting Bishop Baraga's beatification, quoted 1853 *Detroit Free Press* stories by a government agent, known only as "J.L.C." who had just visited one of Father Baraga's missions in L'Anse, Mich.

THE AGENT, who described the bishop as the Indian's friend, said the bishop had "buried himself in this secluded spot and devoted his life to the improvement of an oppressed, uncivilized people."

"His charity is only limited by his means," the agent wrote. "He subsists upon the humblest and scantiest fare, reducing his wants to a

standard so meager and comfortless that it is surprising how he exists. To give to his flock seems his highest pleasure."

The agent wrote that the missionary was "constantly encountering the gales of the lake and the snows of the winter, visiting the lodges of the natives, relieving their necessities, and above all, carrying to them the precepts and promises of Christ."

Bishop Baraga's diary recorded some examples of his dedication. He rose at 4 a.m. each day for morning meditation and prayers, before beginning his work, which often included extensive travel. In winter, he traveled on snow-shoes or dogdrawn sleighs; in summer, he used birchbark canoes. He taught school, celebrated Mass, performed marriages and baptisms and heard confessions.

BESIDES SPEAKING five national languages, he mastered Indian dialects and compiled the only dictionary of the period for the Ojibwa, or Chippewa, Indian language. He also wrote an Ojibwa grammar, catechism and other religious books.

In 1857 he became the upper peninsula's first bishop, with his See located in Sault St. Marie, Mich. He

later moved the See to Marquette, Mich., more centrally located in his vicariate.

Being a bishop did not change the missionary's lifestyle. A companion priest described him in 1862:

"The bishop was then 64 years of age, and his health had greatly failed. The winter was extraordinarily severe, and we had about six feet of snow... The longest time he spent in his residence during that winter was two weeks. The rest of the time he went from one wigwam to another, visiting his Indians. After having come home again for a little rest...he started out alone...for new conquests."

In the fall of 1866, Bishop Baraga suffered a stroke in Baltimore while attending the U.S. bishops' Second Plenary Council. Though critically ill, he insisted upon returning to Marquette, where he died Jan. 19, 1868.

THE BEATIFICATION process for Bishop Baraga began about 11 years ago, according to Regis Walling, archivist at the Baraga Archives in Marquette. She said documentation on the reputation of Bishop Baraga's sanctity is being completed in Rome, while a documentation of his life is being written in Marquette.

(Reprint: Eastern Oklahoma Catholic/June 24, 1984)

ACTIVITIES

NO. 2, CHICAGO, IL

Welcome back all late vacationing members. We hope you had a safe and enjoyable summer. October, as you know, is our election month. Your vote is needed so please try to attend this month's meeting and we are all looking forward to your help in our future events.

November is the month for our Penny Social. The theme will be a Western Roundup with big hats and bandanas. Prizes and baked goods are needed. Sharon Naudziunas volunteered graciously to be in charge. She's very energetic and will guarantee a good time for all. The proceeds will be for the children's Christmas party and money left over will go to the "Cheer" basket for the needy of our parish.

Mass for the sick and ailing members will be on Oct. 9th at 8:00 am. On the sick list are Irene Carter and Mildred Rowinski, both in the hospital.

We are saddened by the death of Josephine Vuksinic and Angela Jeras. Our sympathy to their families — they shall be remembered in our prayers.

Our Chicago Baraga Association left for Marquette, Michigan on August 30th for the weekend. It was a full bus of parishioners that joined another bus of the singers of

Slovenska Pesem chorus. Chicago and Joliet were well represented as there was still a third bus from this area that made the trip for the annual Baraga Days celebration. On Sat. night there was a mass in Slovene and on Sunday after a visit to the Shrine of the Snowshoe Priest at L'Anse, the pilgrims attended the main mass at the Cathedral which was concelebrated by six Bishops. Next year the event will be held at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Everyone enjoyed the trip saying the weather, too, was just ideal.

October is also Rosary month so try to say the Rosary every day. Remember in your prayers all our sick sisters and shut-ins. Don't forget that the "Cheer" basket needs filling. See you at the meeting.

ANN SCIESZKA

NO. 3, PUEBLO, CO

Our September meeting was well-attended with 22 members present. Let's keep this up.

Frances Skull, Pres., opened the meeting with prayers. Prayers were also said for the following deceased members: Rev. Blane Bebble, Rose Zabukovec, Mary Deniro and Mary Klune of Leadville, Co. Thank you cards were received from families of the above.

The following members are on the

sick list: Angela Perko, Anna Pachak, Anna Gradisher and Mary Novak. We wish all of them a speedy recovery.

Reports were given by our Recording Sec'y., Ann Spelich and Sec'y.-Treas., Frances Simonich and were approved.

New member reported was Kathleen Marie Hammond, great granddaughter of our faithful member, Gertrude Jordan.

A discussion was held in regard to our State Convention and 60th Anniversary of our Pueblo S.W.U. No. 3. This will be held Sept. 28 beginning with mass at 10:30 A.M. at St. Mary's Church followed by a luncheon in the church hall.

Delegate for the Convention from No. 3 will be Ann Spelich.

Congratulations to Michael Miller, grandson of our good member, Anna Pachak, for winning an S.W.U. Scholarship.

Meeting adjourned and "B" was enjoyed by all.

PAULINE PAUCHICK

NO. 12, MILWAUKEE, WI

Hope you are all home after having vacations and a good summer. It's time again to get to our business and State Convention. Tickets were sent out and we hoped to reach everyone in time for our bus deadline for the trip to Sheboygan Sept. 28th. In August we made final plans with Mary Kiel in charge — getting the gang together and having fun as well. Part of the bus was to be taken by Br. 17 members, who we always welcome. It should prove to be another good get-together. We are looking forward to it and the big National Convention in 1987.

Our meetings start again with the third Thursday of September, so we hope to see you each and every month with ideas and suggestions that would be for the betterment of the lodge as well as suggestions for new members since members are passing on and the younger ones seem to have other interests.

Our sympathy goes to friends and family of Mary Kambic who passed away in May as well as the family and grandchildren and friends of Margaret Kratchnik who passed on in August. Both women were long-time members who enjoyed coming to the meetings and special events before they were no longer able. Pray for them!

M. D.



Frank and Adeline Dolenc, members of Br. 2, Chicago, received Communion from the hands of Franciscan Father Stanko Zemljak of Ljubljana, main celebrant of the Slovenian Mass at Baraga Days in Marquette.

NATIONAL CONVENTION NEXT MAY, 1987 AT JOLIET

ZVEZA's 20th convention is scheduled for the weekend of May 14-17, 1987 in Joliet, IL. Here are a few rulings from our bylaws in regards to delegates. Article 4.12 states: Delegates and alternates to the National Convention will be elected within the three-month period consisting of January, February and March immediately preceding the convention. Elections held before the first day or later than the last day of this period will not be valid... Separate elections shall be held for each delegate position. Alternates will be elected in a similar manner.

A delegate or alternate is at least 18 years of age, a United States citizen and a member in good standing. She must be a member for at least one year and have attended a minimum of five meetings of her branch during the year prior to the convention.

Article 4.10 states that representation is based upon a branch's paid-up assessments to the home office on or before the last day of December. Representation is as follows:

- a) Branches with 75 to 200 adult department members entitled to one delegate.
- b) Branches with 201 to 400 adult members two delegates
- c) Branches with more than 401 adult members three delegates.

d) Branches with less than 75 members shall be combined with other such branches for a total of 100, consolidated by the national secretary according to geographical proximity.

With the 20/20 Campaign, some coaxing and salesmanship, branches could enroll a few new members, and increase their delegate eligibility.

We look forward hopefully to your interest and genuine concern for Zveza's convention and future.

Olga Ancel, Secretary

President's Message

With the fall season upon us, I long for the trees in their autumn colors — cool and rainy weather would be a welcome change. I have lived too many years enjoying the change of seasons to cope with the intense heat and dryness. When rain is predicted, we wait hopefully, but in vain — it is a rarity in the desert country. I miss the variety of flowers and bushes native to our midwest. Here the land is arid and cactus grows abundantly. Perhaps, because we are so confined, we miss it all the more.

Many of the senior citizens have relocated here from other areas, most, it seems from the east and midwest; they have come for a number of reasons, primarily health and convenience in household maintenance. When meeting them, naturally, our interest is their background. We find that heritage is talked about and many are surprised in our SWU's projects, because here it is difficult to have knowledge of ethnic backgrounds with the exception of American Indians and Mexicans. There is an abundance of both here, mainly because the Indian is native and most live on reservations, which are in the Valley where we live and throughout Arizona. The

Mexicans find the convenience to cross the border of Arizona and find work here. Their customs are observed and celebrated widely with Fiestas and rodeos, in which colorful garb is worn by men, women and children.

But let me come back to my interest in SWU and let you know that preparations are being made for the convention in May, 1987. We need the input of ALL our members. So, put on your thinking caps and let us know what interests you most and what we can do to bring our organization to progressive action with more membership involved. We need a livelier rapport with our officers and members in securing these goals.

There are many officers, tired and ailing, who would like to relinquish their positions to younger members who will take the reins with successful leadership. In other words: we need some new blood to revive the SWU. The convention is a good time to start.

Members celebrating birthdays and anniversaries are wished all the best for their futures.

Many of our members and friends are ailing — please remember them and my Wally in your prayers.

For our beloved deceased, we ask God to keep them secure in His Heavenly abode.

May God Walk With You.

Mary Muller

NO. 14, EUCLID, OH

As the days gradually grow shorter, we dread the realization that another summer is fading away making way for a fall season. Let's hope for a colorful autumn before the bitter winter wind and snow are upon us.

Our Cleveland area too is winding down from a hectic summer. A very successful 5-day Old World Festival found the sun shining on the festival goers, some from as far away as California. Cleveland was named the

center of the Rock Hall of Fame. And we look forward to being highlighted during the nationwide television program Good Morning America. So who said Cleveland isn't coming back?

It was a lovely sunny Sunday afternoon when our member picnic was held at Pres. Martha Koren's lovely home. Martha and her husband Bob were gracious hosts to a nice sized crowd who feasted on the usual fantastic luscious buffet.

Ileene Collins and her husband, Jay are eagerly awaiting the arrival of Ileene's cousin Darja Klančar

from Ljubljana, who will be visiting them and Jo Lustig for 4 weeks.

Fran Erzen and Rose Rodgers are also looking forward to their cousin's visit. Julka Krničar is originally from Velka Vas but now resides in Dobro Polje. Welcome to Darja and Julka! We wish you both a wonderful visit!

What a happy, momentous occasion for two of our members who are celebrating their Golden wedding anniversaries, Josephine and Laddie Stupica who celebrated their 50th in June. Also Mary Mrsnik's sister, Mr.

Heritage News and Views

WEDDING DRESS DONATED TO HERITAGE MUSEUM

Mrs. Alouise Epley, Secretary of Branch No. 73 donated her mother's wedding dress to the Heritage Museum. The dress is a lovely pastel pink in a delicate silk material. Elbow length sleeves feature a white lace ruffle. A circular white lace ruffled collar is delicately attached to a high neckline. The skirt has a large flounce which gives the skirt additional fullness at the ankles.

Alouise states that the wedding took place February 1, 1909 at St. Vitus Church on St. Clair Ave. in Cleveland, Ohio. Father Ponikvar officiated at the wedding. The parents of the lovely bride were John and Alozija Turk. Thank you so much for donating this prize possession to our Museum.

DRILL TEAM UNIFORM DONATED

A lovely blue and white drill team uniform will not be forgotten now that it is featured in the Museum. Thanks to the foresight of the former Captain, Albina Jancar Uehlein, the Br. 40 Drill Team will be remembered. This donation was one of the last things that Albina did for Zveza, which was always in her heart.

Albina was the former President of Branch No. 40 in Lorain, Ohio and later SWU Women's Activities Director. She was always a leader and a very effective one. She will be remembered by all who knew her in a very loving way.



A pink, silk bridal dress donated by Aloise Epley catches the eye of visitors to the Heritage Museum in Joliet.

and Mrs. J. Lube of Addison Rd. May Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother grant you many more years of health and happiness. Congratulations!

During the time of our last publication, we've had a few members on our sick list. Vickie Lindic is now on the mend as well as Sylvia Pevec of Rock Creek who suffered a slight heart attack. Mary Novince had surgery once again and Marilyn Fitzthum is also hospitalized with complications after pneumonia. Member Sylvia Banko is also in our sick list. We pray for your speedy recovery with wishes to see all of you up and around very soon.

We've lost two members in the past few months, Frances Klein and Pauline Ullé. Our condolences to their families. God grant them and our past deceased members and their families eternal rest.

The end of this month is the children's holiday, Halloween. Wishing you and your families a fun time for the holiday!

ALICE KUCHAR

NO. 17, WEST ALLIS, WI

Now that we have entered the fall season we have many activities scheduled for the months ahead.

This is a reminder that our "biggie" event is on Sunday, Oct. 19th. After our business meeting we will honor our Mother of the Year, Ann Gasparic, and also hold our annual special event and award the prizes to lucky winners. We would appreciate donations of prizes and bakery for the occasion. Seems like I am always begging for something or other, doesn't it? How else? But, it's always for a good cause, ladies!

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mary Cimermanic on the recent death of her husband, Frank. Also sincere condolences to all of the Cimermanic family. May the eternal light shine on him.

After a long preparation, the book called, "Flowers from my Garden", is now available. The book is composed of Slovenian and English poetry written by our well-known member and poetess, Mary Murn. The price of this wonderful book is only \$8.50 and is now available from Mary herself, or from us at the meetings. The reading is very entertaining and enjoyable. It's money well-spent to buy this book. Contact your branch and they can order copies from the Home Office. Congratulations, Mary, and Slovenian Women's Union for doing this for us.

My sister, Helen Pizar, had un-

dergone surgery and is now all well again.

By the time this goes to print, the state convention will be over. It was on Sept. 28th at Sheboygan. We hope many issues will be resolved and we can get ready for the National Convention to be held in Joliet in May of 1987.

Wishing good health to all our members and friends.

FRAN PIWONI
Rec. Secretary

NO. 20, JOLIET, IL

Time to begin our fall activities: our first event for the season will be our Grape Festival Dance on October 4th at St. Joseph's Park Hall with Roman Possedi providing the music from 8:30 to 12:30 p.m. Preparations have been going on to make this year's dance another success story--we have such a good time at this dance that the work involved sometimes gets overshadowed. Without our dedicated workers we could not exist; the decorations, food, prizes, services of volunteers are all an important part of our success. This year the mayor will be Joseph Strle. He and his entourage will officiate at the ceremony, leading the parade,

AGNES LOVATI MOURNED

sampling the wine, cutting the šarkelj. The proceeds from the dance are always used to pay dues of our "over 80" members. The fines collected from those being jailed are sent to the scholarship fund. Come join us for music, dancing, smokies, beef sandwiches, strudel, friendly conversations and lots and lots of fun!!

Our prayers and best wishes for the return to good health go out to our members who have not been well this month: to Bertha Kennick, Anna Mae Lukancic, Dolores "Spike" Ambrozich, who broke her ankle, and Julie Petric.

We extend our sympathy to Rose Sekola on the death of her husband, Sam; Agnes Dobczyk on the deaths of her mother, Veronica Jankowski, and her brother, Edvard Jankowski, who died within a week of each other and to Mae Rief on the death of her sister, Josephine Pribish; to Justine Gregorich on the death of her sister, Albina Glavan.

Wedding congratulations go out to Joyce and Frank Yattoni III who were married recently. Frank is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Yattoni—his mom's our member.

State convention takes place Oct. 5th in Ogelsby—hope you've made your reservation to attend.

Mildred Pucel consented to do the report on the recent trip to Minnesota for the dedication of the Miners' Memorial; you will enjoy her comments on the trip and the ceremony. We had a bus filled with happy travelers eager to be on their way on Thursday morning.

Our meeting this month will take place on Tuesday, October 21st at 7 p.m. at the Park Hall. Should be an interesting one; we have to prepare for election of officers, plan the Christmas Brunch, and plan for the National Convention which we are hosting in May 1987. See you there—to have a friend, you have to be one.

HELEN PLUT

NO. 21, CLEVELAND, OH

What a pleasant spring in its newness of growth, green lawns, meadows, furrowed fields of plantings, rebirth of all to be born for the season. Everyone refreshing themselves in the breezes warmed by the sun...

Soon, it was summer, after spring showers that rejuvenated the soil. And, it was all too short. So much visiting, travelling, picnicing, to leave us with memories of reminiscences, reunions and pleasant fatigue.

It was a lovely May day, the 15th,

Agnes Lovati, Secretary of Branch 20 for 10 years was laid to rest on September 10, after a long, courageous battle. Our loss will be great; she was the guiding hand behind many of the events sponsored by our branch. She was chairman, co-chairman or helper for all our Heritage Day Celebrations, Grape Festival Dances, the Dinner-dance fund raiser for the Statue of Liberty; at our monthly meetings with special events, she baked and decorated cakes. She was always ready to carry out suggestions for the betterment of our organization and was an avid recruiter of new members. She was also a member of the Northwest Club Auxiliary of St. Francis Society 29, Altar and Rosary Society of St. Joseph's Church, was chosen Mother of the Year of our Branch, bowled many years in our league, was a member of the Championship Cadet Drill Team, and was secretary of the Heritage Room Committee.

Rev. Athanasius Lovrencic, pastor of St. Joseph's Church and National Spiritual Director of Slovenian Woman's Union and Father David



Stalzer, Spiritual Director of Branch 20, concelebrated the mass of the resurrection.

Our sincerest sympathy to Al, her husband, to her children; Albert, Judy and Kathy, her grandchildren, Christine Kozol and Benjamin Lovati, brother, Louis, sisters, Theresa and Gen. She will be missed.

Goodbye to my friend

HELEN PLUT

when we gathered at Denny's Restaurant to celebrate for all mothers of every year, especially those who chartered our Branch 21 that year in 1928. This was the year of those 50 year anniversaries for 23 of our members, many of whom were in attendance. We congratulate each of them for their endurance and loyalty.

We were honored that the Zelezniks made an appearance to make a table together: Alice Z. Zema, Rosalie, Stephanie, Dorothy and Pauline — all sisters-in-law to Alice, married to brothers.

Because we are so close-knit an organization, the ladies of West Park Ladies Auxiliary came to join us and added to our prizes. Joe and Marge Persutti, John and Rose Znidarsic, Bea Zak, Marge Myer, Donna Ohman, Zenia Sesnik.

All in all, we had a count of 41 luncheon guests, including Emma Zupan and her guest, Vickie Baumbich, also Edith Cimperman, and guest Anna Klinger Rafter.

The following members have been ill or hospitalized earlier; hopefully they have recovered to enjoy each day God grants us with special blessings: Mildred Darrow, Olga Kamora, Ann Jesenko, Helen Stojan, Judith Parma, Jo Mlakar and hubby, Ray.

Agnes Oblak relates that Josephine Oblak of California was hospitalized for eye surgery. We send get well wishes from Cleveland to you, Jo.

We send our heartfelt sympathy to the widow of Major Frank Strle, son of the recently deceased Amelia Strle, following her son's death this summer. Condolences to the family as well. And, very recently, after a long illness, Jan Naples, husband of our Rose Naples, passed on. Our thoughts are with you, Rose.

Stella Dancull tells me that three juniors have been transferred to Class B adult membership: Cynthia Blum, Shelly Chesnik and Kathy Dancull, allowing them each a two year free membership. Great to hear this.

Stella is anticipating a visit from her two granddaughters. Denise Maria, in her fifth year at Northwestern University specializing in Speech Therapy and graduating with distinction; and Debralee, in her second year at Loyola Univ., studying Business and Art.

Please remember Nell Strodbeck with a card or call.

Also, please call me with any news of your families. We need your input... 844-2805 or Stella at 696-9216.

I thank all of you for your concern

regarding my recent move from the only home I ever knew. It was a fast move. Little time to let the news travel. But, I am happy in my apartment where more "friends" are coming in to discuss their living styles, security, etc. I didn't "leave" my Slovene home in West Park or our church. They are my stability.

Try to keep our aged, confined members in mind and heart: Leona Blatnik, Marge Borek, Mary Estanek, Anne Kosak, Ella Prisel, Ella Paultz, Pauline Tratnik.

Last but not least, we should congratulate this happy couple celebrating 58 years of their wedding unity last June 9th. So fantastic a mile-stone in this age and times, to celebrate all year. They are a noteworthy example of a good, Christian, loving relationship. We applaud that love for Albert and Frances Skoda. Živijo, pa še mnogo let!

The body of members in attendance at the Sept. meeting approved and wished to celebrate the coming holidays on Nov. 12th especially in honor of our fifty year members. This is to be a festive buffet luncheon served by the committee at 1 p.m. Cocktails will be served from 12 o'clock noon. You will be notified further. RSVP is requested. Please reply. Call Rose Kosko at 252-5975 or Stella Dancull at 696-9216. We need to know if you are attending. We will have transportation if necessary. As you are so generous, gifts will be greatly appreciated for the games! Please wear your 50 year pins, ladies. A door prize will be given, too.

Congratulations to the following, so deserving: Ann Jesenko, great, great grandmother for the 7th son, John Raymond. Proud parents are Ragis and Sandy Lakan. To Mary Culkar whose granddaughter won a scholarship from AMLA and SWU organizations. She is a member of Br. 47. All good wishes Marie Drobnik.

Latest sad news, our long-time member, Anna Widmar passed away. We will keep her and the family in our prayers. Condolences to Mary Sinkovic, her sister.

HELEN KOZELY KONKOY
Reporter

NO. 22, BRADLEY, IL

It could have been worse, lookers-on said, as they assessed the block-long charred remains of the old David Bradley Farm Implements factory (1895), for if the winds had been a little stronger on July 14, the devastating fire could have engulfed

Meeting the good 'ole folks in Texas!

It was my pleasure to jet-set to Houston for the 24th Annual Sts. Cyril and Methodius Slav Days Festival. I participated in the Sunday, July 13 activities only joining my sister and her family there.

Bishop Edward Pevec of Cleveland celebrated the 10 a.m. Mass and had much praise for the local choir some of whom knew little or no Slovenian, but you would never know it. The ladies were elegantly dressed in gowns they made themselves or had made for them using the pattern from our Slovenian Women's Union's museum package. The men also wore native costumes and looked so good.

The afternoon's program included Slav foods, Texas bar-b-que and much singing and dances by each of the ethnic groups. The Slovenians had one hour for rehearsal and did a super rendition of the "Shoe," "Broom," and "Chicken" dances. The audiences seemed to take great

delight in it. There was much music in the button box vein.

The festival this year was hosted by the fledgling Slovene-American Club of Houston of which my sister Julia Crouch is a charter member. John Kohli and Jim Golic of the Club are to be commended for their organization of the Heritage Days event, and their enthusiasm for promoting Slovenian culture.

Father David Stalzer of Branch 20 was listed on the program but was unable to attend due to his assumption of duties as pastor of St. Mary's Nativity Church in Joliet. We hope he can make the next one. Participation by Czech, Ukrainian, Polish, Slovene and Croatian descendants is listed in the Official 1986 sesquicentennial guidebook of Texas.

All events held in Knights of Columbus Hall, Council 2917 of the KCs. Sponsors were The Slavic Heritage Committee and the KCs.

Helen M. Horwath
Branch 20, Joliet, IL

JOIN THE 20/20 MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN!

Slovene present was Anna Jamnik, 88 years old on August 29. A few weeks earlier, our Anna had attended the wedding of granddaughter Michele Jamnik. All of her grandchildren are now married. No. 12 great-grandchild has arrived, this one into the Elmer Jamnik family of Joliet.

The gathering would have been incomplete without the presence of faithful friends, like the Barothy's of Indianapolis and the Stefanich's of Chicago. The Barothy's came by way of Lemont, where Rose and Mary Ann attended Mass and enjoyed dinner at the Honey Festival (medeni piknik). Another nice thing about a picnic is that you can visit with Townspeople you seldom see.

We were happy to see Leo Rittmanic feeling fit again and to hear a good report on Jo Zaletel. See you at the meeting, Jo, October 21 at Ann Richards!

Need help from Heaven's treasury? It's there for the asking; just call on All the Saints and Holy Souls! Many of them must be Slovenian!

EMMA LUSTIG, Reporter

TO MINNESOTA

JOLIET ENJOYS THE TRIP!

Forty-two members, husbands and friends boarded a bus on Thursday, July 31st for our destination, Chisholm, MN to attend the dedication of the Slovenian Miners and Laborers Memorial in the Interpretative Center Building, Ironworld, USA.

Tour coordinator was Fr. Dave Stalzer, host and hostess Joe and Smitty Ambrozich. For eye openers, they served their famous "Bloody Marys", along with snacks, and a variety of liquid refreshments. To round it out Slovenian music, lots of fun, jokes and games eased us into a happy mood.

Late Thursday afternoon, we relaxed early at the Ramada Inn, EauClaire, WI.

The bus rolled right along early Friday morning into the State of Minnesota. The scenic beauty, sparkling lakes and the tall deep pine trees, gave us a special welcome for they knew that on the bus was a special man, our Fr. Dave, whose dream and vision would soon be a permanent reality. The Memorial dedication.

We arrived at Ironworld, USA for the 3 PM concert at the new 1600 seat canopied open air Amphitheatre. The United Slovenian Society Concert Band from Cleveland, Ohio gave us a stirring performance of Slovenian melodies and patriotic songs.

At 4:30 the dedication program commenced in the Interpretative Center Building. This magnificent sculpture and paintings conceived by our own world renown Slovenian Joliet Artist Lillian Brulc, stood tall as it symbolizes our Slovenian immigrants coming from their homeland from the Agricultural occupations to the underground mining and working in the steel mills. It was at this point, that we all felt a renewed inner surge of pride, love and commitment of our Slovenian heritage and culture. The festival singers of Aurora, MN, conducted by Slovenian Women's Union National Officer Ann Hodnik led the audience in the singing of the Slovenian and American National Anthems. On the speakers dais were representatives of the Fraternal organizations. Olga Ancel, National Secretary of Slovenian Women's Union and Robert Kosmerl, National Secretary of KSKJ. Mr. Robert Scott, Master of Ceremonies and Director of Ironworld, USA welcomed us. Father John Petrich, Hibbing, MN (recipient of the Slovenian Women's Union religious scholarship) said the Invocation which was followed by the Festival Singers rendition of "Domovina" — "My Homeland". An eloquent tribute was presented by Fr. Dave Stalzer. Frank Chernivec, a Slovenian miner, from Ely, MN gave us a brief history on the life of a miner. A social hour followed under the tent adjacent to the building.

Many of us decided to ride the authentic steam locomotive railway and trolley system along Minnesota's largest open pit mines, which surrounds Ironworld.

Later in the evening we attended the dinner-dance at the Slovenian Home. Vida Ponikvar as Mistress of Ceremonies presented our distinguished Jolietans to the assembly. Father Dave once again reiterated our deep Slovenian heritage ever present. Lillian Brulc was

presented a spray of carnations and described her project as a "labor of love." This night many of us met with relatives and Minnesota and Ohio Slovenian Women's Union members. The evening festivities concluded with dancing to the Button Box orchestras from Chisholm and Cleveland. This long momentous day came to an end at a very late hour.

The next morning, Saturday, we were at the Soudan Mine, the only underground iron ore mine that anyone can tour in the world. Here the miners last worked in 1962. In the afternoon we returned to Ironworld to participate in Slav Day where food and music were in abundance. We enjoyed the visual fanfare incorporating a water extravaganza, an avenue of nations and ethnic festivities. We also viewed the various exhibits and displays.

The scheduled evening activities included the 5 PM Mass at St. Joseph's in Chisholm with Fr. Dave as celebrant and dinner-dancing at the Rustic Rock Slovenian Restaurant in Eveleth, MN.

Sunday morning we were all geared up for the long journey home. Bingo and horse racing games were predominate. On the bus were Olga Ancel and Jean Govednik, who did the secretarial work involved with the project; Lucille Brulc Dragovan, sister of Lil Brulc, our renowned artist and sculptor... Lucille is an exceptional artist in her own right; Pat Rolih, niece of Lillian and Lucille, National officers of the KSKJ Ed Ancel and Rudy Pucel.

Thanks a million to our bus driver John, an interesting, thoughtful, conscientious individual if there ever was one.

Last but not least, orchids to our member, Jenny Lu Skul, who coordinated and composed the Program Book. From the book I quote the following:

"For some people, a dream is just a dream. For others, a dream is a vision of what could and should be.

"The Tribute to the Slovenian Miners and Laborers grew out of such inspiration. From the original conception of the ideal in 1979 by Father David Stalzer of Joliet, Illinois, Spiritual Advisor of Slovenian Women's Union Branch No. 20 in Joliet, to its final dedication today, in 1986, hundreds of people have shared in the dream."

"Thank you lastly to our sensitive artist, Lillian Brulc, for being able to render the truth of the Slovenian immigrant experience."

Passengers on the bus traveling on this historic trip were:

Father David Stalzer, Joe and Dolores (Smitty) Ambrozich, Mary Ambrozich, Ed and Olga Ancel, John and Mary Anzelc, Lucille Dragovan, Walter and Lil Ferguson, Fran Golub, Bill and Diane Govednik;

Jean Govednik, Helen Horwath, Mary Ivancich, John and Dorothy Koncar, Fran Kodrick, John and Dorothy Mahan, Louis Misic, Steve and Marie Malnarick, Angie Nico, Jim and Fran Ostrem;

John and Theresa Potochnik, Rudy and Millie Pucel, Frank and Pat Rolich, Margaret Stalzer, Ann Stefanich, Dick and Jo Tezak, Gus and Adrienna Vidmar, Joe and Ceil Vidmar.

NO PROBLEM!

Mildred Pucel
President

20 / 20 MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

A GREAT PLACE TO SEE!

It's been quite some time since I've last written to Zarja the Dawn. Now I'd like to share my visit to Chisholm, Minnesota, where my husband and I went to see the Slovenian Miners and Laborer's Memorial in Ironworld USA, with your readers. It is very impressive Memorial and I was happy to be able to see my Mom's and Dad's name, Frank Kerzich and Josephine Kerzich, in the Book of Donors. Lillian Brulc and all who were involved with this beautiful Tribute to the Slovenian Miners and Laborers, did an excellent job. We stood in front of this display and marveled at all the work that went to it.

The entire complex, Ironworld, is an interesting place to visit. I enjoyed the Research Center where I was able to find my Dad's name, his Petition for Naturalization, his Oath of Allegiance, even a picture of the ship, S.S. Campania on which he came to the United States in 1908. I found all of this very fascinating, and had copies made of all papers and the picture so that I could show my children and grandchildren. A young college student, Ted, helped us with our research. There

are many other interesting exhibits in this building, too numerous to mention, but we were there all day so covered everything. The restaurant downstairs served ethnic food, and this is where we had lunch and enjoyed a visit with Bill Verant who was entertaining visitors with his Button Box Accordion, playing many Slovenian songs. Afterwards, we went to another area where the Starbursts were entertaining visitors, and Bill persuaded these young people to sing *Moje Dekla Je Se Mlada* while he accompanied them with his music. It was all so beautiful that tears came to our eyes and we both thought of how much Mom would have enjoyed hearing this Slovenian song and how lovely they sang it. Later we heard an entire program by the Starbursts in the huge outdoor amphitheater. It was an exciting and interesting day for both of us.

If at all possible, try to visit Ironworld USA, in Chisholm, Minn. and see this great Slovenian Memorial.

*Josephine Schmidt
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Branch No. 17*

NO. 33, DULUTH, MN

There were 44 persons on the bus trip to Winnipeg. As usual a very enjoyable time for all!

Anna Samarzia will be "Queen" in October.

Congratulations on new grandsons for Ursula Despot and Cora Jones.

Prayers of sympathy and health for Liz (Burger) Misczewicz, on our sick list, and lost a brother.

LOIS PELANDER, Reporter

NO. 38, CHISHOLM, MN

Hi, sisters! Seems like a long time since I've written. Hope you all had a nice summer and are looking forward to the fall and winter. We will be having our meetings every month now and looked forward to Minn. Day in Sept. in Hibbing.

Dedication of the Slovenian Miners and Laborer's Memorial was on Aug. 1st. I was not able to attend due to the fact that our Slovenian Auxiliary and Club No. 9 were catering the dinner at the Slovenian Home.

Lillian Brulc of Joliet, the artist of the Memorial sculpture and paintings certainly did a beautiful job. At our dinner she was presented with a bouquet of carnations from the Club No. 9 members and the Slovenian Auxiliary. We also got to visit with Father Stalzer and the members who came from Cleveland and Joliet. It

was a wonderful day! I hope you all enjoyed your stay on the Iron Range.

I also wish to mention that I got a call from someone in Florida who had read my article in ZARJA about the dedication and she wanted additional information, motels on the Range, etc. I sent her the information and it really was fun meeting her later. She and her husband are Mr. & Mrs. Frank Perhay. It felt like I had known them a long time. I hope you had a good time here, Ann and Frank!

One of our oldest members passed away, Mrs. Agnes Shega, who was born in 1885 at Brezje in Slovenia. She died on May 27th, four months before her 101st birthday. She was buried from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart church in Buhl with Fr. Rudolph Faith officiating and her grandsons were pallbearers: Jon Bukovich, Jim Zinardi, Ray and Jeffrey Fraboni, Paul Gorshe, and Jim Hirsch. She rests at the Chisholm Cemetery. Our deepest sympathy to the family.

I am looking forward to our next meeting and seeing you all again.

ROSE NIEMI

NO. 40, LORAIN, OH

Our August meeting was well attended - 16 members present and four small guests; Sara and Chris George, Greg Balogh and Anthony Russ - come again we really enjoyed our "little people".



Dawn Marie Glavan, granddaughter of Joe and Molly Glavan, is a princess representing the Slovenian Heritage Association of Lorain, Ohio.

Dawn was a fine representative of the Slovenian people and perhaps next year, if she chooses to compete, will be the International Princess and represent all the people of our city! Congratulations, Dawn.

~~~~~  
The meeting was a picnic, held at the home of Alice Rutar. Very beautiful picnic area in the rear of her house. A gracious and generous

## Working together is our strength

At the closing of Summer season, we celebrated Labor Day; This does not mean that this Holiday all labor ended. But it does mean that we should pause and reflect on our own work, what my work means to me? Am I really dedicated to my work, which my vocation requires? As we meditate about our personal work that each one of us has to perform, from time to time we should pause and ask ourselves, "What I do for our Slovenian Women's Union"? When we joined it, we had high ideals, high hopes what we can achieve as its

members. Very probably we joined it because we were determined to do some good to the people around us. If we had such great ideals when we joined the Union, how much more we should be determined to work for the common good after so many years of membership. If we were really dedicated to the cause for which we work, we wish it's success, it's growth and this can be done only through unselfish efforts.

In many organizations the success is hindered because we are really not open and in a certain way we are jealous, that something good is done by somebody else and not by us. If we really love the organization we belong to, and if we are genuinely interested in its growth, then it will make us happy to see how other people are willing to use time and talents for the well-being of our organization. In our Women's Union there were many successes in the past, because members enjoyed working together and they were proud of each other's success; and this must be our guideline for the future also!

hostess and a wonderful time for all present. The birthdays of Jean Yelenc and Rose Jancar were celebrated. Happy Birthday was sung; a special Happy Birthday to Ann Bobrowski on her 80th birthday.

Many thanks to all who brought covered dishes, baked, prizes and naturally all who were present and made it such a success. The day was cool - but, no rain fell.

Door prizes donated by Jean Balogh and Agnes Bucher; won by Kathy Russ and Jean Yelenc.

A fine group of ladies made the trip to Toledo Port Side - and a nice time held by all - a total success.

Mary Matos is still recovering from eye surgery. Hope you'll be back soon - we miss you! And to all our members who are ill - get well soon - and be back.

Thanks again to Angie Voytko for substituting for Mary Matos in her duties as recording secretary.

I don't think it's too early to remind our members of the November meeting and the election of officers - very important; so let's have a good turnout on November 12th, 7 p.m. See you there.

I'll close with this little verse:

*The world stands aside,  
to let anyone pass who knows  
where he is going.*

MARY PLOSZAJ

### NO. 42, MAPLE HGTS., OH

Now that summer is over it is time to get into the swing of things for fall.

Birthday greetings to the October ladies, Josephine Bilicic, Jean Of-

futt, Lynn Kossakosky, Frances Tomsic, Tracy Buehner, Kim Shega and Jamie Wilk.

Our prayers are with you, Jennie Intihar, and to all of our sick and shut-in members that I may not have mentioned. We extend our deepest sympathy to our member, Julie Lipnos, and family in the loss of her husband, Louis, who passed away on August 19th. May he rest in peace. We extend our condolences to Theresa Filips and Mary Ann Filips whose brother-in-law, Stanley Goryanc, passed away suddenly. May he rest in peace.

Jean Offutt and husband celebrated their 17th wedding anniversary on August 23rd with a dinner at Broglio's. Congratulations.

Patricia Wenckus became the proud grandmother of a 9 pound baby boy born to Lesli Ann Fuller on August 9th. Frances Wenckus is the proud great grandmother.

Our picnic held at Sugar Bush Park in Macedonia was well-attended. The fun and games were enjoyed.

May Lipnos and Mary Fink spent four days in Ontario, Canada at the Elgin lodge on Muskoka Lake. Veda and Eugene Vercek, Mary Danicic and Teresa Gorup took a four day bus tour to Vermont in September. Mary Stimetz' granddaughter, Jill Marie, was married to Jim Obenauer on Sept. 20th. Congratulations to the newlyweds.

Just a reminder, ladies, to attend our Grape Festival Bake Sale on Oct. 5th.

DONNA STUBLJER

### NO. 43, MILWAUKEE, WI

Here we are in the fall schedule of meetings. The vacation period seemed too short, or is it when we get older time passes faster? Our meeting is Wednesday, September 24th at 1 p.m. Let's have a good attendance. We have a few events to discuss, the state convention, card party and Christmas Party. Your opinions and suggestions are welcome. The state convention in Sheboygan is the main event. West Allis has a bus chartered, and some of our members have made their reservations with them.

A hearty welcome to Father Peter Jakopec from Slovenia, who was ordained a priest June 29, 1986 in Europe and is now a new associate at St. John the Evangelist Church in Greenfield.

Our vacationists are back with happy memories of their trips, be they long or short. Mrs. Fritzel and her family were visiting her granddaughter in Florida this summer. She said her trip was fantastic; she felt good. Zenobia and Hank Dybul are in California for 1 month visiting her brother and his family. A busload of tourists, Ceil Groth, Mary Martino, Matilda Simcic, Sandy Schacht-schneider, Elsie and Eddie Gallun and Tillie and Marty Gregorcich plus others toured Colorado and other places. Marie Hudaj and Stella Pousha visited friends in Indiana and Arkansas. Mary Komes and daughter went on a bus tour to St. Paul, Minn. for a Croatian Musical Festival. Jim and Josie Verbick are up North. Fran and Louis Widemsek

# "THE LADY"

By: Fr. David Stalzer, Joliet, IL

Millions watched with great pride and deep emotion as the Statue of Liberty was unveiled on the July 4th ceremonies, after years of restoration. The "Lady" is in great shape; and we helped to restore her to her original beauty.

At this time, I would like to thank all who contributed toward the restoration project, especially as a Slovene ethnic group called "Slovenians For The Lady". Our goal was \$100,000. We collected well in comparison to other ethnic groups which are larger than ours. A sad note is that if we would unite and work and promote together as a whole, we could have reached our goal and would have been officially recognized at Liberty Island. To be permanently recognized, we need at least \$50,000 donated. Perhaps there is a real generous soul out there

who believes in the Slovenian name and the contribution which we have made to America! If all seven Slovene fraternal groups would work together for a major project, we would always succeed. Maybe in the future we will do this, I hope so.

We are deeply grateful to all the S.W.U. Branches and members who generously donated toward this national historic project. Being part of projects such as this is what fraternalism is all about. It unites us together in a common bond for a common goal. Freedom and Opportunity do not deserve anything less than our full-fledged support and cooperation. May all our S.W.U. branches continue to be selfless in doing good!

**Thank you and God Bless America and Slovenian Women's Union!**

drove to visit their son out West and to Mexico. It was a fantastic trip. Stephany Sterbenz and her husband were up North at their cottage. Rose and "Zup" Zuponic went to Minnesota to visit relatives. Jeri Schwartz and husband flew to Slovenia and Germany for 1 month. They visited their old relatives and also found new relatives. They really enjoyed themselves, especially the Slovenian cooking and baking. Mary Bushnik also went to Zagreb, Croatia; she is now recuperating at home from an accident she had in Zagreb. Hope you're much better Mary! Doris Frahm is recuperating from surgery. It is a slow process. Hope she makes the meeting. Just got word that Vickie Sporis is at Columbia Hospital and is having surgery. Vickie has had many problems with her legs and health. We wish Vickie and the above plus all shut-ins a speedy recovery.

Our sincere condolences to Jenny Pugel on the death of her brother, Victor, and to Amanda Esperes on the death of her niece who is a Notre Dame nun, Sister Mary Elleseg. May their souls rest in peace.

Don't forget our Annual Poultry Card Party to be held on Sunday, Nov. 2, 1986 at 1 p.m. John's Hall, 35th Lincoln Ave. Prizes & Bakery are needed; please bring prizes to the October meeting and bakery to the card party.

Notice: **Meeting Changes**

November 26th to

**Tuesday, Nov. 18th, 1 p.m.**

December 24th to

**Monday, Dec. 15th, 12 noon**

Happy Halloween!

R.K.

## SLOVENIANS FOR THE LADY

Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island  
Foundation, Inc.

Contributions received at Home  
Office

June 1 to September 1, 1986

### \$100.00

Luba and Tony Troha, Chicago, IL  
Memory of Antoinette Lucich from  
(9) nieces and nephews, Gilbert,  
MN

Memory of Albina Uehlein from  
husband Milo, Lorain, OH

### \$25.00

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Gottlieb,  
Mokena, IL

Jeni and Russ Kouchich, Greendale,  
WI

Mr. & Mrs. William Seeton, St.  
Petersburg, FL

Ann Werderber, Portland, OR

John and Jean Zeleznikar, Burr  
Ridge, IL

### \$20.00

Memory of Anton and Mary Jer-  
menc from children Edward  
Jermenc, Ann DeBond and Mary  
Jermenc, DePue, IL

Memory of Peter and Katherine  
(Stogcar) Skradski from daughter  
Mrs. Joseph Martinetti, Long  
Beach, CA

### \$15.00

Memory of Vinko and Rozalija  
Marolt from daughter Angela  
Gemmas, Connellsville, PA

### \$10.00

Velma Gricar, South Euclid, OH  
Helen Hraster, Willowick, OH  
Bradley Kremensek, Sheridan, WY  
Anna Lindic, Cleveland, OH  
Louis and Mary Lou Prhne,  
Englewood, FL

Julia Smajdek, Lakewood, OH  
(Total \$50.00)

Catherine Simonich, Kansas City,  
KS

Frank Simonich, Kansas City, KS  
Amelia Smith, Hueytown, AL  
Western Slavonic Association No.  
68, Palisade, CO

Memory of parents:  
Primos and Dora Wolf Suln and  
Joseph and Helen Miko Schultz  
from son and daughter Carl and  
Jennie Schultz, Euclid, OH

### \$6.00

Ann Petkovsek - Priscilla Slapnik  
Juliet Slapnik, Cleveland, OH

### \$5.00

Memory of Mr. & Mrs. Ernest  
Borisek from daughter Mary Sell,  
East Peoria, IL

Ralph and Helen Kovacic,  
Murrysville, PA

Patricia Oblock Neff, Pittsburgh,  
PA

Sophie Posch, Euclid, OH

Memory Gabriel Puhek and Frank  
and Johanna Vidmar from  
daughter and granddaughter  
Dolores Puhek, Chicago, IL

**Total received via  
SWU home office: \$12,601.00**





## Greetings from Your Youth Director ANNA HODNIK

After summer vacations are over, it is sometimes difficult to get back into the swing of things and this is the way I was feeling until I received the September issue of ZARJA. It really helped me get out of the doldrums when I read the essays written by our 1986 S.W.U. Scholarship winners. Helping these young people become aware of the importance of their heritage and culture and aiding them in receiving higher education gives our organization a real purpose for being. We hope they will keep in touch with us from time to time and let us know the goals they have reached through their education.

Thank you Mary Taucher of Br. 47 and Vera Sibenik of Br. 50, Ohio for your reports on Young Achievers. I hope more of our members will take time to recognize our outstanding young people.

A "Big Thank You" to Daniel John Gordon of Br. 55, Ohio for his article on drugs. It was so nice of you to share your feelings about this most important issue. It might do more good hearing from our good young people's feelings about the drug situation than listening to the preaching of adults.

I love poetry and was so happy that Amy Free of Milwaukee sent us the poem she wrote, "Brown Is..." How lucky she is to be taking a class in creative writing. Thanks Amy.

Some of our branches plan picnics or activities for their junior members during the summer months. It would be nice if the junior members would write up a report on them.

I ask you to remember our young people in your prayers. I would especially like to encourage the older members who are at home or in nursing homes and not able to do much work to pray for their grandchildren. A lot of times you tend to sit and feel sorry for yourselves. Why not put your time to good use with prayer. The kids really need our prayers.

*Anna L. Hodnik*

## Slovenia: My Heritage

by

*Ken Drobnick*

*Br. 47, Garfield Hts., Ohio*

### I -- Geography of Slovenia

The people of Slovenia are known for their honesty, good wine, and beautiful melodies. On the border of Slovenia converge the ethnic groups of Slavs, Germans, Italians and Hungarians. Since not very many people are familiar with Slovenians, I would like to get you better acquainted with their existence.

Slovenia, one of the six republics forming Yugoslavia (the other five are Croatia, Serbia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Macedonia, and Montenegro), has a population of 1,700,000 people. They remain squeezed between the Adriatic Sea and the Alps. The capital city of Slovenia, Ljubljana, has a population of 300,000 inhabitants. The Ljubljana Gap which is the only passage between West and East, south of the Alps, is situated in Slovenia. It has already been used by the Romans, later the Italians and Germans making Slovenia a land of crossroads, always exposed to many cultures and

## AT LADY LIBERTY'S RE-DEDICATION

It was my privilege to represent the Slovenian Women's Union and "Slovenians For The Lady" at the reception given by Governor Cuomo of New York, on July 5, 1986. It was held at the Jacob Javits Convention Center, in New York, to thank the various organizations who helped to restore the Statue of Liberty by their generous contributions. There were more than 5,000 people in attendance, who represented various organizations from throughout the United States. The Slovenian Women's Union was one of these and I was proud to be a part of the event.

It was very moving to see all the different nationalities from all parts of the country joined together for this occasion. The highlight of the evening was dancing and singing performed by a Croatian Group called "The Vila Luka Croatian Dance Group". They were chosen to represent the State of Washington by their Governor. They danced, sang and played tamburitzas, as their finale they sang a Croatian song and toasted the Governor and his wife. The Governor was deeply moved and visibly impressed.

After the entertainment the Governor and his wife, Mathilde thanked all who contributed to the restoration of the Statue of Liberty. He gave an excellent speech on the immigration of people to this country and on how these people worked hard to get ahead, learn the American language, and bring up their families to be honest, hard working Americans. He also spoke about his Grandfather coming over from Italy and how hard he worked to bring up his family. This is what makes our country the great place it is today.

Best regards,

*Elizabeth A. Birk,  
Sec'y. Branch No. 84,  
New York, N.Y.*

multiple pressures. Within Yugoslavia, the Republic of Slovenia measures slightly less than 8,000 square miles (20,251 square kilometers), or approximately the size of the State of Massachusetts. Regardless of its small size, Slovenia is a wonderland. Where else can you admire the majesty of snowcapped Alps in July and only an hour or two later water ski or swim in the blue Adriatic Sea, without ever crossing the borders?

American and European tourists greatly admire the beauty of Slovenia. Its small fields that are every inch cultivated and towering mountains capped with snow and green pine wood are definitely a sight to see. Slovenian cities are picturesque and clean. Many of the homes are white with red tile roofs; they have window boxes which abound with flowers. The peasants have improved their gorgeous mountain land by building huts on it for tired mountain climbers. The gorges of the Sava and Savinja Rivers, the glacial Lake Bohinj and the beautiful Logar Valley make Slovenia an ideal mountain climbing country in the summer, and in the winter a wonderful site for exciting winter sports. Another virtue of Slovenia geography is its underground caves, numbering over four hundred. Among them, the Cave of Postojna, has long endured world-wide fame. Also, very famous is the beautiful Alpine Lake, Lake Bled which is in the romantic valley between the Karavanke Mountains and the Julian Alps. As one can see, Slovenia is rather blessed with the beauty of nature.

## PROFILE OF A WOMAN

No. 25, Cleveland, Ohio

It always makes you feel good, if you read some positive story in magazines or newspapers. Here is a story of a woman who had love, courage, sadness, happiness throughout her life.

First a little explanation. Most of the families in Slovenia, especially in the country, have their family name and a "house name." How the house name came about was often due to events taking place near the house; soon the neighbors would start to call the occupants of the house with the name of the event!

The house we are talking about today, was named "pri Mačku" (by cat - male). Family name was Abe.

In the Year of our Lord 1898, on February 18th, Frances Abe was born at Trzin by Mengeš.

As she was growing up on the farm, she helped along with all the chores, as children of that time were brought up to do. They had to bring wood for the stove in the kitchen, go to the mill and take along a bag of wheat to be ground, so the bread will be on the table, or take the cows to the pasture. In between the chores she attended school in Mengeš, a small town near Trzin.

From her youth to this day, she remembers the pilgrimages to Marija Pomagaj of Brezje. Once, the whole family walked from Trzin to Brezje, approximately a 6-7 hour walk. But, all the other times carriages with a horse or pair of horses was the mode of transportation. She remembers also that when they came to the hill where the church of Brezje was located, mother always walked up the hill while the children drove with the father around and around the hill up to the church.

People from all walks of life gathered by Marija Pomagaj at Brezje to thank Her for blessings received, and ask Her for continued blessings.

Anton Colnar started to court Frances during the World War I. The first months of 1918 he was wounded and sent to the hospital and then home.

Love could not endure anymore separation, so Anton and Frances were married. Happiness prevailed in their house; even though Anton was complaining here and there as the wounds of the war were still bothering him.

One more highlight they enjoyed together. It was the birth of their son, Anton. Joy was tremendous especially for the father, as the firstborn was a son.

Anton did not live long enough to teach his first born son Anton about the misty meadows with rippling brooks, or green forests where you can hear birds chirping and singing, of every variety you can imagine. He died from the wounds when Anton was very young.

Frances then started thinking of going across the ocean, to secure a better future for her son and herself.

In 1920 she bought one ticket and sailed to America. It was heartbreaking as she had to leave her most precious son behind. One comforting thought stayed with her - that her parents would watch him till they could be reunited.

One more event happened. In America, she met Joe Barman. Love entered and in 1926 they were married. Now, both wanted Anton to come to America. In 1930 they finally made all the arrangements. Anton came.

As a family they started their roots in the St. Vitus parish area at Bonna Ave. and Varian. Joe loved Tony as his own. He was really a good father and the only one Tony knew.

Tony's graduation from high school and college brought pride to hearts and faces of Frances and Joe.

In 1936 Joe died. Again Frances' life was shattered.

To forget the sorrows and the paths she walked with Joe she and Tony moved to Collinwood.

When in Collinwood, a neighbor introduced Tony to gardening. She told him, "Tony this is a plant and you put this end in the ground." Well, Frances also started pattering in the garden. Surprised, she discovered she had a green thumb!

The garden was not big enough for them in Collinwood. In 1951 they bought a house, a piece of land behind the house in North Olmsted.

All her life Frances spent time in the art of sewing, from clothing to draperies and crocheting - big, small carpets, all kinds of animals and whatever you can think of. But then, she also started to spend more time on the land behind the house, as did Tony. Slowly, thru hard work and sweat, it started to take a shape. Yes, the land behind the house became a garden. Oh, what a garden!

More than 100 varieties of shrubs and trees. Of them only two fruit trees out of 24 bear only one variety of fruit. The other 22 apple, pear, plum, peach and flowering and fruit crab trees have been grafted by Tony, so that they produce up to four varieties on the same tree.

Then, there are roses, regular and miniature - all show varieties. Frances has received, now for almost 30 years, first place annually in both varieties. More blue ribbons come for dahlias and the bouquets she makes for clubs.

There are hundreds of other flowers in the garden, big and small and in between. All are marked with botanical names. Among them are stone pads. Tony placed those down strategically so no one can trample down any exotic, non-exotic leaf, grass or flower in this exquisite garden.

Frances now spends, at the age of 88, most of her time in the garden. She is there usually from early morning till night shadows arrive softly in her and Tony's garden.

She says, it keeps her young - body and soul!

*Cirila Kermavner*



*Anthony Colnar with his mother, Frances Barman*



## TURKEY CUTLETS IN LEMON AND BUTER SAUCE

- |      |                                                    |        |                                |
|------|----------------------------------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|
| 1    | cup Italian bread crumbs                           | 2 to 3 | tablespoons olive oil          |
| 1/2  | cup fresh grated Parmesan cheese                   | 4      | tablespoons butter             |
|      | Pepper to taste                                    | 1      | cup sliced mushrooms, optional |
| 1 to | 2 eggs plus 1 tablespoon milk, mixed with a fork   | 2      | tablespoons lemon juice        |
| 1    | package frozen turkey cutlets (6-7 pieces), thawed | 1      | cup water                      |
|      |                                                    | 2 to 3 | teaspoons cornstarch           |
|      |                                                    | 1/2    | cup very cold water            |
|      |                                                    |        | Uncle Ben's Curried Rice Pilaf |

Combine in one bowl: Italian bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese and pepper. In second bowl, beat egg/eggs with milk. Dry cutlets on a paper towel. Dip in egg mixture and coat in bread crumbs. Brown both sides in a skillet which has olive oil. Add a little water if cutlets begin to stick. Meanwhile, in a saucepan, melt the 4 tablespoons butter. If mushrooms are desired, saute in butter. Add lemon juice and 1 cup water. Bring this to a boil. To thicken sauce, combine, in a cup, the cornstarch and 1/2 cup water. Add the cornstarch mixture to the boiling lemon/butter sauce. When thickened pour sauce over the cutlets and allow to cook over low to medium heat for 1/2 hour. The sauce will brown a little and that's okay; it helps bring out all the flavors. This recipe is served with Curried Rice Pilaf and steamed broccoli spears or steamed peas. (You may substitute 1/2 cup dry white wine and 1/2 cup water for the 1 cup water. Uncle Ben's Curried Rice Pilaf is used; to serve 4. *Note:* Regina does not use salt in her recipes.

## REGINA'S CHICKEN SALAD

- |     |                                               |     |                                                |
|-----|-----------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------------|
| 2   | cups cooked chicken breasts, cooled and cubed | 1   | can (8 ounces) Mandarin orange slices, drained |
| 1/2 | cup Hellmann's mayonnaise                     | 1/4 | cup chopped walnuts, optional                  |
| 1/2 | cup diced celery                              |     | Pepper, to taste                               |
| 1/4 | teaspoon dried tarragon                       |     |                                                |

Combine all ingredients (adjust measurements to taste). Delicious served by itself on a bed of lettuce or alfalfa sprouts garnished with carrot slices or used as a sandwich spread.

## CHOCOLATE ECLAIR DESSERT

- |   |                                                        |   |                                           |
|---|--------------------------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------------|
| 2 | packages (3 3/4 ounces) French vanilla instant pudding | 1 | carton (9 ounces) Cool Whip               |
| 3 | cups milk                                              | 1 | pound (16 ounces) Keebler graham crackers |

Butter a 9 x 13-inch pan. Make pudding as directed on packages using a total of 3 cups milk. Fold in a Cool Whip. Layer in pan whole graham crackers; then half of pudding. Repeat layers and top with another layer of crackers. Spread with Chocolate Icing:

- |   |                                                                       |       |                             |
|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------|
| 2 | envelopes (1 ounce each) Choco Bake or 1/3 cup melted chocolate chips | 3     | tablespoons softened butter |
| 1 | teaspoon vanilla                                                      | 1 1/2 | cups confectioners' sugar   |
|   |                                                                       | 3     | tablespoons milk            |

Mix together all the ingredients. Spread over top layer of graham crackers. Refrigerate at least 12 hours. ENJOY!

## BAKED LAKE TROUT

*Have fish at room temperature (about 30 to 40 minutes).*

- |   |                      |  |                       |
|---|----------------------|--|-----------------------|
| 2 | large trout fillets  |  | Slices of onion rings |
| 1 | teaspoon salt        |  | Dabs of butter        |
|   | Juice from 1/2 lemon |  | Paprika               |
| 6 | ounces sour cream    |  |                       |

In roasting pan lay fillets skin side down. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice. Spread top with sour cream. Top with slices of onion rings, centers removed. Fill centers with dabs of butter. Sprinkle with paprika for color. Bake in preheated 350° oven for 12-15 minutes until fork tender. Eat to skin.

Hermine Prisland Dicke  
3717 Council Crest  
Madison, Wisconsin 53711



**Regina Raspet** of Branch No. 103, Washington, D.C., has graciously submitted her favorite company recipe for dinner; **TURKEY CUTLETS IN LEMON AND BUTTER SAUCE**, and for a luncheon: **REGINA'S CHICKEN SALAD**. One of the most frequently requested dessert recipes is **Helen Cesnik's CHOCOLATE ECLAIR DESSERT** in **POTS AND PANS** cookbook on page 115. (I did make one addition as underlined: 2 envelopes Choco Bake or 1/3 cup melted chocolate chips). Men love it and women find it easy to prepare. An expert fisherman, **Philip Cibic** of Waukesha, WI, who has a cabin near ours brought us a beautiful lake trout (4 pounds after cleaned and prepared into two fillets) from his Canadian fishing trip at Cherrington Lake.

*Hermine*

NO. 50, CLEVELAND, OH

Hoping you all nice summers with plenty of fun, travel, get-togethers and seashore outings. This is August as I write, my birthday today as I am completing my notes for this report. I wish you a very happy Halloween, too.

Our picnic was well-attended with plenty to eat. Millie Pike and Loretta Hlabse prepared the chicken and our generous ladies who are good cooks and bakers provided the veggies, casseroles and sweets. Also, we were lucky to have a cool day.

The "Miners Memorial" to which we all donated, had a big "Slav Day" celebration in Minnesota. Our president and husband, Ann and Charles Tercek, who plays the trumpet with the U.S.S. Band, attended the affair in conjunction with the performance of the Band, arranged by the local committee. They returned happy after receiving the red carpet treatment.



Also, quite a few of our members attended the Art Guild picnic at the Club House, an active group that is educating and explaining our Slovene traditions and cultures.

**Travelers:** Jane and Adolph Somrack hosted a beautiful trip to California. Christine and John Nestor also were California-bound plus seeing Lake Tahoe and visiting Denver. They really enjoyed it. Jane and Angelo Vidic travelled to Oregon to visit son, Clinton, and family. Their son had been hurt in a game of hand-ball. The ball hit him in the eye and gave him a forced and painful vacation since May. Hand-ball and Raquet-ball are dangerous games and great care should be made a primary requisite. Everything can happen so fast. Glad he is better.

Jennie and Stanley Laurich on their way to Connecticut to visit daughter, Marilyn, and family. Vera and Frank Sebenik drove to Ann Arbor, Mich. to visit son, Roger, and family and celebrate his promotion as Co-Director of AMAZ Corp. Research. Albina and Frank Kocesko enjoyed their visit to the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. I know she prayed for all of us.

**Visitors:** Ann and Frank Muhic had Dr. John and Marlene Ebert (their daughter and son-in-law) visit them from Birmingham, Alabama with grandchildren, Stefanie and John Michael. Bet they enjoyed our cool weather. Marge Maslar had her granddaughter, Andrea, and husband, Barry Kutcher, here from Austin, Texas. Grandma Marge was happy to have them enjoy our weather, too.

Katherine Dissauer's oldest granddaughter has made the Dean's List at John Carroll Univ. She worked hard and was determined in spite of the fact that the courses she carried were difficult. Her grandson is also doing well at Miami U. as a junior. Justly proud, grandma!

Our sick members and hopefully well by now are Helen Hraster, Mary Perusek, Sophie Volcanssek, Frances Baker, Angie Cesteric, Loretta Koss, Sophie Zagorc and Vida Rupnik. Do hope we see you soon at our meetings.

Sending our sympathy to Lillian Goryanc who lost her husband in August.

**Dates to remember:** Sunday, October 26th is the 55th Anniversary and the third Tuesday of every month is our meeting night.

*Do you know you can meet friends everywhere but you cannot meet enemies! You have to make them and faults are the easiest things to find.*

Your reporter,

VERA SEBENIK

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## NO. 55, GIRARD, OH

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At our Sept. meeting we made the final arrangements for our Card Party on Oct. 12th at 2 p.m. at the Slovenian Home. I hope to see a lot of friendly faces. Our president, Mary Selak, has made and donated 3 afghans and she and her committee have been working very hard.

Members having birthdays in October are Martha Ambrose, Sophie Cekuta and Gay Mikulich; junior members are Mark Selak and his little sister, Monica.

The last week in August, Doctors Richard and Gloria Catterlin took their son, Richard, and the two grandmothers, Louise Catterlin and Elsie Perry for a vacation to Washington, D.C. They had a very good time and over Labor Day weekend Sam and Martha Ambrose took his brother, Dan, and wife Connie to Niagara Falls for a nice holiday. I hear they had a very nice time.

My son, Louis, his wife, Kathy and daughter, Jessica, went to Virginia Beach to vacation for a week in September. I know it's mostly my family or relations that I write about, but if you don't call me to let me know about your activities, I can't write about you! My phone number is 545-2156. Hope to have lots of news for next month.

Good health and God bless all.

Love,

ROSEMARY

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## NO. 56, HIBBING, MN

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Hope you all had a nice summer. I spent mine recuperating from foot surgery. Our August meeting was opened with a prayer and reports were read and accepted. Bills were approved. Letter from Governor Perpich was received and hopefully, he would be our guest speaker at the Minnesota Day Convention. A letter came from our National President expressing hopes that we would be successful working with youth and asking for more ideas for progress for our Union and increased membership. She also wished us a successful convention.

'Thank you' was received from the Selvos and Hudaks on the recent loss of their nephew. Reported sick were Agnes Barkis and Sandy Matezevich. Our member memorial mass will be on Nov. 9th at St. Leo's at the 10:30 a.m. mass.

Reports were given by the chairmen of various state convention committees.

Birthdays were recognized for August and the traditional wishes sung. Special prize winner was Mary Sporer. Meeting closed with prayer and lunch was then enjoyed, served by-hostesses Ann Selvo, Katie Maras and Mary Sikich. We enjoyed card games and winners were Dorothy Oberstar, Valeria Carlson and Mary Sporer.

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Our Sept. meeting was opened by a prayer led by our president. Reports were read and accepted. A new junior member, Nikki Rose Skornshek, the great granddaughter of our president, was accepted for membership. Mary Johnson was reported sick. Birthdays for Sept. were recognized and Happy Birthday sung.

Our main discussion was on the final details for the State Convention and a program was given as well as the menu. Here's hoping for a successful convention.

Special prize winner was Anne Satovich.

Meeting was closed with a prayer and lunch was served by hostesses: Veronica Martini, Ann Shuberts and Julia Vecchi. Cards were played and winners were Amelia Domen, Ann Selvo and Barbara Doshen.

Best wishes to all.

ANNE SATOVICH

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## NO. 57, NILES, OH

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Our Aug. meeting was a picnic at the home of our president, with each member bringing a casserole of food. We had 14 members present and had a very nice variety; we also had the pleasure of having two guests with us, Polly Printz from Florida, granddaughter of Ann Gunther and also Frances (Racher) Mollis from Cheyenne, Wyoming. Frances is a member and attends our meetings whenever she is in town. Frances Racher, our Mother of the Year from Cuyahoga Falls was also here. Her daughter, Denise, wrote a lovely tribute to her mother in our July-August ZARJA for Mother's Day.

We had a moment of silence in the hall for our member, Mrs. Rackarovich who passed away last month. She was a long-time member but had been unable to attend meetings because of illness. We also had Mary De Capua and Virginia Filipan on our sick list.

Many members have been away on vacation this summer - glad to see you back safe and sound.

We will not be meeting in the month of September as many of our members will be leaving to see the Statue of Liberty; but, hope to see you at the October meeting. Our lunch committee for October will be: Mary Lukz, Viola Logar and Mary Ann Leonard.

Our members celebrating birthdays in August were Ann Pease and Mary Lukz. See you all in October. Stay healthy and God bless you all.

FRANCES STANEC

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#### NO. 59, BURGETTSTOWN, PA

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The fall foliage must be at its best with the shades of orange, red, rust and scarlet all around us. This is a pretty picture this time of year. Our meeting in Aug. was opened with prayer by the Vice Pres., Louise Paskitus in absence of our Pres. 14 members attended. Louise brought the special "B" prize won by Hilda Montequin.

Recently returning from their vacations were Hilda Gavazzi and Josephine Ferbezar. They spent quite a bit of time at their cabins in the mountains. Spending a week visiting her nieces and families in Pittsburgh and Hastings, PA was Catherine Ferbezar. Thelma Wass went on a festival outing in Wellsburg, W. Va. enjoying her day at the Knights of St. George. Jennie Ferbezar and her niece attended a Pittsburgh Pirates baseball game and at the end of the game, stayed for a rock concert of Kool and the Gang. Jennie said she really enjoyed it. A frequent guest, Mary Richey, visited with her sister in Columbia, So. Carolina, then they flew to Dallas, Texas for their brother and his wife's 50th wedding anniversary.

Hannah Lawrence recently had eye surgery. All of us send you cheery - get well wishes.

Soon the ghosts and goblins will be roaming the streets in celebration of Halloween. Have a Spook-Tacular time. Enjoy!

ROSEMARY

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#### NO. 67, BESSEMER, PA

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Ladies, we are going to have the meetings starting in November on the first Sunday of the month. Please try to come; we would like to meet with you. We live so close to each other and can't take the time to socialize. I attend our senior citizen's meetings and see some of our ladies there - so, why not come once a month to our meeting?

Did you pay your dues for the year? We thank you for this consideration. Ann Markovich, Mildred Hulina and yours truly, Mary Percic are the only regulars at the meeting - we can't let this go on any longer.

Mary Kozul is at home and looking really well. She attends our Senior citizen's meeting, too. Mary Slavich is getting closer to her 90th birthday and she is still going strong.

Please try to visit our sick and/or send them a nice card so that they know they are still in our thoughts and not forgotten.

School has started, canning is nearly over and winter is around the corner now. Take time out and attend our meeting.

God bless everyone with good health.

MARY PERCIC

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#### NO. 73, WARRENSVILLE, OH

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The long hot summer has now become the waning days of autumn. The trees that afforded us shade during the simmering days of July and August, now add beauty with their color--and will eventually give cover to the ground for the winter that (whether we like to think about it or not) will soon be upon us. We hope that your summer has been a safe one. Many of you have either put your first child into school, or are enjoying the first time that you have no one to prepare for school. Some of us are experiencing the additional thrill of putting a grandchild into school. These are all indications that time is moving

quickly, it's time to enjoy life to its fullest and stack up these days as memories to cherish.

S.Ž.Z. 73 enjoyed their summer cookout on August 25th. It was well attended, as always and the buffet was tremendous. Pete Yuratovac and Emil Mandich did their usual fine job manning the barbecue grill (the hot dogs were delicious), Frank Yoger's home grown pickled beets were so tasty, and Larry Franchini's banana cream pie was delectable. We enjoyed celebrating Bill Drnek's 65th Birthday, cake and all. This tells you how important the male gender is to the success of our lodge. To all the spouses that attended the cookout--thank you for your support. The cookout was just one more affair that added to our FIFTIETH YEAR celebration--and there is more to come.

GET WELL WISHES: Are extended to all of you who have had to sacrifice some of good times during the summer months recuperating from one illness or another. Our prayers and well wishes were with you all, and we hope you are all back on the road to good health.

CONDOLENCES: The months have been marked with many sad notes, and we extend our sympathy to Angie Musil and Frances Cazin on the passing of their sister-in-law Ann Petrich (who was also the sister of Adeline King). Sophie Soulek, sister of Marge Kozelka, also died--our sympathy to you, Marge. And those of you who are from the "old" neighborhood will certainly join us in extending our deepest sympathy to a former member of S.Ž.Z. 73, Mary Juratovac on the death of her son Michael. Mike was a former Warrensville Heights Police Officer who lost a very short battle with cancer. Prayers and sympathy to Mary, and also to Jennie Nosse whose sister-in-law Sophie (Stepic) Nosse died. Both the Juratovac and Stepic/Nosse families were pillars of the original Warrensville Heights (Slovenian) area.

Word also reached us from Texas that Dorothy Godfrey lost two

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## "DRY-CLEAN ONLY LABELS"

In the past "dry-clean only" labels predominantly appeared on wool suits and winter clothes. While shopping for clothing we consider washing instruction labels in making our final decision to make a purchase. Garments other than wool and silk fabrics requiring dry cleaning can be a turn-off.

Lately the dry-clean only label has been on more garments than can be hand washed or machine washed on a delicate cycle, and ruined by dry cleaning. The rise in such labels is attributed to large numbers of people returning clothing after washing; retailers usually accept them back and get restitution from manufacturers. To cut down on these types of returns by consumers, higher priced clothing manufacturers and others are printing dry-clean only labels on nearly all the clothing they make.

This new tactic by manufacturers is somewhat deceptive, since there's a misconception among consumers that dry cleaning is always easier on the garment. Even though it prevents shrinkage and damage from careless washing, it is not right for some garments which carry a dry cleaning label. Manufacturers call the practice of putting dry-clean only labels on washable items as "low-ball labeling." Since the increase of this practice, clothing manufacturers have reported a lower rate of return of clothing merchandise to retailers. However, dry cleaning stores feel that they must involuntarily carry the burden of the manufacturer's quality control. Some dry cleaning stores test the garment before cleaning to avoid dulled or yellowed results, and have even offered to carefully hand wash garments for their customers who

bring in clothes which should not be dry cleaned, despite the label suggesting it.

The Federal Trade Commission requires that manufacturers provide one safe washing method on the label, even if other methods are fine. Many manufacturers contend that it is simpler to put a dry-clean only label on a delicate garment rather than providing washing instructions. The rationale is that some people would wash it right, whereas others might just throw it in the washing machine or hand wash carelessly. Thus, manufacturers believe that dry cleaning presents the least risk of consumers returning their clothing due to careless washing.

Brandless Discount Department Stores is a good example of a big department store chain which does its own care label testing. After testing, they frequently request vendors to add washing instructions and drop the dry-clean only label.

While shopping for clothing, check the care label and material in the garment. A cotton and polyester blend blouse which has a dry-clean only label on it may be washed carefully. Most cotton fabrics shrink slightly after washing, so check the fit to compensate for shrinkage after washing. Also, keep in mind that higher priced clothing in the \$60-\$100 range is more likely to carry the label, even for cotton and linen garments.

As "DRY-CLEAN ONLY" labels appear on more garments such as baby clothes, cottons, linens and polyesters, be discriminating and consider the reasoning behind the label.

grandchildren in a tragic traffic accident on Christmas Eve. There are no words to express our feelings to you, Dorothy. We who are grandparents can only surmise the hurt, pain and despair. Accept our prayers.

Sympathies also to Josephine Turk on the passing of her cousin, Rose Mertich, and to Angela Gliha whose granddaughter met her untimely death in a car accident.

**CONGRATULATIONS:** Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sray celebrated forty years of marriage on August 31st. Our best wishes to both of you.

**VISITORS:** Everyone was surprised and delighted to see Nettie (Turk) Kainec and her daughter at our cookout. The Florida weather must certainly agree with them, they looked great. Some of our members were also lucky enough to visit with Andy and Florence Duale who were

here briefly to share their 50th wedding anniversary with their family. We were honored to have Mayor Spremulli spend some time with us. Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to visit.

October is birthday month and a Mystery Trip is being planned. You will be contacted regarding the date and time. Only room for 45 people, if you want to be included, let Louise Epley (662-6310) know.

Our Christmas Party will be held at the home of Joanne French. Details on date and time will be included in the November ZARJA.

Now that we have rested all summer, our regular meetings will begin on October 6th (Monday). As usual, we will meet at the Epley Residence. We encourage all of you to join us. Starting time is 7:30 p.m. We hesitate to give you a "break-

up" time. We do enjoy each other's company!

It is nice to be back into the swing of things, and we look forward to sharing much more with you. Keep in touch with us—we enjoy hearing from all of you out-of-towners, and your notes are always read at the meetings. We have our ever-faithful Louise Epley to thank for keeping the lines of communication open. Good job.

See you next month when we will talk about things like Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Respectfully,  
EVELYN MAJERICIK

**If you don't get everything you want...think of the things you don't get that you don't want.**

**People do not fail...they give up trying.**



## THE IMMIGRANT

## ANTHONY FROM PRIMSKOVO

My birthplace was Primskovo and I, Anthony Vauter, later called T.J. or Tony Walters in America, was born on March 2, 1892 to Peter and Rose Vauter and into a family that would later include a brother, Louis, and a sister, Amelia.

My father left his family and came to America, to build a new life, to better himself just as I would try to do later in my life. Unfortunately, my father didn't keep a diary of his experience and there are only a few details as to what happened to him on his arrival in the States and only a few details to what our family did until we were reunited with him in America.

Around 1900, my father worked for the Bessemer Steel/Furnace Co. until he was injured on the job. The company gave him a substantial sum of money as compensation for the injury and he used these funds to bring us to America.

While aboard the ship coming to the States in 1902, I was approached by one of the male crew members of the ship who took me to the kitchen area and showed me beans and peas that had to be cleaned. He indicated that he would give me money for doing the job. I accepted, and started my life of hard work at about the age of eleven. When we had reached America, I had earned about \$7.00. A wealthy child!

During one point of the journey, I remember being separated for awhile from my mother and sister. I don't know how this happened but I recall telling my brother, Louis, that we probably would not see them again. How terrifying! Both of us were overjoyed when we were reunited a short time later and continued our journey to the Cleveland, Ohio area.

When we arrived at the train depot in Cleveland, it was procedure for new arrivals to wait for their name to be called before leaving the area. Our family name at that time was "Vauter" but red tape was not different in those days and our family was registered incorrectly under the name of Mauser. My sister Molly remembers that it was a period of several days before an officer noticed that we had been in the terminal for many days and he inquired why we were not moving on. When Mama explained she was waiting for the name to be called, the officer checked the listings and found that "Theresa Mauser" had been called repeatedly, with no one ever answering to that name. To complicate matters even more, arrangements had been made prior to our arrival in Cleveland to meet father at the Wheeling Railroad Station. Again, a mistake! His tired and weary family were looking for him at the Pennsylvania Station. We were alone, in a strange city, unable to communicate, trying to get a glimpse of someone that could help us. In the early 1900s police were a symbol of help and safety, just as they are today, and the officer who befriended us took the time to direct our family to the proper streetcar line that would get us to the approximate area where we were supposed to live; this being the Marble-Burke Street neighborhood.

Mama with us three children in tow, carrying cloth sacks that contained our worthy belongings, left the streetcar and took off on foot, asking whenever possible

if any passerby knew where "Frances" lived. Frances was Mama's sister who had already settled in America and was the owner of a saloon. We found the residence and I thought, "Boy what a reunion — hugging and crying." My father finally came home after searching the railroad terminal for endless days trying to locate us. Again, "What a reunion!"

Father began to tell mother about the plot of land he had purchased for the home he was going to build in Randall. When the opportunity presented itself, he proudly took us to what would soon be our new home. The land was located on Felch Street in Warrensville Heights, and in his efforts to start building his new "home" my father was again befriended and helped by a man who lived across the street from the property. This man, Mr. Juh, would eventually become the father-in-law of Amelia, my sister, upon her marriage to his son, Frank Juh. When the family arrived in Randall, what we found was an area dug out of the ground, for the basement, with railroad ties holding back the dirt from the foundation. The hole was filled with water from the early rains.

My father enrolled me in school because "in those days" you could not receive Holy Communion until you were in the third grade. This was father's goal and he was very firm in his belief that you **must** receive Holy Communion. I did achieve the third grade, older than the usual third grader now.

One of my first jobs was as a lamplighter for the Erie Railroad. The job consisted of walking the tracks and lighting the lamps along the way — perhaps the first concept of our modern day "floodlamps."

Then I went to work on the ore dock in what is now Bedford Heights. I shoveled ore which brought me a hefty \$1.11 per day. The foreman on the dock took notice of my good working habits, strength and determination to keep my job. He passed this report along to another foreman with the recommendation that I be taken off the shoveling job and be given an "inside" job. I eventually was given a better job and a raise in pay.

I was now at an age when female companionship began to interest me, but, because I was a "foreigner", speaking very little English, the girls were not impressed with me — not wanting to date a "green-horn." Then I became more acquainted with Mary Elizabeth Narvot, a neighborhood girl of sixteen and we spent time in idle conversation and just getting to know one another. She told me her family was in the process of arranging a marriage for her with a man for whom she did not care. She expressed her concern to me and I knew that she was not only frightened but heartbroken too. I tried to console her, telling her everything would be alright, and at the same time asking her if she would marry me. She accepted my humble proposal and in a very short time, we were married. The marriage took place on June 19, 1914 at St. Lawrence Church, East 81st St., Cleveland, with a very young Father John J. Oman officiating. We set up housekeeping and began new life together.

The first tragedy in my life was the death of my father. I was working along side of him for Fetzer Brothers, a local feed store, when he contracted pneumonia that stemmed from his inhalation of the fibers from the feed. It proved to be too much for him,

and he died a short time later. Five years passed and my mother married John Bambich. This marriage also ended in tragedy, after a few years, when Mr. Bambich was struck and killed by a streetcar. All the children were now grown and married, so my mother married John Zoltar, a widower with six daughters.

I always looked for a way to make money for my family and took advantage of a unique opportunity. My brother Louis and I started a coal business, delivering the much needed fuel to people in the area. We had also worked at Fetzer Brothers, loading and unloading feed, making deliveries when needed.

It's interesting to note that after I started my business, the girls who would not turn their heads to look at me or talk to me when I was a new immigrant, now were envious of what I had accomplished and what I could offer my wife. However, it was still a struggle for us newlyweds, but the fact that I was establishing myself as a business man just made the road a little easier, a little more secure for us.

North Randall and Warrensville Heights were considered "out-in-the-sticks", and the need to reach Cleveland, even to the very outer city limits, became more and more necessary. I thought there was a need for some sort of transportation and I initiated a bus line that would transport people from a remote bus stop to a location in Maple Heights where people could make connections and continue into the city. In due time, this same bus line transported its riders to the junction of Broadway-Miles, where direct transportation to Cleveland could be had by streetcar. Little did I realize then, that in years to follow, the bus line would grow, making its ultimate destination, Cleveland — the Public Square, and become one of the first and foremost leaders in transit systems in the southeast area of Cleveland. The bus system remains today, still well-known and furnishing transportation to those needing it but in a different manner — as a tour service.

Back to my family. Mary and I were the parents of six children. One boy, our first-born, died shortly after birth. There were no medical miracles to save infants in those days. Our second child was also a boy, Joseph, who was named after Mary's brother, away at war. Soon after, we were blessed with our first daughter, Helen to be followed by three more daughters, Evelyn, Elsie, and Madeline. Our residence which we built on Green Road was convenient to the garage where the bus company was housed.

The bus company was not only my work but my life. It seems that I was always at the garage; there before the children rose and oftentimes not returning until well after their bedtime. There were times when I came home so exhausted, I would sprawl out on the dining room floor, my feet over the furnace grate, in the cool weather, and sleep a sleep that no one could disturb. Despite this busy schedule, I still found time for yard work, which I loved,



**Tony, a tall, handsome man and Mary, his lovely petite bride make a striking couple as they pose for this portrait on their wedding day.**

and I also became involved in civic matters. One such project was to see that electricity was brought into Warrensville Heights. For twenty years I served as a councilman, and was also on the volunteer fire department. When it was time to convert the Little Red Schoolhouse into St. Jude's Church, endless hours were spent on the project. Hard work was something that was taken for granted with me.

Many times my wife would throw her hand, in despair, when she heard of another one of my new ideas, but my projects always worked out and she usually admitted that fact. One of these projects was to remodel her kitchen, by replacing the hand pump, which needed priming, and the coal-oil stove, which needed coal and wood. With hammer, saw, wrench and a few other tools, the kitchen eventually took on a new look. Soon there was running water, and a gas range to say nothing of the window with a view.

My daughter Evelyn is interested in things Slovenian and in finding out about how life was years ago. Even though she lives many miles away, in Ohio, she tells me that certain things remind her of me — like the smell of a cigar, the odor of machine grease, a song, and the many memories of early family life together. I also have many memories which at my age of ninety-four are like treasures locked within my heart.

I guess each of us leaves something behind to all who have known us in this life. We have a kind of an obligation to return something of what was given to us. I am very appreciative of the opportunity that was provided for me in America and I am also very grateful to God for allowing me to enjoy nearly a century of life on his good earth, despite the arthritis and the hearing problem. My only goal at this point, is to live to be one hundred, here in the beautiful Florida sunshine.



**Tony, "T.J." Walters has resided in Florida since 1955 and celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday with fifty members of his family in attendance. The group traveled to Daytona Beach via the coach line T.J. started years ago. This is the sixth trip the group has made to help T.J. celebrate his birthday.**

# Learn Slovenian!

Anita Vovk found this poem which is appropriate for this time of the year. It is entitled - "Šolski Zvonec" - "School Bell". I will pick some words from it for our lesson this month. Maybe some of you can read it to your children or grandchildren and translate it for them.

"Ciciban" -- a fictional character used in children's stories

glasno -- loudly

griče -- hills

kliče -- calls

strašno -- terribly

dolgčas -- dullness, boredom

pero -- pen

zvezek -- notebook

sraka -- magpie

razred -- magpie

črke -- letters

številke -- numbers

miši -- mice

minil -- to go by

torbe -- bags

učenjaki -- scholars

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## NO. 89, OGLESBY, IL

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We met with Br. 85 of DePue at the Dickinson House for a final discussion on the convention which both branches will host on Oct. 5th. A run-down of the committees was reported by Rose Ann Prey, president. All members were asked to cooperate and help in any way possible for a complete success.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Jo Schmidt's family on the death of her husband, Max Schmidt. Jo is the daughter of the late Josephine Livek, a former National President. Our sympathy also to Betty Hamilton and family who lost a sister, Rose Collner. Betty is also a sister of the late Lena Dawson, one of our most active members and bowlers who passed away April 24, 1984.

Our belated birthday wishes extended to August celebrants: Alvie Jerin, Josephine Morrison, Terri Essl, Betty Hamilton and Mary Kernz. September birthdays are: Frances Rolando, Mary Dittle, Mary Ann Samuelson, Kose Kellett, Jo Schmidt and Elsa Zabavnik. Happy Birthday to all and many more.

We hope to see you on Oct. 5th at Oglesby. We will be waiting for you!

EUNICE KOMATER

## Šolski zvonec

By

Kajetan Kovič

Šolski zvonec glasno kliče:  
Cicibani Kje pa ste?  
"Čez zelene vinske griče  
že jesen v deželo gre!"

Strašno dolgčas je vrazredu  
šolski tabli in klopem,  
strašno dolgčas zemljevidu,  
dolgčas knjigam in rečem.

Na pero že zvezek čaka,  
tabla krede si želi  
v razred škili zvita sraka,  
da se česa nauči.

V prvi razred že hitijo  
urne črke "a-be-ce"  
in številke se kovijo  
slepe miši ena dve.

Zvonec kliče, zvonec kliče!  
Čas poletni je minil.  
Nosi že jesen čez griče  
polne torbe hrušk in sliv.

Bomo se sladkali z njimi  
in veseli v šolo šli.  
Zagotovo že pozimi  
bomo učenjaki vsi.

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## NO. 93, BROOKLYN, NY

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After a very humid summer during July and August we are glad September is here and we will have our meetings again. Many can't come and ladies, we miss you!

Our sister member, Frances Klun lost her husband, Joseph, after a long illness. He was very well known among the Slovenian people. May he rest in peace.

As for some good news, our Secretary, Anna Kerkovich, and husband, Matthew reached their 50th Anniversary July 26, 1986. Their son, Thomas, his wife, Maureen, and son, Robert, came from Chicago to help celebrate along with other members of their small family. The dinner was held at "Durow's International House" in Glendale, NY. We all wish them many more healthy years together.

And now, a great big HI to our home-bound members. God love you all!

AGNES ALBRO

## NEWS FROM DENVER

Dear Mrs. Ancel,

Please accept my deepest condolences to you in the loss of your beloved mother.

I am deeply grateful for the super service bestowed on me since our Denver branch of Slovenian Women's Union was completely dissolved. As National Secretary your performance to execute is over and beyond! I am grateful that you issued me a new receipt book at my request and as a courtesy which I recognize you brought my account up to date. ... Next year, God willing, there will be no monetary premiums to submit, but if time prevails I may drop you a few lines to inform you relevant to my added chores, to learn word definitions in Slovenian, currently offered under the auspices of our ZARJA publication. However, I may be compelled to surrender my ambitions due to my fiasco in pronunciation!

60 years ago, right after our marriage, we moved to a community known as Elyria, bordered on the north by Globeville, settled mostly by Polish, Germans, Slovenians and some Italian immigrants. The main industries located in this part of Denver were smelters, the stockyards and three meat packing plants. It was obvious that we (two Hispanic families) were mostly surrounded by Slovenians. As time moved on, I learned some words and phrases (mostly bad words!) revealed after many laughs and fun. We resided there 29 years.

God bless you and yours.

Della Chavez

## WANTS TO TAKE HER MOTHER'S PLACE!

Dear Mrs. Ancel,

At your suggestion I would like to take my mother's place and join your society.

I filled out the application you mailed me and hope you will put me in the same branch as my mother.

I hope there won't be a break in the delivery of ZARJA as I would like to see my mother's obituary (Lucia Jerin, Br. 7) that will be printed in one of the issues.

Enclosed is my check for the first year's dues. Thank you.

Love,

Josephine Tercek  
Roselle Park, NJ



# D O P I S I

## ŠT. 10, CLEVELAND, OH

Poročilo ob smrti naše drage članice in rojakinje. Preteklo je že nekaj mesecev, odkar je preminula ga. Marija Hrastar. Njeno srce je prenehalo biti 20. marca. Odšla je k Bogu po plačilo. Me vse jo bomo ohranile v lepem spominu. Na tem svetu je služila Bogu in ljudem, zelo svoji lepo izobraženi družini. Dosegla je zelo lepo starost - 100 let in pol je bila stara na dan svojega pogreba. Pred njo so umrli člani njene družine: mož, več kot pred 30 leti, dalje sin Johan, hčerka Dorti, učiteljica je umrla kar na hitro pred nekaj leti. Umrli ga. Marija je imela zelo rada nas sosede, živeli smo blizu skupaj. Zadnja leta ji je opešal vid in spoznala nas je samo po glasu. Najrajše se je pogovarjala o svojih otrocih in vnukih, na katere je bila zelo navezana. Zbolela je lansko leto proti koncu avgusta; odpeljali so jo v bolnico na pregled in pričelo se je počasno hiranje. Nismo se več vidile. Iz bolnice so jo odpeljali najprej v Willoughby v Nursing home in nato v Slovenski starostni dom na Neff Rd. Končno jo je pljučnica spravila v grob.

Bila je članica več društev, tako Oltarnega društva, članica naše Zveze, članica društva sv. Jožefa - 169. Bila je večletna predsednica. Delala je pri cerkvi: prala je cerkveno perilo, čistila jo ob velikih praznikih in pomagala tudi v kuhinji. In dočakala je veliko starost in vedno lepih besed za ljudi in prijazne narave. Sedaj pokojno sta mnogo obiskovali sestri Faye Moro in Joyce Lenassi še zdravo doma in potem v Domovih. Ti dve sestri sta zelo aktivni in dobri, nikdar ne zamudita sestankov in ne pozabita na prigizke. Pravtako so skrbne tudi druge mnoge naše članice, delajo rade v prid Zveze in obiskujejo bolne. Bog daj vsem našim članicam mnogo dobrega! Pogreba ge. Hrastar se je udeležilo veliko naših članic,

mene je nadomestil moj mož. Pokopana je bila na cvetno soboto 22. marca na pokopališču Kalvarija. Prisotna je bila tudi naša predsednica ga. Jenie Planinšek. V cerkvi Marije Vnebovzete so zapeli žalostinko: Oljsko goro tiha noč pokriva, še Sonce na nebu in Angelsko češčenje. Maševali so trije duhovniki, naš župnik, Viktor Tomc, prof. Alojz Tomc in gospod iz Argentine, ki je šel sedaj nazaj po večih mesecih.

V imenu naše podružnice, naše globoke sožalje celi družini in ostalim sorodnikom.

Za razvedrilo članicam!

## V SLOVO DEKLETU

**Adijo, pa zdrava ostani,  
podaj mi še enkrat roko.  
Pa name nikdar ne pozabi,  
če ravno drug ženin tvoj bo.**

**Jaz nate ne bom pozabila,  
zapisan si v sredi srca.  
V srcu te bodem nosila,  
do konca življenja svojega.**

**In kadar boš sama sedela,  
naj stopim ti jaz pred oči.  
In kadar boš sama slonela,  
spominjaj preteklih še dni.**

**Obljubljena bila je roka,  
obljubljeno je bilo srce.  
Midva se pa nisva vprašala,  
se smeva ljubiti ali ne.**

**V tujem kraju zdaj prebivaš,  
oh, kak srce me boli.  
Z drugim srečo tam vživaš,  
morda pozabila name si.**

Vsem skupaj tople pozdrave.  
T. FERRACCIOLI

## ŠT. 13, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Jesen je prišla v to deželo, pa tako neslišno. Listje še ni preveč zarumenelo kot včasih prej. V moji sobi v Metliki sem imela štiri krasne slike mladih deklet, ki so predstavljale štiri sezone leta; pomlad, poletje, jesen in zimo. Vsaka je imela svojo lastno lepoto.

Pred dnevi je umrla Margaret Fager, sestra od častite sestre Rose Scoff, naša nekdanje predsednica Californije, Oregon in Washington. Zapuščca hči Florence Mahoney, sina Charles R. Fager in hči Margaret Slattery, sedem vnukov in štiri pravnukov. Doživela je častito starost 90. let. Globoko sožalje družini in sorodnikom.

Par dni za njo je umrl sin od Vincent in Josephine Aiuto, David Aiuto, 41 let star, ki bi še lahko živel pol njegovega življenja. Mati Josephine je naša predsednica Zveze že mnogo let. Globoko sožalje prizadeti družini. Bog mu daj mir in nebesa.

Meteor, ki se kliče "Perseld" se je razlil čez vse nebesno obzorje. Le malokdo ga je gledal, ker v mestu je preveč luči. Samo na deželi pride v poštev, ker tam je mirno in temno ponoči.

V domovini sem brala zanimiv članek od L.P. o Hrastu, ki se mogočno dviga v višave in se ne boji viharjev. Pravtako je s človekom, ko pride vse najhujše nanj. Samo njegova vera mu daje moč - kakor briljantni komet z višin in gre čez viharje in nadloge. Častitam gospodu L.P.

Sestre pridno obiskujejo seje. Sestra Stanka Pečavar je zelo bolna. Upamo, da se kmalu pozdravi, ker jo pogrešamo povsod posebno še pri slovenskem zboru. Stanka in sestre so zelo agilne pri društvih in povsod. Vse tri lepe slovenske žene. Tončka Gregorin, mati od sestre Sonje, je prišla nazaj z evropskih počitnic. Tončka je tudi ena - izmed milijon drugih - dobra zlata duša.

Ali veste, da bo kmalu ena milijarda katoličanov na svetu? Pa kričijo, nekateri seveda, da bo naša vera propadla. Je vedno manj duhovnikov in nun. Resnica pa je, da naša vera vedno bolj raste. Saj smo nekoč molili po sv. maši, da bo "en hlev in en pastir". Na poulični železnici sem sedela poleg mlade kakih 14 let stare mladenke. Začela mi je kritizirati katoliško vero in meni svetuje, naj jo pustim. Naj ne poslušam duhovnikov. Odgovorila sem ji, da je še premlada, da bi dajala nasvete starejšemu človeku. A, če ona misli, da ima prav, potem milijoni katoličanov ne znajo nič. Ona, da

se zelo moti. Dandanes ni več nobenega spoštovanja do starih. Ali veste, da je na svetu pet milijard ljudi, pred 12 leti pa štiri milijarde?

Pred kratkim je umrl v Washingtonu slovenski pisatelj Mirko Javornik. Njegov izklesan značaj, njegova slovenščina, čista in bogata, njegova ljubezen do domovine - Vse to je izžarevalo iz njegovih spisov. Bil je velikan v slovenskem narodu. Njegova gospa je trenutno zelo bolna; ona je sestra našega preminulega pisatelja in našega duhovnika g. Vitala Voduška. Želimo ji skorajšnjega ozdravljenja in tolažbe v srčni bolečini po umrlem možu.

Plamenica svobode je vzplamtela 4. julija letos v New Yorku. Upamo, da se Amerikanci zavedajo, kaj imajo. Da bi zvezda Svobode z božjo pomočjo šla še naprej in sicer v upanju za ves svet. Želimo, da bi ta Svoboda žela spoštovanje vseh narodov, da bi bila njih up in nada.

"Prosveta" je praznovala svojo 70 - letnico od obstoja. Častitamo ji z željo, da bi vodila še naprej kulturo slovenskega naroda.

POLDICA PODGORNİK

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### ŠT. 17, WEST ALLIS, WI

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Poletje je za nami, že je tukaj jesen. Upam, da vam je vsem poletje pustilo lepe spomine. Vsako leto se nam zdi kratko. Vse prehitro pridejo letni časi posebno še pomlad, poletje in jesen. Zlasti nam, ki se že nagibamo k večeru življenja. Ljudem se seveda zdi življenje vse prekratko.

Upam, da sedaj, ko bomo imele zopet redne seje, da se jih boste članice pridno udeleževale. Vzglede naj bo nam predsednica. Četudi nima še popolnega zdravja, se naših sej udeležuje ter jih izvrstno vodi kot poprej. Bog te živi Marion! Ne pozabite; posebne seje 19. oktobra; ta dan bomo imele žrebanje in proslavile bomo Mater leta. To je Ann Gasperič za leto 1986! Častitamo ji! Takrat bo seja kratka, da bo več časa za žrebanje in zabavo.

Seveda prosimo, da prinesete pecivo, bomo iz srca hvaležne.

Saj ste zelo dobre. Sosestra Mary Cimermančič je izgubila svojega soproga Franka. Njej in vsej družini izrekamo naše iskreno sožalje. Njemu pa naj sveti večna luč.

Vsem bolnim članicam želimo zdravja.

Umrlim pa večni mir in pokoj!

Vse pozdravlja

MARY MURN

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### ŠT. 25, CLEVELAND, OH

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Letošnje poletje se je kakor žoga, že skoro sredi julija zavalilo v naročje jeseni. In sedaj na pragu prave jeseni se poprašujemo in čudimo kaj nas neki še čaka?

Včasih izgleda, da nobenemu ni več mar kaj se pripeti so človeku - bratu ali sestri. Vse drvi samo, da povzdigne svoj - jaz. Potrudimo se vsaj me in skušajmo izboljšati, če ne že ves svet, vsaj svojo okolico. Sedaj je naš čas. Torej, žene na delo!

V terek se zopet snidemo po dveh mesecih odmora. Je kar dolgočasno, ker se ne snidemo, da bi malo pokramljale, malo pojarmale in malo zaigrale igro na srečo. Mar ni lažje prenašati skrbi, ko veste, da vaše niso najtežje? Ali da vaše bolečine le niso najhujše? Moramo kar zahvaliti se Bogu, da nam ni dal najtežjega križa.

Sedaj bom nanizala kar precej imen slavljenk rojstnih dni v teh parih mesecih: Chris Glavan, Marie Oražem, Josephine Ambrožic. Angel Varuh naj Vas vodi preko vseh nevrnosti in sedi z Vami vselej, kadar ste v avtu. Nase starejše žene so obiskale "Golden Palace" in so se zelo pohvalile z njeno lepoto, a prebivajo pa še vseno najrajši v svoji hišici. To je njihova zlata palača. Vsaj ni treba paziti kam stopiš. Mar ni res tako?

Zopet smo imele nekaj bolnic. Mitzi Andrews je morala v bolnico na pregled. Jo Zorman je vedno v bolnici, a samo kot

prostovoljka. Že leta in leta jo vidimo kako pridno prodaja darila in spominčke za bolnike. Sedaj se je pa zgodilo nekaj nepredvidenega, Jo si je zlomila nogo. No, in sedaj je pa videla bolnico tudi z drugega vidika. Ne preveč prijetnega. Frances Novak je bila pa operirana na očeh. To tudi ni lahko, ker morate zelo paziti, da se ne prepogibate preveč in tudi vzdigovati nesmete. Vse ste bile vključene v naše vsakdanje molitve, ko molimo, naj se Bog usmili vseh bolnikov.

Caroline Rozic je obiskala svojo hčerko v Kaliforniji. Bila je tam na mesec. Kaj ne Carolina lepa je Kalifornija, a čez naš Cleveland ga pa ni?

Trikrat smo zaslišali pritkavanje navčka v poletnih mesecih. Mary Turk mati velike družine, Otroci te družine so nam vsem lahko zgled kako skrbeti za svoje starše. Dolga leta so z veliko ljubeznijo oskrbovali bolno mamo. Vedno je bil nekdo z njo, nikdar ni bila mama sama. Rose Slavec je zapustila za seboj moža in sestro Rose Hren. Naše iskreno sožalje prav vsem domačim.

Prisrčen pozdrav

CIRILA KERMAVNER

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### ŠT. 100, FONTANA, CA

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Po par mesecih odmora bom spet malo napisala. Izgubili smo članico Mary Zeleznikar, ki je umrla 1. avgusta in bila pokopana 4. avgusta. Marca meseca je dopolnila 95 let. Lepo starost je doživela in se tudi nadelala. Počivaj v miru, Mary! Njeni družini naše sožalje!

Upam, da ste imele vse dobre počitnice. Rose Krainik se nas večkrat spomni s pisanjem. Hvala ti Rose, posebno še za dar za našo blagajno. Upam, da bo velika udeležba na seji 4. septembra.

Želim vsem bolnim članicam zdravja in vse pozdravljam

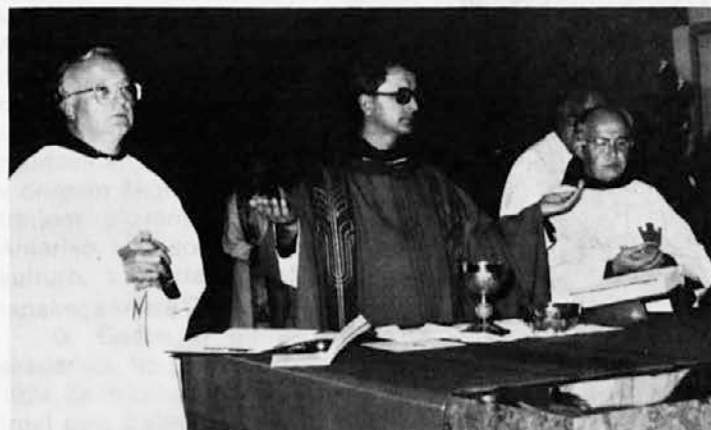
JEAN KURILICH

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*Obdržite društveni duh, da pridobite še več članic v tem letu*

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## STOLNICA V MARQUETTU



Slovensko mašo v soboto 30. avgusta v stolnici sv. Petra, Marquette, Michigan so darovali od leve Fr. Lawrence Grom, župnik fare sv. Janeza Milwaukee, pater Stanko Zemljak iz Ljubljane in p. Filip Rupnik, upravitelj božje poti na sv. Višarjih na tromeji Italije, Jugoslavije in Austrije. Gostoval je zbor Slovenska Pesem iz Chicago-Joliet pod vodstvom p. dr. Vendelina Špendova z čudovitim izvanjem slovenskih pesmi.

Okras glavnega oltarja s podobo škofa Frederika Baraga sredi severnih smrečih z mnogimi belimi ptičkami je vzbujal našo pozornost.

Mary Murn

### CVETOČI MAK

*Prihru! vihar je čez poljan vse tja do grede moje,  
kjer cvetel mak, nad vse krasan, ponosen bil  
lepote svoje.*

*Življenje njega je bilo resnično vse prekratko;  
Vihar mu je prinesel smrt — nič več ne bo  
življenje sladko.*

*Uprl se je viharju, ga prosil milosti, rotil:  
"Oh, pusti mi življenje; oh, saj tako lep sem bil."  
Priklanjaj se do tal je, vzdihoval je milo —  
al' bilo je prepozno. Veter je že pihal z močno silo.*

*Sedaj lepoto njega je besno drugam nesel,  
ter ga nekje na polju v mrzlo zemljo stresel.  
Samo deblo žalostno stoji — oročano lepote.  
Oh, kako sram ga brez obleke je —  
sram ga je nagote.*

*Svežina pesniške izpovedi, silovitost misli in  
nepredirljivost čustvenega sveta so značilnosti  
bogatega pesniškega opusa, izpod peresa pesnice  
Mary Štangel Murn. Knjiga je že v prodaji in jo je  
mogoče dobiti v gl. uradu S.Ž.Z.*

p. Atanazij Lovrenčič, ofm

### Moč skupnosti

Jesen je čas ko kmet spravlja svoje pridelke v shrambe in tako si zagotovi hrano za zimo; in to ni samo zase, ampak za veliko drugih, ki bodo jedli sad njegovih polj. To je bilo le mogoče po resnem, velikokrat težkem delu. Že prav v začetku človeške zgodovine je Bog odločil, da bo človek jedel svoj kruh "v potu svojega obraza." Delo igra veliko vlogo v našem življenju, saj bi lahko rekli, da je naše življenje deljeno na dva dela: delo in počitek.

Prav je, da se od časa do časa vprašamo kako sem jaz posvečen delu, ki ga Vsemogočni pričakuje od mene. Kajti ne samo časnih ampak tudi večnih dobrot odvisi od mojega dela. Veliko ljudem je delo kot breme; a delo lahko nam prinaša tudi veselje in zadovoljnost, ko vidimo, kaj se da doseči po resnem delu. Kot člani slovenske družbe imamo veliko dolžnosti; ena iznad teh je naša dolžnost do Slovenske Ženske Zveze, čigar člani, članice smo. Vsaka skupina ljudi, ki jo družijo določeni cilji, mora imeti člane, ki so pripravljeni na resno delo za blagor skupnosti. Na žalost opažamo, da vedno isti ljudje priskočijo na pomoč, ko je kaj treba narediti. Koliko več bi se dalo narediti, če bi se vsi člani, članice čutili, da je njih dolžnost, da dobrinesejo svoj delež. Vedno je dobro znamenje, če so posamezne članice vesele, če se je kaj dobrega naredilo, ne glede kdo je dobil priznanje. Kjerkoli vidimo uspeh, kjerkoli stvari napredujejo in se stanje boljša, smo lahko prepričani, da je za vsem tem oseba ali osebe, ki so posvečene resnemu delu. In to nam daje upanje, da se tudi pri Naši Zvezi lahko marsikaj spremeni, in tako zacveti v novem življenju in doseže cilj, ki so g imele v mislih naše pionirke!





F. Gorše:  
Božje Porodnica

## — KIPAR GORŠE —

### ČLOVEK IN UMETNIK V MOJEM SPOMINU

Umetnikova razvojna pot v Ameriki je nastajala pod vplivom tokov novega okolja. Umetnik se je nastanil prvih 13 let v slovenski ameriški metropoli Clevelandu in 6 let v mestu New Yorku. V tem času je njegova umetnostna ustvarjalnost dobila novo obeležje in oznako.

Doma so njegove izvedene zamisli zrastle v glavnem iz korenin domačega izročila v Sloveniji. France Gorše, ki je po pravici eden največjih slovenskih kiparjev, se je rodil 20. septembra 1897 v Zamostecu pri Sodražici v Ribniški dolini, kot sedmi otrok. Svoje prve prijeme v umetnosti je vzljubil na odličnem kiparskem oddelku na Obrtni šoli v Ljubljani. Po končani prvi svetovni vojni je bil sprejet leta 1920 na umetnostno akademijo v Zagrebu, kjer je bil med drugimi znamenitimi zagrebškimi umetniki njegov najvplivnejši učitelj Ivan Meštrović, že takrat slavni kipar. Po končanem študiju leta 1925 se je zatekel k svojemu bratu župniku na Primorsko, odkoder se mu je pot potem tudi odprla v mesti Trst in Gorico. Od leta 1931 do 1945 je živel in ustvarjal v Ljubljani, kjer je upodobil več znanih in še danes visoko cenjenih spomenikov. Prav tako krasita narodno skupščino v Beogradu dva njegova kipa iz predvojnih let, alegoriji poljedelstva in industrije.

Njegovo novo obdobje življenja se je pričelo v Trstu po drugi svetovni vojni, kjer je bil med drugim tudi profesor umetnosti na slovenskih srednjih šolah.

Goršetov stik z Washingtonom se je v resnici pričel, ko je stanoval v mestu New Yorku. Ravno v tistem času, ko si je zaželel imeti tudi razstavo v Washingtonu, se je peščica Slovenk pričela

sestajati in začela misliti na ustanovitev podružnice Slovenske ženske zveze. Prav zato si lahko pridržujemo pravico povedati, da je uspela umetniška razstava v modernem Hilton hotelu od 17 do 30 oktobra 1965 po naši zaslugi v Washingtonu. Gorše je v hotelu takrat razstavljal samo dva reliefa in sicer "Hvalnico" in "Romarje", oba izdelana v orešču, njegovi takrat novi ki. Orešec je mešanica orehovega žaganja in plastičnega lima, mešanega z oljem in nato modeliranega na primerno formirani žici. Na tej razstavi so sodelovali tudi drugi slovenski umetniki. Zaradi neprimerne prostora v hotelu je imel Gorše še samostojno kiparsko razstavo istočasno na univerzi Georgetown, prav tako v mestu Washingtonu. S tema razstavama smo Slovenci v našem mestu vsekakor postali prijatelji našega kiparja. "Hvalnica" pa je takoj navdušila tedanjega senatorja Lauscheta, da jo je potem imel na vidnem mestu v svoji pisarni v senatu in jo ima sedaj na svojem domu. Kdo ne pozna Goršetovih neštetih materinstev — Marij z Jezuščki, svetih družin, križanih, različnih kompozicij romarjev — pojočih duš, trpinov, gorskih veseljakov, žanjci, kmetič, njegovih neštetih božjih stvaritev? Ob poglobljanju v njegove umetnine začutiš živo ponižnost, katero pooblašča veličastje in kot skozi mavrične odtenke se začuti prava življenska moč z govorico. Stvaritve prosijo, opominjajo, bodrijo....

Avgusta 1968 je na pobudo Msgr. Maksimiljana Jezernika ustvaril v New Yorku dva bakrena reliefa "Dobri pastir" in "Božji poslanec". Obe plaketi sta bili poslani z Apostolske delegacije v Washingtonu

v Vatikan, kjer sta bili obe umetnini vključeni v Vatikansko galerijo, kjer so zbrane največje umetnine z vseh delov sveta. Leto pozneje novembra 1969 je bil g. Gorše v posebni avdienci pri papežu Pavlu VI.

Letos 15. avgusta je minilo 15 let od posvetitve Slovenske kapele v Washingtonu. Za to kapelo, ki je zgrajena v največji katoliški cerkvi v Ameriki, nam je Gorše izdelal štiri čudovite marmorne reliefe. To so brez dvoma tudi po zamisli njegove največje stvaritve. V teh štirih reliefih so uprizorjeni štirje glavni momenti iz slovenske zgodovine. V prvem škof Baraga krščuje Indijance, v drugem škof Slomšek uči slovensko mladino, v tretjem slovenski pionirji prihajajo v severno Ameriko, kjer so delali, gradili cerkve in slovensko kulturo, v četrtem škof Modest krščuje karantanskega kneza Gorazda.

G. Gorše je bil še študent na zagrebški akademiji, ko je prvič močno zbolel na nogi leta 1924. Za to boleznijo, ki se imenuje osteomyelitis, je trpel celo življenje. Imel je kot za oreh globoko v kost udrtu odprtino na nogi, posebno kadar je postala inficirana ga je zadrževala od intenzivnejšega dela. Spiranje, čiščenje in antibiotična zdravila so bila njegova vsakodnevna higijenska opraviljanja. Kot si vsak človek umije zobe, obraz, pri njem je bilo še to zraven. Ko je infekcija prešla, so tudi bolečine prenehale, z zdravljenjem pa je nadaljeval. Bilo pa je tako boleče, kadar je bila rana na nogi, da se je večkrat zaobljubil, da bo napravil nov križev pot, samo če bolečina preneha. Tako moramo ostati hvaležni božji prividnosti in Goršetovim zaobljubam, da je ustvaril nešteto križevih pot. Od Toronta v Kanadi do Koroške in Ljubljane so po cerkvah in kapelah njegovi križevi poti. Vsak je malo drugačen. Vsak je

bil izdelan z novo poglobitvijo. Vsi pa izražajo veliko ljubezen do trpečega Jezusa, kakršno je gojil naš veliki kipar g. Gorše. Tudi njegova prisotnost je izdajala kako osrečujoče ga oplaja in bogati vera s svojo globoko duhovnostjo.

Svoj način ustvarjanja je g. Gorše imenoval moderno gotiko. Čeprav mu je bil najboljši pri srcu les, ustvarjal pa je prav tako iz žgane gline, kamna, bronu in orešca.

Po vrnitvi v Evropo smo njegovi življenjski poti sledili z osebno korespondenco, obiski in novicami po časopisih. Njegova prva večja razstava v galeriji Slama v Celovcu je bila dobro obiskana in pohvalno sprejeta. Časopisi so prinesli pozitivno kritiko. Sam Gorše pa je trdil, da se vedno počuti v visokem duhovnem poletu, da ni nikoli fizično delal s tako lahkoto kot na Koroškem. V vsej njegovi kiparski karieri niso še nikjer in nikoli tako rastla snovanja in navdihi. Pri vsem tem je bila neprimerna klimatska razlika med New Yorkom in alpskim zrakom, kjer je zrak čist, s čudovito blaženo tišino. Vse to je sam umetnik trdil, da pomaga, da se približa Bogu, se začne z njim pogovarjati in more tako snovati in ustvarjati z mi močmi. Večjih in manjših naročil je imel toliko, da je večkrat delal od pete ure zjutraj do večera za "dva in pol človeka" kot je sam rekel. Le v nedeljo si je dal malo oddiha.

V neutrudnem iskanju lepote in resnice je utripalo njegovo plemenito srce. Njegova neprecenljiva ustvarjalnost predstavlja bistven doprinos v razvoju sodobnega slovenskega kiparstva. Svojo življenjsko pot je zaključil 2. avgusta 1986. Svoj poslednji počitek je našel na pokopališču v Svečah. Zgodovina mu je dolžna priznanja največjega religioznega kiparja na Slovenskem.

*Nika B. Kovačič*

## 70 LETNICA NAŠE PREDSEDNICE

Št. 103, Washington, D.C.



Na zadnjem mesečnem sestanku septembra letos smo se s hvaležnostjo spomnile častitljive obletnice Frede Michelitch. V priznanje njenega 15 letnega zvestega vodstva in marljivega delovanja pri naši podružnici, smo jo presenetile z lepim darilom in toplimi željami za še veliko zdravih let med nami.

Na fotografiji, Freda sedi spredaj v sredini.

## Napačna telefonska zveza

V nenadni in silni prizadetosti, podobna drevesu, ki ga je strela razklala od vrha do tla, je žena najlepših let begala od vrat do vrat, držeč se za senca, kjer ji je ključalo do neznanosti.

Od vsega, kar je ta večer že počela, se je zavedala samo tega, da je svoja otroka spravila spat. Ko je bil čas za večerne novice na TV, je prižgala televizor in ga takoj spet ugasnila. Pokusila je brati, plesti, reševati križanko, prižgala si je celo cigareto, nekadilka, da bi se raztresla, a vse zaman. V možganih ji je plamenela misel: mož je to uro v objemu druge... Spreletaval jo je občutek, da bo zdaj, zdaj zblaznela.

Ko je za hip obstala pred stenskim koledarjem, jo je dregnila v oči debelo načechkana telefonska številka s pripisom v oklepaju: klic v duševni stiski. Sama je številko nedavno zapisala, ko jo je slišala po radiu. Takrat se je pomilujoče nasmehnila sama sebi, češ, človek nikoli ne ve... Pa bo še tako urejen, zdrav in srečen. In glej, kako hitro se ji je izkazala številka kot možna prva pomoč.

Hlastno kakor dojenček po dudiki je segla po slušalki in drgetaje zavrtela svoj klic po SOS.

— Ja, prosim.

Mirno topel odziv moškega glasu jo je v trenutku obliil s čustvom popolnega zaupanja. Bolečina ji je samodejno vrela v mikrofon kakor reka.

— Oprostite, v hudi stiski sem... Mi lahko pomagata?

— Rad, če bom le znal in če mi zaupate. Prosim.

— Mož me vara, že dolgo, in ker sem to odkrila šele danes, mi je stokrat huje kot, če bi vedela od začetka.

— Razumem vas, to je res hud udarec.

— Deset let sva poročena in ves čas sem mislila, da srečno. V zakon nisva planila tjavdan, temveč s popolnim zaupanjem.

— Koliko časa vas vara?

— Tri leta, od rojstva drugega otroka. Ne morem si dopustiti, da sem bila tako slepo zavarovana vanj, da njegove grde igre nisem opazila.

— Vaše brezmejno zaupanje je zlorabljal.

— Morda sem mu k tej igri celo sama pomagala. Nekoč sem mu pravila o svoji sošolki, ki jo mož tudi vara, a sta brez otrok. Saj jo ima po svoje rad, pa vendar... Ona se je pomirila, da so moški večidel enaki, priznala pa je, da bi bila manj nesrečna, če ne bi za moževe skoke ne vedela.

— Nehote ste mu dali "koristen" nauk.

— Zavest, da mu nisem več to, kar je on meni, me tolikanj žali in ponižuje, da se čutim pohojeno in izničeno. Če bi ne imela otrok, bi si kaj storila.

— Toda to vam prav nič ne pomaga. V pravo

uteho sta vam le otroka, ki sta zadosten razlog za to, da se dvignite. Svojo ljubezen lahko prenesete.

— Samo bojim se, da to meni osebno ne zadošča. Saj ju imam rada in jima skušam biti dobra mati, toda iz mene se preveč oglašata tudi ranjena žena, ki se zvija kakor deževnik pod kolesom.

— Tudi razumem. Če vam to kaj pomeni, bi vas opozoril, da niste edini na tem svetu v tej nesreči. Vrstijo se dan za dnev, uro za uro...

— Meni to nič ne pomaga. Vem, da mi ni to v čast, a taka sem.

— Škoda. Glejte, jaz na primjer sem že tretje leto drugače prizadet. Ste že slišali za bolezen skleroza multiplex? Moje stanje je že bilo brezupno, toda volja do življenja mi pomaga. Prvi znaki izboljšanja so tu in ne morem vam povedati, kako sem srečen, četudi še bolan.

— Občudujem vas. A — če dovolite: odkod jemljete tolikšno voljo do življenja. Imate tudi otroke?

— Ne, nisem poročen, svojo voljo pa črpam iz molitve, Ne boste morda verjeli, toda rečem vam, da iskrena molitev dela tudi majhne čudeže. Še vi mi dovolite intimnejše vprašanje: ali ste kristjanka?

— Pravzaprav sem, vendar priznavam, da prav mlačna. Moje in moževo versko življenje je nekakšna drobna stvarca, s katere obrišem samo prah.

— V tem pogledu se torej precej razhajava. Vendar bi rad pomagal. Če smem, vam ponudim svojo duhovno pomoč: molil bom za vas. Molil, da bi vaš mož po tem bridkem udarcu čimprej videl spet pokončno in močno, da bi spoznal, da ni on tisti, ki vam daje to moč. Skušajte se pomiriti in mu pokazati, da nekdo mora biti boljši. Trdno verujem, da bo spoznal svojo zablodo in se vrnil k vam bolj vdan kot kdajkoli.

— Kako lepo mi govorite. Kakor duhovnik....

— Saj sem.

— Kako? Mar ne govorim s psihologom iz centra za pomoč v stiski?

— Ne. Očitno ste imeli napačno zvezo. Niste vprašali s kom govorite, jaz sem pa vas poslušal po svoji duhovniški dolžnosti....

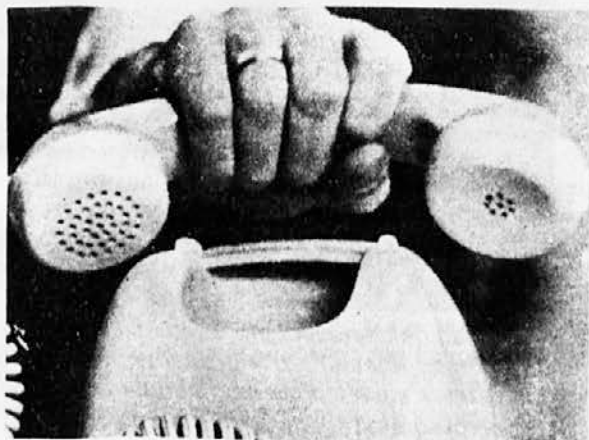
— Joj, oprostite mi, prosim. Sram me je.

— Ali vam je žal, da ste mi se mi razodeli?

— Ne, ne. Imam občutek, da se je minus spremenil v plus. Vesela sem, da se je tako zgodilo. Toplo se vam zahvaljujem za razgovor.

— In jaz vam, da ste mi zaupali svojo bolečino.

L. J.





## DESETI BRAT



Tak dedje nam bili  
Pred stotino let.

Jak. Zupan

Prišel bo en možiček!  
Stara pesem

## PETO POGlavJE



Krjavelj, mož, ki je poslednje besede govoril, zdi se nam tako imeniten, da ga natančneje narišemo in zato ž njim celo nov odstavek začnemo. Zakaj današnji Obrščanje, ki so bili tačas otroci, ko se je naša povest godila, trdijo, da niso razen desetega brata Martina Spaka nikogar za večjo čudo imeli ko Krjavlja.

Bil je ta mož čez šestdeset let star, srednje velikosti, pa precej životen. Lica je bil zabuhlega, čela nazaj visečega in nekaj čudnega, pol školjavega pogleda. Obleden je bil po zimi v sukno, ki je bila Bog vé kdaj vojaška in iz plavega sukna, kateri se pa zdaj iz množine pomečkovm zaplat in lukenj, z vlaknom in nitmi zapletenih, že ni poznalo, katera barva in zaplata je prvotna in katera je šle potlej pridejana. Hlače prtenice so segale samo do kolena, kjer je Krjavelj za malo péd bose kože kazal, ker so bile golenice njegovih čevljev že tolikrat udelane, da niso več segle do kolena in do stremen. Na glavi je imel klobuk s širokimi kraji, kakor ga sem ter tje današnji čas samo še včas v starini ali na glavi častitljivega slovenskega deda vidimo, ki se ne da zapeljati neumnim nošam mlajšega sveta. Pa da bi Krjavelj pokazal, da je svoje dni cesarja služil, torej kaj svetá skusil, imel je krajevec nad levim ušesom gori zavihan in na oglavje pripet, kakor nekdanji brambovci v francoski vojski.

Pravijo, da je lepše, če se človek nevednega kaže, kakor če laže. Zato bom tudi jaz naravnost povedal, da ima pričujoča povest med drugimi slabostmi ravno na tem mestu znamenito prazno lino, katere nikakor ni bilo moči zadelati in zamašiti. Ni namreč znamo, kje se je naš dedek Krjavelj — rodil, ni znamo, kje in kako je pastirčeval in fantoval, kje in kaj so bili njegovi roditelji. Vem sicer, da je bil mogel, ko bi bil bolj prepričan svetosti

pisateljvega poklica, v krstne farne bukve iti gledat in to prazno mesto napolniti, tembolj, ker je v istini rojstvo prvi pogoj, tedaj največji faktor vsakega velikoumnega dejanja v človeškem življenju. Ali fajmošter obrške fare je čmerikav, star gospod, s kljukastim nosom in srebrnimi naočniki, ta je, ne vem zakaj, najhujši sovražnik vseh novelistov, romanopiscev, dramatikov in drugih ljudi te ropotije; lahko si potlej misliš, da sem se bal moža spraševati za letne številke in osobne zadeve drugih ljudi, češ, ko bi pa dedec slutil, kaj bi jaz rad, gotovo bi me po hlapcu in kuharici vrgel na plano.

Toda naj bo že Krjavljeva mladost taka ali taka, to moremo za trdno povedati, da je bil pred desetimi leti smreko posekal, katera je bila za prvi tram v hiši, ki si jo je Krjavelj na pusti Obrščakovi njivi tik hoste postavil z lastno roko in katera še današnji dan stoji, dasiravno namesto Krjavlja samo miši in podgane v nji gospodarijo. Krjavelj je smolo bral po hosti ter jo prekuhal in prodajal kmetom, da so si kola mazali. Zraven tega pa je imel še več lastnosti, katere so ga daleč okrog seznanile. Skupek vseh teh lastnosti ga je pa po vsem ločil od desetega brata, kateri se je veliko ž njim pečal. Ljudje namreč, ki so videli in vedeli, kako Martinek vse preuredi in vsako reč izve in so ravno zato radi verjeli, da zna več ko drugi, — ravno tisti ljudje so govorili, da ima blaženo lastnost, ki marskioga stori srečnega v nesreči, — dejali so, da je Krjavelj dobra duša, samo malo neumen.

In vendar Krjavelj ni nič posebnega počenjal. Smolo bral, kiselega mleka gospodinj v vas prosit hodil, smolno olje prodajal po dva krajcera funt, vranam in vrabcem nastavljal, veverice streljal in pekel in jedel, crknjene prašiče po okrožju pobiral in doma za predpustno slanino in slaščico sušil, zvačer k sosedovim za peč hodil sest, pravil tam vselej in vsak večer, kako je morsk strah, hudirja na barki videl, ko je bil vojak, kako je kozo ozdravil, da ni več v pšenico hodila, kako je »štatljivemu« konju navado odpravil itd. — nič drugega ni revež počel.

To pa gotovo ni Bog vedi kaj. In vendar so ga neusmiljeni jeziki raznesli za neumnega ali vsaj malo prismojenega. Ker so vedeli, da je Krjavelj dobra duša in rad ustreže, imeli so ga za Jurčka in nalašč govorico napeljavali na hudirja, na kozo in na take reči, da je le mož pozabivši, kako je to stokrat že v raznih spremembah pravil, še enkrat isto reč ponovil. In če je ubožček malo drugače zategnil, če je danes dejal, da ga je bilo strah, ko je hudiča na kose sekal, jutri je pa rekel, da ga ni bilo nič strah, brž so ga dejali na osla in ga na laž stavili. Da, nekaj jih je bilo, ki celó niso verovali, da je bil Krjavelj kdaj morski vojak, ampak so hoteli vedeti, da ni v svoji vojaščini dalje prišel ko gori do Sorškega polja nad Ljubljano in da jo je tam kakor bojazljivac skrivaj pobrisal. Pa to so bili menda le hudobneži, ki nikomur nič ne verujejo; zato menim, da bo bolje, če midva z bravcem vzameva Krjavljevo za resnično.

»Tako ti praviš, Krjavelj, da se temu Martinku ne sme o čemer si bodi govoriti?« pravi kmet Matevžek.

»Kaj še! Ne sme se ne!« vpije Krjavelj, ki je imel zraven naštetih še to dobro lastnost, da je glasno govoril in besede vlekel.

»K tebi rad zahaja, pravijo,« dostavi Matevžkov sosed, »ti že veš, kaj mu je nevšečno. Kaj praviš, zakaj noče o tem gospodu s Poleska nič slišati, pa vendar eni vedó, da sta znana? Kaj ti kaj pravi?«

»Nič ne pravi!« odgovori Krjavelj.

»Če je hudiču zapisan, kar jaz mislim, ker ima zmerom denar, dasiravno živi kakor čuri-muri božji vlek v travi, brez dela, — vem, da se kaj pomenita o vragu,« pravi Matevžek in čez ramo pogleda soseda, krčmarja in mladega Franca, ki se je bil tudi bliže pomeknil.

»Saj ga ni hudiča, kdo ga je pa videl?« pravi krčmar in namežika drugim gostom, kakor bi hotel reči: zdaj ga imamo, poslušajte.

In res je bil Krjavelj naenkrat ves živ.

»O, to pa to! Hudir je pa, hudir.« Rekši se stegne po mizi, pomakne klobuk nazaj in z glavo pritrkovaje pravi: »Saj sem ga jaz presekal, o polnoči sem ga presekal, na dva kosa.«

»Povedi nam, kako je to bilo.«

»Takole: jaz stojim ob enajstih na barki za stražo pa — —«

»Pred si pa rekel, da o polnoči,« seže mu France v besedo.

Krjavelj se ni dal ni temu ugovoru ni smehu motiti, ampak je svojo trdil in dejal: »O enajstih je bilo, to še dobro vem. Sam sem stal, megla je bila in tema kakor v rogu. Zeblo me je pa sabljo sem imel. Dremoten sem prihajal; zato sem začel tjakaj po morju gledati.«

»Kako si po morju gledal, ko je bilo tema?«

»Naj bo tema, saj sem imel kresilo in gobo in drva, pa sem zakuril. — Kar gori v jamboru nekaj pravi: vrr, vrr, vrr! Jaz gledam, gledam, — ni bilo nič! Spet dremoten začnem prihajati. Le počenem tja na tla. Kar se barka tri pota zaguglje sem ter tja. Jaz gledam, gledam, poslušam, — ni bilo nič! Kar nekaj sem po morju pride po vodi in z nogami pravi: comp! comp! comp! Jaz gledam, gledam — kar vidim, da hudič gre!...«



»Kako si pa vedel, da je hudič?« vpraša eden nevernih poslušalcev.

»Kaj ne bi vedel! Ali ni imel rdečih hlač, zelene kapice, kosmatih tačic in takih nohtov na prstih ko oni-le kavljji pri vagi?«

»Ali te je bilo kaj strah?« vpraša krčmar.

»Kako ne bo strah, ko sem bridko sabljo v rokah držel? — No, potlej je tista pošast ali tisti peklenski škratec plezal gori ob barki prav na glas: škreb! škreb! škreb! Kakor je na vrh prišel, pa se ti je iz oči v oči meni nasproti postavil. Sveta mamka božja sedem križev in težav — sem jaz dejal — pa sem zavzdignil bridko sabljo pa sem zamahnil pa sem čez glavo ubral in loputnil: lop! — pa sem ga presekal, samega hudiča sem presekal, na dva kosa!«

»Kako pa veš, da si ga presekal?« vpraša Francelj.

»Kaj ne bi vedel, saj je dvakrat padlo v morje; prvič je reklo: štrbunk! v drugič pa se je slišalo štr — bunk! Pa reci potlej, da ga nisem presekal, da ga nisem na dva kosa presekal.«

»To je res, da si ga! Ná pij, ki si tako dobro delo storil,« pravi Matevžek. »Ali ti še koza kaj na Obrščakovo njivo uhaja?«

»O, nič več ne, zdaj sem jo že ozdravil, kozo, že dobro dolgo let je tega,« pravi Krjavelj in prazno kupo na mizo postavi.

»Kako si jo ozdravil?«

»I kako! Kri sem ji spustil, pa se je popravila. Jaz sem imel s kuho opraviti, moral sem paziti, da se mi smola v loncu ne užge; zato nisem mogel zmerom v kozo očesa imeti. Ti Obrašček si mi vedno žugal, da mi jo boš vzel, če bo v škodo hodila. Kaj je bilo početi? Zaprte nisem mogel imeti, varovati in vračati zmerom in zmerom nisem utegnul. Čakaj me vrag, čak, ti bom že eno naredil, kozača, da ne boš ven in ven gobca v ograjo tiščala! Pa sem vzel véliki nož ter sem ga nabrusil na ós in sem s ulegel na trebuh prav tihu za mejo tam pri vrzeli, kjer je žival noter hodila. Kaj ti pride! En gobec trave namuli pa odtrga: hrst! Zopet namuli — tačas se pa jaz stegnem in: šop! porinem nož kozi v bedro. Kri je tekla kakor v turški vojski in vpila je uboga Dimka.

kakor bi jo na meh drl! jaz sem pa dejal: čaki, zdaj te ne bo več v škodo.«

»Ali ti je crknila potlejš?«

»Kaj še! Kakor ji je tista pregrešna kri odtekla, ki to je zapeljevala, potlejš je ni bilo več videti v škodi in zdaj vem, da nima nihče bolj pohlevnega živinčeta.«

»Kaj meniš, da je hudobija v krvi?«

»To je da!« vpije Krjavelj. »Slaba kri sama stori pri živali in pri človeku, da se greh dela. To sem jaz od učenega Hrvata zvedel pi vojaki, na barkah sva bila vkup. Tam na morju imajo take igle, da puščajo vsakemu, kdor je uporen, razposajen, hudoben, poreden in pregrešen. Zato sem pa še jaz kozi puščal.«

»Kolikokrat so tebi puščali?« vpraša Francelj.

»I te zgaga prekanjenska! Kdaj sem se pa jaz kaj pregrešil? Nikoli!« odgovori Krjavelj malo hud. »Klin se s klinom zbija, vino z vinom, glavo za glavo, tako pa tudi hudobnost s hudobnostjo. Ali sem vam že pravil, kako sem Bučarjevemu konju poštatljivost odpravil?«

»Nikoli nisi še pravil!« odgovoré sosedje, čeravno je vsak izmed njih to pravljico že Bog ve kolikokrat slišal.

»No, spomladi onega leta, ko je bil lan pozebel, sejal je Bučar oves po lanišču. Ker je bil hlapec — tisti Urh je tačas služil Bučarja — nekaj obolel in je v stanici ležal, ni mogel za brazdo hoditi. Bučar pride póme in pravi: Pojdi, Krjavelj, pojdi, boš namesto Urha ene tri kraje povlekel. Jaz grem precej. Bučar mi vpreže tistega serastega konja, ki ga je prédjansko spomlad konjedec vzel, pred brano in jaz poženem: ti hôte! Dvakrat sva šla po razboru gori in doli. V tretje pa poženem: bistahor po sredi! Pa ni htel iti po sredi, le v rázbor je silil, mrha. Cukam za vajeti, cukam, vpijem, pa nazadnje se mi pošast še ustavi in se ne gane. Ko bi bil imel nož, prec bi ga bil popravil, kakor sem kozo, kar porinil bi ga bil tja v tisto suhuréber. Čaki me, čak, pravim in odpnem vago, pomerim in mu z viškoma eno tako po rebrih prisolim, da se tri rebra zlomijo.«

»Kaj te ni Bučar nič oštel, ko si konja končal?«

»Kaj še, saj sem mu rebra spet zravnal.«

»Kako?«

»Kar še enkrat sem loputnil, pa so kosti zopet nazaj stopile.«

Vem, da bi bil Krjavelj tisto popoldne še nekateri izmislek svoje modre in misleče glave sosedom povedal, ne samo, kako se žival po novem zdravi, ampak še druge izkušnje, postavim, kako je svojo mačko vozit učil, kako je ponočne tatove, ki so okrog njegove kočje lazili, za veselej odgnal, ko ne bi bil krčmar v tistem hipu zagledal, da dva mlada gospoda s puškama čez pleča gresta mimo hiše, in sicer Marijan s Poleska in novi grajski učenik. Vedečni možjé so pa vendar hoteli videti, kakov je poslednji, in so se skozi okno stegnili. Krjavelju ni bilo mar gospode; ali kakor so ljudjé trdili, da je neumen, domislil se je zdajci prav po pameti, da bo treba kmalu plačevati, denarja pa ni imel, ker je bil ravno za sol in za tobak dal polšest krajcev. Zagodrnjal je nekaj, da ima doma »molzavo kozo«, da mora torej iti mleti, ter se je tiho izmuzal iz izbe, da ni nihče prav vedel kdaj.

## ŠESTO POGlavJE



Zapustivši Obrhek, krenil jo je Martinek čez polje naravnost proti gradu Polesku. V tem hipu pa ni imel tistega veselega, norčevalnega obraza, ki ga je ljudem prikupoval. Sicer navšvic zavihane obrvi so mu bile zdaj vpadle; strnile so se nad nosom v gubanice in odvzele navadno pečat neumnosti in preprostote, katera se je drugokrat brala z njegovega lica. Usta so izgubila polovico svoje širokosti, ob kratkem, to ni bil več deseti brat, ki je v vasovanjih deklicam čudne reči pravil in prerokoval, ki je včasi med radovernimi možaki sedel, ko so kako modro ukrepali in razdirali. Večkrat je ozrl se okoli in okoli in videč, da je sam daleč okrog, zatrepetale so mu ustnice in mislil je z glasno besedo.

Usede se na kamen tik pota, izvleče izpod srajce debel podolgast šop, v zamazano ruto ovit. Razvije iz nje več listov in je skrbno pregleduje. In polahko se Martinkove oči razmočijo in po rjavem licu prileze debela solza in kane v velo travo na tla. »Ljubezen vas je pisala, vé črke, roka, ki me je edina božala nekđaj; ljubezen vas je sestavila in vendar imate v sebi smrt, kazen hudobiji. Odpusti mi, draga mati, če nisem tvoje zapuščine rabil tako, kakor je bila tvoja volja, samo za svoj dobiček; odpusti, če sem dolgo misel imel, da moram ž njimi njega upropastiti, ki je tebe v nesrečo pripravil, ki ti je vzel mir, mir in še več. Umrle boste z menoj, ali poprej morate še vsaj drugim ljudem kaj dobrega storiti, poprej morate njemu spanec preganjati iz oči, buditi mu vest — — —«

O daleč tam je zdajci zapazil Martinek moža, ki se je z motiko na rami bližal ravno po tisti stezi, ki je mimo njega držala. Naglo odbere iz svojih pisem eno, druge zopet zavije, skrije v nedrije pod srajco, vstane in s hitro stopinjo korači proti gradu Polesku.

Če pravimo proti gradu, ne mislimo s to besedo znamenovati selišča, ki bi to imenovanje zaslužilo; kajti povedali smo že, da je bil Polesek nekđaj samo drugo bivališče gospodov slemeniških, pristava; govorimo le z ljudsko besedo, ki razločuje kmečka in gosposka poslopja in z neke spoštljivostjo meni, da se poslednjih, če tudi niso posebno odlična, vendar ne sme z navadno besedo hiša imenovati. Ne samo, da so že nekdanji stavitelji grada Poleska bolj potrebnost in življenje pred očmi imeli ko lepoto, — tudi zdanje posebno zanemarjeno stanje je imelo videz, da bi bil marsikdo to domovje z večjo pravico imenoval puščo.

Na sprednji, to je zapadni strani, moral je človek skozi stara vrtna vrata ali bolj vrzel, ker lesa



se je bila že davno polomila in je samo še na spodnjem vretenu visela. Plot okoli vrtna ograja je bil tu in tam raztrgan, segnite plotnice so mirno ležale, križem prerasle, v koprivah in hobatu. Ozka steza je peljala do vežnih vrat, iznad katerih se je bil velik kamen, grb, Bog vedi katere prejšnje rodovine, iz zida izluščil in padel na tla. Krivec, oskrbnik ali pristavnik v Polesku, kakor so mu ljudje dejali, odvalil je bil ta kamen samo toliko izpred vežnega praga, da se ni kdo ob njem spoteknil. Zidanje ni bilo visoko. Grad je imel samo eno nadstropje; na širjavo pa ga je bilo precej, tako da je bilo veliko izb in shramb praznih. Zid je bil zunaj osivel, tako da je bilo videti, kakor da bi vse plesnelo. Grad je bil kriti s slamo, na kateri je rasel mah in staroletni tresak. Če ne štejemo nekaj kuretine, pisane mačk in lovskega psa, ni bilo v vsem Polesku več živali ko dva repa, ena krava in mlad, lep konj v hlevu.

Na male kosce razdeljene in z raznimi semeni obsejane njive okrog Poleska kakor tudi raznovrstna gospodarska orodja in vozovi, ki so bili zarjaveli in razvrti nakopičeni pod lopo, vse to je pričalo, da se gospodar ne peča sam s kmetijo, ampak da je zemlja v najemu.

Po vsem tem bi človek sklepal, da mora gospod s Poleska kaj ubožen biti. Ali vsi ljudje v okrožju so vedeli, da to ni res, da gospod Piškvav in njegov sin imata tako življenje, kakršnega si le želita; nekateri so celo trdili, da ima stari Poleskar toliko denarja, da ga v dveh je to, da mu je doma tako malo mar.

Pa saj so imeli še veliko drugega ugibati, česar niso mogli razumeti. Zakaj ta stari gospod, ki je bil v te kraje prišel s svojim še čisto mladim sinom, bil je kaj čuden mož. Za ves svet se ni zmenil. Dasi je bil že lep čas v tem kraju, ni imel nobenega prijatelja. Vsak dan, po letu in po zimi, hodil je dve uri po stezi ob svojem gozdu, ki se je čez velik klanec na vzhodni strani raztezal. Če je kdo na teh sprehodil srečal in pozdravil starega in zamišljenega moža suhega obraza, majhne postave, črnkastega lica, v dolgi, že oguljeni rjavi suknji, snel je dolgo svojo pipo, iz katere je ven in ven kadil, iz ust ter je malo nakimal, govoril pa nikdar nič. Ko so ga enkrat kmetje poznali, jeli so se ga zato nekako bati ter so se mu radi že od daleč ognili.

S komer je imel kaj opraviti, s tistim je besedoval samo toliko, kar je bilo potrebno. Za prvega je njegov sosed Slemenčan včasih prišel k njemu; ali tudi temu je gospod Piškvav kmalu videti dal, da mu ni nič dolžen in da ga ne vidi rad pri sebi. Zato se ga je tudi le-ta ogibal. Tolika je bila gospodova odurnost, da je nekdanj, ko je videl, da ga gospod fajmošter, častitljiv starček, gre obiskat, zapovedal Krivčevi ženi, naj reče duhovnemu gospodu, da ga ni doma. To se vé, da je Krivčevka sklenila roke, klicala Boga in vse svetnike na pomaganje, ker ni mogla razumeti, kako ne bi bil človek takega posvečenega gosta vesel. Bala se je legati in fajmoštru po pravici povedala, da je gospod doma in kaj da je rekel. Lehko se pa vé, da je Piškvav imel tudi od fajmoštrove strani potem za vselej mir.

Odkod je Piškvav prišel, tega ljudje niso vedeli. Da je deželán, to se je dalo iz tega sklepati, ker je po božje govoril kakor drugi ljudje, kedar se je menil s

Krivcem ali kmeti, ki so mu najemnino plačat prinesli.

O poletenskih nedeljah je včasih jezdil v cerkev, pa le včasih. Tam je imel spredaj klopico zase plačano in je ves čas iz nekih črnih bukič bral, ne ozrl se ni na levo, ne na desno. Nekdanj je bil pozabivši to knjigo v cerkvi pustil in kruljevi Mihelji, ki se je bil svoje dni pri kanonirjih v Nemškem Gradcu brati izučil in je te bukve pobral in gospodu nazaj nesel, raztrosil je bil med ljudi, da niso pisane ni po nemško, ni tako kakor kakšne navadne poštene molitevke. Iz tega so povzeli umni možje v Obrščakovih krčmi, da je knjiga najbrž «koloman» ali tisto pisanje, ki se uči, kako se hudič — Bog ga nas varuj! — kliče v ris.

O eni lastnosti se pa niso mogli možakarji zediniti. Eni so namreč dejali, da je za druge ljudi skop, drugi pa, da ni. In res je včasih ostro tirjal od kmetov, kar mu je bil kateri na najemščini dolžen; včasih je pa zopet pravil kakov berač, ki se je bil ponevedoma v Polesek zaletel, da je pri gospodu letam dobil tak dar vbogaime, kakršnega še živ dan ne.

Star pregovor hoče vedeti, da se otroci radi po starih zvržejo. Ali pri Piškavovem sinu to ni veljalo. Marijan je bil ves drugačen ko njegov oče. Kakor je oče večno doma tičal in sam v sé zamišljen preživel pri tobaku, vinu in starih knjigah zimo in leto, tako je človek Marijana dobil, kjer je hotel, samo doma malokdaj. Ako ni s puško in psom taval po gozdu za zajcem in lisico, bil je v gradu na Slemenicah ali v vasi v tovarišiji, ki mu nikakor ni bila enaka. Pa ker je hotel veselo družbo, ni imel kje izbirati. Zato pa so mladeniča kmetje veliko v čisljih imeli in stari so z mlajšimi vred poudarjali: to je pravi gospod. Nobeden vaških fantinov ni znal boljše spevati navadnih, dostikrat ohlapnih in obaltnih popevk in zdravic ko grajski Marijan. Dasi tudi si še sam ni bil prav za prav v svesti, kaj ga veže na Slemenice, pogodile so bile vendar stare žene — in malo je bolj modrih na svetu, kakor so bile obrške babnice, — da bo grajsko Manico vzel.

Ker sta bila po tem takem oče in sin malo vkup, misli se lahko, da zveza med njima ni bila najozja. In zares je bilo čudno videti, kako malo se je stari gospod pečal za dejanje in nehanje svojega sina. Če je cele dni preživel zunaj doma, ni ga zvečer še prašal ne, kje je bil. Istotako kakor z drugimi je tudi s sinom — le nedkokdaj kaj več govoril. Le do petnajstega leta je moral Marijan vsak dan ob gotovi uri doma biti; tačas ga je oče učil brati in pisati in početke najimnetnejših znanosti, tako da je bil Marijan povrh izobražen. Ali po petnajstem letu je oče pustil učenje in sinu je bilo to popolnoma povšeči; kajti ker ni imel do uka nikakršnega veselja, zdele so se mu tiste ure, ko je moral očetu nasproti sedeti in v dolgočasne knjige zreti, najpustejše v svojem življenju. Govoril ni stari ž njim nikdar drugače ko nemško. Kaznoval ga ni še v otročjih letih nikdar drugače kakor z osorno, ostro besedo. Vendar se je Marijan tudi te same besede tako bal, da si ni nikoli upal niti ugovarjati mu.

Dasi je bil vzrastel mladenič tako popolnoma opuščen, brez ljubeče matere in po očetovi neskrbnosti živel čisto po svoji glavi in volji skoro v vsi svobodi, ne bi bil tudi njegov sovražnik reči



Krivčevka je menila, da je to Mati Božja in to ji je še nekaj tolažilo srd, da gospod nima ne molka za roženkranc niti »bridke martre« v svoji sobi.

V tej sobi je torej sedel gospod s Poleska, ko je nekdo nerodno na vrata potrkal. Nevoljno se je staremu premračilo čelo, kajti ravno zdaj mu je bilo posebno neljubo, da bi ga kdo motil. Ali preden se je oglasil, odprla so se vrata počasno in v sobo stopi — sključena postava, Martinek Spak. Bil je Martinek v tem trenutju svojega imena popolnoma vreden, kajti res je bilo na njegovem obrazu nekaj spačjega, vrazjega brati. Stopil je pred starega sicer čudno v dve gube zvit, ali nikakor ne z isto spoštljivostjo in boječo pohlevnostjo, s katero se nižji človek bliža višjemu; temveč v svetlem njegovem očesu je sijala neka divja iskra in okrog ust se je videl zaničevalen smehljaj.

»Kaj hočeš zopet?« vpraša stari in vstane s stola.

»Jaz sem pač vedel, da ne pridem prav, kedar že pridem prav, kedar že pridem. Ali tako vprašati sina uboge Majdalene, to ne gre,« odgovori deseti brat in še bolj ustne raztegne. — »Svoje rojstvo zastavim — in sam Bog ve, kako grozno bi neki gospod rad, da bi to stavo izgubil, ko bi bilo mogoče, he! he! kaj ne? — svoje rojstvo zastavim, da pred toliko leti, kolikor jih jaz štejem v življenju, kar ga je poštenega mestnega in potepinskega, — ne bi bila uboga Majdalena Strugova verjela, da bo doktor Peter Kavez nekoga, ki ga tačas še ni bilo na pozemskem svetu, tako malo prijazno sprejel.«

»Ne vem, kaj čvekaš, tu vzemi pa pojdi!« pravi gospod Polešččan in mu porine nekaj tolarjev.

»Ne veste? I, kaj kratke pameti bi bili! Saj je že dolgo tega, kar sem vam vse to skazal in če hočete, bom vam danes še enkrat. Ali danes nisem prišel brnjat, ampak kupčevat. Kar ste ondukaj na mizo vrgli, to ni zadosti. Človek ima tudi svoje večje potrebščine, čeprav hodi okoli kakor potepin, česar mu ne bi bilo treba, ko bi nekateri ljudje bili ljudje.«

Stari je bil obledel. Usedel se je na stol in glavo podprl. Precej pak se je zopet pokoncu sklonil in dejal nekaj prijazneje: »Zakaj mi ne daš miru? Pojdi, da te videl ne bom, in dobil boš, da boš pošteno živel. Povedi, koliko hočeš; vse boš imel, samo pojdi iz tega kraja; daj mi pisma, z zlatom je plačam. Saj veš, da se te lahko iznebim, sodnji te bom prepustil — — —«

»O kaj šel!« — zakrohoče Martinek — »papir je v mojih rokah, ta bo varoval mene, vas ne. Zdaj ponujate denarja, ali moja mati je v nadlogi umirala, kje je bil tačas ta vaš denar? Ne boste se me iznebili, ne; vém, da imate ondile nekaj, ki bi me spravilo tjakaj, kjer je ona, ali tudi jaz imam takega mačka (pokaže samokres izpod srajece), tako za samobrambo ga nosim, ker vem, da se včasih čudeši lahko godé. Živeti pa jaz ne morem niti nočem drugače, kakor sem se privadil. Ko bi vas bil popred našel, morda bi se bilo naredilo, zdaj je proč. Pa vendar, da ne boste rekli, da sem prišel samo nagajat in neljubih spominov budit, zato vam prodam tole popisano plat. Glejte, tu se govori o nečem, kar bi vašemu Marijanu v eni noči sive lase napravilo, ko bi zvedel, da mu je grdi capin, katerega samo po strani pogleduje in zasmehuje,

mogel, da nima dobrega srca. Zakaj četudi ni od očeta nikdar očitnega znamenja ljubečega srca in ljubeznive besede prejel, ljubil je vendar pri vsem tem starega kakor sin, in ko je bil stari Piškav preteklo zimo nevarno zbolel, postal je mladenič celi čas njegove bolezni ves drugačen človek in res po sinovsko skrbel zanj. Bil je že od otročjih let vajen videti očeta pod to osornejšo skorjo, in ker ni nikdar veliko premišljeval, zato mu še na misel ni prišlo, da bi mogel njegov oče drugačen biti, kakor je bil.

Razen gospodarja in sina je bilo na Polesku še troje glav prebivalstva. Ko se je bil namreč gospod Piškav naselil na Polesek, povprašal je po kakem človeku, ki bi mu bil za postrežbo in oskrbovanje takih vsakdanjih reči, za katere se sam ni hotel počati. Čevljar Andrejček, po svojem orodju Krivec imenovan, ki je s svojo ženo poprej v vasi osebenkoval, bil je tako srečen, da je v Polesku dobil dve izbi in velik kos njive zato, da je njegova žena in pozneje njegova hči Franca gospodu postregla, on pa včasih okrog hiše pogledal, zvečer vrata zapehnil, oćedil in otrebil, kar je posebno vpilo iz nesnage in nereda. Iz vsega, kar je bravec okrog Poleska videl, pa se da posnemati, da se je oči Krivec bolj brigal za svoja kopita in šila kakor za snažnost in red grada Poleska. Zato je bila res zanj in za njegovo pristavnikovanje velika sreča, da se stari in mladi gospod za drugo nista dosti zmenila, če je le Krivčevka vsak teden dvakrat mesa in tobaka prinesla iz bližnjega trga in če je konja oćedil in psa napasel.

Stari gospod Piškav se je bil tega popoldne ravno s svojega sprehoda vrnil in je v svoji zgornji sobi sedeč mirno vlekel iz svoje dolge pipe. Na mizi je stala steklenica vina in prazna kupica zraven kopice razmetanih bukev. Soba ni imela nobene lepote, in ko bi ne bilo velikanske z bukvami založene omare, na kateri so vse križem stale male in velike posode iz stekla in drugega blaga, prazne in »z belimi rdečimi, in črnimi vodami napolnjene«, kakor je pravila Krivčevka, bila bi skoro prazna. Stene so bile gole, samo tam omari nasproti je visela podoba, na platno naslikana mlada ženska.



celó po krvi bližji, kakor kdo misli razen vas in mene. Koliko mi daste zanj?»

Gospod Piškav se stegne in pogleda. Moral je pisanje spoznati, kajti segel je hitro po njem. Ali Martinek ga ravno tako naglo odtegne in pravi: »O, ne tako! Vidite, da nisem tako hudoben, če sem ravno znorele matere sin. Dve sto križatih in nič več vam ne bo preglavice delalo, da ste kdaj poznali Majdaleno Strugovo. Ali drugače ne ko iz rok v roke.«

Molčé gre stari do omare, izvleče vrečico in jo dene na mizo, potem pa hlastno pograbi listino.

»Zdaj se boste oddehnili! Morda vam bo še mogoče utajiti, ko bi se kdaj prigodilo, da bi jaz hotel kaj trditi, kar bi vašemu Marijanu malo časti delalo, morda, ha! ha!«

Rekši spravi vrečico pod srajco.

Staremu se je moral neki spomin zbuditi, ki ga je vsega prevzel; zakaj zginila je topa mrklости z njegovega obličja, tresel se je na vsem životu in glas je bil mehek, proseč, ko je dejal: »Sin! —«

Desti brat se pretrese pri tem ogovoru.

»Sin! Pusti me, naj umrjem vsaj v tem miru, umrl bom kmalu. Ne onečasti mene in Marijana in — sebe! Daj še drugo iz rok, kar imaš v rokah, da ne bo pričalo o nekdanjosti — —«

»Priče so zmerom dobre, nekaj moram imeti od matere za spomin, od nesrečne matere,« ugovori zamolklo Martinek.

»Pusti to življenje,« pravi dalje stari, »pojdi v druge kraje, jaz te bom preskrbel, samo da sin ne izvé, da — —«

Dalje ni mogel govoriti. S tresočo roko nalije kupo in jo desetemu bratu porine.

Že je Martinek z eno roko segel po pijači, z drugo pod srajco, kamor je bil prej skril zavita pisma.

»Zarotim te za ljubezen tvoje matere — —«

»Ljubezen!« — krikne Spak in zopet se mu oko divje zabliska — »ljubezen, ne, ne, ljubezni vi niste imeli, ne iskre ne! Obnorela je! Ne dam, ne pijem iz te kupe, morda je kaj takega v nji, kar je njen stric pil, kar mu je doktor Kavez piti dal!«

Rekši se obrne in izleti iz sobe ko burja.

Na smrt bled in zelen strmí stari gospod za njim in ustnice trepečejo: »Tudi to ve!«

Oskrbnik Krivec je med tem v spodnji izbi na nizkem stolu sedel, pred seboj je imel razloženo svoje čevlarsko orodje ter je živžgaje tolkel podplate. Sivi, dolgi lasjé so mu nagajivo padali po grbavem licu, na katerem je bila vtisnjena vedno vesela in neskrbna natora. Ko si z žuljavo, smolnato roko obriše sitno lasnato zbrav s čela, zagleda na pragu desetega brata.

»Ohej! le noter, le bliže desti materin sin! Kako ti je kaj? Kaj mi novega poveš? zavpije in vzame pol dodelan čevlj med kolena.

»Tebi ne morem nič novega povedati, ti si že star, vse ti je že v koš prišlo, samo grob ti bo še nov,« odgovori deseti brat in vrže svoje čevlje na klop. »Volk te podiš!« pravi zopet čevljar, »čemu pa brusiš golo peto po pesku in po strnišču? Tako mi ne boš nikoli nič zasluzka naklonil, zakaj po tem takem bo samo Bog tvoj čevljar, ki ti bo vselej druge žive podplate pripel, kedar boš te shodil in skvedral.«

»No, jaz menim, da imam zadosti dobrega čevljarja, če sva z Bogom pobogala se za podplate.«

»To je res, železna opetica se zvrne in raztepe; živa božja koža pa ne zlepa. — Ali kaj mi boš novega povedal? Ljudje govoré, da včasi komu za srečo poveš kakor ciganka; meni pa nočeš in ne privoščiš nikdar kaj takega. Daj, daj, zini!« priganja Krivec in žebelj, ki se mu je bil zvril, iz čevlja puli.

»Ti si star, moli in pokoro delaj, če hočeš. Sreča se samo mlajšim pripoveduje.«

»Vidiš, kako te prav uči,« dostavi Krivčeva žena v izbo stopivša.

»Ti grdun ti, če ne boš drugega povedal ko o grobu in smrti in starosti in molitvi in pokori, nesnažna žvirca, zahvalil se ti bom s kopitom čez glavo,« huduje se čevljar.

»Le molči, smolé stari, ali mi pa še rajši povedi, kdaj boš hčer možil, saj jo bo onegavi Francelj doli iz vasi vzel, ne?«

Krivcu se naenkrat vedro lice zresnobi.

»O Franceljnu se jaz nimam kaj meniti; in če nečeš, da bi se mi zameril, še ti ne govori o njem. — Kam jo bo pa vraga dejal? Ko bi bil jaz vedel, da ima na svoji hiši toliko dolga, zares ne bi bil pustil svoji deklini ne ene besede govoriti s fantom. Saj si že slišal, da mu bo Miha hišo in zemljišče prodal.«

»Ne bo mu je — ne,« odgovori Martinek.

»Sam je tukaj-le pravil,« potrdi čevljar. »Jaz sem nekaj vinarjev na stran položil, zato pa nočem, da bi šla deklina brž po poroki z malho po svetu. Zato tudi tebi svetujem, nikar ji ne nosi nobenih pošť od njega.«

»Kaj pa, ko bi Francelj denar dobil? Ko bi skopuha plačal?« vpraša Martinek in oprti čevlje, da bi odšel.

»Kje ga bo dobil? Na posodo, to ni nič. Drugače ko bi mu ti povedal, kje so na sveti večer tolarji cvetli, ha, ha!«

»Kdo ve!« pravi deseti brat.

»Stoj no, kam pa kolovratíš?« vpil je čevljar, ali Martinek je bil že duri za seboj zaloputnil in videl ga je, kako je široke stopinje delal čez dvorišče.

»Glej ga, stari!« šepetala je Krivčevka svojemu preljubeznivemu, »to je vendar pol čudesa! Nikoli nihče si ne upa k našemu gospodu, ta Martinek je bil pa otodi dober čas gori. Kaj praviš, kaj je to?« In to čudo kakor tudi Martinkove besede o možitvi njune hčere sta mož in žena v dolgem, zaupljivem pogovoru obravnavala, katerega pa ne ponavljamo bravcu zavoljo njegove dolgosti in navadnosti.

Martinek je gredoč skozi vrt, kjer je Krivčeva Franca v gredi nekaj okopavala, postopil k njej ter rdečeličnemu dekletu nekaj tiho povedal, kar ji je še bolj razvnelo obraz.

»Kaj ti veš!« dejala je.

»Boš že videla! Preden bo pust —,« Martinek ni skončal. Zagledal je nedaleč Marijana, ki je prihvajal po stezi. Na očesu se je desetemu bratu videlo, da bi se mu bil rad s pota ognil, pa bilo je že prepozno. Zato je oči v tla pobesil in hitro stopal po potu Marijanu ravno naproti.

Ko sta se srečala, stopil je deseti brat z eno nogo v stran in ni pogledal niti ogovoril Marijana ter hotel dalje.



# "FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART"

## DAVY'S COLUMN

### Elisabeth Ann Seton

On September 14th, 1975 Pope Paul VI pronounced Elisabeth Ann Seton a saint. Normally, four miracles have to be credited to a soul before sainthood can be declared, but in Saint Elisabeth Seton's case the fourth miracle was waved and sainthood was granted with three miracles to her name.

Elisabeth was born in New York in 1774. She was born to a wealthy family, so was educated in the social graces as well as reading, writing and arithmetic. Her mother died when she still a young girl. She married William Seton when she was 19. They shared a great love for each

other and together had a family consisting of five children, three girls and two boys. When her husband fell ill with consumption, she, her oldest daughter and her husband sailed to Italy seeking a cure. However, upon reaching Italy he was quarantined with his wife and child in a prison cell. It was there he died. It was in Italy that Elisabeth got her first taste of Catholicism. Upon returning to the States, she announced her wishes to become a Catholic to her family. This went over like a lead balloon! She moved with her children to Maryland where she opened a school. She believed both boys and girls should be educated, and that education should be free to those who can't afford to pay for it, two

very radical ideas for her day.

The Bishop was impressed with her ability to teach, but more so with how she disciplined with love rather than physical punishment. He asked her to start an order of sisters. At first she turned him down because of her 5 children, but the Bishop changed the rules to make it possible for a widow with 5 children to be the spiritual mother of his order. Two of her daughters died of consumption. Consumption took her, too, at age 47, but only after her order spread across the U.S. and some foreign countries as well.

January 4th we celebrate the feast of Elisabeth Ann Seton, our first American saint.

DAVY

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### Murphy's Law

Every organization has an allotted number of positions to be filled by misfits... Once a misfit leaves, another will be recruited.

Everyone should believe in something--I believe I'll have lunch.

You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool Mom.

### You Know You're in Trouble When:

- \* The plants in the Doctor's office have died.
- \* You have to apply for a hardship loan to Weight Watchers.
- \* You punish your children by telling them, "nevermind I'll do it myself".
- \* Your birthday cake collapses under the weight of the candles.

*Koren in Roža  
Enkrat je bil eden  
rajček. Njegov im  
je bilo Koren. On je  
bil siv. In on je imel  
eno prijateljico, po imenu  
Roža. Enkrat ko sta se  
igrala je Koren dobi  
padel in, in roka zlomil.  
Roža je šla dobiti njeno  
Mamo, in je ona vzela  
Korenja v bolnico. In  
zdaj Koren spet skače.*

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