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The Slovenian Grandparents I Never Knew

By Laverne
Glicker Hughes

I can only imagine the hopes and dreams that inspire people to leave their homes, their countries, their families and friends and venture to a distant country whose language is foreign to them.

My mother's parents were two of those people, who had the courage, a willingness to work hard, and the faith in God needed to attempt such an undertaking. I never knew my grandparents but in hearing about them, I want their story to be celebrated because they have gained my respect.

Their story begins with the French steamship, S.S. LaGascogne, which departed LeHavre in France on May 11, 1901. The ship arrived at

the bar of New York Harbor at 6 a.m. Monday, May 20. She made her way to the docks of Compagnie General Transatlantique with her cargo of merchandise and passengers. My grandmother, Johanna Jaksic, age 19, was on that ship. A 7 1/2 year-old boy, Karl Podboj, had made the journey with her and would continue to travel with her to their destination, Cleveland, Ohio. It's likely that Johanna was the means for reuniting Karl with family members who had preceded him to America. When asked by the customs agent for evidence that she was not indigent, Johanna showed him six dollars... six dollars, such a meager sum for a poor girl to start a new life.

It was a cloudy day in New York City with brisk

winds expected. At the Fisher Brothers Store, shoppers this day could acquire Smith Axminster carpets for 89 cents per yard. Macy's was holding its May under-muslin sale, and walking skirts could be had at prices beginning at 39 cents. Women's drawers cost 9 cents and above. The Wanamaker Store was selling women's suits made of "Venetians" broadcloth homespuns, serges, and mo-hair; many attractively trimmed - all beautifully tailored. The colors are black, navy blue, brown, tan and red." The price - \$12.75.

Johanna's concern was to

get to Cleveland with her young charge as quickly as possible so material enticements of clothes and furnishings didn't deter her. If

disembarkation and customs obligations proceeded expeditiously, it is possible that same evening Johanna and
(Continued on page 5)

Worldwide Communications

This week the Ameriška Domovina received the following communications:

ROME - Dr. Karl Bonutti, Slovenian Ambassador to the Vatican called to inform readers that the date of the Pope's one-day visit to Slovenia this year is still undetermined.

JERUSALEM - Rev. Jože Černe, from Slovenia, in residence at St. Rose's parish in Cleveland, sent a post card from the Wailing Wall saying, "Best regards from the safe and peaceful Holy Land where we will be traveling on the Spring pilgrimage." - For information call TravelMax in Cleveland.

MARQUETTE - Elizabeth Delene called to say this year's Bishop Baraga Weekend will be held on Sept. 4 and 5 in Escanaba, Michigan. Read Baraga Bulletin for details.

Tiger Mascot is a Roaring Success

By Betsy Scott
News-Herald

Bennie's his name and chewing's his game.

That's what a Kirtland family discovered when it took in a 3-month-old Bengal tiger cub in November.

The 25-pounder is the first live mascot for Cleveland's Benedictine High School. Students can volunteer to care for him on weekends.

Senior Brian Legan of Hobart Road was one of the lucky ones who got to take him home for a few days.

"He loves to chase your feet and grab your ankle," said Brian's mom, Patty. "He's got to chew everything."

Bennie, named by the students, was on loan from Stump Hill Farm near Massillon through last December and was at basketball games until then. He was available for only two football games this year.

"(The Farm) will loan a new cub every fall," said Victor Hill, Twinsburg resident who is the Benedictine alumni director.

Hill is the animal's primary caretaker on weekdays.

Sunday through Wednesday Bennie is kept at Stump Hill, where he will be used for breeding with Massillon High School's tiger mascot. Then he may go to a zoo. A

Tennessee zoo has already inquired about him.

The cub is part of the Save the Tiger Campaign, an international education and financial contribution network of which Benedictine has become part.

The school had to be licensed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture to exhibit the tiger at games. One of the department's requirements is educating people about the animals and their plight.

"Because they are endangered, they are safer in captivity than the wild," Hill said. "They are being poisoned and poached at an alarming rate. There is a huge black market in Asia. Tiger parts are being sold for medicinal powers. And people are moving into their habitats and poisoning them because they are afraid of them."

Hill said there are about 4,000 Bengals in wild right now. Of the eight tiger subspecies, three are extinct.

Bennie is part of Benedictine's freshmen honors biology curriculum and makes the rounds at area schools. The tiger cub's care costs about \$2,000 a year, which the school helps pay, Hill said.

"It's a lot of fun, but a lot of work," the alumni director said.

Bennie's meals consist of Gerber rice baby food,

ground turkey and goat's milk, which the cub takes three times a day by bottle. In between, he gets a raw ground turkey patty.

He's house broken and is free to roam around indoors during the day. At night, he sleeps in a good sized cage. When outside, he is kept on a leash.

Though he stayed with the Legans a few days, Bennie appeared right at home. If he's gnawing on his stuffed Cavs teddy bear, he might be seen lying at the feet of one of the Legans getting a belly rub.

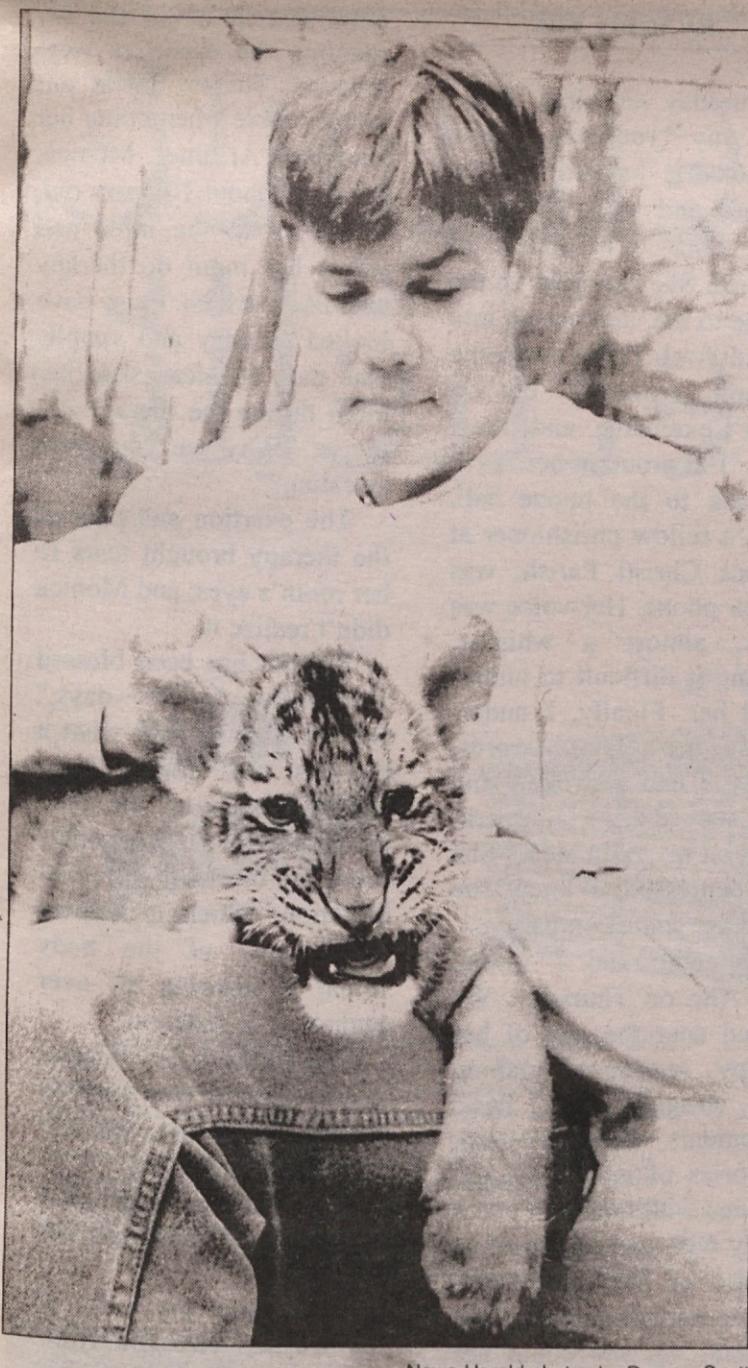
"He's real rambunctious for awhile and then, just like a baby, he poops out," said Tony Legan, Brian's father.

Brian was surprised how playful Bennie is. "I just expected him to sleep all the time," he said.

Bennie's oversized front paws are de-clawed and he uses his teeth mostly for gripping, not tearing. The Legans' guinea pig didn't seem to mind the house guest, though the pet was kept high off the ground and in its cage most of the time.

Benedictine students aren't the only ones eager to meet Bennie. He recently appeared on Late Night With David Letterman, Maury Povich's show and Good Morning America and local TV stations.

Brian is the grandson of Jennie Legan of Cleveland.



News-Herald photos by Duncan Scott

Taming the tiger: Bennie, a 12-week-old Bengal Tiger, is held by Brian Legan of Kirtland. Legan, a senior at Benedictine High School in Cleveland, is taking care of the tiger this weekend at his family's home.

Jim's Journal

By Jim Debevec



There are a lot of ways to keep occupied during the winter besides relocating snow and slipping on the ice. I like to watch the birds. Yes there are still a few of them flying around in Ohio. They seem to like to nest in evergreen trees, especially blue-jays and sparrows. Just about every pine tree in our yard has some birds living in it. And the squirrels are scampering about, too. It's funny that the squirrels love bird-seed as much as birds. Conversely, you don't see birds going around eating acorns.

When not observing the winter landscape, John Mercina and Rudy Flis have urged readers to finish a good book. It sounds like a good idea to me. I have a book called "The Movie Comedians" by Leonard Maltin that I purchased some years ago, but never

finished.

So this week I decided to take up where I left off and read about the movies of Laurel and Hardy. One of their best efforts was "Sons of the Desert," about Stan and Oliver who belong to a fraternity and wanted to go to their convention in Chicago, but their wives wouldn't let them. They decided to use subterfuge with the result being everything backfired and they really got into another fine mess.

Wouldn't you know it, a few days later I was in a bookstore and spotted a copy of the movie which had been colorized and was for sale at a deep discount. Naturally, I purchased the comedy and enjoyed it all over again.

Another chapter in the book dealt with Danny Kaye. Remember him? He starred in a number of extravagant musical comedies for MGM. For some reason or other Danny Kay, although extremely talented, never quite hit my funny bone the way others have. Maybe I'll rent one of his better films and see if it agrees with me now that I've gained a few years.

Sherry Hale graduates from College of Disney Knowledge

Don't be surprised if you see a little pixie dust twinkling around Sherry Hale. Hale, who works for Euclid Travel, joins the ranks of a selected few graduates in the Cleveland area recognized by the travel industry as having a more comprehensive understanding of the Disney vacation experience.

"The College of Disney Knowledge course has been very beneficial to me," said Hale. "It brought me up to date with the latest attractions and increased my knowledge about all the Disney Resorts. I feel more confident about selling Disney vacations now."

Hale becomes a Disney Specialist, which indicates a special knowledge level of the Walt Disney world resort, Disneyland, the new Disney Cruise Line, and the Disney Institute.

Clients who plan to visit the Walt Disney World Resort or Disneyland Resort will benefit from Hale's added expertise. "I want my clients to take advantage of every magical opportunity," Hale said. "The College of Disney Knowledge has taught me how to add more value and quality to each Disney itinerary so that every Disney dream comes true."

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by John Mercina

WINTER BLAHS!



Snow, snow and more snow. Dreary, long days with gray skies and no sun for weeks at a time. Ice on the otherwise familiar surface, preventing you from stepping outside and placing your collected garbage in the outside container. Bills, bills and more bills, paying off the Christmas purchases. An annual greeting from Uncle Sam, in the form of the newest tax forms. School snow days. Reruns on your TV. No end of dreariness in sight. When will it end?

This is an opportune time for you to do something positive. Grab a favorite book and read it to the end. Look over the collected seed catalogs and plan something different for your garden. Try a new recipe. Plan your summer vacation. Call some of your friends and have an indoor picnic. Pick up a new hobby. Take an exercise class. Learn a new skill. Be creative. Change the furniture in your living room "for a new look". Call an old friend who did not send you a Christmas card. Eat your dessert BEFORE dinner. Be a kid again and build a snow man - without the help of a computer. Check on an older neighbor and be otherwise more neighborly.

Create your own sunshine...and it may warm all those that come in contact with you!



Zachary Taylor refused to be inaugurated as President on March 4, 1849 because it was a Sunday. Since that left the Presidency vacant, many historians say president pro tempore of the Senate David Atchison served as President for that day. Taylor was inaugurated March 5.

The Wonderful Work of Our Therapists

By Rudy Flis

Tuesday evening, Monica, my youngest, came downstairs, handed me the phone, and said, "It's for you, Dad." I'm proud of Monica. She can give up the phone to me, and not go into withdrawal. There was some therapy required, but it wasn't extensive, and like I said, "I'm proud of her."

Back to the phone call. Ann, a fellow parishioner at Corpus Christi Parish, was on our phone. Her voice was weak, almost a whisper, making it difficult to understand her. Finally, I understood her faint words, "Rudy, I had a stroke," and then she said, "I am paralyzed on my right side." She was depressed; I knew she could use some company.

My wife and I visited with Ann on Thursday. We arrived near the end of her therapy session. Watching Ann struggle with basic movements brought back memories of my wife's experience with therapy.

My wife had lost most of the use of her right hand. Two operations corrected the problem, but she could not use her hand. Then the occupational therapist took over, and went to work.

Special braces were made, and an exercise pro-

gram started. From the beginning, the exercises were arduous. Therese sat at our kitchen table when doing her exercises. At times, Monica, who was about 10 years old, would sit at the table and watch her mom do therapy exercises, which must have looked so easy and simple. One day, Monica asked her mom during the therapy exercise, "Why are your eyes sweating?"

The exertion and pain of the therapy brought tears to her mom's eyes, and Monica didn't realize it.

My life has been blessed with many "good days," when I didn't know what a therapist was. Today, if my body needs fixing, the good doctors mend it. Then what? Enter the therapist and rehabilitation, which is helping mend parts of the body which is learning all over again how to function.

The world is full of rehabilitated people who are able to work, laugh and play, and thoroughly enjoy life.

Ann will be all right. She is a tough gal and doing her therapy.

What about my wife? If you see her, you would not know there had been a problem, with her right hand and arm. God bless the therapists.

A man went to his psychiatrist and said, "Sometimes I think I'm a tepee and sometimes I think I'm a wigwam."

The psychiatrist said, "Your problem is you're too tents."

It's COOL To Be
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Life of Bishop Anton Martin Slomšek

(Continued from last week)

XIV. FRIEND OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONS

While conscious of the need to bring his own flock closer to Christ, Bishop Slomšek wanted likewise to share in the work of making Him known in distant lands. He did this by preaching and by writing about the foreign missions.

He urged the Slovenian people to support the missionaries and their work. He pictured them as brave soldiers of Jesus Christ who, out of love for Him, left their homeland to spread His kingdom, sometimes even at the risk of their lives.

Though he was in need of priests for his own diocese, he gladly permitted three of them, for example, to volunteer their services to Bishop Baraga for work among the Indians in the upper mid-west region of America. Unfortunately, none of these three got quite that far. Two of them decided to remain in New York and the third in Pennsylvania.

Bishop Slomšek had a special predilection for the work of Bishop Baraga about which he read in the annals of the Leopoldine

Foundation. Baraga had come to Europe in 1854 in search of priests for his Indian Missions. He stopped in his homeland, Slovenia, during which time he spent an entire day with Bishop Slomšek. The two men immediately understood each other and became close friends. At his departure Bishop Slomšek gave his guest a substantial sum of money for his needs. He later wrote about him in his "Crumbs" and also recommended him to the charity of the faithful in his sermons.

The African Missions, too, were the object of concern for the bishop. He knew about the Slovenian Livingston, Father Ignatius Knoblehar, and about his work among the African tribes. Generously he permitted several young men to leave his diocese in order to assist the missionary in his noble work. But the climate of Africa proved debilitating for them and before long, two of them succumbed.

Father Luka Jeran, Bishop Slomšek's friend who belonged to the diocese of Ljubljana, also volunteered for missionary work in Africa. Upon his arrival in Cairo he became seriously ill. The doctors predicted

certain death should he venture into the African wilderness, so he reluctantly decided to return. With him he brought a Negro boy whom a Christian woman had bought at a slave market. The lad was so intelligent that he learned his catechism within four months. Father Jeran considered him sufficiently prepared for the reception of the Sacraments, so it was decided that he would receive them on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Bishop Wolf of Ljubljana on September 17, 1854. Those in charge of planning the solemnity had the courtesy of inviting Bishop Slomšek to baptize the African boy. Bishop Wolf confirmed him and gave him his First Holy Communion. This was the first such event in the history of the diocese of Ljubljana. No doubt Father Jeran was consoled by the fact that he was instrumental in bringing at least this one pagan into the fold of Christ.

(To Be Continued)



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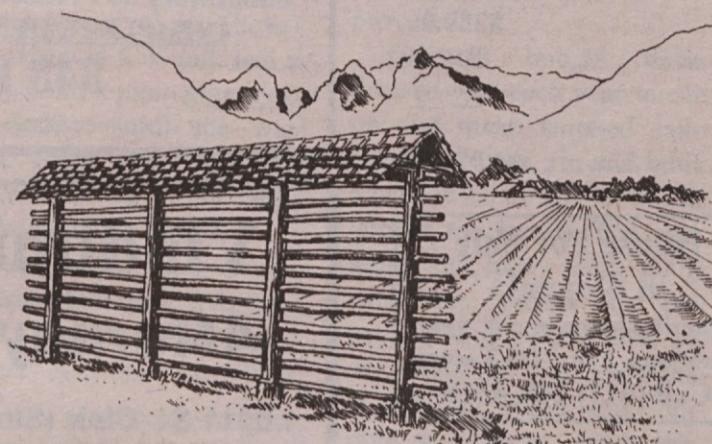
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— Alojz Rebula
1994 recipient of Prešeren Literary Award

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The Grandparents I Never Knew

(Continued from page 1)

Karl took the Pennsylvania Railroad's Cleveland and Cincinnati Express departing at 8:25 p.m.

Her entry card tells us that Johanna's place of birth was Austria (Kranj) and her last permanent address was Wudimagarden. (Since data on the card is handwritten, the spelling of the town is not clear. My mother told me Johanna's home was the village of Bodgenja Vas, near the city of Zuzemberk.)

I do not have entry data for my grandfather, August Budan, but assume he also arrived near the turn of the century, his ultimate destination, Cleveland.

Though they traveled with Austrian passports, my grandparents considered themselves Slovenians. Slovenia was not a nation then as it is now. From about 600 to 900 AD the Slovenes, a South Slavic group, occupied territory three times greater than that of present day Slovenia. Germany controlled the land of the Slovenes in the eighth century until it became part of the Hapsburg Empire in the 13th century. In 1918 the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes was established. The name of the Kingdom was changed to Yugoslavia in 1929. Slovenia became an independent nation in 1991. Today it is a small country of 2.2 million people with a territory approximately the size of Wales. It borders Austria, Italy, Hungary, Croatia, and the Adriatic Sea.

Grandfather August had been conscripted into the Austrian Army and served as a blacksmith in the cavalry. He not only spoke his native language, Slovenian, but spoke fluent German. Learning he would be drafted into the army a second time, Grandfather decided to leave for America.

Cleveland, Ohio was attracting many immigrants in the 1890's and 1900's. The city had celebrated its 100th birthday in 1896. It had the tenth largest population in the United States, with 261,353 people, 97,095 of whom were foreign born, so it was a very cosmopolitan city. Factories and mills were proliferating there and strong men found work readily available. Immigrants usually had large families so men were eager to work. Labor laws and protective devices were few in these industries. Soot and smoke were everywhere, but there was more promise here than in the poor, Slovenian

villages. Cleveland eventually became the second largest Slovenian city in the world, surpassed only by Ljubljana, now the capital of Slovenia.

There was an enclave of Slovenians along St. Clair Avenue, a major thoroughfare, from East 26th Street to East 65th Street at the time my grandparents arrived in Cleveland. Most Slovenian men arriving in Cleveland would become boarders in this area, living with fellow Slovenians.

They spoke the same language so received advice about making a living in this new land. As boarders, they ate food they had known from their homeland, the klobase, sauerkraut, strudel, noodles, soups and other foods they enjoyed. They lived as boarders until they saved enough money to send for family in Slovenia or found immigrant girls to marry.

St. Vitus Roman Catholic Church was built so their faith needs were addressed. A cultural center, the Slovenian National home, was erected on St. Clair Avenue at East 64th Street. Grandfather probably started out as a boarder and worked as a blacksmith.

Johanna, my grandmother, like most Slovenian girls, worked as a maid or waitress. There weren't many factory jobs for women. Women earned little money and were anxious to marry so they could at least have a place to live and enough food to eat. Most marriages began because of practical reasons with romantic love a minor factor.

August was 12 years older than Johanna when they married a year or two after her arrival in Cleveland. He was 5'6" tall, had a ruddy complexion, gray eyes and brown hair. She was short, green eyed, and had brown hair - a pretty lady, according to my mother.

The couple had seven children, but only five survived. Jennie (Johanna) - my mother - was the oldest, then Carolina (Carolyn), August, Ann, and Frank. - Josephine and John died as newborns.

After saving their money, August and Johanna opened a tavern at 1423 East 39th Street, just a half block from St. Clair Avenue. The building was very large. The tavern was on the first floor in front. In back were a large dining area, a big kitchen, a commodious pantry with many cupboards and a sink and two bedrooms for boarders and three bed-

rooms, including cooking facilities, rented to another family. The Budans were proud to have a bathroom with a tub and a furnace since few families had them then.

To make extra money, the Budans had five boarders who lived with the family and took meals with them. Johanna also had to pack lunch pails for them to take to work. The boarders ate their meals first and the family ate what was left.

Grandma not only had to prepare food for the family and boarders but had to provide food at noon and at midnight for shift workers coming into the tavern. Two or three times a week a woman helped Grandmother make noodles for soup using a dozen or more eggs at a time. The woman was poor and had eight children. Grandmother was well-liked and generous. She would fix a basket containing a quart of wine, sausage, eggs, etc. for the woman, who would say, "Johanna, you are just too generous to me!" Grandma would retort, "Just forget about it. You need it."

When the women made noodles or other food, they didn't use recipes or measure. They knew how to cook from watching others and trying it themselves. Johanna made homemade bread using a coal stove so the bread had a thick crust.

Breakfasts were big. One might have kidneys and gravy, mashed potatoes, bacon or eggs with ketchup. Soup was served daily at the main meal with noodles, meat, potatoes, sauerkraut or cabbage. One could expect dessert only on Sunday, when homemade strudel or krof (a raised donut) was provided.

Grandpa bought three dressed pigs each year to cut up and make smoked sausages and ham. He had built a cement block smoke house outside the tavern. The sausages and hams were hung from the rafters in the peaked roof of the attic to dry. Johanna was generous in offering bread and sausage to visitors. Lard was rendered from the pork fat and stored in five gallon crocks to be used during the year.

When a customer paid five cents for a glass of beer, ten cents for a shot of whiskey or 15 cents for Three Star Hennessy, the most expensive drink bought by the factory bosses, that customer was entitled to a free lunch. Grandpa provided a whole wheel of Swiss cheese, spiced ham, bologna

and bread. The customer could eat as much as he wished. Grandpa also made and sold much wine. Not all his customers were Slovenian; some were German.

In addition to doing much cooking, Grandma had to iron 14 or 15 shirts a week for the family and boarders. The irons were heated on the coal stoves. Ironing was a delicate process. One had to be sure there was no soot from the stove on the iron and had to be careful not to get the iron too hot. A cloth was used to test the iron and the person ironing would gingerly touch the iron to judge the heat.

Grandma had a washerwoman help her do the laundry for the family and boarders. Water was heated on the stove and washboards were used to wash the clothes by hand. White clothes were boiled on the stove with Fels Naptha soap added to the water to make the clothes sparkling bright. No one changed clothes as often as is the norm today.

Saturday nights were festive times. Grandpa was one of the first Slovenian accordionists. He played polkas and waltzes in the tavern with a clarinetist and other instrumentalists so that patrons could dance. The single girls who worked as maids and waitresses, would come in their finery to meet unattached males. The girls' taffeta slips made a pleasing sound as the dancers proceeded around the dining area of the tavern. The atmosphere was wholesome and happy. The love of music is integral to the Slovenian psyche.

Since their faith was such an important part of their lives, the Slovenians built St. Vitus Roman Catholic Church. There the Budans regularly attended the 6 a.m. Mass. Sometimes if the pews were full, Grandma would sit in the aisle on the floor. She was so tired from working so hard. Men would make fun of Grandpa for going to church each week, but he told them it was important to him and he wanted to set a good example for his children.

When my mother, her brothers and sisters were pupils at St. Vitus School, the language they spoke was Slovenian. The nuns spoke to them in that language and taught them from Slovenian readers and prayer books. Tuition was 50 cents a month for each child, but if there were more than five children attending school, those others went free. Most Slovenian families had seven children.

Because of their hard

work the Budan family became quite prosperous. They had horses, a sleigh, and soon, a car. When their father drove the children to school, they asked to be dropped off a block from the destination. Otherwise classmates, who might see them being chauffeured, would call them "sissies."

Grandpa went to a Jewish doctor in another neighborhood. While there, Grandpa took the opportunity to purchase cream puffs, Danish pastries, and French ice cream for the family. These were confections not available in his neighborhood.

Grandma was more thrifty than Grandpa. When Grandpa bought a pony for my mother for \$27, Grandma insisted my mother tell him she didn't want it - so it was sold. Grandpa had had cavalry training in the Austrian Army and had wanted to teach my mother how to ride. When my 10-year-old mother, pleaded for a hat that cost \$4.50, Grandpa bought it for her, much to Grandma's consternation.

Grandma was pretty, hard-working, quiet, pleasant and never gossiped or argued. Grandpa was an affectionate, good person, but he had a temper. My mother would advise her mother, "Tell him off," when Grandpa got angry. Grandmother would retort, "We'll see how you talk to your husband when you get married."

Doctors in Cleveland told Grandpa he needed kidney surgery. He wasn't convinced of their diagnosis so went to Vienna, Austria, where doctors told him he didn't need surgery but had rheumatism. He brought back his wife's 14-year-old sister, Josephine (ca' ed Sophie) who lived with the family. While Grandpa was away in Austria for several months, Grandma had the formidable task of caring for the family and the business.

(Continued on page 6)

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Pioneering Budan Family

(Continued from page 5)

My great-grandfather Budan immigrated to Cleveland and lived with the Budan family. He had been widowed and had two sons, my Grandpa August and John. He later remarried and had two girls and one boy with his second wife. Great-Grandfather's second wife also came to Cleveland but lived with a daughter, who was ill. My mother remembers Great-Grandfather as a good-looking man with gray hair and a white mustache and that he wore a white apron as he helped with cleaning chores. His grandchildren loved him because he'd bake potatoes for them on the ledge of the basement furnace and would give them a taste of wine.

St. Nicholas Day was celebrated instead of Christmas. Soup plates would be placed on the dining room table and nuts, oranges, and a nickel or dime would be left as gifts for the children, nothing more. Their Grandpa would get a shot of whiskey and Mail Pouch tobacco. There was no special meal at this time. However, the Budans were one of the first families in the neighborhood to have electric Christmas tree lights. The lights cost \$12.00, expensive for that day, but were in the shapes of beautiful birds and fruit. Grandma told Grandpa he was crazy to spend so much money so foolishly.

Grandpa loved to hunt and would travel to Chardon, Ohio to hunt on land owned by German friends. He shot squirrels, rabbits and various kinds of birds. He enjoyed this diversion so much that he told his wife to close the tavern if the work was too much for her to accomplish alone.

It appears that Grandpa was an astute businessman. He looked for innovative and modern ways to do things. He had the opportunity to buy some property on St. Clair Avenue and 39th Street and to move his tavern there. He asked his wife her thoughts on the matter, and she encouraged him in the venture, saying that if they lost everything they could start over... to achieve anything, risks needed to be taken. They brought the property in 1916 for \$12,000.

Grandpa bought two electric wine presses, which were a relatively new innovation at the time and installed underground pipes, which carried the wine from the presses to the 500 gallon vats in the basement of the

tavern. Grandpa would travel south to Dover, Ohio to buy the grapes for the red wine he made. Before pressing, the grapes would be wrapped in cotton sheets and then pressed so that the detritus would be caught within the cloth. Most Slovenian homes had 50 gallon kegs of wine so Grandpa's wine business was lucrative. When visiting a Slovenian home, guests were offered wine as a sign of hospitality.

The St. Clair property had an 80 foot frontage and was on a deep lot. The family tavern was downstairs in one building and the living quarters were upstairs. There were now no boarders. The property also contained eight garages, which were rented for additional income and a second building which at various times housed a candy store or shoe repair shop with renters living in the remaining space. Now the Budans owned all this plus the 39th Street property. They were prospering as they had hoped, but in a few short years the family would suffer a dramatic and unfortunate reversal of fortune.

In 1918 after a trip to purchase grapes, Grandpa developed a cold after riding on a drafty, interurban train. The cold progressed to the flu and then to pneumonia. To care for him, nurses were employed to work around the clock. In those days it was believed by many that no one went to the hospital except to die.

An influenza epidemic was in progress claiming many lives. In 1918 Ohio had 200,000 cases. During the summer 400,000 people died of influenza in the United States. Worldwide 20 million succumbed. There was no known cure. Grandpa became one of those statistics. He died at the age of 47. Always the entrepreneur, he had talked of building bowling alleys on his property and foresaw the popularity of the sport of bowling.

Instead, he left his 36-year-old wife with five children, ranging in age from 14 to 4-years-of-age. Now Grandmother's work and worries were again compounded. She was still young but was so tired. She must have wondered if all her efforts had been worth the price. Her concerns must have seemed monumental.

It was not surprising that she, too, developed influenza, became very sick and died in 1919, six months to the day since her husband's death.

I wonder what she thought about before she died. She certainly was concerned about her children and how they would fare. She instructed my mother about outstanding debts owed to the family. I can imagine the sadness she felt in leaving her young family, the mother-love dwelling in her heart.

I, too, feel a deep sadness when I think of how hard my grandparents worked and how young they were when they died. However, I am very proud of them and wish I had known them. They had a tenacity and courage worth emulating. They left me a legacy of faith, honesty, and love of family. Though their lives were short, they still live in the loving memories of those they left behind.

I wrote the preceding account because I wanted my children and grandchildren to know of their heritage.

Most of my information was related to me by my mother, Jennie Budan Glicker Davidson (now deceased). She checked the data I wrote for accuracy.

The information about Johanna Jaksic's entry into the United States was compiled by my late husband, John C. Hughes, from Census and steamship documentation retrieved in Chicago. He also found the information about the New York weather on the day of Johanna's entry, store prices and railroad timetable.

I used the book, "Cleveland, The Making of a City," by William Ganson Rose for data on Cleveland and *The Dorling Kindersley World Reference Atlas* for data on Slovenia.

Articles on Slovenia from *Ameriška Domovina* (American Home) newspaper of Cleveland also were used as reference material.

A mystery has arisen concerning Grandfather August Budan's place of birth. Until May 1995 my mother assumed that he was born in what is now Slovenia. However, when she was reading the Slovenian paper from Cleveland, *Ameriška Domovina*, she noted the death of a cousin. That cousin had been born in Graz, Austria. Mother's eyes

lit up and she said, "That's the same town where my father was born. For years I had asked people who were Slovenian if they had heard of Graz and they said they never had. Perhaps they didn't know of it because it wasn't in what is now known as Slovenia but is in Austria.

However, if Grandpa

considered himself Slovenian and Slovenian was his first language, was his family part of the South Slavic group that settled in and around Graz and never left? Mother also says there may be a connection for him and a town called Fezina. All this is a mystery I would like to some day solve.

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