

New Era

ENGLISH SECTION OF
Official Organ
of the
South Slavonic Catholic Union.

Nova Doba



AMPLIFYING THE VOICE OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING MEMBERS

Current Thought

A GOOD YEAR

In the annals of our SSCU the year 1937 is a momentous one, for in looking back over the past twelve months we find that approximately 3,000 new members were enrolled during April, May and June alone, not including new candidates accepted for membership during the remaining nine months.

The year 1937 will stand out in the SSCU records substantiating the juvenile convention idea adopted by our SSCU in 1935, when juvenile delegates assembled in Ely, Minnesota for the first time. It will bear out the faith and courage placed into the juvenile conventions, in addition to the large enrollment of new members, the junior assembly also imbued into the hearts of our members a higher regard for the SSCU.

In looking back upon 1937, the future adults, who are now members of the juvenile department, will see in a revelation of a new era, in which the juvenile members discovered themselves and the possibilities of our Union.

Who knows but that the year 1937 may be the beginning of a period in which the English-speaking members justified the faith placed in them by the senior members. Namely, that we take a greater interest in our Union — to help build it up and contribute our efforts to its future progress.

Perhaps, in future years, the year 1937 will show in the holding of a juvenile convention the necessary bridge was provided to cover the gap separating the members from the English-speaking, particularly juvenile members.

All in all, we, as members of the SSCU, can look back with singular pride. We can use this year as a shining example of our potential strength, determination and willingness to place our Union on a pedestal with brilliancy among the fraternals.

The coming of the New Year calls for celebration. Undoubtedly joy and mirth will reign supreme, with a nice headache to show for it the following morning. January 1st is a national holiday, and well that for many will find consolation on that day, in resting and getting themselves in shape for the next working

With the annual December meetings already held by our SSCU lodges, with the officers for the year already elected, let us put away our worries and for one day and if any of our lodges are holding a party, let us attend them and celebrate the occasion. They say that years pass by swiftly. From experience one will realize the truth in that statement, especially after one has reached the age of twenty and there.

Considering the fact that the normal life span of an individual is limited, to some it is 50, others 60, 70, etc., to think that the passing of the old year to the new can happen only a limited number of times to an individual, certainly the human being is justified in celebrating on New Year's Eve.

And may happiness and contentment remain with us only for one day, but during the entire 365 days of the year.

From the editorial staff come the best wishes for a Happy New Year to all.

Did You Know That...

By Anna Frosen, Lodge 173

The "Leaning Tower" in Italy, built in 1334, stands so high, consists of five stories, the outer surface being made of three colors of marble. It was originally intended that a high spire should rise from the present summit?

The SSCU branch officers would be pleased if all the members would follow the rules of the lodge, read and observe the laws of the SSCU, and at the monthly meetings? Remember, the meetings are for the members, and not only for the president and other officers?

Alfred Nobel, donor of the Peace Prize, invented the most destructive explosive.

The fastest living thing is a fly? This tiny insect was clocked at 816 miles per hour?

The Sleeping Tiger, John

of Brienne, Emperor of Constantinople, was notorious for his love of ease and inaction? Yet, when an army of 100,000 men supported by 300 warships attacked his city, he led 160 knights and 2000 soldiers against them, defeating the attackers?

In London, Mary Ann Smith made her living with a pea shooter? She was hired to wake people in the mornings by shooting peas against their window panes?

Shubert heard the words that inspired his immortal "Hark, Hark, The Lark," composed the music and arranged it complete with harmony—all in twenty minutes in a coffee house?

Charles the Seventh starved himself to death rather than eat food which he feared might be poisoned by enemies?

Molly Pitcher, heroine of the battle of Monmouth, was made honorary sergeant the day after the battle? But she had to wait 44 years for a 11-cent a day pension?

Coll. Boosters

Cleveland, O. — I wish to thank each and every member for the fine attendance at our meeting which was held Monday, Dec. 20. As to the elections of officers for 1938, I believe the members have made a very thoughtful and conscientious choice. And we want to thank all of the old officers for their very fine work executed in the past year.

To start the new year right, we are going to hustle about expanding our local, by getting more new members, for every member owes a new member to his lodge every year.

All members of Collinwood Boosters' lodge are invited to attend and enjoy our next meeting, which will be held January 17, 1938. Officers for 1938 will entertain at their expense. Also, we will start holding our birthday parties again after each meeting. We had some nice times during these parties in 1935 and 1936, and although we missed out in 1937, we will start again.

Mrs. Alice Laurich was the recipient of the cash award given by our lodge. She then proceeded to treat the members with refreshments. There is something in the air about a Monte Carlo party which will be held in the near future. Be on the lookout for the date.

The Collinwood Boosters wish all the SSCU members a Happy New Year.

Joe Struna
Athl. Supvr., No. 188, SSCU

Lodge No. 1

Ely, Minn. — All members of SS. Cyril and Methodius lodge, No. 1, SSCU are hereby notified that during the coming year the regular monthly meetings will be held on the second Sunday of the month, at 7 p. m., in the Yugoslav National Home.

At the annual meeting the following officers were elected for 1938: Joseph Kovach, pres.; Joseph Shikonja, Sr., vice-pres.; Frank Tomsich, Jr., secretary; Frank L. Kotzian, Sr., treasurer; Joseph J. Peshel, rec. sec'y.; Joe Shikonja, Jr., Matt Banovetz and Louis Zgonc, trustees. Representatives to the J. N. Home are Frank L. Kotzian, Sr. and Jacob Varoga. Representatives to the Club of Ely lodges are: Joseph Kovach, Frank Tomsich, Jr. and Frank Jerich.

Many members were present at the annual meeting this year. Let us hope that the future meetings will witness such nice turnouts, especially since during the coming year we shall observe the 40th anniversary of the SSCU. Members who have not yet received a copy of our Union's calendar, are requested to stop at my home for one, since I have several for disposal. The calendars this year are beautiful and significant. In conclusion, I wish to all members a Happy New Year.

Frank Tomsich, Jr., Sec'y

Wanted to Break It

The champion athlete in bed with a cold was told that he had a temperature.

"How high is it, Doc?" he asked.

"A hundred and one."

"What's the world's record?"

BRIEFS

Published elsewhere in this issue of Nova Doba is the new table of assessments, which will apply to all new members accepted into the SSCU from the State of Ohio after January 1, 1938. All members are requested to read over carefully the new rates, especially those SSCU members and lodge secretaries holding office within the State of Ohio.

In the last game scheduled for Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, the George Washington lodge, No. 180, SSCU basketball team of Cleveland decisively outplayed the Croatian team, winning the game by a score of 35 to 24. On Dec. 29 the Cleveland Inter-Lodge League will wind up its first round of basketball.

English-conducted lodge, Center Ramblers, No. 221, SSCU of Center, Pa., will celebrate its seventh anniversary with a dance, to be held in the local Slovene Hall. The date of the event is January 29. Jennie Mozina and Paul J. Oblock are co-chairmen of the anniversary program. President of Center Ramblers, Paul J. Oblock also is the second supreme vice-president, SSCU.

The Ohio Federation of SSCU lodges will hold a meeting Sunday, January 2, 1938 in the annex of the Slovene Auditorium, St. Clair Ave. The meeting will commence at 10 a.m. Entrance to the annex is from Addison Rd.

In reporting the results of City of Ely, Minnesota elections held December 7th, this column inadvertently neglected to mention that Joseph Spreitzer, a Slovene, was also elected to the office of alderman.

Attending the meeting of the Modern Language Association at Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill., is Anton J. Klanar, of Cleveland, deputy collector of internal revenue on leave of absence. He is also conducting a campaign to get the Yugoslavs interested in the Slavonic section, and to date Klanar is responsible for the following newly acquired members: Judge Frank Lausche, Dr. James W. Mally and Dr. F. J. Kern.

This week's visitors to the Nova Doba were: Jennie Sivic, Josephine Masle, Jennie Schafner, Frank Masle, and Mike Masle, all of Little Falls, N. Y.; and Anton Gabrsek, Jr., of Girard, O. Frank Masle is secretary of lodge No. 53, SSCU of Little Falls, N. Y.

Cleveland Interlodge League will hold its Tenth Anniversary Dance and Community Reunion on Saturday, January 15, at the St. Clair National Home. Gene Beecher and his orchestra will provide the music.

Needed Testing

A fisherman got such a reputation for stretching the truth he bought a pair of scales and insisted on weighing every fish he caught, in the presence of a witness.

One day a doctor borrowed the fisherman's scales to weigh a newborn baby. The baby weighed forty-seven pounds.

Minnesota Fraternal Congress Meets

Ely, Minn. — The annual Minnesota Fraternal Congress meeting was held Sat., Dec. 11, 1937 at St. Francis Hotel in St. Paul, Minnesota.

The meeting was formally opened at 10 a. m. by chairman W. Cable Jackson with a short address of welcome. This was my first experience at one of these sessions. Mr. Zbasnik, the supreme secretary who was elected to attend the session chose not to go as his many important duties at the Home Office kept him busy, and as I was elected alternate, he gave me the opportunity to attend the session.

Going back to the session, I was surprised when we were given pamphlets and were told to sing. I didn't do such a good job in that respect but it was a lot of fun.

Only one other Yugoslav fraternal had a representative at the session and that was the KSKJ. Of 31 organizations affiliated with the Minnesota state Congress 29 were represented.

The morning session was mostly used by the various committees who made their reports, but the outstanding event was the short address by Hon. Frank Yetka, insurance commissioner of the State of Minnesota. He was scheduled to make the main address in the afternoon, but due to being ill for the past two weeks he was unable to do so and even his coming for the brief talk was done in direct opposition to his physicians' orders. His talk was interesting and instructive.

Before adjourning the morning session, the chairman appointed a nominating committee and instructed them to have the new officers for 1938 ready for submission to the session for approval.

The morning session adjourned at 12 noon. The afternoon session was quite interesting as there were many speakers on the program and they had varied subjects in line with fraternalism. The various subjects were as follows: "The Value of Lodge System," "More Efficient Training of Our Field Forces," "Fraternal Salesmanship," "Social Security and Its Effect on Fraternalism," "Needs and Advantages of Uniform Fraternal Legislation," and some other subjects. The fact that was stressed the most was that all fraternals should stand together and should not knock another organization, for by so doing it was a knock against fraternalism as a whole.

Before adjournment, the nominating committee made their report and all the candidates which they selected were accepted by the delegates present. The new chairman is Minnie Yeager, who was vice-chairman for 1937, and the majority are women who are on the new committee.

The meeting adjourned at 5:30 and at 6:30 a banquet was served. There also many speakers were busy making speeches and some were quite instructive and some humorous so that all in all a very harmonious session came to an end and another Minnesota Fraternal Congress was history.

At this time I wish every member of the SSCU a Happy New Year.

Frank Tomsich, Jr.,
Ass't Sup. Secretary



Ely, Minn.—The scene of this little tete-a-tete is in a home on east Camp street in this northern Minnesota city. It is just before Christmas. Dad is working.

Through with his work early that week, Little Stan rushes through his last minute shopping — he always seems to wait until the last minute. Arriving home a bit early for supper, — Little Albert is the chef — Little Stan sends him downtown to purchase the "swing instruments" that Al had been raving about.

You probably heard of the outfit — kazoo type bazooka, trombone, saxophone, and trumpet. It doesn't take long before Al returns, and of course, right away the instruments had to be initiated! Al dashed into the cellar to get his drum contraptions. They consisted of the tops of cans, a little wire, a cardboard, and the last of a stiff broom!

Now Al is quite a musician in a novelty sort of way, and he certainly surprised Little Stan by shaping up the contraptions to fit in the picture! Everything was soon assembled, and the orchestra was about to make its first debut!

First number... Al starts the timing with his foot. It sounds snappy already. Then into the swing with the instruments, and the strains of Notre Dame's victory march fill the kitchen! So engrossed in this display of brass are the two young men, they don't here a knock on the door. It opens and in pops our friend Doc Zgonc! One look is enough... and added to the swing, it starts Doc on one of the wildest outbursts of laughter you've ever seen. His laughter is catchy! And before you know it, Little Stan and Al have a tough time to keep from laughing. They continue with the music, putting a lot of swing and movement into the victory march. In the background is Doc's roar. Tears stream down his face. The sight of him; coupled with the sound of his laughter is enough. Little Stan and Al burst out into their own roar! And before you know it the entire house is shaking with the silliest mirth you've ever seen in your life! No, (between gasps) it is not New Year's yet!

Laughter subsided somewhat. Doc took an instrument. His first note! And laughter burst forth again! For fully 15 minutes it was all you could hear! Then Al: "All right, now let's play." A few more notes, several of them pretty sour... and laughter rides the high "c's" again!

Meantime Sis comes over, and still the roar of uncontrollable mirth! Gasping for breath, wiping the tears from the eyes, the fellows finally get going and for several more minutes torture the tenants upstairs. Sis didn't seem to mind. Evidently she had cotton stuffed in her ears! Heh! Heh! But the first debut was soon over, and downtown went Little Stan and Doc. He had to get a new hat. The store was filled with shoppers, so while Doc was making his purchase, Little Stan

Eve of 40th Anniversary

By LITTLE STAN

strangely went to see "New Faces of 1937"! Heh! Heh!

Magic Carpet Rides Into New Year

Soon after the movie, Little Stan went into his shop. The grim reaper was on the heels of 1937, and Little Danny Cupid was about to make his 1938 debut. A confab with the Magic Carpet was necessary! Resting for a month or so made the Magic carpet a bit groggy. It hadn't been used to so much rest for the longest time, and when Little Stan dropped in, it stretched lazily.

The Carpet was in the doldrums. Little Stan had to snap it out of that spell, and wondered what his next move would be. Ah! A New Year's celebration. Another idea! Little Stan and the Magic Carpet would portray Paul Revere and his gallant steed, and duplicate this historic feat!

But the Magic Carpet would have to take the shape of a flying horse... yes, a mounted steed! It is not only the approach of New Year's Eve that would be heralded. Everyone knew about that! But it would be the approach of the 40th anniversary of the SSCU! Then into the world renown huddled with the rug, as plans began shaping up!

New Year's Eve... crisp cold, but not cold enough to keep thousands of people indoors. Already at an early hour before the bells were scheduled to chime, people were wishing each other the greetings of the New Year!

Suddenly these people on the streets stopped, awe-stricken! The strangest sight in the world was before them! From atop the Shopper Roof House Garden, a fiery mounted steed had leaped into the air. Mounted was none other than a tall long figure, sitting impressively in this new saddle type Magic Carpet! Streaming behind the Magic Carpet was a long banner reading in colorful print... "Eve of our SSCU's 40th Anniversary" News of this important event was destined to become world renown! Like a flaming meteor, the Magic Carpet sped into the skies — out into the world.

It stopped at various places; picked up hundreds of juveniles. By the time the Carpet got to Pittsburgh it carried a tremendous load! Everywhere the SSCU's New Year's Greetings were poured forth... Hundreds of people stormed homes of secretaries seeking membership in this wonderful organization. They were impressed, but not any more so than the hundreds with this strange combination of juveniles riding the airplanes horse carpet and rider! It was cold up North, but southward and westward to California... over and above the Rocky mountains — to the Rose Bowl... vacant now after a mighty gridiron encounter... Everywhere... Juveniles have turned on the super-air radio... are getting in touch with the people below, even while they fly high up above a celebrated world!

The flight is nearly over as Little Stan heads the Magic Carpet back to its restful quarters in northern Minnesota! Juveniles remain on board, hoping that at least one more exciting adventure would be re-enacted before they go to their homes.

Continued on Page 4

Our Supreme Officers

By Little Stan

Ely, Minn. — "The South Slavonic Catholic Union of America is the only organization in the United States to hold a juvenile convention and it really makes our youth more interested in our organization..."



Little Stan met Bro. Mikec in Duluth last August, when he accompanied Pennsylvania juvenile delegates to the second biennial convention at Ely, and can say he was well impressed.

Bro. Mikec was born in the village of Mali Slatnik, Jugoslavia, way back in 1888, and came to America when 18 years old. He settled in Bessemer, Pa., and now lives in Strabane. He is married, and father of six children, all members of the SSCU.

It was here that I got acquainted with Guy Devail, a New York sculptor, who previously, at Trinidad, boarded the bus. He had spent several weeks at Denver, as guest of the late Will Rogers' relatives.

Besides taking official work at his legal desk in stride, Bro. Mikec also is the proprietor of a grocery store, and Little Stan hopes business is good! Heh! Heh!... Might visit some day to get some "klobase."

Much enthused is Bro. Mikec with the juvenile convention idea and its success. He continues: "The delegates work very hard to qualify as delegates by enrolling many new members, and it does much to acquaint them with the lodge work. Now-a-days, older folks feel that when they are gone, their offspring will not keep up lodges and fraternal work, but if we keep up these conventions, the younger folks will not forget everlasting memories of the convention. They derive much in the way of ideas from the supreme judiciary committees, and members, and in this way, plus the education that comes from the trip, they get to understand our SSCU."

"Many children now-a-days do not know in which lodge they belong, but when they hear about a juvenile convention they get around and really find out whether they belong to such an organization, and if they aren't, they get their parents to enroll them immediately. When the children grow up they will still belong to the SSCU; perhaps become officers of a lodge, and future leaders. When they are married and have a family of their own, they will continue to enroll in our great organization, the South Slavonic Catholic Union. Let us make every juvenile convention so popular and good that all youth in America will say: 'I want to belong to the organization that holds conventions for us, too,

lined it. After a light lunch we explored the vicinity in the brief time that we were allowed. Then came the real test—The Mohave Desert. Beautifully formed mountains as though a sculptor had been at work on them, came into sight, soon displaced, it seemed, by mountains, a dull black in color. The sun beat down upon the earth in full brilliance unobstructed by any clouds, none of which were in evidence. The extremely torrid heat waves were reflected from the earth and unto the occupants of the bus, who were immobile, scarcely any life in them, it seemed. But don't think that I showed any more life than they did. My body seemed lifeless; humorously speaking, death didn't seem a far way off—one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. Heh! But I lived to tell the tale. On my next trip through this desolate country I will arrange to traverse it during the night and not during high noon!

The climate was changing as I began to notice. The days were getting hotter. The effect of two days' travel and no sleep began to work on me. My appetite was nil except for cigarettes and coffee. As we left Trinidad, I managed to take in a wink of sleep.

Raton Pass and its picturesque mountain formations, Las Vegas and then Santa Fe bound. Nearing Santa Fe, Indian villages with their abode dwellings, came in evidence. Darkness was gradually coming on. Flickering lights from their huts and a red glow from their kilns outside could be seen. At Santa Fe I got a real treat. Indians, in full dress regalia displaying beautifully designed weaving, pottery and basketry; narrow streets adorned with attractive one-story Spanish stores and homes, simple neon signs giving a faint suggestion of modernity. So this is the southwest that the grammar school texts attempted to picture for us. Truly a picturesque town which shall see more of me in the future. A new face boarded the bus here. A young lad of about 18 who had spent the summer living with these Indians and studying them as a requirement for his college curriculum.

Albuquerque and Flagstaff, Arizona with their interesting and picturesque points of interest, elongated the beauty of mother nature in this glorified Southwest. As the saying goes—there is an end to all—the forests soon thinned out. In their stead, colorless mountains and arid desertland, sparsely punctuated with oases, came in sight. A town here and there amid steep precipices. Gold mines and quarries predominated in these towns. Miles and miles of slow climbing, dangerous winding roads, its curves too numerous to numerate.

Monotony of seeing these grim looking mountains was broken by the distant glimpse of the Colorado river with trees and bushes growing on the banks. Soon, one of the hottest towns in California, or United States, I should say, came in sight as evidenced by large towering palms, which gracefully out-

My Impressions

(Continued from last week)

They are not disappointed. From across the frozen waste of the arctic circle a tremendous light appears! Nearer and nearer it comes, getting more brilliant as it comes closer! Soon it is clear enough. Surprise of surprises! A huge steed, like the Magic Carpet is galloping towards us! A few hundred feet nearer, and Little Stan is in a faint! Riding on the back of this great steed is a little youngster with nice curly blond hair and a bow and arrow! No kidding, it's 1938 IN PERSON... And right behind them is another silvery banner, more beautiful than the one Little Stan carried reading, "ONWARD WITH THE SSCU'S FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY!"

They were still trying to revive Little Stan when the Magic Carpet finally stopped atop the Roof House, and started ringing the chimes and glad tidings of the New Year! HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE!

Just as though I didn't have enough of the desert, I keep on writing about it. But let us proceed on and take for granted that we passed it all.

San Bernardino and Riverside made their appearance. Beautiful flowers, trees and orange groves, beautiful homes, beautiful everything. So this was sunny California! In a future issue I shall endeavor to bring this wonderful country into your homes. A happy New Year to you all.

Frank J. Jancar, Jr.

LITTLE STAN'S ARTICLE

(Continued from Page 3)

Chicago, Ill. — Before going into the main theme of my article, I wish to extend to all members of the SSCU my best wishes for a Happy New Year. Perhaps some of the readers already are familiar with the following treatise, but a rereading may create just as much amusement to them as it did on the first occasion.

A Suggestion

Why Worry? There are only two reasons for worry. Either you're successful or you're not successful. And if you're successful, there's nothing to worry about. If you're not successful, there are only two things to worry about: Your health is either good or you are sick. And if your health is good, there is nothing to worry about, but if you're sick, there are only two things to worry about. Either you will get well or you will die. If you will get well, there is nothing to worry about; if not, there are only two things to worry about. Either you are going to Heaven, or you are not going to Heaven. And if you are going to Heaven, there is nothing to worry about; if you're going to the other place, you will be so doggone busy shaking hands with old friends you won't have time to worry.

So! why worry? John Zvezich, No. 211, SSCU. A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench. "Whose game?" he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

They were still trying to revive Little Stan when the Magic Carpet finally stopped atop the Roof House, and started ringing the chimes and glad tidings of the New Year! HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE!

Mrs. Axtater — My, it must be lovely having your beautiful daughter home from college all during the summer months. What special studies has she been taking?

Mrs. Stubblefield — Well, she never tells me anything about her college work, but judging by the way she acts at home, I would say she has been specializing in cigarette inhalation, high-ball construction and general cosmetics.

MY TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY Doris Marie Birtic, Lodge 180

Editor's Note: This is the eighth installment of a series of articles which Doris Marie Birtic has prepared for publication in the Nova Doba. Readers will recall that Doris won a sixweek cruise to the Mediterranean in a nationwide contest sponsored by The Cleveland Press and The Cleveland Propeller Club. Other installments will follow in subsequent editions.

From Italy we made our way to mysterious Egypt, across the traditionally and truly blue Middle Sea—the Mediterranean. Upon arrival at Alexandria, we took a train for a three-hour ride to Cairo. The coaches were very comfortable, but the dust that came in through the windows and settled upon us as we passed through the sandy area made us feel very grimy. At times it was very difficult to breathe because with every inhalation we took in an enormous quantity of sand granules. We didn't dare shut the windows because the heat would have been unbearable. Nevertheless our journey was intensely interesting.

Every now and then, we came across tiny mud houses, built one on top of the other; the primitive dwellings of some ultra-conservative natives who still cling to the customs of their ancestors.

Dusky sheiks in white turbans and long, flowing, supposedly white robes sauntered along the

highway at the side of the pack-camels. Occasionally entire caravan could be wending its way at a ridiculously slow pace to the next town. Everybody takes their time. The women were dressed from head to foot in black faces were partially covered by veils which hung down their cheek bones; only large somber eyes were visible. The women worked in fields, and went to market provisions. Oftentimes they were trodding on the hot, balancing large baskets of stuffs on their heads while men folks, empty-handed, course, rode beside them on keys or camels.

It was almost evening our train puffed into Cairo, were soon besieged by a native porters from various hotels who insisted on telling all about the modern conveniences of their particular establishment, hoping that they would induce us to patronize them; though we told them, sometimes that our reservations already had been made. But we may we couldn't get them; they kept tagging and pestering us with chatter though we were definitely interested. Finally a native policeman, sensing that we were somewhat annoyed, asked us we had any use of our money. We replied emphatically that we didn't. He then them with a torrent of words "clear out," which they did with amazing rapidity. The apologetic to us for the favor of the "scondrels" then, to avoid any such references he appointed one of men to escort us to our

Night falls quickly in tropical region, and so the time we had reached our place of lodging, the city was under a blanket of darkness.

The proprietor, a woman, took us through marble halls, up a wide way and then to our lovely woman, dean of an England college shared an airy chamber with me. A very modernistic in design, surprisingly clean.

We freshened up a bit then went down for a cocktail which was served on the veranda by a barefooted servant.

Funology

Or Moan

A sophomore at Ohio University was returning to school after an unusually hilarious "night before" and ordered a soft-boiled egg. The waitress dropped the egg. "Now what shall I do," cried.

The college boy, still sleepy, shouted, "Cackle."

Keeping Them Honest

Moses—Your neighbor is honest, I hope. Rastus—Yes, sir, dey is honest. Moses—But you keep your shotgun here close to your hen coop. Rastus—Yes, dat's to keep 'em honest.

And Patrons Thank

The president of the company was making an address. "Think of the good the company has done," he said. "If I were permitted to should say, 'Honor the Brigade.'" And the customer immediately shouted, "Oh, what they made!"



Important highlights of events which occurred during the year 1937 are vividly portrayed in the cartoon above. Pages of words would fail to tell as much as the various sketches illustrate. Issued by The International Syndicate, the above sketch covers thirty-six outstanding events. This page wanted to depart from the customary style for this one issue, the last for 1937, and hence included the above cartoon. Like the Miss who believes she has the only copy of an original style dress or hat, and hoping to be noticed head over shoulders above the others, this page likewise would like to believe it is the only one in its field which is different—and naive enough to think that it will be noticed more than other similar pages.

KNUT HAMSON:

RI. AGOSLOV ZEMLJE

(Prevedel Rudolf Kresal)

Kaj ji je mogla kovačica očitati? Zaradi skaze nega obraz...

Oče in sin sta se peljala dalje, zapeljala sta pred prenočišče Breda Olsena...

Brede Olsen je bil najel to hišo; prav za prav je bilo stransko postopje...

Od tega podjetja so živeli Brede in vsa njegova družina tako dobro...

Brede Olsen je torej v tem podjetju zavzemal mesto hišnega gospodarja...

Casih je pri družini Bredovi tudi še zdaj glad veliki kuhar in vsi niso tako debeli...

S svojim sinom Helgejem pa Brede ni bil prav tako zadovoljen. Casih je stal v prodajalni in razlagal vsem...

Bilo je prav tako, kakor da bi bil Helge ta govor svojega očeta slišal...

Izak je šel h kovaču in Elizej je spet sedel. S Katrina je govoril le najpotrebnejše...

BRANISLAV NUSIČ:

Občinsko dete

(Nadaljevanje)

Fičova pisarna je mala soba, ali zato polna kot panj. Tu je najprej njegova advokatska miza...

V šole res da ni hodil, nego je bil najprej nekakšen vajenec, potem dve, tri leta praktikant...

On sicer ni nikoli nobene stranke zastopal ali v arhivu okrajne pisarne in okrožnega načelnstva...

In kako se-le pozna paragrafe! Pride k njemu kmet, pa mu govori o svoji nezgodi...

"Bil sem," pravi kmet, "dolžan Milovanu, mojemu sosedu dvainsedemdeset grošev..."

"Paragraf štoštirinajst," zamrmra Fiča. "Kaj praviš?" "Nič, nič," odgovori Fiča...

"Bil sem mu, pravim, dolžan dvainsedemdeset grošev, pa sva se zmenila, o svetem Jurju da mu jih vrnem..."

"A meni se je nekako posrečilo," nadaljuje kmet, "da sem prodal kravo prej in sem vrnil Milovanu tisti denar mesec dni pred rokom..."

"Glej, Fiča, da pomagaš tem ljudem, ker so dobri in častivredni. Meni napraviš dobroto, ako jih obvaruješ škode..."

"Tako je, pravi kmet in glede na Fiči naravnost v oči, čudeč se njegovemu velikemu znanju in njegovi iskrenosti..."

"Da, vi ste iz Prelepnice?" izpregovori on prvi. "Da," odgovori župan in potem se mu razveže jezik in vse po vrsti pripoveduje o nezgodi...

"E vidiš, zato tvoja stvar ni enostavna, ker je to velika mojstria imeti opravka s toliko paragrafi..."

"Da, ako dvestopeti pravi: Ne smes soditi samo po enem paragrafu, nego nas moraš vse poklicati..."

"Glej, šestinštirideseti paragraf, točka a) pravi: Kadar stvar ni enostavna..."

"Pa saj plačam, boter Fičo, saj ne mislim, da bi ne plačal, ali koliko?" "E, moj dragi, za tožbo boš dal torej meni štiri krone..."

"Vem, dragi, ali ti se tukaj ne poteguješ za te štiri krone, nego za svojo pravico in čast; ali ni tako, povej mi!" "Pa — tako je!"

"Eh, vidiš, moj dragi, mi ne bomo te stvari oprli niti zakonski, niti formalno na kak odnoseč se paragraf..."

"E, vidiš, vi boste dali meni enkrat za vselej sto kron, jaz pa vzamem otroka v svoje varstvo..."

Vsa trojica se je zamislila in namrščila. Da se enkrat za vselej otresejo otroka, je bila stvar, da ne more biti boljja, ali da mu dajo sto kron, to se jim ni zdelo tako ugodno...

"Ali ne bo preveč?" vpraša prvi župan. "Ako vam je preveč, pa nesite otroka domov, mogoče ga boste v vasi lahko ceneje vzdržavali..."

"Ali ne, nego —" (Dalje prihodnjo sredo)

DOPISI

(Nadaljevanje s pete strani) ...nik; Joseph Misica, blagajnik; John Ozanich, zapisnikar; John Gosenca, John Klojučar in Frank Hostnik, nadzorniki...

Vsem glavnim uradnikom in vsemu članstvu J. S. K. Jednoto želim zdravo, srečno in uspešno novo leto!

Mike Bahor, tajnik.

Barberton, O. — SPOMIN ob priliki desete smrti moje drage sestre Franciške Škrbale...



Let deset je že minilo, kar nas zapustila si: Mirno spavaj pod gomoljo draga, nepozabna, Ti... V duhu tihi kraj počitob obiskujem vsaki dan...

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V duhu tihi kraj počitob obiskujem vsaki dan...

kjer zdaj spava Tvoje kjer Tvoj dom je zdan Mary

Za pošiljanje denarnih nakaznic; za potovanje v domovino...

Table with exchange rates for Jugoslavija and Italija, listing amounts in dollars and cents.

"Glas Naroda" Potniški Oddelček, 216 West 18th St., New York

NAJCENEJŠI SLOVENSKI DNEVNIK V AMERIKI JE ENAKOPRAVNOST

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NAZNANILO IN ZAHVALA

Potrlih srce naznanjamo sorodnikom, prijateljem in znancem žalostno vest, da je dne 12. novembra 1937 za vedno zatisnilo ljubljeni soprog in oče

FRANK JANEZICH

Nepozabni pokojnik je bil rojen 17. decembra 1886 v Spodnji Slivnici, fara Kopanj pri Grosupljem. V Ameriko je prišel leta 1900 in sicer v Pueblo, Colo., odkoder se je leta 1910 preselil v Chisholm, Minn.

Ti pa, ljubljeni soprog in oče, počivaj v miru in lahka naj Ti Amerika gruda! Zalujoči ostali: Marjeta Janezich, soproga; Margaret, omm. Tanko, hči; Frank, Joseph, Stanley, Edward, Albin in Robert...