

AMERIŠKA DOMOVINA

AMERICAN HOME

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Nedeljsko pismo

Dragi prijatelj!

Za uvod ti povem tole zgodbo, ki sem jo doživel kot mlad kaplan.

Pozno zvečer sem bil klican na spoved k bogatemu kmetu. Vse kar je obsegalo oko, vse je bilo njegova last, polej in gozd in razsežni pašniki. Mož je bil moder, pameten gospodar, od vseh spoštovan in ljubljen, vendar popolnoma zaverovan v svoje gospodarstvo in njive in gozdove. Pa tudi njemu so se stekale ure življenja, čutil je, kako mu pesajo moči, čutil, kako hitro se približuje njegov korak zadnjemu kantonu njegove življenske poti. Omahnili je v posteljo in oni večer je smrt potrka na vrata njegove domačije.

Ko sem prišel v sobo, sem se začudil. Vse sosedje tam našeli, veliko njegovih sorodnikov, vse je povabil k sebi za uro svoje smrti. Tako po mojem prihodu je pozval najstarejšega sina, naj gre k čebelnjaku in prinese v sobo košaro, ki stoji tam. Fant je šel in se vrnili s košaro prsti, ki jo da očetu. Oče vzame košaro v roke, gleda nekaj časa in začne v pretrganih stavkih govoriti: "Vse življenje sem ti služil, boril sem se s teboj z zadnjimi silami svojega telesa, ljubil sem te, da bi zate vsak trenutek umrl, sporočil sem te, da sem hodil po kolenih po tebi in te rahil, stokrat sem te namociš s svojim znojem v prepičanju, da bom v tebi našel smisel življenja. In ti me sedaj zapuščaš, požrla in razjedla boš še moje telo. Sin moj, tvoj je grunt in domačija, toda nikar po tej poti, kajti nobene druge poti ni do Boga in sreče kot Kristus. To je moj testament."

Dolga je bila spoved, ki jo je opravil in še tisto noč je odšel v večnost.

Prijatelj, veš zakaj sem tole zgodbo napisal? Zato, da bova Kristusu danes lučko v duši prižgal. Ko že gore v nas luči vere, upanja in ljubezni, kaj ni prav, da sedaj povabiva še Kristusa v dušo, ki je pot, resnica, življenje, luč sveta, temeljni kamen vsake stavbe, edini Odrešenik. Da, samo "po Njem, z Njim in v Njem" je edina rešitev sveta. In ker je na to resnico človek pozabil, umira danes sred razvalin svojih duš.

"Nihče ne pride k Očetom, razen po meni," to bi moral postati osnova novega reda, temeljni kamen nove stavbe človeštva. Pa je bil glas tega evangelijskega prešibek, prevpili so nas oni, ki so kričali, da je sreča drugje: moč, posest, oblast, kanoni, granate, denar, vojska, zlagana propaganda, to so bile besede, ki so dan na dan udarjale na naša ušesa. Tako so vpili oni, ki so vodili usodo človeštva. In mi nesrečni ljudje smo morali iti radi tega skozi pekel sovraštva in smerti, skozi kri in razvaline, skozi jok in bedo, da smo postali zreli za resnico, da ni rešitev razen v Kristusu in njegovem nauku.

Po prvi svetovni vojni je nemški filozof Spengler napisal znamenito knjigo: "Propad zapadnega sveta," v kateri nam v strašnih podobah slika moralno in duhovno propasti zapadnega sveta: "nobene oblasti več, nihče ne pozna družabnih zakonov, najosnovnejše pravice človeka se teptajo, človek postaja zgolj žival, ki živi od krvi bližnjega, pojim družine je zbledel, mladina je poiskala cilje življenja v uživanju in nenaravnosti, človek v svetu izumira, ostajajo le še bolj ali manj rafinirane zveri, svet postaja naravnica zablodelega človeštva" — tako toži Spengler. In če bi danes, po drugi svetovni vojni napisal knjigo, ali ne bi bila še strašnejša, saj se danes dobesedno ponavlja 1900 let stará zgodba, ko so Judje pograbili kamenje, pa ga metali v Kristusa. "In Kristus se je skril," pravi evangelijski Kaze, da se je tudi danes odmknil s sveta, da bi tako pokazal, kam bo padlo človeštvo, če bo pozabilo, da je on temeljni kamen vsake stavbe in da se zamanj trudijo zidarji današnjih dni, če s Kristusom ne računajo.

Zidarji današnjih dni! O, kako žalostne so te pojave! Voditelji človeštva so napisali veličastno atlantsko kartu, kjer naštevajo vse človečanske pravice, toda kdo jih bo spravil v življenje če Kristusova morala več ne drži, če se Kristus nikjer ne omenja? S kakšnim ponosom so Združeni narodi l. 1945 v San Francisco napisali proklamacijo: Mi združeni narodi smo sklenili, da za vedno osvobodimo človeštvo vojnih strahot, vrnemo človeku njegovo čast, pravice in dostojanstvo itd. Sto najst členov ima ta proklamacija in enainpetdeset narodov jo je podpisalo, toda v vsej tej proklamaciji, ki naj bi bila temeljni kamen za novi red v svetu — ni prostora za Kristusa. Zaman se danes trudijo državni v Parizu, Londonu, Washingtonu in drugod, saj v njihovih dvoranah, v njihovih besedah in njihovih sklepih ni Kristusa, edinega gospodarja sveta. Zato, kje je še kdo, ki more trdit, da bo iz takega ozračja zrastel mir, da

bodo taki zidarji sezidali človeštvu dom, blagostanja, sreče, miru in svobode-

Cital sem nekoč prav lepo legendu: Ko je Jezus bežal s svojo Materjo in Jožefom v Egipt pred hudoškim Herodom, so se na vsej poti, koder je sv. Družina šla, zrušili v prah vsi poganski maliki.

Danes Kristus spet beži, pa ne samo pred enim herodom, vsa človeška družba se je zarotila proti Njemu. O, kobi ta legenda danes resnica postala, da bi Kristus na tem svojem begu res zrušil vse malike današnjih dni, da bi res Kristus sam prišel v današnji svet in povedal vso resnico, saj človeški besedi nihče ne verjame. Da bi Kristus sam povedal državnikom sveta, da so pozabili nanj, da bi šel v naše družine in jih spet v božja svetišča spremeni, da bi šel v naše tovarne in delavstvu povedal, da ni rešitev ne v kapitalu, ne v stroju, ampak v pravčnosti in ljubezni, da bi šel med našo mladino, pa jih povedal, da je mladina narodu v prokletstvo, če nima Kristusa za edinega vodnika, da bi šel Kristus čez vse svet, tudi k tebi in k meni, prijatelj.

Ali pa morda Kristus še enkrat z ognjem in mečem in smrtno zapisal svoje kraljevske pravice v oblije zemlje in v naše duše?

Prijatelj, kajneda razumeš, kaj ti hočem povedati. Pred izbiro smo, ali pripravimo Kristusu prostor v svoji duši in v človeški družbi in v vsem javnem življenju ali pa drvimo novi katastrofi nasproti.

Kako boš ti izbral?

Prisrčno te pozdravlja

O katoliškem dnevu

Cleveland, O. — Ravnokar sem se vrnil iz Brae Burn Parka, kjer se je vrnil Katoliški dan. Zelo mi je dopadlo: predvsem v najbolje pa sta mi ugajala govor dr. Joe Basaja in dr. Kraljiča; oba sta prisla sem kot begunec in sta povedala toliko in tako zanimivega, da je bilo radi teh dveh govorov vredno priti na to slavnost. Druge čase niso govorili tako zaseljeni in se naši ljudje ne brigajo toliko za govor. To pot so pa nam bili govorili teh dveh najbolj važnih in krona vse prireditve.

Zal mi je, da nisem imel s seboj ne svinčnika in ne papirja, da bi kaj mimogrede zapisal. Zato sem potem, ko sem njima čestital dejan, naj to, kar sta povedala, dasta v list in naj vse javnost čita to, kar sta nam povedala. Zato jih jaz prosim še tu v javnosti, naj dasta to na papir, kar sta nam povedala tam v Brae Burn parku.

Bila sta tako imenitna pa globoko zamišljena govora, da bi bilo zelo škoda, ako bi jih ne slišala oziroma čitala vsa slovenska javnost v tej deželi svede.

Povedala sta nam kruto resnico o komunizmu, česa vsega je zmocen in kako hinavsko in lažnivo zavajalen je komunizem, ki je kratko povedano: satanski. Zato prosim obo govorika, dr. Basaja in dr. Kraljiča, da nam gotovo postrežeta s tem, da svoja neapeljska govora gotovo pridobita v listu Ameriška Domovina. Izvrševalni odbor Katoliškega dneva pa prosim, da to ispostuje od obeh gospodov govorika, da bosta obo govorila pri občena v slovenski javnosti.

Z pozdravom

Jože Grdina.

Newburške novice

Dve vesti v časopisih zadnji sedi sta me močno zanimala. Prva je bila v katoliških listih in je povedala, da je bilo v Zednjih državah preko sto tisoč konvertitorov in to navzicle, da se organizirana ateistična topla žene na vse moči, da bi očrnila katoličane in katoliško Cerkev. Zdi se, da Bog spogledala, ko je stopil pred sodni stol. Grozno mora biti za dušo, ki je tajila Boga, ko se ji naenkrat razjasni in v tem hipu spoznava svojo strašno zmoto. Če bi bilo težko Boga spoznati, bi že ne rekel. Toda človek, ki Boga taji, dela to iz hudožljive. Ali more kdo svojega očeta tajiti, če je pri pravi pameti? Prav tak morec je tisti, ki Boga taji, dasi ima dokaze in znake božje modrosti, vsemogučnosti in resničnosti vseprisotnosti okoli sebe. Res je kot prav sv. pismo: "Strašno je pasti v roke živega Boga," zlasti tistem, ki je vse življenje Božnega tajil zato, da bi mogel ostati kar naprej v svojih preghah in živeti po svoji umazani volji. Nak! Bogatajec ni pameten!

Druga vest, ki je prišla natiskana z velikimi glavnicami, je bila pa ta, da je Dimitrov, velik pregonjavec katoličanov in morilce nedolžnih ljudi na Balkanu umrl. Ali veste, kaj mi je prišlo na misel? Tisto, kar piše sv. Matej v drugem poglavju svojega evangelijskega: "Vstani, vzemite Detet in njegovo mater in pojdi v izraelsko deželo; zakašiš so, ki so stregli Detetu po življenju."

Herod je stregel Detetu po življenju, pa je umrl in kaj mu je koristilo? Kje je danes, po drugi svetovni vojni napisal knjigo, ali ne bi bila še strašnejša, saj se danes dobesedno ponavlja 1900 let stará zgodba, ko so Judje pograbili kamenje, pa ga metali v Kristusa. "In Kristus se je skril," pravi evangelijski Kaze, da se je tudi danes odmknil s sveta, da bi tako pokazal, kam bo padlo človeštvo, če bo pozabilo, da je on temeljni kamen vsake stavbe in da se zamanj trudijo zidarji današnjih dni, kjer je Še živ.

Za njim so prišli še drugi in so stregli Kristusovi ustanovni po življenju. Rimski cesarji skozi več ko 300 let so morili, pobijali, sežigali kristiane, pa so pomrli, Cerkev pa še stoji. Pozneje so prišli drugi, ki so na vse mogoča načine zatirali sv. Cerkev in kristjane. Pomešali so, Cerkev pa še živi.

Končno je prišel Hitler. Delal je, da bi zatrl krščanstvo, pa tudi učil umiril. Na koncu so prišli Stalin, Dimitrov, Tito in še drugi. Pa tudi o teh se bo nekoč pisalo "pomešali so, Cerkev pa še živi." Končno je prišel Hitler. Delal je, da bi zatrl krščanstvo, pa tudi učil umiril. Na koncu so prišli Stalin, Dimitrov, Tito in še drugi. Pa tudi o teh se bo nekoč pisalo "pomešali so, Cerkev pa še živi." Končno je prišel Hitler. Delal je, da bi zatrl krščanstvo, pa tudi učil umiril. Na koncu so prišli Stalin, Dimitrov, Tito in še drugi. Pa tudi o teh se bo nekoč pisalo "pomešali so, Cerkev pa še živi."

Če se niste slišali Frank Obrstarja pripovedovati, kako je bil takrat doma, ko mu je oče rekel naj varuje česnjo, da je ne bodo paglavci ponori obrali, pa ga vprašajte. Je zanimalna zgodba. Frank je namreč še sam pomagal česnjo obrali, mesto da bi jo varoval in to zato, da so mu pustili fantje hodiči z njimi, ker je bil drugi.

(Dalej na 3. strani.)

NASA MICKA IMA
TUD BESEDO

Tisto soboto sem bil kar posabil, da mi stejejo žlice in da me hočejo skumrati oziroma najbrže počasi navaditi, da bi lahko živel brez jest, kakor je Ribnican učil svojega lisca, če veš Micka, kaj je to — lisec.

Tako mi je začel naš pripovedovati, kako so ga vrteli v poboljševalnici. Potrasi vpletki pred hišo so odšli. Kakor starci Heroleni, ki je prikrevsal s polja, kjer je pazil, da niso pastifici zapasli živine v škodo. Na stolu pri ognjisku ga je prijela slabost in je še kromaj imel časa, da je naročil starci Heroleni, svoji ženi: "Zakopljite me, a prav na nizko tam pri sv. Jerneju, da bom na vsako pomlad sonec občutil."

Taki so bili naši Meniševci, ki so se na Menišiji rodili, živeli in umrli. Močni so bili in siloviti kot Javorinci s svojimi hojam; prežgani od kraškega sonca in od kraške burje. Živeli so v naravi, kakor jim je narava ukazovala. In mi smo ajih dediči, njih potomci! Mi, ki smo po svetu razkropili v neškoničnih tujih mestih, med medom, če si jih en par spil in si zglede, kaj bi imel ospice ali vročinsko.

Pustiva tisto, mi je naglo segel v besedo, ker se kot poheven človek zelo nerad pogovarja o sebi. Raje poslušaj, kako je bilo z menoj potem, da bo prav zapisala, da bo komu podobno. Tako mi je začegal in nadaljeval:

V soboto večer se skoro nisem dotaknil večerje. Se tisto malo, kar so se me usmilili, sem jim poslal nazaj, ker se nisem vedel, kako bo z menoj tisto sveto noč. Ali bodo tam gor kaj pristali na mojo ponudbo, da bi nekajko dodolžili zdaj na pomlad, ki imam še toliko opravka. Saj je prav takrat, ko so me položili na posteljo, silila pomlad v deželo.

Prav tista sobota je bila takole lepa, ko me je duhovni gospod pripravil za dolgo romanje in natančno sem slišal, kako je zaščetno mimo okna, saj je koper pa čeprav . . .

"Kaj ne bi vedela," sem se zasmajala, "včasih si bil ti lisan, če si jih en par spil in si zglede, kaj bi imel ospice ali vročinsko."

Lahko tudi poklicete po telefonu IV 8151, in boste točno dobili vsa pojasnila.

Torej na svidenje v Lemontu na Zvezin dan 17. julija 1949!

Ella Starin.

10. julija

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ANTON GRDINA in SINOVII

maj tri dni manjko do kolektivne pomlad. Tiho in plaho sem pogledal na okna in matančno sem videl, kako se je okno nalahko odprlo in tam v njem se je ustavila sama svetla in božja Pomlad. Nagnila se je prav do moj

V samotah pragozda

S. Scoville ml. — Pavel Holeček

Vetre je zapihljal in se uprl v ljubje, da se je začelo sušati in vrvco navijati. Ko se je de neke mere napela, jo je teža mesec prisilila, da se je spet odvijala, dokler se ji ni ustavil veter in jo znova jel navijati. Tako se je pečenka v nasprotujočem si delovanju vetra in teže neprestanoma vrtela pred ognjem. Pod nju je Vilče nastavil skledico iz lubja, da je kapljala mast vajo; kadar se jo je dosti nabralo, je z njim polival pečenka. Ta samogibna naprava je Roku, ki je bil p onaravi len, kako uga-jala.

Ta dan sta imela vprav gosposko kosilo. Saj je pa tudi ni pečenka, ki bi se mogla meriti z mehkim svežim srujnim stegnom. Dečka sta se dodeli hranila skoro le z ribami; zato jima je pečenka džala nad vse in nista nehalo jesti in obirati, dokler nista snedla poslednjega koščka mesa in pustila samo gole kosti.

Po kosišu se je Rok lotil srnjakovke kože. Z ostrom kresilnikom ji je ostrgal notranjo stran in jo nadrgnil z zmesjo iz mehke gline in srnjakovih možganov; nato je zvezal štiri ravne veje v okvir, razpel in privezel kožo vanj ter jo obesil na drevo med dve močni veji.

"Zdaj se bo pa treba preskrbeti z nimi," je dejal Vilčetu, ki je ves čas začudeno opazoval njegovo početje. "Dobiš krasno sračo."

"Rad bi videl, iz česa," je povabil tovarš.

Rok je molče začel iz srnjakovke mesa trgati tanke bele krite. Ko jih je že imel precejšen kupček, se je oginali. "Te krite nama dajo dober motivoz. Pozneje naredim iz njih tetivo; niti pa kupiva drugje."

Ko je spravil kite v uto, je povabil Vilčeta, naj gre z njim. Prideta do smolnate jelke. Pod njo se Rok ustavlja, počepne na tla in začne brskati in grebti po prstih. Kmalu izvleče korenino; bila je nad meter dolga, debela pa ko svinčnik. Najprej jo na enem koncu razcepi z nožem iz kresilnika, nato jo predvidno pretrga po dolgem v dve enaki polovici. Za to delo je bilo seveda treba spretne roke; Vilče je sicer večkrat poskusil, pa se mu ni hotelo srečiti, ampak je vselej utrgal prav kratko nitko. Rok je obe polovici lepo olupil in imel v nekaj minutah dve vlečni, mehki nitki. Ali ni mu še bilo dovolj; ril in kopal je dalje po prsti kot merjasec in si natrgal toliko niti, da bi bil lahko z njimi sešil razen dveh usnjenejih srajcev vsaj še dve popolni oblike. Tudi to zaloge je nesel v uto in jo skril v kot poleg kupčka kit.

Do solnčnega zahoda je bilo še nekaj ur; zato sta dečka sklenila, da pojdet po jagode. Preden sta se pa napotila na jaso, je Rok še enkrat krenil k potoku. Tam je dolgo čas nekaj tolkel in razbijal. Končno se je vrnil in prinesel več velikih, ostrih kosov kresilnega kamna. S temi težkimi sekaci sta razsekala odretega srnjaka in kose mesa obesila poleg koče v vejeve. Rok je dejal, da ne bo treba mesa prekajati; divjačina da ima to posebnost, da se dije časa drži, če le visi na suhem, čistem zraku.

Nekaj minut pozneje sta že čepela v jagodah in si z obema rokama polnila brente. Zdajci opozori Rok tovarša na star, napol segnil parobek, ki ga je vse vprek preraščala vednozelen rastlina, ki je imela majhne jajčaste liste in bila na gosto posnjena s snežnobeliimi jagodami.

"To je plazeča se snežna jagoda," vzklikne Vilče yes yes,

NEWBURKE NOVICE

(Nedeljevanje z 2. strani)

gače še premlad za med nje. Pa se jim je vseskupaj izjavilo, ker je oče prezgodaj prisel s palico.

Učitelj: "Jožko, povej kak odstavek iz sv. pisma."

Jožko: "In zagnal je srebrnik po templju, se obrnil in sel ter se z vrvjo obesil."

Učitelj: "Dobro. Ali se spominš še katerega?"

Jožko: "Pojdi in tudi ti tako storji."

David je ime novemu članu družine Frank Zielski. Mati je Kocjančičeva Rozka gori iz Reno. Naj bi bil ta mladi David dober pesnik, kot je bil njegov patron, kralj David.

Nova maša bo pri nas 17. julija ob 11. Pel jo bo Father Hribšek, saluzijanez iz California. Zvečer istega dne o pol osmih pa bo "investicijo," to se pravi, škof Hoban bo obleklo Father Omana v monsinjorsko obliko. Har gole, to bo za pogledat!

He, he, heh! Smeš človeka lomi, ko vidi in sliši, kako se nekateri izmed naših nesrečnih odpadkov Slovencev trudijo, da bi očrnili previšenega škofa Rožmana. Jaz takim kar naravnost povem: zastonj se trudite! Prevzišenemu se ne treba prav nič zagovarjati proti lažem komunistov. Saj svet vidi njegova dela. Njegovo celo življenje je odprt knjiga. Proti tej knjigi je vse blatenje, obrekovanje in natocevanje le zasmehovanje vas samih. Vaši poiskusi škofa očrnili toliko izdajo, kot če bi vi hoteli sonce proti soncu.

Kar pa se drugega tiče, se zna Prezvišeni razmeram takoj prilagoditi, da-konaj vemo le KE 8128.

da je med nami. Mi ga imamo radi in želimo le to, da bi se popolnoma domačega počutil med nami in bil vsaj toliko zadovoljen in srečen, kot je pač mogoče višemu pastirju, ki je pregnan, kot je bil Kristus od svojih lastnih sorojakov Gallejcev, in mora oddaleč gledati, kako satan v človeški podobi s pomočjo komunizma uničuje njegovo delo.

Pa zakaj ga črtijo? Je morada komu kaj žalega storil? Zakaj torej to sovraštvo do njege? Odgovor na to je pravisti, če vprašate, zakaj so Juđie Kristusa sovražili. Zato, ker ni z njimi tulil v njih fariješki rog, zato, ker se ni strinjal z njihovim grešnim življenjem. Satan še vedno dobi svoje angle — pomočnike — ki delajo za njega tukaj na zemlji. Toda rdečkarji, zmanj se trudite!

Kaj se vse pripreti. Sestra Blandina — to je bilo v preteklem stoletju — se je vozila na vlaku iz Albuquerque (Albuquerque), New Mexico, v Laramay Junction. Ko je prišel konduktor do nje, da vzame vozni listek, je rekla: "Prosim, reci onile sestri naj pride sem k meni."

"Saj si ti edina sestra na tem vlaku," odgovori konduktor.

"Pa nisem! Prosim, poglejte tam spredaj."

Mož pogleda in vidi, da kar je sestra mislila, da je druga sestra, je v resnici le sama sebe videla v zrcalu.

"Koliko let pa je odkar si videla kakšno ogledalo?" je vprašal konduktor.

"Tri in štirideset let," odgovori sestra.

Lot naprodaj

Nahaja v Richmond Heights.

Prodaja ga lastnik. Meri 75x250

čovljev. Cena je \$850. Pokliči

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Za ceno in drugo pogode

pa pokličite Mr. Jeršiča na DI

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se vedno obrnite do nas. Mi imamo vedno lepo izberi hišo za

eno in dve družini, imamo lote

in farme. Zanesljiva postrežba.

Odprt od 9 zjutraj do 8 zvečer,

ob nedeljah od 1 do 5 popoldne.

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prodati. Oglejte si jo kadar

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spodaj. To je Mrs. Perko. Prav

rada vam bo razkazala hišo čez

dan.

Za ceno in drugo pogode

pa pokličite Mr. Jeršiča na DI

(133) 1646, Kadarko hotela. (133)

Furnez naprodaj

Naprodaj je Moncrief furnez s termostatom. V jako dobrem stanju. Se proda po zmerni ceni. Zglasite se na 5815 Bonita Ave. ali pokličite HE 3657 kadar hočete ta teden.

Sobo isče

Neopremjeno sobo s kopalnico in če mogoče s kuhinjo bi rad zanesljiv rojak, ki ima stalno in dobro službo. Kdor ima kaj primernega, naj pokliči med 5. in 7. uro zvečer EX 2543.

Pohištvo naprodaj

Naprodaj je pohištvo za jedilno sobo. Vprašajte na 854 E. 236. St.

(133)

Soba se odda

Odda se opremjena soba za fant. Svoj poseben vhod. Vprašajte na 1083 E. 67. St.

Hiša naprodaj

Hiša za 2 družini, 5 in 5 sob., jaka pripravna za družino z otroci ali pa za sobe oddajat, je v prijazni okolici in prav počeni. Kdor bi rad svoj dom in nima velikega denarja, naj nikar ne zamudi te prilike. Vprašajte na 1336 E. 55. St. ali pokličite UT 1-4076.

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Frank Baraga in John Levstik,

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Izvrstno pivo - vino - žganje

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Se priporočamo

Vam popolno zadovoljstvo.

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Vse FRIGIDAIRE ELEKTRICNE LEDENICE

so sedaj ceneje. Sedaj dobite 6 kub. čev. veliko za samo

\$189

Kupite sedaj, na lahka mesečna odplačila.

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6106 ST. CLAIR AVENUE

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POGREBNI ZAVOD

478 East 152nd St. Tel. IVanhoe 2016

BOLNISKE AVTO NA RAZPOLAGO

A. GRDINA & SINOV

Pogrebni zavod

Stara mama

(POVEST)

S toljčno luhkoto je govoril danes. Njegova molčanost se je topila kakor sneg. Mu je Helen že kaj povedala, kje se bo srečal s tistimi vplivnimi ljudmi? ga je vprašala Judy. Ne, ni. Najbrže je na vse skupaj pazobila. Njemu je bilo tako kar prav.

"Ljudje nimajo časa za take, ki niso znali upseti," je dejal Cip, "in po pravici. Človek, ki do svojega 34. leta ni nčesar izvršil, je polomija, nič drugega."

"To so prazne marnje," ga je zavrnil Noel. "Vsakdo jo kdaj v svojem življenju polomi. Samo na to mora gledati, da se reč ne ponavlja."

Stara strežnica iz okolice je stopila v sobo s še eno svetlikom in jela pripravljati mizo za večerjo. Videlo se ji je, da je zelo vesela, ker ima major družbo, in je Judy prav prijazno pogledala. Usedli so se torej k okusnemu obedu, ona pa je navdušeno stregla ter tu pa tam katero zinila.

Cip je govoril o pokrajni tam okoli.

"Je dosti lepo," je dejal, "če vam ugajajo precej goli in odprt krajci. Meni že."

"Tudi meni," je rekla Judy. "Vendar pa imam tuži drevje rada, čeprav bi dejala, da so kraji brez drevja za človeka boljši. Zmerom se mi zdi, da laglje razmisljam, kjer ni mnogo dreves. Morda imajo svoje misli, ki se potem menjajo z našimi."

"Da, razmislja se tukaj luhko," je reklo Cip. "Imamo pa tudi nekaj lepih sprehodov. Spremil vaju bom jutri nad čerri, če ne bo preveč mrzlo in vetrovno."

"Prideva semkaj po zajtrku," je reklo Noel. "Lahko nama prideta pol pota naproti, Cip."

"Prav!" je navdušeno vzliknil. "Zdoma odidem okrog pol desetih."

Po večerji so se vseledi k ognju in se pogovarjali, dokler ni Judy postala tako zaspana, da je dejala: "Noel, če ne oddeda takoj, sploh ne pride dem do gostilne."

Ko' so prišli ven, so videli, da je nehalo deževati, visoko v zraku pa je pihal veter. Skoraj ves čas je bučalo visoko nad njihovimi glavami, zdaj pa zdaj je puhično tudi dol na neje in jih prepihalo, potem pa se je divje bučanje umaknilo spet nazaj v višave. Včasih je skozi vrzeli med bežečimi oblaki pogledal tudi mesec. Divja noč, da ti je kri živah neje zaplašila po žlah. Pot je bila grda in kamnata, zato je Judy en laket potisnila Cipu, drugega pa Noelu pod pazduho, da bi laglje hodila, in zdaj so stopali vštric. Čutila je, kako se je Cip na mah zravnal, ko ga je prijela pod roko, in nekaj časa korakal brez besede in togo držal njen laket, kakor da se nenavadno živo zaveda njenega dotika.

Lahko noč Jima je vočil pri vrati gostilne — pobeljene hišice — in Judy se je močno začudila sprememb v njegovem obrazu, ko je nanj padla luč skozi odprtva vrata — sprememb, ki jo je dalo nekaj ur sreče. Bilo ji je, kakor da gleda neko drugo bitje, ne pa tistega moža, ki je bil notoč malo prej pogledal manjo in na brata skozi svoja vrata.

"Lahko noč," jima je vočil že tretje. "Ne bom se vama skušal zahvaljevati, da sta prima. Ne morem najti primerih besed."

In že je izginil v temi.

"Ko prideva iz hiše," je dejal Noel naslednje jutro pri zajtrku, "se moram vprašati, kje bo srečal s tistimi vplivnimi ljudmi?" ga je vprašala Judy.

Ne, ni. Najbrže je na vse skupaj pazobila. Njemu je bilo tako kar prav.

"Ljudje nimajo časa za take, ki niso znali upseti," je dejal Cip, "in po pravici. Človek, ki do svojega 34. leta ni nčesar izvršil, je polomija, nič drugega."

"To so prazne marnje," ga je zavrnil Noel. "Vsakdo jo kdaj v svojem življenju polomi. Samo na to mora gledati, da se reč ne ponavlja."

Nobene več ni rekel o tej stvari, in točno o poldesetih sta skupaj odšla iz gostilne proti Cliff Cottageu. Pa nista bila še na pol pota, že ju je srečal Cip, ki je z velikimi koraki hitel proti njima.

"Dobro jutro!" ju je pozdravil, "sta dobro spala?"

"Se nikoli tako dobro," je odgovorila Judy, "in jaz se čutim tako močna, da bi mogla korakati dvajset milij."

"Tudi jaz," je pristavil Noel, "a vse moja pot ta dopoljan bo do pošte in nazaj."

"Zakaj?" sta se začudila Cip in Judy obenem.

"Sam sem kriv. Svojemu predstojniku nisem povedal, da me danes ne bo v mestu. Gladko sem pozabil. Poslal mu bom brzojavko, ob korej se jutri vrnem. Potem pa moram napisati še nekaj pisem, ker do četrtega, ko bom odšla, ne bom imel nobene prilike vec. Vsekakor pa se vidimo ob eni v gostilni. Danes namreč boste obdelovali z nama, Cip, se torej sprehodita," se je obrnil, "in na svidenje!"

Stala sta in gledala za njeno drobno pokončno postavo. Njegov prazni rokav, vtaknjen v žep pri suknji, ni kar nič oviral njegove lahne, gib-

čne hoje. Tako popolnoma ga je izrinil iz svojih misli, da še drugi niso mogli nanj misliti. Počakala sta, dokler se ni ozrl in Jima pomahal z roko, potem pa začela svojo pot.

"Skoraj mi je, kakor da sem jaz Noel," si je dejala Judy, ker je občudovala luhkoto, s kakšno je stopal Noel.

"Vaš brat Noel," je reklo Cip, "je eden najboljših ljudi, kar sem jih kdaj poznal."

Če je kdo Noela cenil, je Judy vedno ogrel srce.

"Ne morete si misliti, kako mi je to všeč!" je viknila. "Želeno sem vesela, da tako mislite. Njemu enakega ni."

"Vi ste njemu enaki," je mirno dejal Cip.

"Res, vesela bi bila, če bi mu bila podobna."

Nekaj časa sta korakala, ne da bi kaj rekla.

"Cip," je končno dejala Judy, "klicala vas bom kar Cip. Ze dolgo časa sem rabila to ime pri sebi in z Noelom. Prosim vas, ravnjajte z menoj kot s staro prijateljico in mi povjetajte kaj o sebi in o svojih načrtih. Nikar se ne zapirajava drug pred drugim. Toliko je reči, ki bi jih o vas rada izvedela."

Vas bole noge!

Cudovito novo očišanje



**Dr. Scholl's
Rite-Poise
FOOT CUSHION**

Posebno napravljena blazina iz kavčaste pene. Na tej blazini noge čudovito udobno počiva, ne da bi bila na temenem. Pomaga do zopetnega ravnavanja noge. Se prilega vsakemu čevalju: ženskim 4 do 9, moškim 8 do 12; dobe se očki in široki. Cena je \$2 za par.

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DRUGE OBLETNICE SMRTI NAŠE PREDRAGE IN NIKDAR POZABLJENE MATERE

1893

1947

V BLAG SPOMIN

DRUGE OBLETNICE SMRTI NAŠE PREDRAGE IN NIKDAR POZABLJENE MATERE

Mary Žužek

ki so zaspali v Gospodu dne 8. julija 1947.

Dve leti je že poteklo od bridega spomina dne, ko ste nas, draga mati, za vedno zapustili.

Vaši žalujoči otroci:

ANTON in JOSEPH, sinova
MARY CHAMPA, hči
ANTHONY in EDWARD, vnuka

Cleveland, Ohio, 8. julija 1949.

CENJENI PRIJATELJI:

Ze dolgo časa se potom trgovskih stikov dobro poznamo medsebojno. Včasih so ti trgovski stiki nas priveli do tesnega prijateljstva, zaupanja in lojalnosti, kar sem vedno zelo visoko cenila. Skozi vsa

leta sem vam skušala najbolje ustreči, ne tako kot je kdo komu na uslužo zgolj za finančni dobitek, pač pa kot človek, ki skuša biti v pomoč človeku v njegovem težavi, z vsem srcem, z vso dobroto in simpatijo. Izkazalo se je že neštetoček, da bolj kot kaj drugega človek v svoji žalosti potrebuje prijatelja, zvezega prijatelja, in jaz odkritosrčno upam, da sem se izkazala za tako prijateljico.

V življenju vsakogar sije solnce, kateremu včasih sledi dež; in včasih pride tako globoka žalost, da zabiše vse, kar je bilo pred njo, uniči življenja in povzroči tako razdejanje, da niti čas ne zaceli ne odstrani bolečin. Tudi v moje življenje je prišla tako žalost. Jaz TUDI sedaj potrebujem moje prijatelje. H komu pa naj se obrnem kot pa na one ljudi, katerim sem bila tako zvesto v poslužu; na one ljudi, med katerimi sem živila; na one ljudi, med katerimi sem bila vrogjena?

Korake se je podvzelo, da bi se me spravilo iz mojega doma, iz sredstva za preživljvanje v obrti, za katero imam izkušnje in trening; iz obrti, v kateri sem preživela večji del mojega življenja. Obseg biznesa, ki ga imam, zna vplivati na odlok sodišča, čepravno to ne bi smelo biti podlaga, na kateri bi se moral napraviti odlok.

V tej obrti je zelo težko prositi, ker smrt je nekaj, kar nihče ne želi zase ali za svojega soeda. Čepravno sem po poklicu pogrebnica, bi jaz preprečila smrt vsakomur, ko bi le mogla, toda vsemogučni Bog je odločil drugače, ker narava mora iti po svoji poti, da drži red na svetu.

Ker smrt mora priti, človek potrebuje nekoga, ki skrbti za one, ki so preminuli. Pozvati je treba ljudi, ki skrbijo za preminulega; ljudi, ki so poznani radi svojega dobrega značaja, svojih visokih vrlin, svoje dobrostoječnosti v naselbini, svoje pripravljenosti pomagati z vso odkritosrčnostjo, ker ljubljeni preminuli so svojem tudi v smrti dragi in vez je močna.

Če ste prepričani, da sem vredna vašega zaupanja v času bridkosti, vam bom hvaležna za izkazano zaupanje. V mojem poslu kot pogrebnica obljubljam vso najboljšo postrežbo v slučaju smrti.

Jaz sem se, žal, znašla v položaju, ko se moram obrniti na javnost za pomoč, ker se me skuša spraviti iz moje obrti. Ker mi je nemogoče, da bi vedno stala pred našimi prednjimi vrati, gre biznes mnogokrat v druge roke. Ker je naša javnost bila skozi dolga leta vajena iskat na telefonsko številko pod imenom "The Svetek Funeral Home," sem prisiljena napraviti ta apel, da ko se pojavi smrt v družini in rabite pogrebnika, da pogledate v telefonsko knjigo in pošlete: "MARY A. SVETEK FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 478 E. 152nd St."

Moja sedanja telefonska številka je:
Klenmore 3177

Pokličite to številko tudi če rabite ambulančno poslužbo. Najbolj lahko me dosežete potom telefona.

V času bridkosti so misli prizadetih osredotočene samo na njih nesreči. Preveč globoko se prizadeti, da bi se zanimali za težkočo koga drugega. Oni iščajo poslužbo podjetij, katerih imena so jim znana. Svoje težnje odložijo osebi, ki jih sprejme pri vrati. Prebivalcem naše naselbine je bil "SVETEK POGREBNI ZAVOD" poznal kot družina, ki skupno dela z enim ciljem, da budi javnosti dobro postrežbo. Danes je to razdrojena družina. Težave zgraditi biznes so velike in mnogočestivle. Težkoče, ki nastanejo v slednih komplikacijach, so še večji udarec.

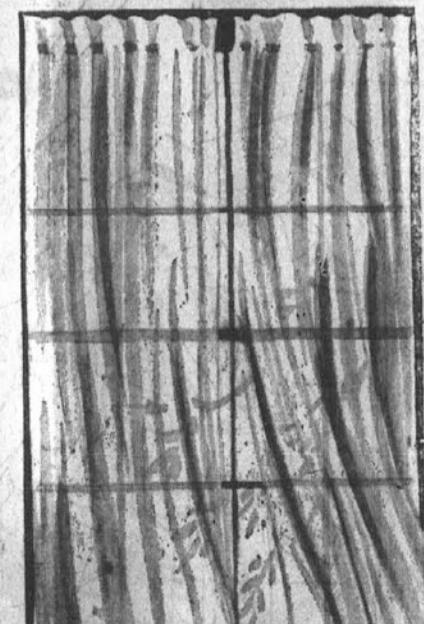
Danes iščem zaslombo pri vas na podlagi svojih lastnih vrlin. Kot sem bila na uslužo v preteklosti, tako upam vam nuditi najboljšo postrežbo tudi v božič.

Vsem, ki so mi stali ob strani, in vsem, ki so mi bili naklonjeni, izrekam svojo iskreno zahvalo, ter ostajam z spoštovanjem,

Vaša pogrebnica

Mary A. Svetek

THE MAY CO.'S BASEMENT



Fine Sheer Rayon Marquisette

Tailored Curtains

1.98

Slight Seconds

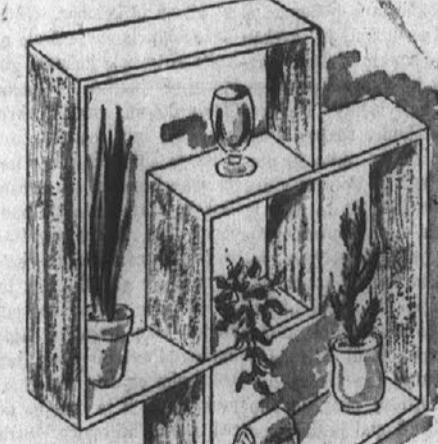
of 3.79 Grades

1 Pair

These fine, sheer rayon marquisette curtains will add cool attractiveness to your windows. 42x81 inches in size, each panel. They have 3-inch bottom hems, side hems, are headed and ready to hang. Soft eggshell tint.

Sorry—No Mail or Phone Orders

Basement Curtain Department



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You Keep Asking
for More of These

Smoothly
Finished

Attractive Wood

Shadow Boxes

1.00

2 Section Set

Size 12x12x3½ in.

Smoothly sanded, with beveled edges, they're made of kiln-dried Ponderosa Pine and come ready to paint, stain or wax. They're the ultimate in flexibility and can be arranged in unnumbered grouping to give even the drabbiest room that "modern look." Ready to assemble, complete with hardware.

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Basement Notions Department



AMERIŠKA DOMOVINA

AMERICAN HOME

AMERICAN IN SPIRIT
FOREIGN IN LANGUAGE ONLYSLOVENIAN
MORNING NEWSPAPER

Papish Strengthens Tribe's Hold On 3d Place



FRANK PAPISH

Detroit, July 5 — Sweeping a three-game series here and posting their fifth straight victory, which included a home run by Joe Gordon, the Indians advanced within six lengths of the New York Yankees and within two games of the second-place Philadelphia Athletics.

It was Southpaw Frank Papish, who went all the way, coasting to his first triumph of the year. His seventh-hitter strengthened the tribe's hold on third place to three-and-a-half games over the Tigers. We are sure that this will not be his last triumph this

Long-Distance Video

Astoria, Ore. — Television images from Seattle more than 150 miles away are clearly received at Astoria through a fluke of the airways. Merchants have sets in operation in their store windows six nights a week.

A hen will eat seven pounds of feed for each dozen eggs produced, it is estimated.

Two Slovenian Priests Ordained

On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, two Slovenian Salesian priests were ordained after completing their studies at the Salesian Seminary in Aptos, Calif. They are: Rev. Aloysius Hrišek, who will offer his first mass in Cleveland at St. Lawrence Church on July 17th at 11:15; and Rev. Mirko Fiac, who will offer his first mass in Gary, Ind., on July 10th.

Summer Sewing Classes

Mary Märsich and Frances Russ, new owners of the former Stampel Department Store at 6108 St. Clair Ave., announce that they will hold sewing classes, beginning July 28th. Tuesday afternoons and evenings will be for beginners and Thursday afternoons and evenings will be for tailoring. Afternoon classes will be from 1 to 3 and evening classes from 7 to 9. If interested, you can get more information by calling HE-3916.

DEATH NOTICES

Inthar, Frances (nee Vidric) — Wife of Louis, mother of Victor, Helen sister of Paula Starc. Residence at 1056 E. 65 St.

Karlovic, Anna, Wife of Joseph, mother of Anna and Mary. Residence at Goodman, Wis.

Koci, Frances (nee Grosel) — Mother of Mary Hoernig, Frances Opara, sister of Frank. Residence at 389 E. 161 St.

Schwerko, Peter — Husband of Jeanne, father of Wilma Taylor, Alberta, Richard. Residence at 1355 East 81 St.

Starink, Marie — Wife of John, mother of Barbara Ann. Residence at 1065 Wexford Ave., Parma, Ohio.

Zajic, Joseph — Brother of Frank, Anthony, Martin, John, Rudolph, Stanley, Louis, Mary, Vidakovic, Sophie Zaremski and Stephanie Novak. Residence at 4892 E. 88 St.

BIRTHS

A baby girl was born in St. John's Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Zbachnik on 3310 Walton St. last week. This happy event makes Mr. Valentine Zbachnik grandpa for the fourth time. Congratulations!

Here's Advice For The Sleepy Driver

Colorado Springs, Colo. — If you get sleepy while driving, here's advice recently offered at the convention of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico insurance agents.

Drive in your stocking feet; you can get a closer feel of the car.

Turn on your windshield wiper, even though it's a perfectly clear night.

If possible, pull over to the side of the road and take a nap.

Art Forger Puts On Own Exhibit

Paris — A woman painter who served time in the women's detention house here for forging modern painters' canvases has opened an exhibit of her work in a Left Bank gallery.

Claude-Juliette Latour, convicted of painting fake Utrillo's, did the pictures on exhibition in 15th century Flemish style while serving her three-month sentence.

One-half of all the earth's atmosphere is below 18,000 feet altitude.

Christopher Lynch To Appear At Pop Concert



St. Clair Savings Still Forging Ahead

The June 30th Financial Statement of the St. Clair Savings and Loan Company reveals that the Institution is still forging ahead in spite of the post-war business readjustment. New highs have been reached in total Savings which now stand at approximately \$3,000,000.00, an increase of one-half million for the twelve-month period. Mortgage Loans now total approximately \$4,900,000.00. Total Assets exceed \$7,000,000.00 for a new high. Cash on hand and Government Bonds total in excess of \$2,000,000.00 thus making a liquidity of 32% of Depositor liability. Reserves, Undivided profits indicate that the Institution is in excellent condition and also is in a position to cope with any emergency that might arise.

Leaves For Training

First Lt. Albert Inthar has left this past week for Fort Knox, Kentucky to undertake two weeks' training in the organized reserve corps.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kne of 3176 Richmond Rd., Richmond Heights, O. announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolores Elizabeth, to Don F. Kramer, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kramer of Falls River Road, Chagrin Falls, O. Miss Kne graduated from Euclid Central High School while Mr. Kramer is a graduate of Western Reserve Academy. They are both seniors at Kent State University. No date has been set for the wedding.

Worm Way Into Trouble

Des McInes, — Boys who were turning a nest penny selling fish worms faced a grand larceny charge.

The boys were charged with the theft of \$400 worth of fish worms—and at the retail market price of 25¢ a dozen, that's a lot of worms! Police officers figured about 19,200.

Lt. Ralph Brophy, head of the police juvenile bureau, said the youths, ranging from 9 to 11 years, admitted taking the worms over an extended period from Frank's worm hatchery here.

COMMUNION SUNDAY

This Sunday the St. Vitus Holy Name Seniors and Juniors will receive Communion in a body at the 9:00 Mass. All members are again reminded of their duty as Society members to attend these Communions.

HNS BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR COMING WEEK

Monday, July 11: St. Vitus HNS vs. P. and E. St. George Field, 6 P. M.

Tuesday, July 12: St. Vitus HNS vs. Lasniks, St. George Field, 6 P. M.

Sodality News

"Missouri Waltz" Now Official

Jefferson City, Mo. — The Missouri Sodality, headed by their president, President Truman's favorite tune — "The Missouri Waltz" — as the official State song last week.

Earlier the Senate defeated the song measure, 15-14, with 18 votes needed for passage. It was criticized as a "low rate, second class barroom ballad." But it won, 18-17.

Worried Audience

Then there's the neighbor who's had a television set long enough to run behind in his monthly payments. The dealer wrote each week asking to make up the arrears but with no results.

Then the dealer sent a final message and said much to his regret he would have to take steps to retrieve the set and what would his neighbors think about that. Came the reply and a check. "I showed the letter to my neighbors and they were deeply concerned. All of them thought it would be cheaper to continue using my set rather than buy their own—so they all chipped in."

Wedding Bells

Saturday, July 9th at 9:30, in St. George's Church, Angela Wies of 6519 Bonita Ave., will be married to Mr. Jack Obreza, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mavec of 7202 Lockyear Ave. Friends are invited to attend the Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Klemencic of 116½ Yellowstone Rd., announce the marriage of their daughter, Agnes Marie, to Mr. Joe Brydek. The wedding took place July 2nd at the 9:00 mass in St. Vitus Church.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



CUTTING TWO WAYS

According to Washington reports, Congress is looking at much proposed new legislation with a wary and critical eye. This is largely the result of the decline in business activity and national income, coupled with the attendant rise in unemployment. Most of the law-makers seem more eager than in the past to refrain from passing measures which might further rock the economic boat.

One suggested law, which falls clearly into this category, would nearly double the present minimum wage, would eliminate certain exceptions to the law which have been in effect for years, and would place other restrictions on both employer and employee. Superficially, the measure would seem sure to improve the lot of the lowest-paid workers. Actually, there is good reason for believing that it would do just the opposite. For the most part, the minimum wage directly affects only the unskilled, the marginal worker, the beginner, and the part-time worker. The value of these workers to the employer is very limited. If the law required him to pay them more than their productive worth, he would necessarily employ as few of them as possible.

This would be particularly noticeable in enterprises such as retailing, which offer many opportunities for beginners and occasional workers. The typical retailer really has to watch the pennies now if he is to make both ends meet. The concensus of experts in the field is that too high a minimum wage, along with the other restrictions, would lead to widespread layoffs.

Unwise social legislation can be a two-edged sword, that will hurt those it is designed to help.



TO THE MEN OF THE PARISH!

We are again planning a retreat for the men of the parish at the Diocesan Retreat House. The men who made the retreat last year are fervent advocates of another. Ask them why. Watch for the dates and for further details.

Worm Way Into Trouble

"What?" she exclaimed, . . . I'll warrant that she ran out of ice cream that night.

All told, it was a memorable outing — one that we won't forget in a good, long time and one we'd like to repeat in a very SHORT time!

A JUNIOR

The highest clouds are 50 miles above the earth.

Self-Stripe Rayon



Here's a figure flattering bathing suit which features the popular single-strap style. The fabric is fine rayon crepe, made of Avico rayon yarns, with a self-strip of rayon satin — a fabric which will wear beautifully through long, lazy days, of sun bathing and swimming.

THE JUNIOR SODALITY

Last Monday, June 27th, I slept till 10:30! Oh, it may not seem strange to you, but I haven't slept that late since heaven knows when! The reason? These old bones were sorely tired after that picnic we had the day previously. You remember — it was at Zorman's Farm in Perry, Ohio and oh, what fun we had!

We swam in the river, played baseball there it may be mentioned that the high school girls won by a score of 4-1) badminton, volleyball, had a Weiner roast and many other activities.

Everybody got home safely, with no accidents except a couple of stubbed toes. (There's so many rocks down beneath that Grand River!

Of course no picnic would be a picnic without ants or other bugs, would it? Well, ours was a special one, for Father Baraga produced a MOUSE! E-e-e-e-k! Did we scream!

Fathers Baraga, Rupar and Celesnik attended our picnic, and they really showed us up. Fr. Baraga swam, like a fish. (Ed. Note: how could he, when the water is only up to your neck, when you're SITTING DOWN?)

Fr. Rupar put all his strength behind a ball and hit it way out into nowhere. Fr. Celesnik taught us some knots it facts about baseball.

Another important feature of our picnic was the bus ride to and fro.

We really had a jolly good time, sing-

ing and what-have-you on that ride.

Our Junior Sodalists, aided by the efforts of some gay and happy Seniors, surely gave out with the yo-de-o-o-o-o.

En route home we stopped in Willoughby, Ohio to order ice cream sandwiches for the whole crowd.

"Thirty-four sandwiches," we told the saleslady.

"What?" she exclaimed, . . . I'll warrant that she ran out of ice cream that night.

All told, it was a memorable outing — one that we won't forget in a good, long time and one we'd like to repeat in a very SHORT time!

A JUNIOR

The highest clouds are 50 miles above the earth.

Their CAN STILL SMILE. — Though the world champion Cleveland Indians have had little to cheer about so far this season, owner Bill Veeck (left) and manager Lou Boudreau can still manage to smile. Both feel that when key players shake off their slumps and the injured list is wiped out the Indians will be back on the warpath and shooting for another American League title.

This and That from Washington

By Congressman Frances P. Bolton

THIS week closes the two chambers of the Capitol indefinitely for the long awaited repairs. If you plan to come to Washington any time during the rest of this year, scratch the House and Senate off your list! There isn't room even for the Press in the old Senate Chamber that once housed the Supreme Court and if you have ever been in the House Ways and Means Committee room you can readily believe that visitors will hear and see little if anything. What the effect will be upon legislation it is impossible to imagine. Certainly it will emphasize regret over the long delay in getting any program started, and the slowness of progress.

Nor is it just the Chambers that are being vacated. Committees are being moved hither and yon until it is difficult to find many of them. The Foreign Affairs Committee (on which I have sat for over 8 years) has been relegated to what is known as the terrace floor of the Capitol, B-23 and B-25 down as far as you can go. I'll know more about it by next week.

ONE of the bills that has hung fire for a very long time is that covering the Swiss claims for war damages inflicted during World War II by United States armed forces in violation of neutral rights. The many controversies were finally cleared and the conference report adopted.

Among the long range studies now undertaken is that of the

Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of all phases of transportation. The initial allocation of \$165,000 has been made, a staff has been employed and an intensive job will be done as promptly as efficiency permits.

ALTHOUGH no action can be assured it is anticipated that the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare will bring out (S.653), a bill to amend the 1938 Fair Labor Standards Act which would raise the hourly minimum wage from 40c to 75c. It is estimated that some 1½ million workers would be affected. As the subcommittee action was unanimous it is anticipated that the full committee will act both favorably and promptly.

A similar bill (H.R. 3190) was approved in early March by the House Committee on Education and Labor which not only raised the wage but also spread the coverage to about 2 million beyond present coverage. The administration had asked that the Act be spread over an additional 5 million workers.

Minimum wage legislation was a major item in President Truman's program. I am told that its fate in this session at least is highly uncertain since priority has been given to other items. No action is presently expected.

THIS is my last call to West Point Military Academy aspirants!! The competitive test upon which nominations will be made is to be held on Monday morning July 11th. There will be two principals appointed and six alternates. These examinations are open to anyone wanting to take them, but those with letters of permission will have priority should the supply of papers be inadequate. So if you really want to take these exams, write me at once if you have not already done so.

Chapter two and three-quarters . . .

The Misadventures Of Isabel

Well, we sort of just got into Pittsburgh last week, and then ran out of space, so I didn't have a chance to tell you what I thought of the steel city.

This is my impression of Pittsburgh: "Steel giant . . . You raise your steel framed buildings to the skies . . . And your concrete and plaster and brick . . . Sing up to the leaders hued skies mightily . . . Of power, and the glory of dirt . . . That produces your great buildings . . .

"Your mighty bridges . . . Spanning great horizons . . . And your healthy smell of sweat . . . Of workers dry throat . . . That serve your iron mouths . . . With molten metal . . . And even your leaden skies . . . All sing."

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SNOODLES



I went in, and sure enough, there on the floor lay Junior, with his little feelers spread out on all sides of him. "Good afternoon, Junior," I said, "and what are you doing here?" He crawled a bit closer.

"Atta boy!" I cheered him on, "I like doing this to you, but you know I really must step on you, so just come over here."

Apparently, he didn't like the tone of my voice, nor what I said, for he stopped, as if to consider.

"Come on, Junior!" I coaxed.

He refused to budge. I saw that I had to take action.

I stepped a few steps closer, and was just lifting my shoe to bring it down on him, when he retreated.

"Junior," I said, a slight edge entering my voice. "You understand that you must be removed, and so the least you can do is to co-operate."

He retreated further away.

I was angry with him by now, and gave chase. His only answer was to stick his spider tongue out at me, and crawl up among the pipes where I couldn't reach him.

"Junior!" I called after him. I was deeply hurt at his lack of consideration. "After all I'm only trying to send you to spider heaven. Unless, of course, you're afraid of going to the other place."

Junior remained where he was.

"Junior," I challenged, "I call you forth on your honor to fight a duel." That brought him. He came toward me, but as I pursued, again sought the refuge of his fort.

I pretended surrender, and went about washing my hands. Soon Junior was trying to sneak out of the place, by sliding stealthily across the floor.

"Oh, no, you don't!" I brought my opera pump down hard on the gentleman, and that was the last we ever saw of Junior alive.

Poor Junior! I do hope he made it to spider heaven.

But that's plenty for this week, and since the rest of the trip was uneventful, except for my five cups of coffee that everyone threatened me with stomach ache for, I shall close this chapter, and take up again when we get to Washington.

See you next week!

Love, as always.

ISABEL

STRAIGHT FROM WASHINGTON



"Your railroad yards are alive, . . . With swarming ants of humanity: Your slaves . . .

"And yet . . .

"You are thrall to them, not they to you . . . For you must obey their commands: . . . They can think, and command, and feel, and you cannot . . . And your steel beating heart . . .

Thumping and turning over with each pulsation . . . Of engines . . . and turbines, and generators . . . and electric motors; . . . Your furnaces of steel . . . Must answer to man's least command . . .

Even your muddy river waters . . . Flowing beneath steep cliffs . . . Where eagle houses hang . . . Buffeted by the winds . . . And swaying their bodies to keep their balance . . . Must obey . . .

"Your strong river . . . Beaten by the turmoil of your life . . . Churning under smoke filled skies . . . That cling to the gray earth . . . Strangely framed with naked cliffs and Verdant trees on the one bank . . . And with steel tracks . . . And corrugated railroad cars . . . And junk yards full of rusty iron on the other, rushes thru your beating limbs . . . Like life-blood in a human's veins . . .

"Pittsburgh . . . Great in America . . . The city of power and work!"

That's it . . . Of course, that should set up like poetry, with each capital letter beginning a new line, but if we did that I'd never have the space to tell you of my adventure with Junior, which I simply must get in. After that I shall say no more about what happened on the train until just before we arrive in Washington.

It's odd, though, come to think of it, that I had to sit there a half hour and stare out of the window, before I saw all that. And they tell me there are people who see Europe in eight days. How can they? I saw only a tiny smattering of Pittsburgh in half an hour, and that was only one city on our route, and the only one we stopped at for any length of time.

And we were in Washington three full days, had everything organized so that we could see as much as possible in as short a time as possible, and still we had just started when we found it was time to go home. How people can see all of Europe in eight days! I think I'd have to spend at least six months to see Europe properly.

But we must get back to Junior. I suppose you wonder who he is. Well, I'll tell you exactly how I met him, and how he died.

It was just after lunch, and my hands were a bit sticky from the chicken, which we had to eat that way, so I got into line for the wash room to wash my hands. It was just my turn when the girl before me came out screaming, "There's a spider in there!"

Washington. — Republicans and Democrats in the House of Representatives organized rival baseball teams and put on a night game for the benefit of charity. As baseball it was terrible to behold but then Lou Boudreau, Ted Williams and others might not be so good as Congressmen. Congressman McKinnon (D), California, suffered a fractured ankle in sliding into second. He said, "This served me right. I should have known better than to try to play ball with the Republicans."

AMERICA'S NO. 1 PROBLEM Homeless veterans who were left homeless by failures of the last Congress to pass housing legislation and helpless families crowded in ugly congested city slums or trailer camps at the edge of so many of our communities may have a real Thanksgiving Day in real homes this year or by Thanksgiving Day next year. The Administration low-cost housing and slum clearance bill will soon become a law over President Truman's signature, despite opposition of the powerful real estate lobby. In time of war for purpose of destruction our government constructed a city at Oak Ridge, Tenn., capable of housing 100,000 people. This by cash subsidies and incentives. The entire construction job took six weeks. What's wrong with some similar action in time of peace to eliminate slums and ugly trailer camps and provide real homes for millions of poor people at reasonable rents?

LET'S KEEP AT OUR JOBS Surely "it does get hot in Washington" just as Representative Bolton (R), Ohio, writes. It also gets hot on the farm. Ohio farmers will wipe a bit of perspiration throughout the summer. That goes for the millwright, the carpenter and the steel worker in a Youngstown blast furnace. Despite the heat, this Congress should remain in session long enough to pass legislation in the public interest.

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