

New Era

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

Nova Doba

AMPLIFYING THE VOICE OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING MEMBERS

Rambling Along

By Big Stan

Strabane, Pa. — Today, thoughts are difficult to corral and ideas are slow in formulating into passable reading matter. Today, your rambler's mind is on the rampage but the imaginary eye's visibility is somewhat fogged and clouded. Word pictures do not develop clearly as a result. Physical tiredness and sleep-heavy eyes have brought about this condition but just a mere switch of the mind to Ely and the "never to be forgotten" month spent there brings absolute relief. The aches disappear, eyes grow bright and a smile appears as by magic. Yes, again we can see ourselves, the happiest we have ever been, among friends and forgetting all about the world's troubles.

And so, we come to the main thought behind today's column. During the athletic conference days, Eddie Mikec and your correspondent had the very good fortune of forming a deep friendship with three very swell guys from Ohio. All thru the trip they were in constant touch with each other and Frank Mekka, Al Jelercic and John "Bub" Kardell wanted to continue the friendship with the two Sentinels of Strabane. On the return trip, discussions were in order to bring this about. Suddenly an idea was hit upon. Yes, a four-team bowling tourney, exclusive for the four lodges as represented by Messers. Kardell, Mekka, Mikec and Prost. Yep, just as soon as we contact the sport supervisor, we will see if the four tourney has possibilities.

Why, I'm sports supervisor of the George Washington Lodge" said Bub. "And I of the Betsy Ross," said Al. "And I of the St. Martin lodge" said Frank. With surprise, your reporter said, "well, that makes it unanimous. I'm sports supervisor of the Sentinels. Then we can go right on with the meeting and make it official."

Then and there, two firsts were again established by the SSCU. It marked the first time that a meeting of sports supervisors was ever staged while the train sped thru the night. The meeting itself was held some where between Duluth and Chicago, in Wisconsin. Also, it will mark the first exclusive four-team bowling tournament ever to be conducted by any fraternal society or any group. The time and place of the first meeting is as yet, not known. This will come about after a mutual agreement between Bub, Al, Frank and your rambler. As soon as any definite news is forthcoming, it will be showed to you thru this department. Watch for it.

Little And Big

Yes, and while we are on the way to and from Ely, here may be the right spot for your ramblers to add his say on the by-lines of little and big. The past athletic conference and Matt Vertin is directly responsible. During our stay in Ely, whenever Stan was called, both Little Stan and myself would answer. Then Matt said that since Little Stan is so big and Big Stan is little, Little Stan would be little and I was to be Big. So there you have it. Little Stan Little Stan is big because he's little,

With the Pathfinders

Gowanda, N. Y. — The frosty autumn weather is slowly turning the country side into glorious skies of red and orange. Gleeful yell, the thud of running feet and the thump of a punt is heard from the direction of the football field. Fall is here. A Pathfinder, John Voncina, our athletic supervisor, is half back on the squad of the "Village Eleven," The Boosters. More power to you, Johnnie.

Bowling season will be under way soon. Some evening, if you happen to be strolling by, you might drop in on the alleys, where you may see Mary Krall and the Gnesda sisters practicing. Will the alleys be crowded then? And how!

One of the best sights of the season is to see Ruby Majean hightailing down Broadway after her pup, Chummy. Amelia Kaluza has a pup, too, but Amelia just can't take to running after her pup. A little poem on the subject:

Ruby and Amelia each owned a dog,

They were as cute as they could be.

And everywhere the doggies went,

You would find Amelia and Ruby.

Pathfinders are planning a party after the next meeting, October 17. There will be refreshments and entertainment. Mary Batchen, with the assistance of co-workers, is in charge of the refreshments and promises a treat. "Mish" Strauss and Betty Batchen are in charge of entertainment. Wow! what entertainment! Members are urged to attend the meeting and the party. We assume and promise all who come a swell time.

Sometime in the near future, we plan to have a skating party. If you are for the party, say so; if not—quiet, please.

Betty Batchen, Sec'y

If you're not confused as yet, I'll go on. Little Stan suggested that I write by the by-line to give the paper something new and to create more interest. I agreed and one must admit that Little Stan was right. It did create interest and much comment everywhere. So again, add another "pat on the back" to the hard working Little Stan who has done much to make the Nova Doba what it is today—the best and most interesting official organ ever to be published by any society.

For this month, another Sentinel has matriculated to the Pay in Advance class. This time, it is our hard working recording secretary, John Tershel and of course, along with John, membership cards were given to Jennie Tershel and John junior. In the prompt payers, three of the newest additions share the spot-light. One is an old timer for promptness with monthly dues, and so far has not been dislodged from one of the first payers. Oh yes, he is Mike Migliorati, one of our soft ballers and also a member of one of the local bands. The others, Arthur Snepenger and Rudolph Krulce.

Oh well, I cannot go on forever commenting on the articles so I'll have to say good bye for a while. Maybe some time I can tell you more about school and my friends, but until then I'll keep on enjoying my weekly issue of the paper.

Incidentally my new address is:

123 Lowry Hall, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio.

I'd love to hear from my pen pals, the delegates and all my other friends of the SSCU.

Anne Prosen

Ilirska Vila Reporter

Greetings

BRIEFS

In Detroit, Mich., *Brigadiers* Lodge, 234, SSCU will observe its first anniversary on November 4th, at the home of Ann Bahor, treasurer. Members shall be admitted free, and friends will pay an admission of 50 cents. Included in the program of entertainment are dancing, refreshments and a light lunch.

Tune in on station WJAS, frequency 1290, next Saturday, October 7, between 5 to 6 p. m. and hear Stan Progar's hit "All Alone With You," played by Baron Elliot and his orchestra. This is the same Stan Progar, secretary of Sentinels, 236, SSCU, Strabane, Pa., who writes regularly for the Nova Doba.

In Chicago, Ill., the United SSCU lodges will hold a dance on Sunday, October 22, at 2657 So. Lawndale Ave.

Western Pennsylvania Federation of SSCU lodges will meet on Sunday, October 29, in Herminie, Pa.

In Cleveland, O., the *Betsy Ross* lodge, 186, SSCU will hold a dance on Saturday, October 21.

In Struthers, O., *Cardinals* Lodge, 229, SSCU will hold a dance at the Croatian Hall on Lowellville Rd. Music will be furnished by Jack Burns and his orchestra.

Cleveland Slovene school of the Slovene National Home on St. Clair Ave., is conducting regular Slovene language classes every Saturday, at 9 a. m. Juvenile classes are held for children from 7 to 16 years of age.

On Saturday, October 7, lodge 163, SSCU of James City, Pa., will hold a dance at the Community Building.

On Saturday, October 28, lodge 29, SSCU of Imperial, Pa., will hold a dance at the Slovene National Home, starting at 8 p. m.

Citizenship classes, conducted by the Citizen's Bureau, which is a Cleveland Community Fund agency, started last week, and are held between 7 and 9 p. m. at various branch libraries. For men who work at night a special class is held at Citizens' Bureau on Tuesdays, at 9 a. m.

The Cleveland Slovene Auditorium on St. Clair Avenue will be the scene of a fifth jubilee Concert and an evening jamboree of merriment, when the United Slovene Youth Chorus celebrates its fifth anniversary Sunday, Oct. 8th, 1939. The youthful singers are dedicating this concert in the honor of all mothers and will sing a song, titled "Mother," written and composed for this occasion by their director Mr. Louis Seme, while the program includes over 30 other numbers. Jankovic and Vadjnjal orchestras will furnish the music for the evening.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

Barberton, O. — On Saturday, Oct. 28, St. Martin's Lodge, 44, SSCU will hold a Hallowe'en dance at Domovina Hall on 14th St. Prizes will be awarded for the best and the most comical costumes.

Angela Zalar, Sec'y

A Word of Thanks

Butte, Mont. — Dear members of the SSCU: May a delegate who was not one of the happy delegation in Ely last August takes the stand for a few minutes?

Yes, dear friends, on those glorious days before and during the convention, while you were having such a glorious time, buying new clothes; (say, girls — boys, too — wasn't that a splendid opportunity to replenish your wardrobe?) wondering if you had taken your tooth brush; discovering that you had unwittingly packed your films at the very bottom of your "suit-kufer." (Why, your language is even affecting me!) when you had so wanted to take pictures of the scenery; (What scenery! Especially some of those good-looking ones!) trying to jam everything you possess into one suit-kufer and finally managing with one suit-kufer, an overnight bag, and six or seven hat boxes. (Am I exaggerating?) there were two young ladies, deep in the throes of despair and desolation, all their hopes and expectations in smoldering ruins, both in the same category: THEY COULD NOT ATTEND THE CONVENTION! That long awaited trip to Ely was to be only a dream! Yes, dear delegates, one of these despondent mortals was none other than my miserable self.

But, it seems (Strange as it may be!) that the convention still went on and was a huge success, even though I did not favor it with my honorable presence (A-HEM!) or did not accompany the other delegates from Butte.

Well, at least I can say that I have met one of the delegates — besides our Butte delegates, of course — namely, Frank Jovanovich from Washington. This memorable happening took place on that eventful eve of August 1st, as we bid the lucky delegates good-bye and settled them in the train. (Frank, do you remember the girl who so sadly remarked that she wished she was going, and you replied: "It's your own fault that you are not going?" I know you were unaware of the fact that I had been elected a delegate, but due to unforeseen circumstances, was unable to go; so I'll forgive you for that remark.)

Little Stan, after all my hopes and dreams, I still have not met you!

A couple of weeks ago, as I read the Nova Doba, I was very flattered by a girl whom I have been desirous of meeting since the beginning of the campaign; in her article she tells me that she, too, had been looking forward to meeting me. Thank you, Irene Pavlich!

Then how highly esteemed do you suppose I felt last week, when reading Florence D. Startz's letter, I find her honoring me by saying that she, too, had hoped to meet me?

It may seem quite trivial to you readers, but to me these are compliments worth cherishing; and I am deeply sorry that all I can do to repay them is to say THANKS A MILLION to both of these girls.

I also want to thank our Supreme Secretary, Mr. Zbasnik, and the other members of the Supreme Board for the beauti-

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News Casting

By Little Stan

Ely, Minn.—Conspicuously missing from the pages of Nova Doba last week was Little Stan with his weekly column of chattering. Explanations are in order, perhaps, but because any excuse might be better than none at all, he won't say anything about it!

By saying, "conspicuously," it would be better to say that it was conspicuous to Little Stan, whose conscience was rather disturbed because he had missed a deadline—and that is not right for any newspaperman.

Anyway things have been buzzing along, and Little Stanley has been chasing around getting the lowdown and that sort of thing to fill columns of newspapers with newsy reading material. For now in addition to his getting the news, he must be the official photographer. Newshawk and Camera man now! Luckily for him, his long legs will enable a fast escape, especially when some irate subject gets the idea he might want to smash cameras!

This is crisp September weather. In these northwoods, it appears the old sun is losing its heating grip and a cold blast, something like that up in the arctic circle (ever been there?) swept into the region signifying a prelude to winter, so to speak.

But that doesn't bother hundreds of so-called nim-rods or duck hunters who last Sunday, warmly dressed, were up before the sun, resting in the wild rice beds, waiting for the first of the vanguard of wild duck to come to a landing. For nothing is so tender and juicy as a nice wild duck on a dinner table.

Prepared with wild rice—you can rest assured a duck dinner will be in order.

Fall-time is great hunting season time! Although there won't be any open season on deer this year, hunters will make up for it by getting their share of other wild game life. Birds of all kinds particularly the partridge and pheasant!

Even if you don't get anything, going hunting is a pleasure. It does things to you. Think about getting out of bed at 4 a. m. (middle of the night, did you say?) You gulp a hot cup of coffee and a batch of flapjacks, take the trusty gun and stride forward into the colorful forest. Even at this early hour, the air, fresh and chilly, invigorates you. It tingles you right down into the fingertips. Your lungs feel like bursting, so deep do you inhale. And the perfume of the woods is a fine delicacy for your nostrils. You feel like Tarzan, and like you'd be able to throw the biggest bear in the country.

Perhaps next week Little Stan can take you with him on a hunting expedition into these

northern wilds. We'll see if we can get around to it!

Frank Skala, proprietor of Squaw Bay resort on the shores of Fall Lake, has been having bear trouble for some time. For a family of the black animals have been roaming about his cabins, causing a lot of commotion, although not being quite dangerous. Mr. and Mrs. F. Hoffman of Ohio, who have been spending some time at the place were informed by Mr. Skala that a nice big black bear had been shot. Mr. Skala skinned it and it seems that our Ohio guests are going to go home with a nice bear skin rug souvenir. Pretty nice.

Mr. Hoffman, by the way, is here with Joseph Kolkmeier, who, together with the busy staff of the home office are installing a new auditing system in the office of our SSCU. If memory serves correctly, Mr. Kolkmeier will take that bear skin with him. The black bear of Squaw Bay was a topic of discussion at the Kolkmeier home, where Mr. and Mrs. entertained week ago Saturday.

FALL TIME

With the coming of crisp September weather there comes a period of spirited activity. Everybody is getting set for a winter of social and lodge activity. Gophers of Lodge No. 2 are no exception. Already the girls' bowling team is crashing the pins at Bowling Center alleys. And there will be parties, dances, and the like. Gophers meeting is the second Thursday of each month. Next one comes Oct. 12 — so be prepared!

Newscasting: To the strains of "Ave Maria," as sung by Miss Mary Hutar, director of St. Anthony's church choir, Rev. Frank Mihelcic officiated at a ceremony, Saturday, Sept. 23 at which Miss Kathryn Lovshin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lovshin of Chisholm was wed to Joseph L. Mantel, son of First Supreme Vice President and Mrs. Joseph L. Mantel, Sr. It was a simple but impressive ceremony. Attending were John Golobich and Miss Margaret Ann Mantel.

It seemed friend Joe pulled a fast one. Everybody seemed to think Joe was married last May when he took out his license. But Joe wanted to make certain they wouldn't run short of licenses. Heh Heh.

Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served at the Mantel home. Little Stan arrived to congratulate the newlyweds shortly after and to get a story. He not only got the story but a fine cigar! Immediately after the couple left on a wedding trip which took them to the west coast towards Washington.

Both bride and bridegroom attended the University of Minnesota. Mrs. Mantel, Jr., is a graduate of Chisholm high school, Hibbing junior college. Joe attended St. Thomas college. He is in the insurance business here and is assisting his dad in directing the destinies of a prospering hardware business.

Charming Visitor

A charming visitor to this little wilderness mecca way up in these crisp northwoods during

(Continued on page 4)

College Daze and Freshman Weak

Kent, O... The correct title would of course be "College Days and Freshman Week" but I think the past week at most of the great American universities was something more strenuous than a simple litter of days making an ordinary week. The frame of circumstances makes up a daze of freshman week activities. So with this point in mind come to the top of the hill and gaze with me informally at the activities of Kent State University.

The foremost matter of importance on opening day is the finding of dorms and room-mates. This of course is an art in itself not so much on the part of the picker as the one who is being picked. It makes a big world of difference if your new room sharer is a homely type, the conventional type, the active type, the popular type, the serious type, or the humorous. This is the major factor since this person will be the object of your attention a great number of the twenty-four hours. It would be horrid to wake up in the morning and gaze upon an ugly face. A smile would pep you up for the day's activities much better. "Birds of a feather flock together," so you might turn out to be a bird like your room-mate. (Fortunately I have the loveliest of room-mates who seems to rank 100 per cent in my opinion as the ideal all around girl. She comes from Campbell, O. but this does not matter, the city is pretty nice to send me such a dear as Jean Nerone, I must also make mention of my suitemates and are they sweet mates. Marjorie Frankhauser hails from Painesville, O. just a few miles from my home. She too is a dear and the type of person you enjoy living with. Her winning smile captivates me and how her dimples dance when she laughs. Her room-mate and my suite mate come from Lakewood, another neighboring town. She, Vivian Estabrook, is as pretty and attractive as her name. She is more or less very artistic, now don't get me wrong she possesses poise in music and singing to such an extent to make herself popular and a fine entertainer. Like my other mates she make me happy that I have such a fine social group with which to associate between classes and in the evening.

That is only the first step — getting acquainted with room-mates. The program is yet a long one. Unpacking still has to be accomplished. The day of days is yet to come.

Registration day — dawns early but not good. Jean Nerone and I pushed aside the covers about five-thirty that Tuesday morning, for early arrival at the Administration building meant an earlier completion of registration — earlier but not shorter. Upon arriving at the building where we were to get our registration cards, no not registration cards, just the tiny pink card telling the hour that you are to be admitted to the auditorium for the registration after you have completed all the preliminaries, we found a fairly long line already. Evidently the others thought the same as we did. Our first arrival got there at 2:30 in the morning. Right, he brought his blanket and pillow along. Following the acceptance of the hour card, Jean and I had to climb the horrid stairs — yes, horrid — they make nice scenery but terrible strength killers, to the floor where we were to have our identification picture taken. Here, too, there was a long line. So we dropped in with the snail-like procession to leave our images on the film. This almost broke our courage down entirely but we couldn't stop

here. We had to go through the physical examination yet — that was a century of progress in itself. Slowly we wended our way around stopping very occasionally for the next step in the examination. First here for the weight, then a few miles down for the temperature test, then the blood test, and so on for days and days we were in a daze trying to complete our examination so we could register some time near the end of the week. Step by step we went through the preliminary examination — physically unfit by the end of it all. But there was more to follow. Little pieces of papers and cards were necessary with our hour cards for the official registration. This time we really showed our greenness when we had to be shown every few minutes where such and such a card could be obtained. Usually the place was at the other end of the campus and by the time we got back the place where we were at first the line is lengthened by another fifty or sixty persons. So to the end we march again to fall in line patiently.

Finally we got into the gymnasium with all the preliminaries taken care of, or I should say we Freshman thought they were taken care of, there was much to follow. Here in the gym we were greeted by sweet smiling professors whose smiles seem to invite us to a very happy occasion but things change when we found that there is a program to be made out. Gallantly we marched up to the dean of our respective college and he politely handed us a schedule of classes and told us politely to find ourselves a seat and make out our program. This is enough to send half of us home but recollecting all that went before us we tackle it but not with pleasure. The next step is the okay by your dean which you very seldom get. The first thing you know there is a conflict in your program and you are pining away in the corner trying to decipher why you made the mistake and why you came to college. Oh what a cruel place. If it weren't so far home most of us would have thrown up into the air all these little papers and walked home.

But at last registration is over. We are now students in the University. How important a step. But there is much to come yet. For instance we have to wear those horrid freshman caps. And what outstanding marks of our greenness here. Everyone can see at a glance that we are beginners in the university. It would be nicer if we could sort of mingle among the crowd without being noticed so much.

The next grind so important in every institution is classes. Classes in themselves are very nice, but it's that horrid line forming that makes it so much of a grind. Here too is a chance for you to stand hours in line waiting for some one at the beginning to decide whether or not he wants the book or should he change his course so he can have more money to spend. As soon as this so called "Book-pest" removes his avoidalopus out of line the line moves one step forward and so on until we get to face the bookseller nine chances out of ten he hasn't the book we want. And here's where the grind comes in. Your teeth just grind and grind when you discover all these attained blisters were in vain.

Cutting out of classes would be another nice thing if you didn't like the face staring at you from behind the desk. But we here at Kent are too patient so we take the circumstances and mix work with play, allowing time for studies so that we can have a well deserved recrea-

LITTLE STAN'S ARTICLE

(Continued from page 3)

ing the past two weeks was a bundle of personality known to folks around Illinois way as Miss Mary Shetina. She is recording secretary of St. Michael's Lodge No. 92, Rockdale, Ill., and one of her pet ambitions was to see the inside workings of our \$2,000,000 SSSCU.

She had looked forward to this trip ever since a band of travel-weary Arrowhead girl bowlers of Lodge No. 184, who had participated in the National SSSCU Bowling tournament in Cleveland had stopped in that prosperous little village for rest, relaxation, and fun. And after several months the trip was realized.

Headquarters for the bowlers is the Sweet Shoppe where Miss Shetina first stopped on her arrival to Ely. Miss Justine Otrin, one of the bowling gals, took her vacation, and the two young ladies obtained the pretty Verdin cottage on the shores of beautiful White Iron Lake where two weeks of entertainment would elapse before the thought of returning home would enter her mind.

During the interim there were many visits. Most important was the visit to the home office where Miss Barbara Matthesha, chief clerk, showed her everything from top to bottom. Bro. Anton Zbasnik, supreme secretary, and Miss Shetina met on another day and exchanged cordial greetings and conversation.

Visiting other points of interest, meeting many people, and captivating everyone of them with her catchy friendliness, and whiling away time at the lake occupied practically every moment.

Crisp fall weather set in and it was evident that vacation days were ending. And so it was that on Friday Miss Shetina, all packed up, left to return to Rockdale, with this beautiful country wherein our SSSCU holds its national headquarters, a living, everlasting memory in her heart.

Every person she met in Ely joins hands in wishing her bon-voyage, hoping that someday she might return, and bidding her farewell!

Bro. Albert Adamich, chairman of the Third Juvenile convention wrote Little Stan a post-card while riding on a bus. He's going back to school again, and Little Stan thinks a lot of his spare moments will be dreams of Ely and juvenile conventions. Right Al?

Western Stars

Rock Springs, Wyo. — Members of Western Stars Lodge, 202, SSSCU are giving a Balloon Dance on Saturday, October 14, at 9:30 p.m. Paul's orchestra will provide the music. Plenty of "kranjske klobase" will be served. Be sure and attend this dance for an evening of entertainment. Admission shall be 60 cents for gentlemen and 15 cents for the ladies.

Fannie Jenko, Sec'y.

tion period. Already our class of '43 shows signs of an ideal group who will disregard those horrid days of freshman week, the blisters, the disappointments, to take upon itself the responsibility of making a class of fine men and women, ideal citizens of these United States and the successful generation of tomorrow. We will look back some day on these our freshman days with tears in our eyes and long to live them over again. How we will want to stand in line all over again. And be once more in that College Freshman Week Daze.

Anne Prosen

Golden Gate International Exposition

By Christine Turner

Oakland, Cal. — The setting for the Golden Gate International Exposition is Treasure Island, lifted from the bottom of San Francisco Bay, in full view of the two world famous bridges, the San Francisco-Oakland bridge, longest in the world, and the Golden Gate bridge, longest, highest, single steel suspension span in the world.

Great seven foot walls of stucco, flecked with iridescent vermiculite, glitter with the magic of modern lighting that makes this island a shimmering "Bagdad." Within these walls is the magic city itself, lighted by hidden lamps tucked in branches of trees, in troughs, buried among shrubs. There are colored flood lights and gas-filled fluorescent tubes, ultra violet mercury or "black light" lamps which produce the startling myriad lights that make it a mystic city. General Electric Co., responsible for this painting with light, has a marvelous exhibit of modern science, called "The House of Magic," which gives free half hour shows explaining the newest miracles of science. If the fair had been held last year, this indirect lighting could not have been used, for this is one of their latest inventions.

The gigantic gardens on Treasure Island are the most beautiful I have seen. Thousands of trees and plants are constantly changed to create new gardens. Many rare plants never seen by the public are on display. The soil had to be specially prepared to remove the salt before anything could be planted. The most unusual display I saw was the vegetable garden, ten thousand cabbages, beets and other vegetables growing along the Avenue of Palms, and the beautiful Magic Carpet along the west shore. This carpet is made up of twenty-five acres of many-colored cuttings of ice plant.

In the Hall of Electricity and Communication I found the exhibit that was truly interesting,

the Bell System Exhibit, which is instructive and useful and gives thousands of people new appreciation of their telephone equipment. At this exhibit you may speak into telephones and hear your own voice played back to you so that you hear yourself as others hear you. You can also take a hearing test. The most interesting part of this exhibit was the Voder, the electrical device that actually creates speech. Pedro, the Voder, is built except for his keys, entirely of apparatus used in everyday telephone service. He talks like a human, says just what the operator wants him to say, words and even complete sentences. The operator sits at a keyboard like that of an organ, and by combining keys she can make speech sounds. Many people believe this exhibit plays records but this is not so. The Voder really and truly speaks.

The Cavalcade of the Golden West is one of the attractions that is truly amazing. It is a super pageant, dramatizing the colorful history of the West. This show is presented on a four-hundred foot outdoor stage. At night the lighting is beautiful. Overhead, real stars twinkle. A curtain of water, lighted with brilliant lights, shoots into the air to shield the scene shifters. This spectacle shows Balboa discovering the Pacific, goes thru colorful history of the West to the time of the San Francisco fire. Herds of cattle cross the stage, prize steer and livestock pavilion. Horses climb runways and stage coaches cross the desert. Oxen go across the stage and one for-

gets the present and lives in

the colorful days of old California.

A new style of architecture was created, the "Pacifica," embodying motifs of both the eastern and western shores of the Pacific. The Elephant Towers are twelve stories tall, look like something out of Asiatic jungles. The Exhibit places are windowless, and this gives the fair the effect of a walled city. The color schemes offer repose and beauty.

The children have a Children's Village, with ponies to ride, merry-go-rounds, with attendants in charge.

To me the Fair is a Fairyland of color and beauty. The four hundred foot "Tower of the Sun" is ablaze with color. You can see the big Clippers of Pan American being serviced, coming and going on their regular schedules.

There is the Gayway, a forty acre park of every kind of fun, shows for everyone. There is Chinatown with its towering pagoda and complete village, the Court of Pacific with its eighty-foot statue, the Court of the Seven Seas with its sixty-foot masts and billowing sails, its flowers, and its submarine scenes. The Hall of Flowers is made of non-transparent cellophane, mounted on wire mesh, and this greenhouse shows rare and beautiful flowers. The clipper ships bring orchids from Hawaii, Philippines and Australia. Steamers rush twenty-foot ferns and rare flowers in ice blocks. There is a Treasure Mountain, simulating a twenty-five hundred mile trip thru every phase of a real mine. There is Vacationland, all the scenic spots of the West, the national parks, trout streams, snow capped peaks and sunlit beaches brought under one roof.

You see streamlined railroads crossing the country, animated cowboys in rodeos. You see Bethlehem Steel's animated models showing how steel is made, see the story of Oil, all exhibits are educational and yet are presented in such a way they entertain also.

International Hall represents the European countries. Portugal, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Holland and Greece have interesting exhibits of silver, crockery, embroideries, wines, fish, textiles, everything these countries are famous for.

The Homes and Gardens Building shows new things for better livings. New inventions, new methods, new ideas. Outside of this building are model homes, completely furnished.

The Palace of Fine and Decorative Arts houses one of the most magnificent collections of art treasure to be found in the U. S. Priceless paintings, sculptures and other art objects from all over the world have been sent here. Creations by artist-craftsmen of Europe and America are part of the Decorative Arts. There are modern rooms with glass furniture, beautiful textiles and furniture on display.

The most wonderful part of this exhibit I believe, were the thirty miniature rooms created by Mrs. J. Ward Thorne, worth half a million dollars in skill and materials.

Lodge 239

Chisholm, Minn. — Members of Lodge "Sloga," 239, SSSCU are invited to attend in full numbers the next meeting, scheduled for Thursday, Oct. 12. The meeting will be held in the club room of the Recreation Building, starting at 7:30 p.m. Refreshments and a light lunch will be served after the meeting, and each member will contribute ten cents to defray this item of expense.

Mary Zurga, Sec'y

Our Departure From Ely

By Elsie M. Desmond

Cleveland, O. — Dear Readers! Yes, another week has gone by and your reporter is here again to give you another report of her wonderful trip to Ely, Minn. Yes, it is exactly sixty-three days since all the juveniles had met. That was on that wonderful Thursday that we had reached Ely and had such a grand time for the next few days. The past few weeks have been so much fun writing letters and reading articles to the Nova Doba of our delegates. Yes, it was so much fun. Just like a short holiday. But I must continue on with my trip. Last week you will remember that I gave you a few notes of the athletic conference and of our picnic on Sunday. How we all had the pleasure of meeting the governor, members of the supreme board, and our great author, Louis Adamic. Yes, it was all so thrilling. But that day had ended so soon. After the picnic we all walked to Verdin's cafe and here Matt Verdin told us that we should have called him up so that he could have picked us up at the picnic grounds. The reason was because we had told him that we walked way up to his place and we were all so tired. Yes, just like Matt. Always willing to help the other folks.

Monday morning we were awakened by the honking of an auto's horn. Yes, that was Little Stan. I can just picture that Monday morning when we three had looked out and saw Little Stan looking up. We told him that we would be ready within half an hour. You see he wanted to show us the rest of the town. After our hearty breakfast, which we all enjoyed, we began packing our bags; that was Frances Prahl and Jackie Schimmel. Yes, after those bags were in Ely for such a short time they had to be packed again — be returned home. Our ending had come. Our wonderful trip was just about over. And this is what most of the juveniles had dreaded. Yes, but the good times do have to end sometime and so ours did too, had reached its destination.

With our bags packed we carried them down to the living room and Little Stan had already arrived — so we took them into his car and took them over to the hotel.

Into the car we piled, Frances Prahl, Jackie Schimmel, Anne Prosen and Little Stan, but wait a minute here comes two of our friends. Yes, it is Stan's brother, Little Al and Joseph Laurich. Yes, there is enough room for them in the car too so let us proceed. Where is Little Stan taking us? Oh, didn't I tell you. We are going to make a short tour of the town. Our first place to visit was the City Jail where the officer, Mr. Banovetz showed us the different places. Yes, he locked me in the jail too. The chief of the jail is Douglas Nankervis. Also went to visit the Fire Department. There are thirty-five volunteer firemen and three paid men for truck driving. Went to visit the City Hall and met the treasurer, Andrew Battilo, Jr. Our visit was to the Ely Commercial Club where Ray Haefner, the secretary, presented souvenirs to us and they were badges with the words "Ely, Playground of the Nation." This is an organization of 150 members who are working for the good of the city and the surrounding territory. Our last visit was to the Community building. In this fine building are a tourist information booth, club rooms, the American Legion quarters, local post is named Frank Lozar Post No. 248, public library, bathrooms with showers, meeting rooms, large cafeteria, kitchen and a large auditorium. This is really a very beautiful and wonderful building. Our tour had ended and it was really something to talk about later. Yes, I do wish to thank Little Stan for taking us all around to the different places of much interest. So thanks, Stan.

Stan took us back to our home and Mrs. Omerza had a fine lunch ready for us. It was the best. After our lunch we thanked Mr. and Mrs. Omerza for their fine hospitality and their generosity served to us while we were delegates there. They treated us with the best and we wish again to thank them with best "thanks". We do hope to come back to Ely again and see them too.

After goodbyes Frances, Jackie and I walked over to the home office to get our checks. Imagine our surprise when we found out that the office was closed. You just can't imagine how we felt. We wondered why it was closed. Then we wondered about our checks. Oh, this was terrible. We all had such worried looks on our faces. Frances asked me already if she could borrow money. No, I don't think she needn't be so worried. I think we'll get our checks. Well, after all you would be worried too. Gee, finding the home office closed was something to be worried about.

From the office we went to Mr. Kovach's store and bought some food. The young man and girl were very nice with us and told us not to be worried. Then someone came into the store and announced that Mr. Zbasnik was down at the hotel, and you don't know how happy we were to hear that. Frances and I were packing the lunch, that came in very handy later. I left Frances and told her that I would be back soon. I went across the street to say goodbye to my wonderful correspondent and her family. I was so excited I wouldn't even talk. I did manage to talk and they told me that they would meet me down at the station. Back to the store I hurried, got the lunch, got Frances, said goodbye to the folks and rushed to the hotel. It was about 1:30 and the train left at 2:00. At the hotel the first thing to do was to look for Mr. Zbasnik and lucky we were we got him. And

On Safety

Motorists! Remember thousands of children cross the streets on the way to and from school. An added responsibility for everyone who drives a car, particularly cautious during hours that schools are close and when you are in the vicinity of the school. Remember that any child can be met if you slow down slowly enough.

— Public Relations Department
Cleveland Police Department

Singleton — I saw my wife has a lot of work to do. Wedderby — Yester

Life In a C. C. Camp

By Frank Mekina

In collaboration with Big Stan
The following, first of a series of three articles on life in a C. C. Camp based on actual experience are dedicated to Frank E. Vranichar and the many others that have expressed a desire to know a little of the "goings on" in regular camp life.

Strabane, Pa. — Some time back, with no work in sight, time preying heavily and most of my buddies enrolling in the Civilian Conservation Corps, I suddenly felt an urge to "see the world" and to experience the exciting adventures of life in the C. C. Camps. Then, most of my friends that wrote back home, told of the "real life" and fun they had in their respective camps and the more I heard of their tales, the more determined I became to join them. And so, with no hesitation on leaving Barberville behind for a few months, I quickly applied for admittance to the three Cs. Of course, I did not know whether or not my application would be accepted or when but somehow I waited and dreamed for the day that I would find myself a part of some camp and really living the wonderful experiences described by my friends. Leaving home and the loved ones was the big problem but with the knowledge that it wouldn't last forever, I put aside the parting, believing that all the fun and new experiences would fully repay for the separation. Of course, when the family learned of my intentions, they would not hear of it but finally they too realized the educational value of spending time in the civilian Conservation Corps and gave in to my going. And so, the days dragged until the notice of my acceptance came to me.

Then finally the much waited for letter arrived. I was accepted. I was to report in Akron, Ohio in just a few days to undergo a thorough physical examination to qualify for the camps. My enthusiasm knew no bounds as I prepared to entrain to Akron and so with repeated warnings from the family to be extremely careful, I bid my final good-byes to Barberville and started on the first leg of one of the most exciting and wonderful adventures that was to carry me to the west coast. Of course, then I did not know just where I would be stationed or whether or not I would pass the qualifying examination.

But I finally reached Akron and reported to the Akron Armory where the Army physicians conducted their examinations. There I met quite a few boys, some my age, some older, some younger, all eager to get set and started for the camp life. Most of the conversation dealt with what each boy had learned of camp life thru a friend and just where they would be stationed. Some were worried about the examination for only "almost perfect specimens" were admitted. "Gosh, I wonder if my bad teeth will keep me out" or "I'll bet I don't get in because of my operation" were some of the remarks passed on by the hopefuls. As one boy had his examination completed, he was quickly surrounded by many, all wanting to know just what the doctor probed for most. Such was the scene as I waited my turn. Excitement, suspense, sorrow and gladness, all registered within one passing minute after another. Then it came. Doctor after doctor examined every part of your body. Not just one doctor but a specialist for every separate functional unit of the human body, studying, searching, leaving nothing undone to insure physical fitness.

And so went the day. Many

were heart broken and sent home because of deformities or bad health but the balance of us that qualified were quickly sent on to Fort Knox, Kentucky where we were stationed at the regular army base to await further shipment to our regular camps. When we arrived at Fort Knox, we viewed a scene more beautiful than any of us ever imagined existed other than those that come from the artist's brush. And since this was to be our home for two days, we drank in the splendor of Fort Knox like one deprived of water for weeks. The magnificence of it all, orderliness of movement and the striking beauty of Fort Knox left us somewhat stunned. But we did manage to remember the well planned, low barracks, laid out in an orderly manner.

These were the homes for the soldiers stationed at Fort Knox. Surrounding the barracks on all sides were well kept roads, a lawn that would be the envy of any golf course and flowers of all types. In the center of the camp was a huge flag pole, at the base a monumental stone. Everywhere one looked he could see orderliness and cleanliness of the first order. At the outskirts of the barracks loomed the large white structures that served as homes for the officers and their families. Paved walks and flowers added to the touch of a homey atmosphere that one wouldn't expect at an army base. To complete the scene, soldiers and officers in spic and span uniforms strode about in true military style, alert, erect and precise.

During our stay in Fort Knox, the soldiers' barracks served as our homes. There again we underwent another physical examination by the camp surgeon as a final check-up. Here we were issued our camp uniforms and the clothes needed for work. This is called the general issue or as the boys prefer to call them, the G. I.'s. As we stood at attention receiving the G. I.'s, the officer in charge of the three C's called the roll and informed us that alphabetically, names beginning with the letter A to M would be shipped to California. This about rolled me for a loop as I had secret ambitions of going to California but never dreamed that they would be realized. But they were. And so with the others that were going to California, about forty in all, we hurriedly rounded up our belongings and prepared to carry out Horace Greeley's cry of "Go West Young Man."

As we were about to entrain for California, we were told that our camp would be Wildcat Canyon Camp, situated some three miles from Berkeley, California. The train could not reach the desired speed for us for we all were anxious to reach our destination as soon as possible. But we may have been just a bit too anxious for the three days and four nights that it took to make the trip from Fort Knox to Berkeley seemed like four weeks. Not much fun was to be had on board for our company was composed of boys just barely acquainted and most of them were just a wee bit bashful to really get into action and have fun. Then too, most of the boys wanted to sit around and discuss what they have learned of camp life and wonder if camp Wildcat would be like their imagination pictured it. The fellows came into the discussion as did the officers and the camp routine. Occasionally, we would draw a fellow traveler into conversation, listen to his tale and then tell ours. Later another traveler would come aboard and the same thing would be done over again.

Soon one day of traveling was completed. Then two. Then

RAMBLING ALONG

(Continued from page 3)

why not join the "Advance" class. Do this today. NOW.

Just recently, the wife of one of our very good SSCU members, Frank Mikec, a member of the supreme judiciary board, Mrs. Mikec was removed to the Washington hospital, where an operation to remove a tumor was performed. The operation was a success and Mrs. Mikec is now resting comfortably and convalescing at the hospital. And thru this column, the members of the Bratska Sloga and the Sentinels extend to her the best wishes for a very speedy recovery and the best of luck. May we gain see you in our midst Mrs. Mikec, and much more healthier and happier than ever before. And may the time be soon.

Stan Progar.

A WORD OF THANKS

(Continued from Page 3)

full wrist watch which they sent me to make up in part for the trip I missed.

Now, I am thanking everyone for their wonderful courtesy to all our delegates from Butte. Though I was not there, those who were have told me how kind and obliging everyone was to them; therefore, I wish to thank you all, as I know the same treatment would have been accorded me had I been present.

I am very happy to see that all you delegates have not forgotten the unlucky members and are giving all of us a peek into the happy times you enjoyed in Ely. This applies to all who have written articles, but especially to Anne Prosen, Florence Startz, Elsie Desmond, Little Stan and Big Stan.

Now that I know you are all sympathizing with me, I can tell you that at least I have one consolation, one thing to look forward to: There are other Conventions of the SSCU looming on the horizon! Maybe, then will come my chance!

Sincerely

Anne Gornick, No. 190, SSCU
1003 E. Galena, Butte, Mont.

I would love to have each and everyone of you delegates drop me a line and give me your version of the convention. Please?

three. The clicking of the rails and the scream of the whistle began to get the best of us. Night came and the conductor politely informed us that our last meal aboard was ready. Yes it was a much looked forward to meal for it all meant that soon we would end our coast to coast journey. Finally, the call for Berkely came. Forty travel weary boys gathered up their belongings, with broad smiles stretching across tired faces and almost shouted their gladness for being in California.

At the station, we were met by one of the camp officers and after a check-up assuring that all were accounted for, we were taken to the CCC trucks that awaited to take us to camp. More riding before a rest but this was welcomed for what's three miles after one has traversed three thousand. In we went and before we got accustomed to the benches in the trucks, good old Wildcat camp loomed before us. We literally leaped from the trucks for here we were — in the three C's and ready for all the thrills and adventures that our friends told us about.

But while you rest your eyes,

I'll refresh my memory a bit

so as to give you all the color

of camp life as it really is. So

next week, I'll begin with the

first day in camp and more new

adventures.

Impressions of a Delegate

By Anne Prosen

(Continuation)

Dear Diary: Another day is here. And how early it started. At one minute after twelve we have excitement again. I went to sleep as you may remember about 11:30 for a good night's sleep. But what a long sleep. We have midnite visitors. Gee what a cruel hour to come visiting. The time isn't so bad itself but I just got to bed and am I tired; Aug. 3 was a very busy day for me. I didn't sleep much or rather at all on the train so I was dead tired. And the bed was so comfortable too. Well I just lay down to sleep and some one is disturbing us already. Dear diary I bet you feel sorry for me too. Imagine getting up after you doze off to receive friends. Oh well I might as well make the best of it and tell you all about it.

MID-NIGHT VISITORS

I snuggled in bed for a nice long sleep and pleasant dreams. I had so much fun dreaming about my train ride. I dreamed that I was riding among the cool forests with my friends. It was almost evening. Some of my pals hummed pretty melodies. The train chugged along in gay rhythm with its toot-toot and chug-chug. Everything was so nice and quiet. A few sang low sweet ballads. The moon was just coming up behind the trees. Stars already twinkled above us. A cool breeze was blowing. Occasionally we passed calm bodies of water. Then suddenly the scene changed as was changing something, kept pounding, pounding quite hard. At first I didn't know what it was. It sounded so distant yet so near. Thump, thump it continued. A few minutes later my room-mate Cecelia was shaking me. I began to make out where I was. I was not in the train with my friends but in bed in the hotel room. I had been just dreaming about the nice ride. When I brightened up a little Cecelia told me we were having visitors. "Visitors," I exclaimed, "is it that late already?" "No," replied she, "it is quite early yet." Glancing at my watch I was almost horrified. It was just about three or four minutes after twelve. Gulp did I swallow hard. To think that I only slept a half hour. I really thought it was morning. I never imagined anyone would come visiting us so early. It would be a pity to send our friends away at this hour so we invited them in. Our gay party included floor mates. Yes that whole third floor seemed to come to our room. At once the gay friends seated themselves on the available seats and began to chat. Al Jelercic told us that they were coming for a mid-nite visit since we cancelled the mid-nite snack. True we told them we were too tired for a mid-nite snack but we forgot to say that we didn't want visitors at that time. So we had to be charming hostesses and make the best of it. Unfortunately Ely goes to bed at an awfully early hour so we night owls had to go without sandwiches and drink. There was no place where we could send for anything. The ladies of the visiting group included the gay Mary Bodak, charming Frances Skoryance, and Frances Vranichar, our delightful neighbor. Our merry group of gentlemen included our brother scribe, Stan Progar, Ralph Kovacic, our cameraman—he was without his camera this time however, Frank Mekina, the sleep-chaser. I wonder if those Barberville people ever sleep. All the way on the train Frank didn't sleep and here he is again wide awake. Of course Al Jelercic was in the party, he was the door knocker. There seem to be strangers here too. Oh I see, how do you do. It is Mr. John Adamic, father of Albert Adamic who is delegate to the juvenile convention. And who else have we here, Henry Adamich brother of Albert. Henry as I understand was not a delegate. He just came up to help keep the fun going.

Some time we had, the group of us chatting away. It seemed like they had all been sleeping earlier in the day. How could they be so wide awake now. For more than an hour the conversation kept up. It's lucky we didn't wake up the hotel with our laughter. But I guess that's all included in your bill—room, service, and neighbor's laughter and noise. I don't think many of us were sleepy anyhow. There was entirely too much to do beside sleeping. Even though there was a lot of fun in the air, Cecelia and I thought we would steal a few hours sleep. But we were suspected and our friends thought we weren't worthy of a little sleep. MY! oh may! there is a lot to talk about. Plans for the next couple days. Plans for the dance. Then there were plans about the picnic. There seemed to be no end of gossip and jokes. No sir. These delegates thought we should make use of our funny bones and start laughing. Then Big Stan starts telling us about the mischief that lurked in his bones. He suggested that he felt an itch to upset things. Little did we suspect that he would be doing that very thing the next evening. Mary Bodak got to tell us about Pennsylvania in her funny manner, by the time she told us a little about her home town we were all laughing at her we didn't believe any of her fish stories. And can those Pennsylvania friends tell them. What you too Ralph Kovacic. These people can certainly tell stories and to think that they are so well prepared that they seem almost real. Mr. Adamic stood up for his city too. You bet your life he did. Frances Vranichar and his son Henry helped him, since both were from the same city. Good old Juliet to send us such nice people to the convention. Say Al Jelercic seems to have been up to some mischief. That iron bar he is holding is no baton. Wonder where he got it? This little iron bar held

the carpet on one step. He has agreed to return it to its place. What he is still trying to tell us he didn't take it. He insists that it was lying on the step and that he picked it up with the intention of returning it the next morning. It's morning already. Since Al returned his baton he is a good boy again. What the visitors still here? Boy oh boy! it will be a blessing to get to bed again. Big Stan suggested that the party break up since most of us would have to get up early to take care of business at the Washington School Auditorium. So off they went and off we went back to sleep. Boy it felt good to get back to sleep again. But what is that horrid noise? Sounds like someone is sawing wood. S-s-s-s. Back and forth must be a pretty big log the person is sawing. Everyone in Ely is asleep surely no one is sawing wood at this hour. At last it has stopped. The man must have cut the log in two. What has he more to saw. There he goes again. It sounds like an old saw mill. Say I know what it is. Someone is snoring. Boy, oh boy, some personification or onomatopoeia or whatever you call it when a person can act so well. He should be in Hollywood or on the radio when they need sound representing lumber mills. Whow, it's after two already. This certainly is getting better. Better get to sleep and mighty fast.

WAKE UP PALS

Soon Cecelia and I were asleep. That snoring gentleman, that mid-nite visitor, those night prowlers were all forgotten. We had fallen asleep. What a night for sleep. Cecelia and I didn't intend to get up early even though we were asked to attend the session of the juvenile convention. No sir, if we overslept it wouldn't be our fault. How can we help him up in time for that eight-o'clock business meeting but that I shouldn't have scared the wits out of him and told him that it was way after eight. Oh well. That was the best trick I could think of at that exact moment.

There was quite a crowd of my friends at the restaurant a few minutes later. Boy did they look sleepy. But I had fun waking them all up. Why should they sleep on such a nice morning. But what appetites they had. Bacon and eggs, toast, coffee, buns, doughnuts and they kept ordering more. When was a banquet not a breakfast. I happened to be seated opposite Big Stan at the breakfast table. What an appetite he has on these mornings.

Though he was disturbed in his slumber he was in a pretty good mood. Or should I say almost a pretty good mood. He wanted shoe string potatoes with his bacon and eggs. No it was ham and eggs. On second glance it was both ham and bacon. But the polite waitress told the kind gentleman from Strabane that the only kind of potatoes they had on hand were fried potatoes. But he insisted. Finally when he learned he could not have shoe string potatoes, he did the next best thing and cut his fried potatoes into the shape of shoe string potatoes. Cecelia and I couldn't so we excused ourselves and left them to their meals. We had shopping to do. So down Sheridan Street, we went toward the ten-cent store. No other store seemed to be open yet so we did buy a few souvenirs here. We wandered about town looking at the various window displays. At last we decided it was time to run down to the Washington School Building for the session. No we didn't run even though it was pretty late already. We just walked leisurely along looking around.

When we reached the school we saw that quite a number of delegates were here already. All the adults were present. We were the last two to fall in line with the crowd. Since there was a little time left before the juvenile session the autograph seekers got out their books and started that old game of sign your name here. It was a lot of fun to get autographs but to give them was some job. First it was hard to think of something to say than it took energy to write the message. If one had to sign only one book, but when it comes to so many, you just get tired of writing and you get what one would call "writer's cramp." Just a few minutes more and another record convention would begin. Everyone seemed anxious to undertake business.

THIRD JUVENILE CONVENTION
In a few minutes another record convention will start. A convention destined to be of great importance to the younger set of the SSCU. Here at the very convention sit delegates who some day shall lead our convention, one of the biggest and best in the USA. They are eager today to be initiated into the proceedings of a convention, tomorrow they will be guiding the generation to come. They will be fully received into the business world of the SSCU. For six months they learned the best marks of salesmanship. As a result, they are star salespeople — as you see eighty-seven delegates is some amount for the difficulties involved in qualifying. At last they are rewarded for their efforts.

Everyone looks excited and can hardly wait for the convention to start. Let's look around a bit before the convention starts. Nothing like getting better acquainted with our juvenile delegates. First let's meet the delegates from Ely, Minnesota. Say there is quite a number. Even though they live in the Home Office city, they wanted to be here. Matthew Banovetz, seems eager but quiet... James Klobuchar, is a raring to go, such a lively youngster, his few feet of height and few years of age seem to be all stirred up for this great event in his young life... Rose Kovarik has her dimples all dimpled up and is ready for the business... Rosalie Mantel, like her father, is ever ready for the work of the SSCU... Leonard Perushek thinks this convention idea is tops, he hopes there will be many more... Louis Rebol, Jr. has his wits all sharpened up for a great session, he too is eager to go... Margaret Lambert, daughter of the Mayor of Ely, is also excited to be here, she gives us permission to call her "Peggy"; well Peggy, the best of luck, hope you enjoy your session; some day you may be the lady mayor of Ely... The Rosec family is well represented; a fine sign that they have done all that they could for the SSCU: right, dear diary, Amelia, a star reporter for the Nova Doba and her handsome brother John have qualified... Robert Champa, too, is following in the steps of his father, he is all set for a great convention and can hardly wait till it starts... that seems to cover everyone from Ely...

(To be continued)

Razsodbe gl. porotnega odbora JSKJ

231-233.

Društvo sv. Jurija, št. 22, v South Chicagu, Illinois, je v letu 1932 pošljalo asesmente Jednoti potom bančnih čekov. V gotovem mesecu v redenem letu pa je šla dotočna banka v likvidacijo, v času, ko je bil ček za rečeni asesment na poti v glavni urad Jadrnote, in se isti ni mogel uvoziti. Vsled tega je moralno društvo poslati asesment Jednoti ponovno. Ker pa društvo ni imelo za to potrebnega denarja v svoji blagajni, je istega se enkrat pobralo od članstva za isti mesec. Banka je od tistega časa pa do danes izplačala vložnike v seveda tudi društvu 57% dividend od vloženega denarja. Med tem časom se je ustanovilo novo društvo v Whitting, Indiana, in sicer St. Roch No. 231. K temu društvu je pristopilo tudi več članstva od prvo imenovanega društva. To društvo je zahtevalo od prvo imenovanega, da naj jim izplača gotove odstotke od skupno od banke prejetih dividend. Ker prvo imenovanovo društvo ni upoštevalo zahteve, se je drugo imenovanovo društvo pritožilo na gl. potrošni odbor. Glavni potrošni odbor je razsodil, da so tisti člani drugo imenovanega društva, kateri so pri prvo imenovanem društvu v letu 1932, v enem inistem mesecu plačali ponovni asesment, upravičeni do 57% od njihovega takratnega ponovno plačanega enomeseca asesmenta, kar znaša \$9,28, in da je društvo sv. Jurija, št. 22 obvezano izplačati to vsoto v teku 30 dni po objavi te razsodbe, blagajniku društva St. Roch No. 231, kateri naj tako prejeti denar takoj razdeli med upravnice.

Anton Okolish, John Schutte, Frank Mikec, Rose Svetich, Valentin Orehek, potrošniki JSKJ.

ODMEVI IZ RODNIH KRAJEV

(Nadaljevanje s 1. strani)

POŽIGAEC NA DELU

V Zgornjem Pleterju pri Ptuju je neznan požigalec zanetil kopico slame na dvorišču posestnika Jožeta Rajha. Zgorelo je več gospodarskih poslopij Rajhovih, Zafošnikovih in Kovačevih. Nadaljnjo širjenje požara so gasilci preprečili. Istočasno je začela goreti kopica slame pri poslopiju Jere Dolenčeve na drugem koncu vasi. Tu so ogenj vaščani pogasili, predno je napravil kako večjo škodo. Takoj naslednjeno noč je spet začela goreti kopica slame tik gospodarskega poslopja,

