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OF THE GRAND CARNIOLIAN SLOVENIAN CATHOLIC UNION

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CLEVELAND, O. 9. MAJA (MAY), 1933

LETO (VOLUME) XIX.

VESTI IZ CLEVELANDA

Zmagovalci naše kegljaške tekme

Prva gledališka predstava društva sv. Cirila in Metoda st. 191 KSKJ, zadnjo nedeljo večer v Slov. Domu na Recher Ave, znano delo Manice Komanove "Prisega o polnoci," je izpadla nad vse lepo in povojno. Dvorana je bila polna občinstva. Igralci in igralke so rešili svoje vloge pohvalno ter fino. Zanimivo je bilo pri tej igri dejstvo, da so med drugimi tudi nastopili v svojih vlogah: oče, mati in sin. To so bili sobrat Fr. Hochavar v vlogi Požarja, njegova gospa soproga, sestra Mary Hochavar, II. gl. podpreds. KSKJ. v vlogi Mete in njih devetletni sinček Frank, v vlogi Albinčka.

Društvo sv. Cirila in Metoda je lako ponosno na to svojo prvo gledališko prireditev. Pokazalo je, da ima izborne moči tudi za dramatiko. Upamo, da nas bodo naši Ciril-Metodarji tam v naši Novi Ljubljani zopet kmalu kaj sličnim iznenadili.

25letnica požarja collinwood-ske šole. Na spominski dan (dne 30. maja.) se bo obdržalo posebne obrede v spomin 25-letnici, odkar je 172 otrok in učiteljev naslo smrt v ognju, ki je popolnoma uničil collinwoodsko šolo, ki se je nahajala na prostoru, kjer je sedaj Memorialna šola.

Ta spominska slavnost se bo vršila pod vodstvom Northeast Civic Improvement Association in kot načelnica je bila imenovana Mrs. J. H. Oswald, 226 E. 156th St.

Najprvo se bo vršila procesija skozi vrt, postavilo se bo spominski venec na prostor, kjer se je pripetila strašna nesreča, Rabinec A. R. Brickner bo pa govoril. Pri obredih bodo navzoči tudi drugi mestni in šolski uradniki. Čudno se nam zdi, da so za slavnostnega govornika izbrali judovskega duhovnika.

Državljanska šola. Pouk v državljanški šoli bo končan dne 25. maja. Vsi učenci in učenke imajo priliko v tem mesecu, da se dobro izučijo za preskušnjo na sodniji, ako točno prihajajo v šolo.

Smrtna kosa. Umrl je rojak Matevž Vertovšnik, star 55 let. V Ameriko je prišel pred 28 leti iz Menške vasi, fara Leskovce pri Krškem. Bil je član društva Slovenec, št. 1 SDZ. Tukaj zapušča dva sina, Charles in Martin, v starem kraju pa dva, Max in Rudolph. — Dne 4. maja je nagloma preminul rojak Frank Miklar, po domače "Košča." Kanjki je bil star 49 let. Stanoval je na 898 E. 137th St. Doma je bil iz vasi Drnovi pri Krškem, odkoder je prišel v Ameriko pred 30. leti. Ranjki zapušča v Clevelandu žalujočo soprogo Emo, v starem kraju pa očeta in eno sestro. N. v. m. p.

Umetniška razstava. — Vsačko leto maja meseca se vrši v Umetniškem muzeju v Clevelandu razstava slik, keramike, fotografskih posnetkov, pletenja in enakih umetniških del. Le priznani umetniki dobijo dovoljenje, da razstavijo svoje umetnine. Nad 4,000 oseb je sčinjalo obiskalo sijajno razstavo, in stotinu umetnih je bilo kupljeno. Prvo nagrado v umetnem pletenju je dobila Mrs. Lučiča, soproga poznanega hrvatskega rodoljuba Mr. Lučiča. To je sijajno priznanje njenem delu. V razstavi oljnatih slik je dobil častno priznanje naš odlični slovenski umetnik Mr. Gregory Perušek. Jako pohvalno so se izjavili tudi o sliki mlade slovenske umetnice Olge Gerzelj, poročene Messner. Razstava je bila odličen uspeh.

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pa je pred kratkim časom opu-

Najboljša skupina dveh kegljačev: M. Papesh in J. Korevec, Joliet, Ill.

Zadnja, oziroma šesta redna letna tekma Kegljaške Lige K. S. K. Jednote, vršela se dne 29. in 30. aprila v Chicagu, Ill. je zopet dosegla svoj višek in velik uspeh. Pred vsem gre tozadnemu pripravljalnemu odboru priznanje, ker je najel za to prireditev tako lepo kegljače v C. Y. C. C. poslopu, ki je največje in najbolj moderno te vrste v Chicagu. Dalje gre priznanje gostoljubnemu in vrličnemu Jednotarjem iz chicaške naselbine, ker so vnaanje tekmovalce-kegljače tako lepo sprejeli in jim prostem času priredili vse najboljše v njih razvedrilo.

Iz posebno tiskanega programa te tekme razvidimo, da je oba dva dneva metalo za prvenstvo 116 skupin (teams) kegljačev in sicer: 91 skupin moških in 25 ženskih; po našem računu je bilo 238 moških kegljačev in 57 ženskih torej vseh skupaj 295. Vseh nagrad ali dobitkov skupaj je bilo 62 v znesku \$295.00.

V tej tekmi so zmagale sledeče skupine:

Skupina 5 mož. Prva nagrada: Kegljači društva Vitez sv. Florijana, št. 44, So. Chicago, Ill., E. Kučič, J. Perko, E. Kompare, F. Kapler in J. Kučič, podri 2676 kegljev. Nagrada \$20.00 in častni pas s srebrno zaponko.

Druga nagrada v tej skupini so odnesli kegljači društva sv. Antonia Padov., št. 87, Joliet, Ill. — **Tretjo**: Walenwein kegljači društva sv. Jožefa, št. 53, Waukegan, Ill. — **Cetrti**: kegljači St. Stephens Sport kluba društva sv. Štefana, št. 1, Chicago, Ill. — **Peto**: Parkview Laundry kegljači ravno istega društva. Takozvani High Team Game nagrada so dobili kegljači društva sv. Antonia, št. 87, Joliet, Ill. Podri so 942 kegljev.

V kegljanju po dva (Doubles) so zmagali sledeči:

Prva nagrada: F. Novak in A. Barle iz Waukegana (1094).

Druga: M. Papesh in J. Korevec, Joliet, Ill. — **Tretja**: J. Churnovich in A. Segar, Joliet.

Cetrti: E. in J. Kučič, So. Chicago. — **Peta**: J. Starcevich in N. Rukavina, So. Chicago. — **Sesta**: J. in F. Ramuta, Joliet.

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MATERE

Najprej kratki spomin. Leta 1910. sem si šel ogledati svevoznozane pasijonske igre v Oberammergau na Bavarskem. Kakor je običajno, sem si kupil vstopnico pri neki banki v Muenchenu. Z vstopnicami je bilo treba plačati prenočišče in hrano v kaki hiši v Oberammergau; najpreprosteje je tako, ni treba šele tam stanovanja iskati, ki se ga ob velikem natalu tujec morda še dobito ne bi. Kakih deset oseb nas je stanovalo in skupaj jedlo v tisti hiši. Med temi gospod srednjih let, urednik velikega dunajskega dnevnika. Pa mi je reklo v opoldanskem odmoru: "Povem vam odkrito, da nimam nič vere. Igre sem prišel gledati, ker imam svoje vsakoletne počitnice in ker so te igre velika znamenitost. A sem danes ob prizoru, ko se Jezus poslavlja od Matere Marije, res jokal. Spominjal sem se svoje rajne matere." — Se sedaj slišim, s kako ganjenostjo, z nekako srčno pobožnostjo je izreklo to o svoji materi. In gospod ni bil, kakor sem iz pogovorov z njim spoznal, kak slabici in mehkužen sanjač, ampak zelo odločen in borben mož.

Je res čudovito, kako vpliva že beseda mati na človeško srce. Čudovito, kako gane dostikrat človeka že sam spomin na mater.

In ako danes, na dan naših mater, izgovorim besedo "mater," se mi zdi — in morda vsem vam, ki vam matere že dolgo v grobu počivajo — zdi se mi, kakor bi zrlo name iz večnosti dvoje milih in skrbčnih oči, ki sta kakor toplo sonce sijali v moje detinstvo in v mladost mojo, ki sta mi — moram priznati in priznam z veliko hvaležnostjo — položili podlago in dali podnet za največ dobrega če ga je kaj v mojem življenju in delovanju bilo, hkrati pa me obvarovali največ hudega v življenu.

Ako izgovorim besedo "mater," sem s tem nekako zajel in izrazil ves blagoslov, ki ga žensko srce zliva v dušo otrok, bogato razivila čez vso družino. In polno veselja mi je srce ob misli in spominu na blagoslov in srečo, ki jih deli svojim dragim dobra mati.

Ako izgovorim besedo "mater," me zapeče v srcu tudi skelečna bridkost. Ker se spominim tistih premognih otrok, ki matere nikoli poznali niso, ki ogrevajoče in osrečuječe ljubezni materine nikoli okušili niso. Ubogi, najubožnejši so ti med vsemi otroki! —

Govorili bi lahko o materah z raznih vidikov. Govorili bi lahko o srečnih in nesrečnih, trpečih materah. O živih materah. O materah, ki sicer še žive, a so za svoje otroke vendar mrtve, ker svetih materinskih dolžnosti ne izpolnjujejo. O mrtvih materah, ki žive tem jasneje v naših srcih in spominih naših.

O srečnih in trpečih materah. Saj vemo vsi: sladkost in bolest je materinstvo. Neizmerna sreča in hkrati vedna skrb, dostikrat bridko trpljenje. Sreča materinstva — koliko slikarjev jo je že s čopiči poveličevalo, koliko pesnikov jo opevalo. Najlepše slike najslavnejših mojstrov niso li Madonne z božjim Detetom v narodu? — Višek materine sreče, višek sladkosti materinstva — ko gleda mati vsa zamaknjena v nedolžne oči svojega otroka; meso od njenega mesa, kri od njene krvi. Ko posluša njeni zveneci, brezkrbni, srečni smeh, prve jecljajoče njegove besede. Saj poznamo visti nesmrtni vzklik materin iz Prešernove pesmi:

Meni nebo odprto se zdi, kadar se v twoje ozrem oči, kadar prijazno nasmeješ se, kar sem prebila, pozabljeno je.

A tuk ob sreči in sladkosti je skrb, bol in trpljenje. Trpljenje ob porodu, ko stoji vsakim krat smrt ob postelji trpeče, za novo življenje se boreča porodnice. Skrbi za malega otroka, da se mu kaj ne prijeti. Trpljenje in trepet, ako otrok zboleli. Skrbi za odraslače sine, morda še hujše skrbi za hčere, kadar stopajo v svet, če morajo morda ob domu.

Zato so prav isti veliki slikarji, ki so poveličevali Marijo v blaženstvu njenega materinstva, slikali tolkokrat tudi Mater Doloroso Žalostno Mater božjo. Zato so pesniki tolkokrat in tako pretresljivo opevali bolečine te najvišje in najsvetejše Matere in trpljenje drugih, mater od Jacopona z njegovim veličastno Stabat Mater Dolorosa — Žalostna je Materita — do modernih in najmodernejsih pesnikov, recimo Rainerja Marije Rilkeja ali Johanesa Sorga.

In je dobro, sodim, da materino srce trpljenje tako pozna. Saj se prav zato otrok v dneh bojev in dvomov, v dneh boli in obupa upa obrniti prav na mater, da mu svetuje, mu pomaga ali mu vsaj malo tolažbe da. Poglejte Goethejevo Marjetico. V urah najbridekje žalosti in zapanjenosti, in trehnutkih najglobljega obupa komu se z otroškim zaupanjem zateka? K Materi mater, k Mariji. Ko ji ne sije nobena zvezda več, tudi ne zvezde oči njene mater, kateri je neprostovoljno, a vendar iz svoje krvide, iz prevelike ljubezni do Fausta, zavdala, krasil s cvetjem silko Matere božje, pred njo kleči, njo kliče, nji se priporoča, edini, ki jo bo vendar še slušala, umetala, uslišala:

Ah doli
obrni k boli
obraz, trpeča Mati, svoj.
Funtek.
Pa ne govorimo preveč o materinem trpljenju, o materinih bolečinah. Prevelike so in preseve. O svetih rečeh pa ne smemo govoriti preveč in preglasno. A vendar je največje morje na svetu morje materinih solz. Trpljenje materino, ki se je začelo s trpljenjem prve matere — ve, žaljuče in jokajoče za mrtvim sinom Abrom, a še bridkeje za živim, nesrečnim, izgubljenim Kajnom, se nadaljuje danes in se bo nadaljevalo vse dni, dokler bodo bila, čutila, ljubila in zato trpeča materina srca.

Govorili bi lahko o živih in mrtvih materah. O tistih, ki so žive mrtve, ker so otroke pozabile, zavrgle, ali ker so zavrgle sebe, da se jih otroci morajo sramovati, ne govorimo. O živih materah. Tukaj blagrujem vas, otroci in otročiči. Blagrujem, srečne imenujem vas, ki vam še sveti sonce materinih oči, ki se vam še glasi vsak dan sladka beseda vaših mater, ki vas še ljubeče boža roka materina. Blagrujem vas, ki vas ta ljubeča roka v težkih urah bojev, dvomov in bridkosti, kakršne pridejo navzlic vashi mladosti morda kdaj tudi na vas — ki vas ta mila roka v takih urah sočutno podpre. Blagrujem celo vas, ki vas ta roka kdaj udari. Zakaj vem, da vas udari iz ljubezni. Naj bo blagoslovljena, tisočkrat blagoslovljena tudi takrat. Saj njo morda huje boli ko vas ... Blagrujem vas in vas prosim: Ljubite svoje matere, dokler jih še imate! Ljubite jih, saj dovolj jih ljubiti ne morete, dovolj jih ljubili ne boste nikoli. Delajte jim veselje! Zlasti te dни, materam posvečene. Ljubeč pogled, dobra, prijazna beseda, hvaležen smehljaj — glejte, že s tem naredite materi veselje. Morda kako majhno darilo, šopek rož, oblesek in vonj vaše srčne ljubezni. Morda opravite namesto matere kako delo ... In odpuščanja jo posrite te dni, če ste jo kdaj žalili. Srečne bodo pri tem

mater, zadovoljna in srečna vaša srca. In prosite vaš dan Boga, naj vam starše, očeta in mater, še dolgo dolgo varuje in ohrani.

Mi pa, ki mater več nimamo, se jih bom zlasti te dni s posebno hvaležnostjo spominjam čez grob v večnost. In jim bomo poslali v večnost edino, kar jim še dati moremo: svoje molitve.

Ah, kadar matere več ni! Saj je tako v našem življenju: Dokler ljudje skupaj hodimo, se navadno cenimo dovolj. A kadar koga zmanjka, še te največje ali vsaj bolje spoznamo njegovo ceno, zapazimo zavajočo vrzel, ki je nastala, vidimo, da nikogar ni, ki bi njegovo mesto zasesti in izpolniti mogel. Najživeje in najboldestne čutimo to menda, kadar je prazen v hiši, pri mizi, pri delu, pri skribi, pri ljubezni — prostor materim. O tudi bedi in žalosti pojte pesem, s katero sklepam:

Kadar matere več ni

Mati je mrtva. Več ne skribi. Praznen prostor pri mizi stoji.

Rože na oknu so se posušile, ko ni več rok, ki bi jim zalile. Prašen kolovrat stoji na podi, sinček v raztrganem srajčku hodi. Pajek po kothi mreže sprostira, ker ga pri delu nihče ne ovira. Dojenčka v spanje nihče ne upeva,

jok bolesten iz zibke odmeva.

Mati dela, peha se, skribi, klic petelinji že budno dobi. Večkrat očeta je delo zjezilo, huje mu zdaj je, ko kdaj mu je bilo.

Tujke zdaj sobe pospravlja, vse za denar le opravlja.

Marsikaj kupiš za svetlo zlato, mame nihče zanj kupil ne bo!

Mame ljubezen, ki dom urejuje, tih trpi, moč se žrtvuje, še spozaš, ko ob groba globini

nanjo se sveti bude ti spomin. (Na "Materinski dan" govoril v Slovenjgradcu Ksaver Meško.)

NAŠIM DRAGIM MATERAM

Vam, matere drage se rože podarja, svet širni praznuje ker Materin dan.

Vam pesničke razne se danes ustvarja.

Za mamice naše je praznik izbran.

Presrečen, kdor ima še mamico zlato, da lahko pogleda ji danes v oči. Poljubi, ovenčaj jo s cvetjem bogato,

če mati ti draga še danes živi!

V tujini živimo tu revni trpini, odali smo od doma prežeti vseh nad;

pustili vse naše smo tam v domovini —

tam mati ostala — naš dragi zaklad.

Še enkrat tja k mami! — To mnogi želijo, kjer plamen otroške ljubezni gori; a mati predraga pa več ne živijo,

nje srce preblago že v grobu trohni.

Da, v grobu počivajte ljubezna mati. —

Jaz tudi le trnjeva pota poznam.

Zal, cvetja na grob vam ne morem več dati, pa naj bo molitev za Materin dan. . .

Naj materam živim nabarem cvetlice, naj solze izbršem iz vaših oči... te skromne Vam danes poklanjam vrstice;

ohrani Vas v sredi Vsevečni vse dni!

Marija Kurnik,
Cleveland, Ohio.

MATERINA SLIKA

Ameriške vojne ladje so dvigale sidra, da odplujejo na otočje Filipine in tam zadušijo vstajo. To je bilo pač v korist Združenih držav Severne Amerike, katerih posest so Filipini, in ukaz je bil tak. Tedaj je prišlo tudi do pomorske bitke pred mestom Manilo na filipinskem otoku Luzonu, ki je kot glavno mesto ameriških Filipinov.

Malo preden je bilo izdano povelje, da se prične topovski ognjen, pade nekemu mlađemu mornarju slučajno suknjič v morje. Mlađenič zaprosi takoj svojega častnika za dovoljenje, da se hitro spusti z ladje v morje in tako reši svoj suknjič, ki se še ni potopil. Vendar mu častnik v poveljniku zgorčenjem odkloni prošnjo in mu ukaže, da odide na svoje mesto. — Mornar ne uboga, nego skoči v morje, tam zgrabi svoj suknjič in s se po vrti spet popne na ladjo, kjer se postavi v vrsto z ostalimi mornarji. Zaradi te njegove neposlušnosti ukaže starešina, da ga takoj odvedejo in zapro v spodnjem delu ladje.

Po dokončani bitki odvedejo mlađega mornarja pred sodišče in admiral bi moral že podpisati odsodbo, po kateri bi bil mornar obojen na več let strogega vojaškega zapora. Vendar ukaže admiralu, še preden podpiše to odsodbo, da naj pripelejo obojenega mornarja preden. Ko je obojeni mornar stal pred nim v spremstvu svojih paznikov in čuvajev, ga admiralu dolgo in pazljivo gleda, a potem ga vpraša:

"Mlađenič, povej mi resnično, kaj te je dovedlo do tega, da si odreknel pokornost svojemu častniku?"

Obsojeni mornar, ki je vesel obosit stal pred svojim admiralom, se zavrel v žep svojega suknjiča in vzame iz njega neko silko. Sliko pokaze admiralu ter reče z očmi polnimi solz in z drugečim glasom:

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V spomin moji dragi pokojni materi

Ni je več sreča za majhne otroke, kakor tudi za odrastle sinove in hčere, kakor če imajo dobro, skrbno mater. Dokler so majhni, kako nežno, ljuževno jih vzgaja; noben trud, nobeno žrtvovanje ni preveliko zanje; ko odrastejo jim je kot blaga zvezda — vodnica v njih življenju, njena ljubezen, njena skrb za dušni blagor svojih otrok, je od zibelke in skozi vse življenje vedno enaka, dokler bje njen sreča.

Malo preden je bilo izdano povelje, da se prične topovski ognjen, pade nekemu mlađemu mornarju slučajno suknjič v morje. Mlađenič zaprosi takoj svojega častnika za dovoljenje, da se hitro spusti z ladje v morje in tako reši svoj suknjič, ki se še ni potopil. Vendar mu

(Nadaljevanje s 5. strani)

vedniku, sleče plašč, prekriza se, sklene roke, pokleke in zaposi:

Bernardino, zaveži mi oči, takoj! Ne plakaj. Tam leži moj Peter, tam leži hrvatski ban... Oh, tužna moja sestra, bedini moj narod!

Daleč je Hrvatska, ona ne vidi te krvi... Hvala ti Bernardino! Z Bogom, z Bogom. Prividigni mi lase. Ti pojdeš v Italijo, veš, kaj poreče moji Juliji... Reva, kako je plakala, ko nam je umrlo... se mu uduši glas.

Ljudje so gledali, kako se vrati maledega kneza beli na solnec. Bernardino zaveže oči in lase, odkoraka na drugo stran moršča, pokrije z rokami lice, pade na eno koleno, na drugo spusti glavo.

Na obzidju v naročju neke žene je plakalo malo dete, na strehi kapucinskega stolpa je grulila siva golobica — visoko v svetli in bistri nebesni modrini, je plulo zdaj nekoliko malih in belih oblakov.

Knez Fran se zopet prekriža, skloni nekoliko glavo in glasno izreče:

"Sveti Bog, usmili se me, odpusti mi vse grehe sprejmi mojo dušo!"

Krvnik se razkorači izza kneza, malo postrani vzdigne obe roč meč, visoko nad svoje desno rame, silno zamahne, meč zabliše, zbrani, se zaseče v rame, v kost.

"Jezus, Marija!" zaječi knez,

od grozne bolečine, skoči na noge,

osvobodi se od meča, se spoteke na prsa, a že je kri okrvavila pleča, rame, vrat in je tekl pa svilenem oprsniku.

Množica je odrevanje, nekateri z obzidja sipljejo strašne kletve na krvnika, nekateri dvigajo roke, zovejo Boga na pomoc.

Krvnik zamahne drugikrat, povsod grobni molk, meč se zakrene nekoliko, močnejše zabilisne, zaseče iznad zatilka po glavi in razdrobi kost.

Knez je treščil s prsi ob deske, trza se v krvi, grabi se za glavo, za ramo.

Z obzidja šumi hrup, zona stiska srca, groza krči lica, mnogim strčijo lasje, odnekod se čuje vrisk.

Krvnik razjarjen, blazen, pomri ostro, zamahne tretjič: Glava odleti, zamolko udari ob deske, odbije se malo, prevali se z moriča na pločo in se okrene enkrat do črnega suknja, v katerem je bilo ono truplo, do Petrovega ramena. Odpolanci se zdrnejo, vse se jim začrni pred očmi. Ljudstvo otira znoj s čela, mnogim se ulijejo solze, okoli moriča se čujejo dolgi in globoki vzduhi in udruženo ječanje. Truplo se je zavalilo samo v groznih trzanjih na rob moriča, omogočilo se s svojo krvjo in še enkrat je vzdignilo roke in skrčilo noge, potem se je iztegnilo. Iz njega je tekla topla kri na ploče: tenka meglica se je vila okoli vrata na solnčnem svitu in se gubila v zrak.

Oni okrinkani omotajo truplo in glavo s črnim suknom in položijo mrtvca poleg onega drugega trupla. Na kapucinskem stolpu zavzoni, o. Oton reče glasno: "Molimo za njihove duše."

Vsi pokleknejo, tudi kapucini, vojaki in odpolanci. Glas zvonov se je razlegel preko trga, Benardino je glasno ječal, sonce je zlatilo kri na onem črnem suknju...

Kmalu so prinesli oni okrinkani z orožnico dve krsti od belih desek, položili v njeg mrljča in krenili z njima v stolno cerkev, a od tam, po kratki molitvi, na groblje. Vse ulice so zaprli vojaki. Na sprevodu je bilo nekoliko kapucinov in svečenikov ter dvesto kopjanikov pod stotnikom von Ehrom.

Malo pred poldnem so zagreblji Zrinskih v Frankopanu v isti grob. Na gomilo so položili pločo, ki je že več dni bila gotova... Na nji je izklesan krvni-

**Dr. Fran Deteka:
HUDI ČASI
Zgodovinska povest**

"Osemnajst frankov; a jaz ne zmoren tolrega davka."

"Miha Robas, koliko so vam plačali Francozi, ko ste jim vili cel teden živež iz Ljubljane do Novega mesta?"

"Ne krajcarja še," se je huval kmet; "se tepen bi bil kmalu, ko sem zahteval denar."

"In vam, Jurij Matorec, so začgali Francozi hlev. Koliko ste dobili odškodnine?"

"Vesel bom, če me puste zanaprej v miru," je ta odvrnil in zaklep.

"Taka nova vlada," je skopal Apert in navduševal zopet ljudi za starega cesarja in za staro vlado. Tako je zabrisal spomin pastirskega lista in župnikov besed in žel burno privrjanje. Ljudem se je tožilo po starih navadah in mrzelo, jih je novotarjenje. Apert jim je naročal, naj se preskrbljujejo z orojem, ker ga bodo nemara kmalu potrebovali in rabili.

"Sedaj bi bil čas," je menil Sinur, "ko so se uprli Metličani in Kočevci in ko je odšel general iz mesta." Apert je ugovarjal, da niso okoliščine ugodne, da jim bo sam poslat poročilo, kadar bo čas.

"Vai za enega, eden za vse!" je klical možem za slovo. "Pokažimo svetu, da teče moška kri po naših živalih! Vzidnite se vsi kakor en mož, kadar se vam da znamejne!"

"Kdor ne pojde," je klical Sinur za odhajajočimi kmeti, "temu zažgemo hišo!"

Apert je bil vesel, da so se kmetje hitro razšli, ker so ga skrbele župnikov in krov v besede. Ovratnik mu je postal tesen, in vroče je prihajalo, če je pomisil, da ga morda res zatoži. Kaj je bilo storiti? Kakor bi bil ugenil njegove misli, ga je vprašal Sinur, kaj hočejo storiti z župnikom. Kaj da misli Sinur, to je Apert dobro čutil; a ni še hotel misliti, da bi bilo treba skrajnih sredstev. Neverjetno se mu je zdelo, da bi šel župnik še ta večer v mesto, in veljalo je domišljevati, da ga je samo strašil. A vendar je poslal za vsak slučaj dva izmed Sinurjevih tovarišev po bližnjici proti mestu, da bi prestregla župnika in mu zabranila nadaljnjo pot. Sam pa je hotel v Mirno peč v župnišču.

Premišljeval je, kako bo stavil besede in se izgovarjal in opravičeval, kako bo skril za blaga načela svoje namene. Mislil je notranjo razburjenost in si vabil prijazen smeh na usta, ko je potkal na vrata župnika — srečo.

Župnik je hodil zamišljen po sobi in se zgenil, ko je stopil preden Apert. Moža sta si zrila v oči, kakor bi hotela iz njih brati srčne misli. Sedla sta k mizi, in Apert je razdelil svojo željo, da se poravnava nešporazumevanje, ki se je vrinilo med njiju proti njegovemu volju; on da nikakor ni hotel nahujskati ljudi h kakemu nepremišljenemu početju; da hoče le živo ohraniti v srednjem vstrijsko zavest; a dokler traja mir, dokler se ne približa avstrijska vojska, da ni misliti na upor.

"Vi morebiti ne mislite, gospod komisar," je odgovoril župnik; "a ti ljudje, katerim

ški meč, a nad njim dve mrtvski glavi. Latinski napis kaže, da počivajo v grobu knez Peter Zrinski, ban Hrvatske in maršal Fran Frankopan, zadnji od svojega roda. Slepčec je vodil slepeca in oba sta padla v jamo, a njihova nesreča naj nauči ljudi, da morajo biti verni kralju in Bogu. Častihleplej da vodi v greh. Ploča kaže leto, mesec, dan in uru pogube.

Leta 1919 so ostanke teh dveh vrlih hrvatskih rodoljubov prepeljali v Zagreb in iste na slovenski način položili v grobni katedrale.

govorite, so preprosti; a palicami bi šli nad francoške topove, v gotovo smrt; četudi ne morejo doseči prav nič. Ali se vam ne smilijo? Če se pripeti nesreča in se dado zapeljati, kdo bo trpel? Vi se boste umeknili o pravem času; oni hajduki, ki so stali poleg vas, nimajo izgubiti ničesar; če jih Francozi danes postrele, jih jutri ne bo treba obešati Avstrijem. A kmetje, kmetje! Če jim požgo Francozi hiše in gospodarska poslopja, kaj bodo počeli čez zimo. Če ubijejo Francozi odraslega sina, kolika nesreča je družino; in kaj še, če ubijejo očeta, ki bo ostavil ubogo vdovo in koga nedorsnih otrok!

"Gotovo še niste slišali nikdar jokati sirot na grobu staršev; sicer ne bi bili tako brez srčni. A če bi bilo količaj upanja zmage, rekel bi: V božjem imenu! A tu imate tolopo brez pravega orozja, brez vaje, ljudi ki ne razumejo nič o vojevanju, in kar je najhušje, brez vodstva. Kdo jim bo veleval, kdaj naj udarijo, kdaj naj se umaknejo? Naši graščaki? Da, če bi bili taki kakor Poganski, ki je vodil svojo četo oboroženo in preskrbljeno na Koroško in zopet nazaj in se žijo srečo umeknili na Hrvaško! A kakšni so drugi! Minuli so časi, ko so gospodovali tod baroni Ravbarji in stari Turjačani. Sedanja gospoda se brigata največ za to, da ji kmet tako dela in desetino daje. Tuja je narod in narod njej; še živeti se ji ne ljubi med ljudstvom, in govorji Vam vse jezikov sveta, le domačega ne. Ne govorite mi o Tirolcih! Ondi je brambe dežele lahka, vse drugače kot pri nas; ljudstvo je vajeno orozja; našemu ga je pobrala gospoda, in kmetje tam niso bili tako sami sebi prepuščeni, brez zvez za vojaštvom, z gospoko, z meščanstvom, kakor jih vidite tu. Ali menite, da bodo domači meščani potegnili žnjimi, če se upro? Veseli bodo moralni biti kmetje, če bodo imeli samo Francoze proti sebi in nihud tudi meščanov.

(Dalej prihodnjih) Predsednik Roosevelt otvoril svetovno razstavo v Chicagu

Washington, 4. maja — Ker je predsednik Roosevelt še lanskoto leta, oziroma pred smrtno bivšega župana mesta Chicago, Anton Cermaka obljubil uradno otvoriti veliko svetovno razstavo v Chicagu, povodom stolnici ustanovitve tega mesta, bo predsednik to obljubo tudi izvršil.

Oficijelna otvoritev te razstave je bila prvotno določena na 1. junija t. l. Ker je pa predsednik že prej obljubil podelitev ta dan diplome graduantom mornarične akademije, bo prišel Roosevelt v Chicago dne 27. maja, da otvorita veliko svetovno razstavo v Rev. Ludvik Virant in Rev. Viktor Viranta.

Naj bo na tem mestu izrečena Zahvala društvo in posameznikom, ki so se udeležili pogreba tak obilnem številu. Vsem, ki so dali svoje avtomobile pri pogrebu na razpolago. Vsem, ki so darovali vence in dali za sv. maše. Hvala za lepo petje v cerkvi Mr. Louis Semetu in Miss Mary Polutnik ob enem tudi pevskemu društvu "Naš Dom" za lepo petje pred hišo in na pokopališču. Hvala sosedom in sploh vsem, kateri so nam že en ali drugi način prisločili na pomoč v tem težkom času.

Zahvala vest iz domovine Tajnik društva sv. Štefana št. 234 KSKJ. v Noranda, P. Q. Kanada je te dni prejel žalostno vest iz domovine, da mu je po kratki bolezni umrl dne 11. aprila t. l. njegov oče Anton Snój.

Pokojnik je bil dobro poznan in priljubljen prijatelj; a izpolnila se je božja volja in usoda, da ga je smrt iztrgala iz kroga njegovih dragih. Bog naj mu podeli zaslubo v nebesih. Našemu društvenemu tajniku izrekam globoko sožalje vsled izgube drugega očeta.

Zahvala ostali: Poročevalce.

FRANCOSKI DRŽAVNIK NOVI PREDSEĐNIK FRENCH LINE

Za predsednika Compagnie General Transatlantique, Francoske proge, je bil imenovan Marcel Olivier in je že nastopal svojo službo. Olivier je dosegel v svetovni vojni izboren rekord, zavzemal je važno mesto v ministerstvu za kolonije ter je služil v kabinetu bivšega franco-

skega predsednika Gastona Doumergue.



MARCEL OLIVIER

vsem tem bo pa veliko bolj po ceni. Bergius, ki je dobil leta 1931 Noblovo nagrado za svoje kemične iznajdbe, zna žaganje na tak način preparirati, da da je povsem, oziroma kruhu enako redilno moč kar se tiče kaloričnih snovi. Ker se v Nemčiji vsako leto posega za 50,000,000 kubičnih jardov lesa, in ne prideva preveč pšenice bo na ta način mogoče Nemcem jesti jako cene užitni kruh. Če se bo kruh iz žaganja udomačil na Nemškem, ga bodo gotovo uvedli tudi v drugih državah, kar bo pomenilo velikanski napredek v gospodarski industriji.

Einstein — vsečilični učitelj v Parizu

Pariz. — Dopsnik lista "Paris Soir" je šel k dr. Einsteinu

Sedemnajst držav in Kanada je in mu sporočil, da je poslanska zbornica soglasno sklenila ustanoviti na Francoskem Kolegiju stolico matematične fizike. Vprašal ga je, ali bo ponudbo sprejel. Einstein je odgovoril, da s hvalnostenostjo sprejme čast, ki mu jo je Francija izkazala.

—

Einstein — vsečilični učitelj

v Parizu

Pariz. — Dopsnik lista "Paris Soir" je šel k dr. Einsteinu

V JUGOSLAVIJO

preko Havre

na hitrem ekspresnem parniku

PARIS

19. maja, 10. junija, 1. julija

CHAMPLAIN

13. maja, 3. junija

ILE DE FRANCE

27. maja, 17. junija

Nizke cene na vse kraje

Jugoslavije

Za pojavljajoča in potne liste vprašajte nadz. poslovne pomočnice agenta

Naslov:

STEPHEN STONICH

Box 368 J

Chisholm, Minn.

Na vse kraje razposiljamo staro-krajske kose, motike in drugo slično orodje. Poštino plačamo mi. Pošljite poštno nakaznico ali denar z naročnino.

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OUR PAGE

6117 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



Kay



Mother ---- Your Best Friend

Quite fitting and proper is it that one day of the year, the second Sunday of May, be set aside to honor the hallowed name of Mother, a name which, no matter in what tongue it is uttered, probably personifies the highest and noblest emotion there is in human life—Mother Love.

The idea was conceived in Philadelphia, where it was originated by a Sunday school teacher as a memorial service for her mother.

Although the present day observance of this day as one of homage and reverent memories is of comparatively recent origin, we know that the pagans had rituals and ceremonies of a similar nature hundreds of years before the Christian era.

It often happens as we grow older that we become careless and neglectful of all that the name of Mother implies. Let us remember that in the bright hours of our youth it was Mother who ever hoped for our success, it was Mother who was always ready to praise, and who who greeted us with arms outstretched whether we won or lost. It was Mother who watched over us in our childhood, shielded us from harm, spending long, weary hours in waiting on us in sickness.

If we have neglected the best friend we have in the world—our Mother, let's make amends if there is still time, for there will never be another

A LETTER FROM YOU

Do not forget that there's someone, Who thinks of you every day, Who looks and waits for the mailman And prays it will come today. You may have important business, And your mind may be burdened too But don't forget there is someone Whose happiness depends upon you.

That letter need not be a long one, But assurance from her girl or her boy That she still is lovingly remembered Will give her the greatest of joy. No matter what your past experience, Your mother will surely forgive, She yearns for your smile and your handclasp And your letter will cheer to her give.

No need to wait for a certain day Set apart that all might remember For every day should be Mother's day From January on through December.

Your problems may be many and varied, Your time may for others be, too, But don't forget your dear Mother Who is looking for a letter from you.

—M. E. S.

JOLIET BOOSTERS!

Don't forget the Mother's Day program, May 14, in Slovenia Hall.

MOTHER

M—is for MOTHER and her shining light,
As she guides us through our dreary flight.
O—is OBLIGING which most mothers are—
If it wasn't for her—we wouldn't get far;
T—is for TENDER—her feelings toward all
Her children—She guides us on with nary a fall.
H—is for H APPINES S, we should help to bring,
Let us, praises to her name, sing.
E—is ETERNITY, may her name never die.

Her deeds so many are read with a sigh.
R—is REVERENCE which to Mother is due... After all she's done for all of you.

If I could use much more space And write on and on—without end,
The praises to my mother Would much too far extend:
These words I've put together You all know—spell, e-v-e-r-y t-h-i-n-g . . .

M O T H E R
La Sallita
The Amateur Reporteret.

A Mother's Heart

A HEART that is loyal and tender; A heart elevating and sublime; A heart that will perpetually render Love, despite the barrier of passing time. Reading and understanding equally well, Our calm or chaotic chapters of life. In that heart our confidence doth dwell, Be it of happiness, or be it of strife. And tho' the curtain of eternity may fall Upon this noble heart so exalting; The sweet memories of it shall us enthrall, As we pray for that heart in our worshipping.

LUDWIG OTONICAR

She Made Home Happy

SHE MADE home happy!" These few words I read within a churchyard, written on a stone. No name, no date, the simple words alone, Told me the story of the unknown dead. A marble column lifted high its head Close by inscribed to one, the world has o'er grown, Thrilled me far more than his who armies lead. "She made home happy!"—through these long, sad years The mother toiled and never stopped to rest, Until they crossed her hands upon her breast, And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears. The simple record that she left behind Was grander than the soldiers in my mind.

ROSE C. HORWATH.

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The sodalists of St. Mary's Assumption Church will present two plays for the benefit of the school, Mother's Day, May 14 in the Slovenian Auditorium, 57th and Butler Sts.

The program includes a three-act sacred drama, "Aquallina," composed by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and directed by a sister of that order. The second presentation is a hilarious comedy entitled, "Murder Will Out."

All sodalists are requested to bring and to entertain their mothers, since this particular day is devoted to them, although they should not be forgotten the remaining days of the year. An invitation is extended to all parishioners and to all members of the various KSKJ lodges and other organizations of Pittsburgh.

Curtain rises promptly at 8:15. Admission will be 35 cents.

MOTHER AND HOME

Mother! Home—That blest refrain Sounds through every hastening year. All things go, but these remain.

Held in memory's jeweled chain, Names most precious, names thrice dear. Mother! Home!—that blest refrain.

How it sings away my pain! How it stills my waking fear!

All things go, but these remain.

Griefs may grow and sorrows wane,

E'er that melody I hear:

Mother! Home!—that blest refrain.

Tenderness in every strain,

Thoughts to worship and revere:

All things go, but these remain.

Every night you smile again,

Every day you bring me cheer,

Mother! Home!—that blest refrain.

All things go, but these remain.

JOHN HOLDEN.

MAKE A DATE WITH MOTHER

You're an A No. 1 young man and an A No. 1 young lady. Of course, you know it already, but I don't mind telling you again, because it is the truth. You can sing a song, tell a story, or crack a joke, and you have enough common sense to know when to begin and when to stop. You have often worked up a lively conversation where everybody had appeared to be tongue-tied, and more than once you have seen a group brighten up when you entered, like a rainbeaten meadow when the sun comes out.

When you think of the bright and happy things you'll say to your admiring friends, don't forget the best one of all, the one who never, never finds you dull, who is never jealous or critical of you, the most constant worshipper at your shrine, the best woman in the world—YOUR MOTHER.

Let your young associates languish without your presence once in a while and give an occasional evening to her. Your popularity is proved by the many dates you have to keep, still don't forget to make a date with Mother, the Best Pal of All.

Frances A. Lokar.

TO MOTHER

The one who held me to her breast And taught me all the good I know Whose loyalty has stood the test Through disappointment, grief and woe.

Mother, we thy children do namely beg of you forgiveness for the cruelties we have heaped upon you and the tribulations we have caused you. Sorrow for them has assailed us often, but it comes to us now with greater impetus at the realization that Sun. May 14, is set aside for the devotion of you, Mother, and the mothers of America.

In babyhood, it was your gentle arms that cuddled us to your breast, and it was your sweet words that consoles us when we waited at discomforts real or imagined.

As years passed on it was your guiding hands that turned our path in life toward school and onward to the paths of higher learning. Your golden words so filled with wisdom lightened our troubles and gave things a rosier hue. How your eyes did sparkle at the scholastic honors we achieved.

When the greatest experience in our lives began, the time for carving a niche in the world for ourselves, it was you who helped us launch our ship christening it perseverance. You unstintingly gave of your time and efforts to plant the seed of perseverance in us. We hope we are what you wanted us to be and desire to be what you so valiently strived to have us be.

Those of you who have lost, your mother, the dearest and most generous gift of God send up a silent prayer on this day and she in return will undoubtedly smile upon you from her place in heaven and in her wisdom watch and guide you.

Words are mere utterances but it is with the deeper and sincere emotion that we say we are proud to call and claim you as—Mother.

Clique Club.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you have a gray-haired mother In the old home far away, Sit you down and write the letter. You put off from day to day. Don't wait until her weary steps, Reach Heaven's pearly gate, But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message Or a loving word to say Don't wait till you forget it But whisper it today.

Who knows what bitter memories May hunt you if you wait? So make your loved one happy, Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken The teller never sent, The long forgotten messages The wealth of love unspent.

For these some hearts are breaking, For these some loved ones wait; Show them that you care for them Before it is too late.

J. R.

Your Mother and Mine

When I write about my mother, doing my best to pay glowing tribute to her worth. I am writing about all mothers, civilized and uncivilized, bound together by the love that is God's greatest miracle.

How can the mere act of motherhood change a mere slip of girl into a woman and give her knowledge, poise, courage, fidelity? There is no answer. It is a blessing that simply IS, and has always been.

In memory I go back to the cottage where I was surrounded by loving care and helpfulness that made poverty of small moment. The woman of that home was not educated. She was untraveled and untrained, a girl who came from a farm and married a blind music master because she loved him. Her world was her home and her life belonged to her children.

She was unselfish in it. As she worked, she sang, and she filled the cottage with human sunshine.

Efficiency: She made the little income do marvelous things. Every penny was made to count.

She always found a way.

Leadership: She was the head of her flock and ever the shining example. No part of our joys and our sorrows.

A physician: We went to her with cuts, bruises, burns and with the wounds of our hearts. She never failed us.

Literature: She read to us; she selected our books and enjoyed them with us. I can see her now, by the evening lamp, reading aloud those glorious books: "Little Men" and "Little Women."

A cook: In the kitchen she was a queen and she turned out acres of loaves of bread, pies, cakes, canned and dried fruits and vegetables, all for the hungry family that was always demanding more.

Education: She sent us to school; she helped us do our sums; she went along with us in all our school work, and she was ever urging us to higher learning and understanding.

A seamstress: She made new things out of the old; she made labor take the place of money; she was always mending and cutting; all that her children might be warm and comfortable.

A housewife: She worked from sunrise far into the night, keeping her home spotless. She washed and scrubbed and never seemed to consider her own frail body.

Her religion: She lived it and passed it on to her children. She taught them to scorn the wrong and to look up to the good, the true and the beautiful. She was a churchgoer and a true believer, and her God was always close to her.

She was a thousand things that made for higher living. She loved her flowerbeds, with their old-fashioned loveliness. She encouraged us in every kind of development and gave to us some of her Spartan courage. She never failed to make the rounds, hearing from each child "now I lay me," and there was the goodnight kiss that made sleep easier.

I have only touched the high spots. I could not do her justice did I write a thousand pages. Surely the Almighty must have some special place and reward for the vast army of women who give their all in the name of love and who ask for no other compensation than human affection.

The most unselfish human the world knows.

My mother-and yours.

A. M. HOPKINS.

MOTHER'S DAY ISSUE

Dear daughter, do you know me?

(You think we'd never met.)

I tell you something, dear, if

Your mind were not so set.

They call me "old grey fossil,"

And you, "the hot blonde,"

But I am still your mother.

And you're my baby yet.

You look so manly with your

New "swagger silhouette."

Your Dietrich vest and jacket,

Cravat and green beret,

Ungirlish bob, suspenders,

And lighted cigarette;

But I am still your mother,

And you're my daughter yet.

You say your "gang" is coming?

Some friends I've never met?

I'll stay up in the garret,

(The basement's rather wet.)

So! I won't spoil your party,

Although you may forget

That I am still your mother,

And you're my baby yet.

If I were meant no longer

To plan and even fret

For you and guide your living.

The Lord would not have let

Me live till now. So sit down

And listen, little pet,

For I am still your mother,

And you're my baby yet.

—F.

The dedication to one issue of Our Page in May to Mothers, in response to the appeal of the KSKJ Spiritual Director, the Rev. John Plevnik, is a most commendable action.

It gives every Slovenian youth a most welcomed opportunity of singing the praise of his own

Mother as well as of all Moth-

ers. The first two "Mother's

Day issues were a most fitting

tribute of the love Slovenian

youths have for their Mothers

who have worked exceedingly

hard to give them every pos-

sible opportunity.

Mothers cherish these little

ST. JOSEPH SPORTS SCORE WITH KAY JAY MINSTREL PRODUCTION

A capacity crowd filled the Slovenian Home on Saturday, April 29, to see the Kay Jay Minstrel Show produced by the St. Joseph Sports of Collinwood. The program consisted of three parts, which gave much variation to the evenings entertainment.

The first part of the performance consisted of Slovenian folk songs sung by Annie and Sophie Krall, Rose Cepke, Angela and Ann Chapic and Stella Panchur. "Spoiling a Flirtation" a playlet, featured Sylvia Prele, Albert Batic and Frank Znidarsic. The above are all members of the juvenile division of the St. Joseph lodge.

A skit entitled "Little Bit of Everything" opened the second portion of the evening's treat. Frank Matjasic alias "Charley's Aunt" and Jimmie Grdina were featured in this humorous act along with the Zulich Trio, Josephine, Frances and Genevieve. These "Southern Belles" sang "Darkness on the Delta," "Two Tickets to Georgia," "I ain't Got Nobody" and "Po jezeru," the Slovenian folk song. This group of entertainers were well received as was Louis Grdina, whose rendition of "I Can't Remember" and "Ljubček moj" brought such an applause he sang "Crying Again" as an encore. Murray Smith, WJAY artist and Hollywood songster, received a fine reception upon offering his two numbers "Mollie" and "The Desert Song." Mandy Lou (Marie Ostanek) received a big applause for her fine offering of "Have You Ever Been Lonely" and "Harlem Moon."

The second part of program was given an excellent finishing touch with the graceful tap dancing of the "Cadets," Betty Spehak and Sophie Chapic in the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." This pair certainly wore attractive costumes as every one who attended will attest.

The Modernistics, under the direction of Johnnie Appenitias were then very obliging with several orchestra numbers which helped the intermission pass quickly.

"Minstrel Down South" the final portion of the evening's entertainment opened with a bang, the chorus extending an invitation to all in their number "Come on Down South." Vincent Zupan, the ever-smiling interlocutor, then marched in gayly singing "Minstrels on Parade," which he followed with the introduction of the Southern Darkies, the end men, Al Florjancic, Johnnie Pierce, Joe Tercek and Bill Struna, who walked, stumbled and all but fell over themselves coming onto the stage, as the crowd roared. The boys were ready with some first rate jokes and immediately the hall was in an uproar. To allow the people to regain their breath, the boys laid off the wise cracks long enough to allow Al Florjancic to offer "Happy Days the first solo vocal number. The ensemble took up the second chorus and the entire audience was transplanted to "Prosperity Isle" the land of joy and ease.

More of the boys' cracks brought forth many laughs. The elder folks were then treated to the Slovenian tunes "Naš maček" by Al and Joe and "Na Stajersko" by the ensemble. These numbers recorded well with the crowd as the applause was loud and long. More wise-cracks resulted from cross fire questioning between the darkies and the Interlocutor, among which Bill Struna's report on Job-Hunting—which resulted toward my success, don't you think?"

KSKJ ATHLETIC BOARD

Frank Banich, chairman,
2027 W. 22d Pl., Chicago,
III.

Pauline Treven, 1229 Lincoln St., North Chicago, Ill.
Josephine Ramuta, 1805 N. Center St., Joliet, Ill.
John J. Kordish, 325 Howard St., Chisholm, Minn.
Anton Grdina Jr., 1053 E. 62d St., Cleveland, O.
F. J. Sumic, 222 57th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rudolph Maierle, 1120 W. Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BANQUET, DANCE CAPS FRATERNAL CAGE ACTIVITY

Cleveland, O.—The Interlodge Basketball League formally closed its season May 6 with a banquet and dance held in the Slovenian National Home.

Francis M. Surtz, police prosecutor made the presentation of trophies to the Loyalites, following an interesting program of speeches introduced by toastmaster Rudolph Lisch, editor of the SSPZ Forum.

Dan Duffy, recreational commissioner, Heine Martin, president of the Interlodge League, Frank Cerne, president of the SDZ were among the list of 25 speakers.

Included in the guest list were Frank Ziherle and Edward F. Kompare, president and secretary of the St. Florian Booster of South Chicago, Ill.

Following the presentation of trophies, movies of interlodge activities were shown. Dancing in both halls closed the program.

The St. Joseph Sports' team was the KSKJ representative in the circuit, comprised of teams of lodges representing the SDZ, CFU, SNPJ, SSPZ and the Serbian Club.

TO CHICAGO BASEBALL FANS

Chicago, Ill.—Due to some misunderstanding between both clubs, the game between St. Joseph's College and St. Stephen's major KSKJ which was at first called for the 7 of May was changed to the 14 of May.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER ASKS

To What do You Owe Your Present Success?

Ed. Kompare, South Chicago, Ill.—"Oh, I'm too busy to talk to you about such things. Just say anything of anyone—or Kay Jay Tournaments are responsible for my success as a Booster."

Frank Banich, Chicago, Ill.—"The zgance in potica. That is what makes me the success that I am today. Zganci and potica, combined with the constant exercise I get daily are great strength builders and give me my wonderful physique."

Mitzi Jones, Joliet, Ill.—"To Ovaltine! I rather hesitate telling you as I have constantly refused offers from that company to make testimonials as to the merits of their product. However, you may say that I owe whatever bowling ability I have, to being brought up on that food."

Rudolph Maierle, Milwaukee—"Dancing is my only achievement. The beautiful rhythm of 'Rock-a-bye-Baby' first instilled in me the desire to dance. Sing it to yourself—doesn't inspire you? Doesn't it make you want to dance and dance?"

Ann Slana, Waukegan—"Oh I'm so flattered. But constant use of Palmolive soap has preserved my schoolgirl complexion. Appearances help so much in his wife getting the job—

IN STYLE

There are styles that come from Paris
And from Egypt far away,
There are newer fads and fancies

That appear, yes, every day.
But I think the greatest style show
That perhaps will ever be,

Is the style show that the girls stage
At every Kay Jay Turnney.

La Sallita.

Bowling Banquet a Social Success

The sixth annual bowling tournament held under the auspices of the Grand Carniolian Slovenian Catholic Union, on April 29 and 30, will carry into its history the success of the Booster Banquet which was held in direct connection with the annual event.

The banquet, a beautiful and delicious repast, was opened with prayer by Rev. Father Butala of Waukegan, Ill. During the serving, the guests were entertained with orchestral music.

Edward Kompare of South Chicago, toastmaster, after eloquently eulogizing KSKJ athletic activities, introduced Supreme President, Frank Opeka, of Waukegan, Ill. Mr. Opeka commended the youth of the KSKJ for the wonderful manner in which our young people have promoted activities and sports within the past few years. Mr. Opeka is known as the Father of Sports in the K. S. K. J., for it was no one else but he who organized the first activities in the organization.

Next speaker on the program was the supreme secretary of the KSKJ, Joseph Zalar of Joliet, Ill., who expressed his appreciation of the program carried out, and enthusiastically advocated a sports program for the KSKJ. He was followed by Rev. Fathers, Edward Gabrenja and M. Butala. Of especial interest was the advocacy of a national basketball tournament, which idea was brought up by Rev. Butala in the course of the speech. To follow out the speakers, we have next those who are directly connected with Our Page, namely Stanley P. Zupan, editor, Joseph Gregorich and Frances Jancer, who is more commonly known as Miss La Sallita. William Kompare of South Chicago and Rudolph Rudman of Pittsburgh, members of the supreme board of the KSKJ, also spoke a few words in direct connection with the occasion.

After speeches were put aside, the South Chicago Boosters entertained with songs, taken from their recent minstrel show. The pep and enthusiasm displayed by these boosters is worthy of comment. As an added attraction the La Salle boosters presented a comedy skit in which they portrayed the experiences of two country girls on the streets of Chicago for the first time. The plight of the two young ladies kept the audience in hilarious laughter. The young ladies who took part in this skit were Josephine Gergovich and Teenie Pelko, and they are to be commended upon for the splendid manner in which they took their parts.

The banquet was closed with prayer by Rev. Father Edward of Chicago.

Frances Jancer.

EVERY ONE HELP, HELP!

Lost one Hugo Atwell at the KSKJ Bowling Tournament in Chicago. Here's what he looks like: has light hair, big nose and ears, blue eyes and has six teeth missing from the front row top. Wore a hat that was made in 1973, had a dark shirt without a tie. His suit was of two-tone, the pants were of dark blue and his coat and vest of fannel. No socks, two-tone shoes, black and green.

If any one has seen this person, please send all information to Sharlie Allen, in care of Our Page. Everyone sending in any information will receive a reward.

Bring Hugo back, dead or alive.

Sharlie Allen.

CONTRIBUTORS

In submitting contributions to Our Page, please consider the following:

1. Use one side of paper only.
2. Manuscripts written in pencil will not be considered.
3. If possible type write material using double-spacer.
4. All contributions must be signed by author. Name will be withheld from publication by request.
5. Material must be received by Our Page not later than 8 a. m. Friday prior to intended publication.
6. Manuscripts will not be returned.
7. Address communications to Our Page, 6117 St. Clair Ave. Cleveland, O.

Editor: Stanley P. Zupan.

BOOSTER PROGRAM AT PIN TOURNEY IN CHICAGO MARKED AS SUCCESS

Kay Jay spirit has the peculiar trait of kicking off the traces depression and giving merriment a happy ride. It cannot be held in restraint too long, nor can it be beaten into submission by prevalent economic conditions. Kay Jay spirit portrays the youth of our Union, and wherever our youth congregate, there is bound to be a spontaneous atmosphere of congeniality, joviality and sincere fraternal friendship.

The booster banquet was an eventful and inspiring affair. It boasted of all the KSKJ luminaries being present to grace the occasion and was well attended by genuine Kay Jay Boosters who answered the roll call.

Throughout the two days of Kay Jay activity, scenes at the CYO alleys were most striking. It was chiefly on the fourth floor in that vast bowling emporium that real Kay Jayers congregated. We witnessed many incidences of handshaking and jovial backslapping. Friends from all parts of the Midwest were on hand to observe the formalities. Many were active bowlers, others were part of the enthusiastic gallery.

Sunday afternoon presented an impressive scene when the first balls were rolled. Mr. Opeka and Mr. Zalar participated in the inaugural festivities which touched off a veritable cannonade for the remainder of the afternoon. In the men's crack team events, the St. Florian Boosters ran away with the honors of the tourney. This result was contrary to expectations and called for a certain amount of celebration. It didn't go unnoticed, for the South Chicago Boosters were very much in evidence where ever there was an exuberant group.

One can always find some method of entertainment, some reason for having a jolly good time. But nobody can advance any real specific excuse for missing a KSKJ bowling tourney. These affairs have done much to weld the bond of friendship among our Slovenian Catholic gentry and will continue to bridge the social gap which separates the majority of us. For the future, we can only hope that the spirit of bowling and its incidental fraternal camaraderie will serve to inspire those who have yet to sip the brimful cup of Kay Jay sociability. The sixth annual tournament will always serve to refresh our memories as one of the few occasions when facilities were complete in every detail and the KSKJ sign over the entrance way meant a genuine glad hand.

St. Florian Booster.

WAUKEGAN BALL TEAM TO SPONSOR DANCE

The Waukegan KSKJ Booster Baseball Club, entrant in the Midwest KSKJ Baseball League, is sponsoring a dance to be given on Saturday, May 13, at 8:30 p. m. in the Mother of God School Auditorium.

This dance is given for the benefit of the baseball team, so that the team can meet its expenses for the coming season.

The Waukegan team wishes that its friends from Chicago, Milwaukee, Joliet and South Chicago, and all KSKJ communities will attend this dance. A good time will be assured to all.

Frankie Ogrin, Secretary.

NOTICE

Chicago, Ill.—All members of Marije Pomagaj, No. 78, K. S. K. J., interested in sport activities such as tennis, baseball etc., are urgently requested to attend a special meeting to be held Thursday evening, May 11 at 8 o'clock at the home of Ann Grill, 2113 W. 23d St.

A sport club was organized in the early part of this year. So far no definite plans have been made. In order to get things going right, a hearty co-operation by all who are interested is necessary, therefore make it your business to be present.

The Committee.

NOTICE

St. Joseph's Sports, Collinwood, O., indoor practice, 6 p. m., May 10, E. 165th St. and St. Clair Ave. Please report.

HAVE GALA TIME ON EGG HUNT

Waukegan, Ill.—If 100 per cent. attendance and the assurance from a number of Kay Jay Boosters mean anything, then no more need be said of the egg hunt sponsored by the Waukegan Club on Easter Monday. Everyone reports a delightful evening spent in an exceedingly

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

The Chisholm Kay Jays extend an invitation to all members of St. Anns Lodge, No. 156 of the KSKJ and also to mothers of members of the Kay Jays

to a program in honor of mothers, to be held in the Community Building on Mother's Day, May 14, beginning at 2 o'clock.

A very interesting program is in here and also a delicious lunch. Musical numbers by members of the local KSKJ lodges and also readings will comprise part of the program after which the lunch will be served.

To the Kay Jays:

All members are requested to go to Holy Communion at 8:15 Mass on that day and to attend in a body, as a good appreciation to mothers.

Let us all be there! Mothers, fathers, sons and daughters.

Scribe.

Correction

In the pre-tourney issue of Our Page, a typographical error resulted in Steve G. Vertin, supreme assistant secretary, extending a welcome to the JSKJ bowlers. He extended greetings to the KSKJ bowlers in his original manuscript.

So mother, throw your doors open

And take us back home again.

Let us hold onto your hands,

And pull us out of this darkness

Into the light of understanding

and peacefulness.

—Mrs. MARY STARTZ.