

AMERIŠKA DOMOVINA, JULY 30, 1976

THE FOURTH OF JULY

By JOHN P. NIELSEN
 I just plain lucked out, and did see. As one o'clock would be the host tall ship — the U.S. Eagle. About an hour and a half away. But there was plenty to watch in the meantime. A very wealthy, living on 69th Street (New York), off Park the shore, as far as the eye can see, masses of people — me on Saturday, July 3rd — she is on occasion — something a-thousands and thousands of people on her television set not working perhaps, because I am an later, six million of them, lined up engineering professor at the Hudson River in Manhattan where she is a major benefactor.

A blaring radio was reporting what I know about fixing this scene — the Mass of people television sets?! But being the benefactor she is, I am obliged — and really, I don't mind.

Anyway, she calls me. It seems that her son was coming up from Florida in his yacht to view Operation Sail.

She was to appear at the dock about 11 a.m. to board. The City had ruled out any cabs driving down to lower Manhattan, and this included hired limousines.

She had been calling frantically, but to no avail. She called on me to find out what she might do to get down there. The aircraft carried Forrestal, which was at that time at the Verrazano Bridge where the tall ships had gathered. Governor Carey was conducting a private party on top of the Trade Center — what a fantastic view that must have been.

Drinks were served — mostly bloody Marys and screwdrivers down—not on a guarantee basis — and snacks: cheese, caviar, to get her there, but just on the hard-boiled eggs. Then they became, and suddenly there it was chance I could get thru down to gain to come. Two fireboats led Vesey street—the border street the way, gayly spraying colored water. Off in the distance tip of the three-masted U.E. Eagle could be seen. Slowly it would cancel the boarding. She came, and suddenly there it was in full view. Yes, it was faithfully the same ship pictured in the guide book on my lap. And she casually asked whether it was a beauty.

When I had made the offer, the guide book on my lap. And might be interested in boarding. The sailors were lined up, the yacht. What a question! Could it be they were standing answered by saying, only if at attention? There were more there would be no problem getting the necessary admission up to the crow's nest, in true document needed to pass the opera set fashion. I wondered guards at the pier. She promised, if perhaps we were not as much ed to try, but to give up on the a show to them as they were first obstacle.

Well, I picked her up at 10 a.m. on July 4th and what a guide book said that it would complete surprise — traffic was to be identified by the two-old-light! Unbelievably light. The fashioned life boats hanging on warnings had been so persistent either side of the stern quarter for the week just passed — that deck. Sure enough that is what almost everyone headed. I got we saw. The sails were all unfurled, and the breeze made down to Vesey Street in 15 minutes — and simply parked my them bulge out in splendor.

car on the street. (No parking, Then the Norwegian one came except Sunday, and I knew that with the golden-haired maiden for July 4th, the Sunday rules figurehead at the bow. The Portuguese bark Sagres came along

I was dressed casually for the festooned with the Maltese cross yacht — with sneakers, and I on its square sails. More came — came equipped with binoculars, the Libertad (Argentine), the Esmeralda, etc. All on schedule, just in case. There was a brief negotiation at the gate — and presto, I was inside. Two hundred feet ahead was the yacht.

We boarded. It was a grand day — just an occasional cloud, and the panorama view of the harbor, magnificent. The Statue of Liberty to our left, the Jersey shore ahead of us, and right behind us — the two twin towers of the World Trade Center.

I met various guests — the Americans, were celebrating our Freedom — something for the Soviet people to dream about for their future. I had asked for that privilege from the captain.

The last ship came by. A buffet lunch was served, and more drinks. I mingled and chatted with the guests. No one really spoke of the event taking place. The chatting was everyday social. No one wanted to betray his true sentimental feelings —

not as a professor, but as living on Sniffen Court. The real estate people all know Sniffen Court.

There were books and guides of one kind and another on hand, and a television set, to inform us as to what we would be



STANLEY KUHAR

FORGOTTEN AMERICANS?

Poor Luke. He couldn't make heritage and say they are, what and his friends have gone thru heads or tails of this country you call, 'unique and whole' per- called America despite the fact son — and then we are called generation must be knowledgeable enough of the American society and fluent in English to secure decent jobs and function in the American society.

"These Americans," he told me, "are an odd bunch of people. On the one hand we are sorry to come to America. I have suppose to have pride and love for this country while on the other hand we are labeled as 'fathers' or DP's. What do the Americans expect from us?"

I tried to explain to Luke that he was, like others before him, going through a process known as Americanization.

"But why were we treated in such harsh manner?" he asked in his broken English.

"Why?", he asked in a blustery manner, "they make fun of us? Why they say we ignorant?"

I tried to calm down my vociferous friend but he continued to harangue about his past experiences.

"When we 'the fathers' came to America, we don't have a cent to our names. Some of us had families to feed and support. Where else but in factories could we get jobs. Americans say we take away their jobs. But really, we are given jobs no one else would take or do!"

"Smell in factory very bad but my friends and I, most of us, stay on jobs for family's sake."

By now my friend had calmed down somewhat but continued to explain his past history.

"At first," he said, "I only speak Slovenian and German. But soon I learn some English. A few of my friends learn enough English and go finish college. But now they forget about people who sponsor them to America and try to be like 'established American'. They too forgot about their heritage and those who help them in past years. Even Americans who

laugh at us forget about their past and where their parents or grandparents came from."

"Now," he said, "our children get college education. But they try to be exactly like American friends. They feel, how you say, 'ashamed' of their parents background 'cause they not born in America. We are treated like some disease."

"How can they deny their

4 p.m. and still five hours before the fireworks display — I went out on the deck. I looked over to the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. I recalled the words of Emma Lazarus in her Statue of Liberty poem, "I hold the lamp before the golden door". How classic the moment seemed. Sixty-five years earlier, my mother came by here — an immigrant — with me inside her, waiting to be born six months later. She could not have had more than five dollars to her name — and only a vague destination — Cleveland.

Her only language — Slovenian, which got her by, somehow, probably by just following the shores of Lake Erie. The station is supplied by ticker and wire services of U.P.I.

The General Manager of WFRO is Thomas J. Wolfe.

She is gone now — but she came for — what? Independence Opportunity? Anyway, for a new life — and that is what it was all about.

There will never be another

July Fourth like this one was

After lunch — it was about for me.

After lunch — it was about for me.

A DAY WITH A PROCESS SERVER —

By STAN MAJER
 (The Shoe Man)

and dedicated to his duties. We returned to the office at 4:30 p.m. with four undelivered documents because the addressees were not at home. Deputy Ken Pringle of the Civil Branch Menkal will have to try again either at night or Saturday or even on a Sunday morning to complete these assignments.

We logged in the days work just in time for the next days arrival of writs, summons, etc., and would you believe it, Deputy Menkal had three subpoenas of the Civil Branch.

We started out from the Sheriff's Office, located at East 24th and Payne Avenue at 8:30 a.m., armed with an assortment of 24 writs, summons, foreclosures, and replevins written and ordered by the courts.

We traveled over 83 miles serving our legal documents. We went from shabby residents to luxurious apartments.

We were shunned by some people, feared a little by others, and respected by most.

Deputy Steve Menkal is typical of the caliber of men under Chief Deputy Ken Pringle. Deputy Menkal is a law enforcement officer first — courteous double that amount and produce in his manner, understanding much less the results. I salute you Steve and the other men in the department. The County is richer for your dedication.

Slovenian American Radio Club Dances



The Slovenian American Radio Club performed their unique folk dancing on Friday, July 9, at 7:00 and 8:30 p.m., in the International Theater during the Chicago International Trade Exposition which was held at Navy Pier, July 1 thru 18th.

The young Slovenian-Americans performed the traditional folk dances of Slovenia. They are all members of Chicagoland families and represent the most energetic young people in the Slovenian community.

AN OHIO POLKA TREK

By EDDIE ANDRES

It's not that I'm in a rut listening to all the polka programs that emanate over the local Cleveland radio stations, and believe me, we have good ones, it's just that I decided that a visit elsewhere to catch the polka beat was in order, so, I'm off and running in my, already 149,000 miles trusty (rusty, well, maybe a little) weary but dependable Pontiac and head west out of town bound for Fremont, Ohio.

Here is a real pioneer in the polka field, radio WFRO AM 900 KC - FM Stereo 99.1 MC on 905 W. State Street.

The station started in operation in 1946 with FM and in 1949 added AM. "Polka Time" is heard seven days a week and is co-hosted by Gary Thompson and Ernie Brown. Gary handles the chores on Monday and Saturday from 10:05 to 11:00 a.m., and on Sundays 1:05 to 2:00 p.m. Then Ernie takes command on Tuesday thru Friday.

Incidentally, the original M.C. of Polka Time is veteran Bob Norgard who now resides on Catawba Peninsula along the shores of Lake Erie. The station is supplied by ticker and wire services of U.P.I.

The General Manager of WFRO is Thomas J. Wolfe.

From there I headed north to Port Clinton, Ohio where I visited radio WRWR-FM, 94.5. Here the listeners are treated to polkas and waltzes on Saturday

is named, "Polka Time". Hank Jadwisak does the honors as D-J, spins the polkas from all nationalities, and welcomes requests. The station primarily serves the Tri-County area, Huron, Erie and Ottawa.

It was an enjoyable visit to WFRO in Fremont and then to WRWR in Port Clinton and participate in their polka scene.

From there I headed east bound for Cleveland, the original polka town.

S. S. May Call . .

You may get an important letter in the near future, asking you to visit a Social Security office to have your Supplemental Security Income (SSI) claim reviewed.

Prepare for your visit by collecting the records of your income and resources. Include your bank books, insurance policies, the latest tax statement on your home, and a record of your wages.

Congress insists that Social Security review all SSI claims once a year. They want to be sure that each benefit check is correct.

The 20,000 people living in Cuyahoga County who get SSI can expect to have their claims reviewed this year. They must also report any income or address changes, a marriage or divorce, travel outside the country or any large gifts.

Call 476-1414 if you have any questions about Social Security and coincidentally the show also or SSI checks.

To most first time visitors, Hawaii is more than a land of dreams come true; it is a paradise of innumerable happy experiences.

One such surprise, for some, is to learn that Hawaii is not just one island, but a lovely chain of islands, each differing from the others in size, geographical features, attractions and things to do.

It is made up entirely of islands located in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Honolulu, the capital and largest city, is about 2,400 miles west of the U. S. mainland.

Hawaii is world famous for its beauty and pleasant climate. It has deep-blue seas, brilliantly colored flowers, graceful palm trees, and plunging waterfalls.

These attractions provide some of the most thrilling scenery in the United States. Cool Pacific winds keep Hawaii pleasantly mild all year around.

Hawaii has many happy and colorful ways of life that can be found in no other state. Some of these customs come from the Pacific Islanders called Polynesians who were the original settlers of Hawaii. The people's great friendliness towards tourists give its nickname of the Aloha State.

Next week we will briefly tour the island of Oahu with a quick summary of Honolulu with places to visit and shopping hints, etc.

Milan R. Relic, 273 East 280 St., has been named to the 15th edition of Who's Who in the Midwest.

Relic is president of Edcom Productions and Euclid Studio; vice president of the Tungsten and Ernest Malnar, 21650 Ivan Corp. and vice president, trus-

tee and director of State Troopers of Ohio.

A member of the Society of Northwestern Professional Photographers Association, he served as its president in 1960-61. He is a past commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Varhol announce the engagement of their daughter, Susan Ann to Thomas J. Sacerich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sacerich of Mentor.

Miss Varhol is a 1972 graduate of Villa Angela Academy. She is employed as a receptionist-secretary for the General Electric Company at Nela Park. Her fiance is a 1972 graduate of St. Joseph High School and received his B.A. degree in political science at John Carroll University. He is employed with A. M. Pena Realty in Mentor.

An Aug. 28 wedding is planned at Holy Cross Church.

Congratulations!

Graduate Edward Evanick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Evanick, 809 East 249 St., is a recent graduate of Kent State University. A business management major, he was nominated for "Who's Who in American Colleges." He was also elected to Omicron Delta Kappa, a national honor society, and received a senior service award from Kent.

Happy Birthday and Happy Retirement to Matt Kastelic, Rockefellar Road, Wickliffe. He has been an employee of Penn Central Railroad for 47 years. May your retirement years be filled with much happiness, uncle Matt!

Birthday Greetings to Anna Kovach, Chardon Road, Euclid. She celebrated her birthday on July 26th.

Congratulations to Patricia vice president of the Tungsten and Ernest Malnar, 21650 Ivan Corp. and vice president, trus-

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