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F. SVETEK
GENERAL DIRECTOR
KENMORE 2016

Jack London:

ROMAN TREH SRC

Ujela ga je in potegnila vrv k sebi. Hitro je privezala en konec za skalo. Henry je na vso moč vlekel za drugi konec vrvi, kljub temu se je pa vedno bolj pogrezal. Pesek se je kopičil in ga zasipal od zadaj. Tedaj je Leoncie zaklicala: — Nikar ne vlecite! Izmisli si drug načrt. — Splezala je na skalo, vrgla je vrv čez vejo bližnjega drevesa in napravila zanko. Zanko je nataknila na debel kamen in ga s kolom prevrnila, da se je zatrkjal navzdol. Ta primitivna priprava je Henryja rešila. Kakor bi trenil z očesom, ga je potegnila iz peska in vrgla na trdna tla.

— Ta je pa dobra! Bravo, Leoncie! Čestitam! — se je zasmel Francis.

Ko sta vrgla potem Francisu drugi konec vrvi, se je videla iz peska samo še njegova glava in ramena. Ko je pa stal kmalu tudi on na trdnih tleh in zažugal valove, mu pesku s pestjo, sta se mu pridružila tudi Leoncie in Henry in vsi trije so se začeli norčevati iz peščenega jarka. — Smejali so se in šalili, z njimi so se smejale trume gorskih duhov in vse ozračje je napolnila strahotna simfonija tega smeha in odmevov.

XIV. — Poglejta! — je vzkliknila Leoncie.

Henry in Francis sta se ozrla v smeri, ki jo je pokazala Leoncie. To, kar sta zagledala, ni bila slučajna luč. Bila je enakomerna, močna svetloba, ki se je širila iz gorskega grebena kakor iz nekega skritega sonca. Vsi trije so se napotili ob vznožju gore proti izviru te čarobne svetlobe. Povsod jim je segala trava do vratu in sploh se je poznalo, da človeška noga že davno ni stopila v te kraje. Vsi upehani so se prerinili skozi goščo na planoto, kjer se je nedavno utrjala skala in uničila vse rastlinstvo.

Leoncie je zaploskala z rokami. To pot ji ni bilo treba opozarjati spremljevalcev na diven prizor. Kakih trideset čevljev nad vznožjem so se videle ogromne oči. Vsako oko je merilo počez najmanj šest čevljev. Površina je bila narejena iz neke čudne tvarine, ki se je vsa lesketala.

— Chiine oči! — je vzkliknila Leoncie.

Henry se je popraskal za ušesom kakor da je nekaj pozabil, pa se hoče spomniti. — Prav zdi se mi, da vama lahko povem, iz česa so narejene te oči, — je delal smeje. — Sam sicer še nikoli nisem videl takih izdelkov, pač pa so mi pravili o njih stari ljudje. To je trik plemena Maya. Stavim ves svoj delež od zaklada proti staremu grošu, da vama lahko pojasnim, iz česa so narejene blesteče Chiine oči.

— Velja! — je vzkliknil takoj Francis. — Tepec tisti, ki bi ne sprejel take stave, čeprav bi bila stvar jasna kakor beli dan. Povej, kakšna tvarina je to! Svoje sprejemam.

— Ostrige, — se je nasmehnil Henry. — Ostrigine luskinke ali boljše rečeno školjke. Iz školjke je umetno narejen mozaik tako, da površina odbija sončne žarke in se leskeče v vseh mavričnih barvah. Zdaj pa dokaži, da se motim. Splezaj gori in poglej.

Tik pod očmi je bil na skali pomol v obliki trikotnika. Od daleč bi človek mislil, da je to bradavica na skalnatem

obrazu. Med tem pomolom in očmi je bilo komaj dober sekunde razdalje. Pomol je bil hrapav in ker je znal Francis dobro plezati, je kmalu dosegel svoj cilj. Od pomola navzgor je bila pot še lažja. Navzlic temu bi pa Francis lahko padel iz višine petindvajsetih čevljev in si zlomil roko ali nogo. In kaj potem? Daleč napolni bilo nikogar, ki bi ga obvezal in spravil do človeškega bivališča. Henry in Leoncie pa tudi nista bila pripravljena za tak slučaj. Zato je Leoncie zaklicala Francisu: — Varujte se, Francis, da ne padete!

V Henryjevem sreču se je nehoteno oglasila ljubosumnost.

Ko je priplezal na vrh trikotnika, si je Francis temeljito ogledal najprej eno potem pa drugo oko. Iz žepa je potegnil lovski nož in začel brskati po desnem Chiinem očesu.

— Če bi stari gentleman videl kaj počenjam o kakšnih bogoskrunstvo smo zakrivil, bi ga zadela kap," je dejal Henry.

"Stavo sem izgubil in groš je tvoj! je zaklical Francis in vrgel Henryju košček tvarine, katero je bila pokrita površna ogromnih oči.

Henry je pobral ploščat košček školjke. Bil je skrbno obruščen, tako da je tvoril z nešteti drugimi koščki enake oblike in velikosti krasen mozaik.

— Ni dima brez ognja, — je zaključil Henry. — Pleme Maya si ni kar tako meni nič tebi nič izbralo tega zapuščenega kraja in napravilo na tej skali Chiine oči.

— Zdi se mi, da smo napravili napako, ko smo pustili tam na pesku starega gentlemana in njegove svete voze, — je dejal Francis. — Vozli bi nam vse to pojasnili in povedali, kaj naj storimo.

— Kjer so oči, mora biti tudi nos, — se je oglasila Leoncie.

— Saj tudi je, evo ga! — je vzkliknil Francis. — Grom in strela! Saj to-le, na čemer stojim, je prav za prav nos. Preblizu stojimo, da bi mogli imeti pravilno perspektivo. Na primerni razdalji bi videli, da imamo pred seboj ogromen obraz.

Leoncie se je približala in sunila z nogo v kup strohnelega listja, ki ga je nanesel tropični veter.

— Potemtakem morajo biti tu tudi usta, in sicer tam, kjer se spodobi, namreč tik pod nosom, — je dejala Leoncie.

Kakor bi trenil z očesom, sta Henry in Francis odmetala kup listja in našla odprtino, ki je bila pa premajhna, da bi mogel človek zlesti skozi njo. Odvalila sta nekaj kamnov tako, da je mogel Francis vtakniti v odprtino glavo in rame ter si s pomočjo vžigalnice ogledati notranjost.

— Varujte se kač! — ga je posvarila Leoncie.

Francis je nekaj zamrmral v znak soglasja, nato pa spregovoril:

— To ni naravna votlina. Izsekana je iz skale — in sicer imenitno izsekana, kolikor se sploh da razločiti.

Po srditem rentanjenju sta Leoncie in Henry spoznala, da si je obžgal z vžigalico prste. Takoj nato pa sta zaslišala njegov začuden glas:

(Dolje prihodnjič.)

St. Mary's Spectator and Commentator

Holy Name Bike Ride

Well, the weeks' threatening rain finally caught up with us. Although it hadn't rained since the fourth, the night of the Holy Name bike ride it gushed down in bucketsful. Fortunately all of us were spared a wetting, with the exception of one lad who thought it better to come with his own bicycle. Expert riders there were—others not so expert—but we all had a good time. . . . Mary Bencar learned how to ride in no time at all. . . . Mary Lekson feels it necessary to take more lessons. . . . Bill Habjan as usual brought his pipe along. . . . when we ran short of bicycles we doubled up thus accomodating those who would otherwise be left out of it. . . . Johnny Tercek appeared to have something on his mind—he was very serious all evening. . . . Sophie Chapic and Gen Zulich arrogantly challenged the others to a race.—P.S. No one accepted—the girls have ridden bikes before.

Reception

That evening a little reception was held for Father Andel. The two groups presented Father with a little token of our appreciation for his acquaintance. Father Andel expressed his regret at leaving us so soon and promised an occasional visit in the near future.

Correction

The Nocturnal Adoration Society will not meet Sunday, August 2 as was previously stated, but on Sunday morning, August 9. Our ban meets from 1 to 2 A. M. All who would come are kindly requested to assemble in front of the church at approximately 12:15. Remember the date, Sunday morning, August 9th.

Outing

On Sunday, August 2, the H. N. and the Sodality will hold their annual outing. This will be at Mah's farm near Madison. Members and their friends are kindly requested to assemble on the Church grounds at 9:30 in the morning so the trucks can leave as promptly as possible. A ball game, swimming, and other games will be the order of the day. Be there promptly.

A Skating Party

For those interested in skating it is planned to hold another skating jamboree at Euclid Beach on Tuesday evening, August 4th.

Station YLS

Our regular monthly meeting was very well attended. The officers showed us further

EDITOR'S NOTE

Please bear in mind the following rules in submitting copy for this page:

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2—Omit all mention of games of chance, such as lotteries, raffling, card games played for money. Publishing same is in violation of Postal Laws.

3—Considering the fact that this page is read by people living in various parts of the country—and in many foreign countries, too—refrain from using initials in your reading matter, for example: "A.J. was seen parading down the Avenue with D.R. What does A.L. think of that?" To the casual reader there is no sense to that. So if you think your news is good enough to print, put down FULL NAMES and you'll be doing a favor to the readers and your column will be more interesting too.

proof that they have not been idle as witness the following:

Sunday, August 2—The Y. L. Sodality are all kindly invited to the Holy Name Outing to be held at Mah's farm. All wishing to attend, meet at the Church by 9:30. Your fare will be 25c. And bring your own lunch. The boys are assuring us a good time.

Tuesday, August 4—Another skating party. The last one was so very well attended, we couldn't resist.

The girls are hereby asked to look in on our unfortunate enthusiast, Jo Tercek. A bit of good cheer is never amiss. Here's hoping you're with us very soon, Jo!

Wednesday, August 12—A bicycle ride—the last one was a success—and the girls claim they had a grand time in the great downpour too! And they

are just rarin' to go again. In the very near future we shall go horse-back riding, too! There have been little bits of rumor going around in regard to an opening dance very soon!

That's quite a program is it not?

Let us give credit where credit is due. Hurrah for our officers and committees. They are really pitching in and giving us grand opportunities to enjoy ourselves!

August 12—Our officers and committee chairmen shall hold a confab again.—To perfect some more plans!

Up to date, girls, we have seven new members within a month's time.

The meeting adjourned rather early too. Our hostess served Limeade and cookies.

Above all, girls, you won't forget that Sunday, August 2, is our regular Sunday. Please all attend the 7:30 Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body.

ALL AROUND TOWN

"SLOVENIAN DAY" ON LAKE ERIE

It won't be long now! When the good ship "Seandbee" pulls away from its dock on Sunday morning, August 30, it will launch an event which should prove of real interest to all Slovenians and persons of Slovene extraction in and around Cleveland, whether they're from the East, West, North or South sides of the city. For the first time in the history of our Cleveland colony, plans are under way to join all of our people, young and old, in a spirit of happy friendliness on a pleasant all-day lake-cruise and visit to Cedar Point for a day full of sports, contests, games, entertainment and amusement—to suit the taste and fancy of everyone.

As to the spirit of "friendly enmity" now existing between us North-siders and you South-enders let it be known that it will remain as such. We're really interested in making this excursion an event that will be long remembered everywhere and what is more stimulating to such remembering than the thought of real, keen-edged competition. But, you've got us wrong, we are not weakening and we won't give up. Wait till the boat docks on its return from Cedar Point, then we'll see who's right.

Be that as it may for the present our aims and intentions are quite sincere. To date three candidates for the "Popularity" crown have been selected in the St. Clair end of town. Three additional candidates to represent Euclid, West Park, and Collinwood-Nottingham will be announced later. Those now competing are the Misses Angela Maver and Anne Stanonik, members of Orels, and Florence Karlinger, representing Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Vitus parish. The General Committee plans to have one of the 12 candidates, selected by the popular votes cast by each ticket holder, receive a round-trip all-expense visit to Washington, D. C. or the Presidential Inaugural in January.

Just a tip to you West Parkers, Collinwoodites, Euclidites and "St. Clair-men"—let's get together and prove to the world (and the South-siders) that the most popular "Slovenka" is in this part of Cleveland.

As previously announced, tickets for this occasion may be had from members and officers of Orels and the contest candidates. In addition and for local convenience, tickets can also be obtained at the Makovec Confectionery in the Slovenian National Home, 6415 St. Clair Ave., at Frank Makar's Confectionery, 4611 W. 130th St. in West Park and at John Treck's Confectionery at 15508 Holmes Ave. in Collinwood, not forgetting the places

"Yours, With Love . . ."

By "AGH-NONIMUS"

The connection is far-fetched, I know, but to speak of letters will seem a bit more apropos if I argue that letters come in envelopes, and wasn't someone speaking of the pay and Sunday species of envelope? I suppose in this wide world there are people who neither write nor care to receive letters, but I've never known any. There probably are some, too, who can resist opening any and all mail until the leisure hours of the day; Ripley would know of them, I don't. There are, of course, letters and letters and letters.

Emily Post and our composition books used to classify correspondence as business and personal. The business forms would include all those "with windows," all circulars on how to earn a hundred dollars a week, cure an earache and a bunion, and get that book "free, postpaid" that promises to contain the alpha and omega of all knowledge. So much for unwelcome mail. Concerning the true business letters, most of us are drilled, as to correct forms, and seldom have occasion to depart therefrom.

It is the friendly letter that makes mailtime a time of great expectations and as great disappointments. What is three cents worth to Postmaster Farley might be without price to you. It might bring news, good or bad; congratulations; sympathy; appreciation; advice, confidences, happy and doleful; trivialities; opinions; a scolding; assurance of well-being; a bit humor; a greeting; gossip, harmless and otherwise;—everything, in fact, that one might expect of a personal visit except the sight of the friend. Yet there is the "will-drop-you-a-few-lines-to-let-you-know-I-am-well-and-I-hope-the-same-of-you" writer, and he is more common than the "nice-weather-we're-having" visitor. That is because the dull writer is not always the dull visitor. Just so, an unusually interesting and entertaining missive might come from one who is very ordinary as a conversationalist. The

announced last week. Round trip tickets (and 10 votes in the Popularity Contest) for adults are \$1.00 and for children under 12 years of age fifty cents.

Let's go to Cedar Point on Sunday, August 30th.

—Orels Executive Committee.

conclusion would seem to be that it is not personality that makes a letter either "just a letter" or one that is re-read until almost memorized, quoted from, and then so reluctantly destroyed. I may as well admit that what the secret is, I don't know. (If I knew, I wouldn't need to wait one month, or two, or three, for a reply to some of mine.)

Modern means of communication and travel have lessened the need of the personal letter and, in consequence, the art of writing one has had little attention. We are taught about punctuation, paragraphing, and one-inch margins in English classes, but little, if anything, about the contents of a letter. Whole magazines and newspaper sections are devoted to exploiting the secrets of graciousness in dress, in manner, in appearance, but few words are spent on the secret of conveying that charm by the written message to an absent one. This last is a gift, true, but in this twentieth century we pride ourselves on synthesis, and perhaps from a collection of likes and dislikes, one might achieve a synthetic charm of sorts.

About love letters and letters from home, I have yet to hear any criticisms or suggestions, unless the complaint about brevity be considered, assuming that they are in a class above reproach, all these "pet aversions" apply strictly to the "friendly" letter.

There's this one: "I wish people wouldn't begin a letter with 'I don't know what to write because there is no news.'" One has to admit that it enough to quench all interest in the letter. Even a newspaper can be quite readable without containing any startling news, but, of course, if it were to headline "No News Today," no one would bother to read it.

"I hate weather reports in letters," someone says. He maintains that if it be record-breaking, the daily papers report it, and if it is ordinary, unless one is clever, mention of it makes the letter ordinary.

Another is always irritated by "dear friend" "dear cousin Sue," or even "dear sister" as a heading. She says "dear Sue" is much more natural, and gives her the feeling that she is dear as Sue and not by accident of relationship or by virtue of friendship. Take that for what logic there is in it!

Still another says a spontaneous beginning covers a multitude of letter faults. "I have nothing else to do, so I guess I'll write" isn't very spontaneous. Granted!

Someone else is eccentric enough to first delete all the superfluous "sures" and insert "haves" in the "I gots," and then re-read and enjoy the letter. She said such crudities annoy her because a grammar school graduate should know better.

I dislike a "padded" letter, one that is filled with the trivial and the trite merely to cover an allotted number of sheets. A short note that promises more next time is more welcome than a longer one that plods along to a weary end.

So much for "don't-likes." The one "do-like" would be a definition for an ideal letter. What would yours be? For mine, I'll take one that has made me happier for some reason or other, and will be easy to answer, because it has the leads for an expression of opinion on any and all subjects under the sun. Here's to happier mailtimes!

