

GRADUATES

High School:

Sally Hrvatin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Hrvatin, Arrowhead Ave. She received honors in physical education and music.

Frank Logar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Logar, 982 E. 11th Street. He graduated from Collinwood High School.

Zadnik, son of Mr. and John and Louise Zadnik, Trafalgar Ave., graduated from Collinwood High School June 11th.

Hay High School:

Graduate of John Hay High School on June 7th, was Miss Stavanya, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stavanya, 18218 Graham Rd. She was presented with a gold honor roll for attaining the honor roll six times, a gold honor for an average above 90 during three years of high school. Miss Stavanya was one of the girls to receive the John Service Key for outstanding service in the school.

High School:

Past Wednesday, marked graduation from East High School of Rosemary Grzicic, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grzicic, 6310 Glass Ave. Graduation exercises were held in Masonic Temple. Miss Grzicic was a member of the Gold Honor, Laurean, Math 12A Mixer, and secretary of the 12A Class. For her outstanding work she was awarded a scholarship to Kent State University, which she will enter fall.

Central High School:

Josephine Susnik, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Susnik, Cherokee Ave., graduated Euclid Central High School recently. She is now living with her aunt, Mrs. Krizman, Rochester, N. Y.

Annual Recital

Many of us realize the talent that is among us. True this talent is not hidden under a bushel. Youngsters are a modest group and prefer to have results for themselves.

Wednesday, June 24 at 8:30 p. m. in the Masonic Auditorium the Square Dance Studio is presenting its Annual Recital. This year it is expected that the results will be the most spectacular show ever presented by a local school. In fact professional performers do not do any more justice to their routines. The costumes of the extravaganza are black-out numbers to gold and navy blue and gold ballet.

Those who enjoy full lively steps, put on by the best dancers in Cleveland spend an enjoyable evening recital. The neighborhood is most amply represented by Councilman Ed Kovacic's wife, Barbara, Misses Barbara, Carol Hocevar, Madeleine Grdina, Dorothy Spencer, and Bobbie Veronique Frank Grdina Jr.

Jugoslav Rally at SND Tomorrow

The United Committee of Cleveland Jugoslavs, are inviting you to attend a program and rally at the Slovene Nat'l Home, 6417 St. Clair Ave., upon the occasion of the liberation of Jugoslavia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Of late, much has been said and written about the Trieste question, so to better understand the situation, we have invited some very fine speakers on the subject, which will be of great interest to all who attend.

We have also arranged for a variety program, from among our Jugoslav groups, who will entertain you most pleasantly. Among them are the Glasbena Matica singers, Zarja singers, the Croatian tamburitzas orchestra and many others.

It is expected that all Jugoslavs, young and old alike, who are interested in world affairs, and particularly those who are not, will attend, for it will be an informative and entertaining affair.

There is no charge for admission and the Committee cordially invites everybody to attend.

For the Committee: J. Z.

KILLED IN AIR ACCIDENT

John Samsa, 10510 Prince Ave., and Frank Bubnic, have received word from their aunt Mrs. Mary Dekleva, Salt Lake City, Utah, that her son, Captain Michael F. Dekleva was killed on May 22nd in Van Nuys, California in an airplane crash.

Capt. Dekleva was born in Hiawatha, Utah on April 3, 1917. He was a member of the Air Transport Command, and was serving overseas for fourteen months, prior to returning to the U. S. He is survived by his parents, 3 sisters, Mary, Elsie, and Sgt. Emma, serving with the Marines. He also leaves a brother, Lt. Felix, serving in the Air Corps. Mr. and Mrs. John Samsa, 10510 Prince Ave. attended the funeral services which were held on May 28th.

PUCEL NOT A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR

It has been formally announced that Councilman of the 10th Ward Edward L. Pucel, will not be a candidate for nomination to the office of Mayor. He has announced that he will become a candidate for re-election to the office of Councilman.

ENGAGED

Miss Helen A. Lah, R. N. recently became engaged to Sgt. John M. Milewsky of the army air force. Miss Lah is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael I. Lah, 18900 Kildeer Ave. The marriage will take place next month.

Obituaries

Cimperman, John—Age, 67 years. Residence at 659 Voelker Ave. Survived by wife, two sons and five daughters.

Dobre, Johanna—Of 1118 E. 66 St. Age, 59 years. Husband, three daughters and five sons survive.

Iczak, Agnes—20017 Miller Ave. 45 years of age. Survived by five daughters.

Oblak, Julia—Of 16122 Park-grove Ave. Age, 42 years. Two daughters and three sisters survive.

Staresina, John George—10-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John and Mary Staresina. Residence at 26909 Rose Rd., Westlake, Ohio.

Zorn, Frances—Age 59 years. Residence, 1708 Ardoine Rd. Survived by three daughters and four sons.

Frank L. Grdina
Charles & Olga Slapnik
FLORISTS
Bouquets, Corsages, Wreaths,
Plants and Flowers for all
Occasions
228 ST. CLAIR AVE.
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ENAKOPRAVNOST
6231 St. Clair Ave.
Henderson 5311-12

ENGLISH SECTION

FOR VICTORY—Buy
War Bonds and Stamps
JUNE 16, 1945

THE SINKING OF "ATLANTIC SUN"

Standing at the crowded rail of a big ship on February 20 as it neared the shores of America was William Golobich, 23, ordinary seaman, Sun Oil Company tanker fleet.

He gazed at the big statue on the skyline. It was the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

Seaman Golobich was silent. Emotion showed on his face. The men who lined the rail weren't his old shipmates. The ship wasn't the vessel on which he had left America.

That vessel, the tanker Atlantic Sun, had gone down on February 15, 1943, off Cape Race, Newfoundland, victim of a German submarine. Of the tanker's personnel of 47 and an armed guard of 19 Navy men, he alone survived.

He had been picked up by the attacking submarine, taken to St. Nazaire, France, and from there sent to a German prison camp.

And now, after two years, he was coming home . . . from his second torpedoing. (The first was on the same ship, the Atlantic Sun, and took place March 22, 1942, along the East Coast. At the time the tanker was northward bound with full cargo from Texas. The ship was repaired and put back promptly into service. No lives were lost.)

Sun Marine officials were on hand in New York to give Seaman Golobich heartfelt welcome. He then left for his home in Duquesne, Pa., and afterward, at the company's request, visited the Sun Oil Marine headquarters at Marcus Hook, Pa., and later the company's offices in Philadelphia. Everywhere a stirring welcome was his.

Seaman Golobich, whose story follows is a nephew of Mr. John Yapel, 20351 Lindberg Ave., Euclid.

And this is the story . . .

We left New York on January 14, 1943 with our cargo of fuel oil destined for Iceland. On our way to Iceland we were undisturbed by enemy submarines, but toward the end of our voyage we had to struggle with the terrific seas of a very heavy storm. The vessel weathered the storm in fine style, but the convoy was dispersed. We sailed alone for the next few days and arrived in Iceland safely.

At Iceland we discharged our cargo and then waited in a fiord for a convoy to form. Early in February the Atlantic Sun sailed with the convoy. We remained with the other vessels for four or five days and then one night (I believe due to darkness) we lost our convoy.

At midnight on February 14 I went on watch, and was on duty until four o'clock in the morning of the 15th. That was a Monday. The watch was uneventful, and then I went below to get some sleep. My quarters were on the port side, aft.

About ten o'clock that morning I was awakened suddenly. I remember having felt a jolting sensation as if an extra large wave had hit the ship. There was an "up and down" motion, and the big tanker just seemed to quiver.

I jumped up, dressed and put on my Kapok preserver jacket. I noticed, looking down into the engine room from the deck outside my cabin, that the engines had slowed down, and the lights were dimming. The ship was very silent.

I called to my watch-mate Don Winey in the next cabin, "What's the matter?" He was awake, too, and called back that he didn't know.

"We'd better go on deck!" I told him, and raced up to the main deck.

When I arrived on deck I saw a sight I'll never forget!

The vessel was cut in half. The forward end was inclined about 60 degrees to the surface of the water; there was a large semi-circular gash torn in the extreme end of the bow; and the midship housing was already almost entirely submerged, thus depriving those who were there all chances of escape.

The after half of the vessel remained on an even keel, and the starboard lifeboat in charge of Mr. Alfred Kell, Chief Officer, was being launched safely, carrying about 22 men, Navy gunners and crew members.

Those of us who remained on board began speculating about what had caused the damage. The nature of the gash torn in the bow gave many the impression that we had struck a mine or else rammed a submarine.

Some said that we were torpedoed, but no one who remained aboard the after half was definitely certain as to the cause of the damage. Bos'n Geo. Dillon had been working in the shelter deck when the explosion occurred and he proceeded aft just as the vessel was splitting in two. I heard him remark that torpedoes had hit us, but afterwards he changed his opinion and said we had struck a mine.

We reasoned that even if it were a sub attack, the sub would be satisfied with the damage and was already hurrying away from the scene. The certainty of the cause of the damage; the fact that the vessel remained on an even keel; and also that the port side was the weather side, making it difficult to launch a boat, are the reasons why we who remained on the after half did not launch the port lifeboat.

Nobody seemed worried and many were even elated by the thought of being picked up shortly and getting a "vacation" on the way home. There were about a dozen of us, including Mr. Carl Allen, Chief Engineer, on the aft gun deck.

As we talked the bow had reached a perpendicular position and gradually commenced to sink. It was gone from sight in about 25 minutes after I got on deck.

Meanwhile, the lifeboat in the water stayed close by. After two hours, when its occupants saw that the aft part of the vessel was still floating and seemed safe, they rowed back and re-boarded. They were cold and wet from spray. Soon they were below, changing clothes and drinking hot coffee. The chief engineer and others of the crew were below too, giving the engines a good looking over. There was some talk of backing the ship, or what was left of it — to port. A half hour after the lifeboat returned, Steward William Guilford, some others and I were on deck.

Suddenly the steward yelled, pointing out a white wake on the port side twenty yards away. It was a torpedo headed directly toward us. We streaked over to the starboard rail and braced ourselves. Then came a tremendous jar, but not much noise. The explosion seemed muted.

The torpedo had struck the aft section about fifteen feet forward of the stern post. The torn remnant of the Atlantic Sun began to go down by the stern.

I ran to the port lifeboat and started to do what I could to launch it. Some men were coming up from below; somebody helped me, but we couldn't make much progress.

Then I thought of my expo-

sure suit; I had brought it up on deck with me from my cabin when I ran up. (That's a special rubber coverall for war emergencies at sea. Some call them overboard suits, and each of us has one. Then when I went to look for it, the suit was gone. The explosion had thrown it away.

Suddenly the sea threw me against the starboard rail and swept over the deck. All chance of getting back to the lifeboat was gone. We were sinking fast. Waves were coming over the deck. I saw Mr. Kell go into the water. A minute later I followed him in.

I swam away, stroking hard to get as far from the ship as possible—for two reasons: I feared the ship might turn over on me, or I might be sucked under it. I had some faint hope that perhaps a destroyer would pick me up, but it would have to come quickly, as I calculated I had only about two hours, and then I would be dead.

I mentally said goodbye to my friends and folks at home. I knew they didn't hear me; but it was a mental farewell. It seemed strange that I was going to die then, but I felt it was true.

A ring cork buoy floated by. I grasped it and attached it to my shoulders because I knew that my kapok preserver would not last very long. Even though I would be dead the cork ring would keep me on the surface.

I was about 30 yards distant when the stern half turned over. I had a glimpse over the waves of the port lifeboat. Somehow they had gotten it away. To me that was a miracle. Soon after, the stern section turned over completely and lay keel up before it sank.

The water was cold—about 32 degrees Fahrenheit, and the air temperature was around 25 degrees. There was a strong current, about three knots. I kept swimming and made for the lifeboat. (Editor's note: Seaman Golobich is a strong swimmer. In his school days he swam for Duquesne, Pa. High School, and won the 220 yard free style title at the Western Pennsylvania Inter-scholastic aquatic meet of 1938.)

When I reached the lifeboat, I found eight men were aboard, but they had no oars, and the boat was waterlogged. Apparently when the vessel overturned, it swamped the boat. The eight men were sitting in cold water waist high. They were: Henry Miller, first assistant engineer; Wallace Horton, 3d assistant engineer; Robert Burger, quartermaster; William Guilford, steward; Donald Wiley, ordinary seaman; Louis Rose, fireman; Andrew Kokoska, oiler, and Harry Belfer, wiper.

The sea was fairly rough. No whitecaps, but large swells were sending more water into the boat even as the men tried to make it more buoyant by throwing overboard all loose objects. Their situation was pretty desperate. They were wet through and through, and beginning to feel the exposure.

After almost a half hour in the water, I was exhausted. I grasped the side of the boat and rested. Then for the first time I noticed my legs were growing numb.

Suddenly the U-boat surfaced, only about 25 yards away. Out of the conning tower popped a Nazi officer and four or five of the crew. We found ourselves looking into the muzzle of a machine gun the officer was pointing at us. For a moment we thought he was going to use it on us. As far as I was con-

T/Cpl. John Peterka, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Peterka, 1121 E. 68 St., is home on a ten day furlough from Camp Lee, Va.

Home on a 60 day furlough is S/Sgt. Frank Becaj, son of Mr. Frank Becaj, 1441 E. 176 St. S/Sgt. Becaj was a prisoner of war in Germany for 1½ years.

Cpl. Emil J. Potocnik, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Potocnik, 984 Rondell Rd., left for the service on August 3, 1942, and was sent overseas in February, 1943. He is stationed in Italy, from where he writes that he will soon visit his birthplace and his brother. This past Wednesday Cpl. Potocnik celebrated his 24th birthday.

Tomorrow, Captain Michael I. Lah, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael I. Lah, 18900 Kildeer Ave., will arrive home for a short visit with his wife and three-month-old daughter.

Home on a ten day furlough from Fort Benning, Ga., is Pvt. Charles V. Turk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Turk, 21232 Nauvoo Ave.

From Great Lakes, Illinois, where he has been serving with the U. S. Navy for the past six weeks, Albert Zagar, 6705½ Bonanza Ave., arrived home on leave. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zagar, 19010 Chickasaw Ave. Friends may visit him at his home.

Concerned I didn't care for I already had become resigned to only about one and a half hours of living. Speaking good English, the Nazi officer asked the name of our vessel and its destination. Somebody told him—and the other chimed in asking for oars and help in making the lifeboat seaworthy.

But the submarine left, and began cruising around the spot where the Atlantic Sun had gone down, apparently looking for other survivors. After a few minutes the submarine returned and approached within about 20 or 25 yards of the lifeboat. Again the men began pleading for oars and help.

In desperation, I let go the boat and swam toward the raider. I was nearly all in, but I remember I had in mind getting to close quarters to ask for the assistance that might have meant life for our surviving band.

I recall reaching the submarine, climbing aboard, and walking toward the conning tower. Then everything blacked out. When I came to, I was below deck on the U-boat. One or two of the Nazi crew were working on me, taking off my soaked clothes and massaging me. I couldn't speak, and was only half conscious. Nearby I heard guttural voices talking in German.

(To be concluded next week)

Army & Navy News

Corporal Augustine Displays Bravery in Action

During action with the 3rd BN. of the 337 Division, which was driving toward a bridge at Camposanto, Cpl. Anthony J. Augustine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and Mary Augustine, 13219 Thornhopy Rd. W. P., a member of Co. B. 310 Engr. volunteered his services to save the lives of his comrades, while engaging in heavy combat there.

The division upon advancing to the bridge, met stiff resistance from the Jerries. Lieut. Gates went ahead in a tank, and upon reaching the bridge, enemy anti-tank guns opened fire on him. During the attack, he got out of the tank, captured five Germans and warned the American troops that the bridge was mined, and might be blown. Realizing the situation, Cpl. Augustine volunteered to swim the river and cut the demolition wires. Lt. Thomas Buck went with Augustine to cover him from the rear bank. Cpl. Augustine, slipped into the icy depth, and started out for the other bank. About half way across, the Jerries spotted him, and hit dangerously near him. Lt. Buck opened fire, shot one Kraut, and silenced their guns. In the meantime, Cpl. Augustine reached the far bank, cut the wires which lead to the explosives, and then hurriedly swam back to his outfit.

F. S. FINZGARJEVI

ZBRANI SPISI

I. Sama

(Nadaljevanje)

Sam po sebi se je razvil v šoli vesel večer, katerega se je udeležil nadučitelj, ki je sicer bival tih in skrbi poln sredi številne družine. Mara je varila punš, postrežnica Urša je znešla skupaj pijače in vsakovrstnih prigrizkov. K večeru je prišla tudi Alena, ki je vsa ogorčena šele tedaj zvedela, kaj se je zgodilo.

Vsi zapore so napisali Minki, ker je tako sijajno zmagala. Tudi Mara ji je napila.

"Čestitam, dragi socialist, ker gre twoje žito v klasje. Toda sedaj bodi modra ženica in požanje zrelo pšenico. To se pravi: vrzi skoz okno vse knjige in zdravilne kroglice, prosi v место in si poišči ženina ter nas vse povabi v svate! To bo kročna tvojega socializma! Živela!"

"Hvala, prijateljica," se je šalila Minka. "Imam že ogledano njivo, kjer bo zorela moja pšenica. Toda to je moja skrivnost! Živela prosveta našega naroda!"

Alena je sredi razigrane družbe pozabila na večerjo in jo resnično zamudila prvič, odkar je služila Smrekarja. Ostre zabavljice in strelice, ki so v pogovoru frčale v Smrekarja, iskren srd na njegovo ovdaušto in nekoliko vina — vse to je razgrelo, da se je polotila domov grede nenadoma strupena maščevalnost.

Ko je stopila v obednico, je sedel Smrekar sam pri mizi in izkalil že iz druge buteljke. Žena je odšla z Viktorjem v spalnico.

"Lepa reč, da se potepate tak dolgo," je odgovoril Smrekar Aleni v pozdrav.

"Oprostite, potepala se nisem, bila sem v pošteni družbi."

"Hahaha," se je zakrohotal zaničljivo Smrekar in postavil dvignjeno časo na mizo.

"V pošteni družbi, kakopa! Minka, seveda, in vaš ljubček, hahaha, poštena družba!"

Aleno je speklo, da bi bila odletela od tal. Vsa se je stresla, da si ni mogla odpeti pelerine.

"Oba sta vsaj toliko poštrena kot vi, ki ste lažniv ovdauhiše kaj drugega, kar sami veste."

Iz Alene je bruhnilo tako ne-nadoma, da se je sama svoje besede prestrašila.

"Kaj, kaj?" je planil Smrekar kvišku v pestil roke. "Kaj sem, povejte, recite, če se upate. Po priče! Tinca!"

"Če vi tako poštreno učiteljico, kot je Minka, tožarite, potem bi jaz imela čisto prav, če bi vas naznanači zaradi pisma. Naj se zve vse!"

Smrekar je vteknil roke v žep, stopil široko pred Aленo in ji gledal s spremim pogledom v licu, dolgo, ne da bi črnih. Samo spodnja ustnica se mu je zibala in se izveznila, kakor bi tipala za dosti strupenim odgovorom. Alena je vzdržala pogled in se ni genila. Nato je začel sunčoma, sikeje:

"Misliš ti, gospaska beračica, da boš v tej stvari za pričo? Kaj pa še! Ne, ne — imam že pisma od advokata. Na zatožno klop to potisnemo — in potem tvoje pričevanje ni vredno piškave tepkje — razumeš — in se daj govorji inovajaj, če imas pogum, le ovajaj, smejal se bo ta-le."

Smrekar se je potrkal s prstom na čelo.

Alena je vzrepetala kakor to-polov list, pogum ji je ubila ta-

strašna grožnja in bolj je izkala iz stisnjeneh prsi nego izrekla jecajoč besedo: "Sle par —"

Nato je zbežala v svojo sobo, iz katere je slišal Smrekar glasen jok, ko je hodil gor in dol po obednici.

XIX.

Kakor nevihta je planil pretelki dogodek na vso vas, pa se je kakor nevihta hitro poleg.

Drugo jutro je sijalo solnce mirno na belo ravan, kmetje so prenašali koše s skedenjiev in krmili goved, običečeni v podričane kouhuje, otroci so premlevali v šoli obec; Smrekarjeva žena je sakala brezbrizno staro pesem, gospodar je v rano jutro hodil krog skladovnic in presteval žaganice ter si zapisaval okorne stetkev in notes.

Alena je šla še pred poukom na sprechod, da si ohladi razbeljeno glavo. Ves ta stari red v okolici, vsespolna brezčutnost jo je iznenadila. Vso dolgo prečuto noč so jo mučile strašne sliske. Krik ljudstva, grožnje Smrekarjeve, bodoča sodba, začrta klop — ji je mrgotalo pred očmi. Zato je bila prepričana, da jo te nočne sliske sprejemo žive in žugajoče, ko prestopi v jutro prag svoje sobe. Toda v solnčni luči se je vse razblinilo. Ščinkavci in strnadi so se prepričali na dvorišču s požrešnimi vrabcemi za zrnce, ki je ostalo koščim, kakor vsako jutro, od soseda se je slišalo hripavo bevsikanje sitnega psa, kakor vsako jutro, gostaške dekllice so hitele z lončki mleka, zakasneli šolarji so se podvizi ali okornimi čvlijami po nerodni poti, sama gola vsakdanost.

"Pođi, Harro — jutri!"

In odpeljala se je, na veliko knezovo začudenje. Ali sta imela že kaj med seboj?

Harro se mu je zdel nekoliko slabje volje. Pa vendar ni imel nobenega pravega vrzoka. Še celo knežnja ni bila nemilostna. Rad bi bil vprašal Rožamarijo, toda knežnja se je kar prilepila nanj, in Rožamarija je bila videti iznenada tako strašno utrjenja, da jo je hitro poslal v posteljo. Preden je odšla iz sobe, se je samo nemo poslovila od svoje matere. Knežnjine oči so obvisele na njej, in šele potem je izgubila demantna zvezda z njeni prsi svoj sedmeri drget.

Rožamarija je molčala. Ali je zadrževala svojo maščevalnost, ali pa je hotela obdržati to skrito prednost pred njo? Toda potem bi bila vsaj priznala, da je ranjena.

Tudi knežnja je iznenada utrjenja in reče, da je zelo srečna, da je dan pri kraju. Ženin in nevesta, to je najdolgočasnejša na zemlji.

Potem je šla Tam, kjer so bila prej vrata na skriveni hodnik, stoji zdaj visoka okrasna omara iz medi in kristala. Knežnja je stopila pred trojno ogledalo, prav za prav tri stene iz ogledal, ki so kazale njen posztovanje od načrt. Po božiču se ne vrem več. Zato se je namerila, da po obedu takoj odpove Smrekarju službo.

"Oba sta vsaj toliko poštrena kot vi, ki ste lažniv ovdauhiše kaj drugega, kar sami veste."

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Dušica Rožamarija

(SVETNICA IN NJEN NOREC)

Agnes Gunther

Poslovenil Boris Rihteršič

(Nadaljevanje)

"Njegovo oko je. Tako daleč čez deželo gleda. Toliko naših je videl, ki so se tu vozili in jezdili, in nič več jih ne vidi. Kakor senca so šli mimo."

"Ce so le imeli kdaj takšen zlat dan, kakor midva danes, najdražja —"

(Nadaljevanje)

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"Ce so le imeli kdaj takšen zlat dan, kakor midva danes, najdražja —"

"Kdor bi bil videl knežnjo tisti večer, bi se moral pač prestrašiti, tako ostre so bile barve na njenem obrazu. Večno ista rdečica in belina, in mirne, plapolajoče oči."

"Ali je to ona? To zlovešče blje?"

"Ali sem bila zmerom taka; ali nisem bila nekoč lepa in mehka ... in zdaj sem se samo zaradi tega, ker me je tako neizmerni dražila, v trenutku preda nje na milost in nemilost."

"Da sem molčala, ni prav. Morala bi bila napraviti komedijo, tajti ..."

"O, moj bog, kaj sem vse pretrpela v tej hiši! Prekleta mora biti! In zmerom strašnejša je. Ljudi izpreminja in jih dela strašne. O, da jih ne bi nikoli videla."

"In ta Rožamarija je moj zlobni demon."

"Knežnja vleče z nestrnimi rokami po svojem pasu, ki je ves v čipkah, pa mora naposled vendar poklicati postrežnico."

"Ce se bo samo z očmi smehljala, jo bom poslala stran."

Toda ta Francozinja s svojimi umetno nakopičenimi lasmimi, oskim pasom in visokimi čevlji gleda tako nedolžno, tako nedolžno, kakor zna samo ona, Deniza Dubourgova.

In knežnja se te ženske, ki mora delati zanj vse, skoraj boji in ne reče besede.

Kmalu so jo spretne roke rešile oblike. Nataknila si je široko domačo haljo in dala pogasiti vse luči, razen tiste poleg postolje. Potem je omahnila v globok stol.

Ali se ne svetlika nekje v daljavi na obzorju? Bliskavica. Spet se lahko pripravim na noč brez spanja. Brauneške nevihite! Kako jih sovraži. Ves zlobni brauneški čar se zbere v njih. Na spanec ni mogče misliti.

Zastrmi se predse in se zdrzne. Dvoje snežno belih rok s temno rdečo marogo vidi pred seboj.

Sem in tja hodi po sobi. Stene z ogledali kažejo njen stas ... njene vročicne oči, njene drgejajoče ustnice. Brez miru kakor duh hodi po sobi in njeni podoba potuje z njo. Nikoli več ne bo gladko ogledalo kazalo izgubljenega obrazu.

"Bati se moram ... Rožamarije se moram bat! Ali je Thorsteinova povedala? Ne, tega ni storila. Roko mi je poljubil, ko je odhajal ... Drugačega tega ne bi bil storil, ker ima trd tilnik."

Jutri bo to storila. Bati se je moram, Rožamarije. Na njegovih očeh bom videla.

(Dalje prihodnjic)

spredaj in od strani, in prestršila se je.

"Ali je bila to res ona? Barva je bila napačna, strašno napačna. Zakaj tega ni prej videla? Kako se je postrežnica drznila, da jo je napravila tako smešno? Njena roka, ki je že segala po zvoncu, je omahnila.

Ali se ne svetlika nekje v daljavi na obzorju? Bliskavica. Spet se lahko pripravim na noč brez spanja. Brauneške nevihite! Kako jih sovraži. Ves zlobni brauneški čar se zbere v njih. Na spanec ni mogče misliti.

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