

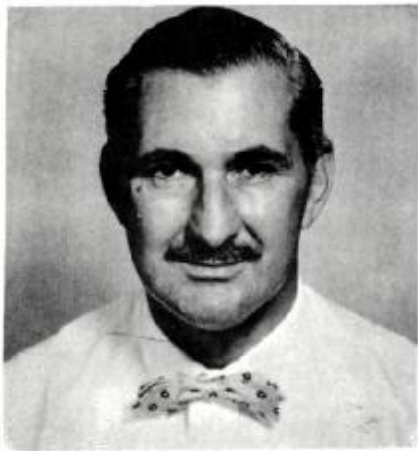


12 DE ABRIL DE 1962

JUDIBANA, EDO. FALCON

ESPECIAL

Postal de Luto
para Ernesto KLAR



Todos los días se muere un hombre, o un millón de hombres. La muerte es así: manoseada y vulgar, corriente y brutal. La muerte es propiedad de todos. Es en la única cosa en que estamos de acuerdo. Porque a ella iremos sin excepción: al fondo de la tierra parda y común, a ocupar nuestro sitio en la parcela colectiva y definitiva.

En las comunidades pequeñas la muerte, que sigue pareciéndome tan antiestética, es recibida con sorpresa, con conmoción, con duelo en el alma. Es el caso de ERNESTO KLAR, un hombre que había trabajado por muchos años muy cerquita de muestras intimidades de recreo. Siempre amable y sin ostentación. Siempre haciendo gala de una educación y de un entendimiento ejemplares.

Me tocó ser amigo suyo, y voy a extrañar su charla cordial. Voy a experimentar cierto vacío en el espíritu cuando no tropiece en el nuevo Club con la figura reposada, y los ademanes corteses del irremplazable ERNESTO. De seguro que va a flotar en el ambiente del nuevo Club su permanencia en espíritu, porque todo lo que dependía de este hombre que se llamaba ERNESTO KLAR era dignidad humana, caballeridad, honestidad, respeto por sus semejantes.

Que los ángeles arrullen tu sueño eterno, buen hombre.

Moraes

Paraguanaí Pelican

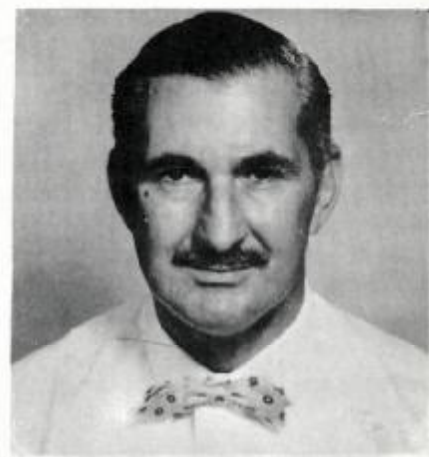


APRIL 12, 1962

JUDIBANA, ESTADO FAICON

SPECIAL

"ERNIE JUST DIED" - Three words, a telephone conversation between friends which took place shortly after three o'clock yesterday afternoon; three words which meant to some people the loss of a bosom friend, to others a great guy who, already ill, took time out from his last vacation to drop in to school and see the kids and take them out to dinner; to others the Club Manager at Adaro, almost always impeccable dressed in white with an ever-ready smile and a kind word for the kids; to his staff, an understanding boss - A True Gentleman.



He died in harness, after doing everything physically possible to get our new Club set up; he gave unstintedly of his own time during his last trip making purchases, designing uniforms, replenishing stocks - Ernie was the moving spirit of what we now have at the Club Bahía and when I had the painful task of breaking the news to the staff, it was like telling them that a very close relative had died. A pall fell over all activities - it was like if the soul had gone out of everything... They kept on saying to themselves (and so did we) "as soon as Ernie comes back".

Death, as it must to all men, came to Ernie Klar. Had it happened over the week-end we'd have been somewhat prepared for the shock. As things worked out however he seemed to be getting over it and only Tuesday night he sat up and said to Franca that he wanted to see me the following day to talk things over about the Club. A date I meant to keep at 3:30 PM yesterday.

His dear wife, Franca, the perfect help-meet never missed a day at Ernie's Club to make sure that things were going along smoothly, that there was enough Coke in the Ice-Box, enough meat for the hamburgers, uniforms were laundered... and all this because these things were a part of Ernie's life, and being near his job was like being near Ernie. Only Tuesday night, we saw her in the kitchen, bubbling over with happiness because Ernie had sat up and talked with her for a while. To her we extend our heart-felt sympathy.

To Pablo, only a youth, who now becomes the man of the house, we can only share his grief as his home-coming from Rome takes place under such sad circumstances... To Ignacio, Ernie's brother, without whose timely and invaluable help the Club Bahía would not have gotten off the ground last Sunday, our deepest sympathy on the loss of his beloved brother.

AND NOW A LAST FAREWELL TO ERNIE KLAR, and our apologies to our readers for not getting "The Pelican" out this week - We're not up to it.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be a stylized name or initials.