

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

KOMARJI IN KOMARJI

“**M**ILI, mili, mili moj,
imej usmiljenje z menoj!
Ne odganjaj me nikar, nikar,
prosi te berač—komar!

Rilček skozi kožo, do krvi—
hitro, hitro se mudi.—
Ko krvi se nasesa:
“Fej!” tako ti zahvalo da.

Je komarjev hujše vrste še,
ki na naš račun se debele;
ki izžemajo nam dušo in telo
na načinov sto in sto.

In ko v nas ni več krvi
in ko v nas ni več moči—
nam odtegnejo potrebni kruh;
brco! to nam da skopuh!

Dejstvo smešno-žalostno je pa,
da ponujamo se še: “Tukaj, na!
Izkoriščaj nas za mal denar;
pij nam kri, magnat—komar!”



A. P. Krasna:

POGOVOR

SINČEK: Povej, atek,
zakaj delaš pod zemljo,
kjer ni solnca,
kjer je vse kot noč črnó?

ATEK: Zato, sinček,
ker si je krivica zemljo prilastila,
nas oropala solnca—
in v temne rove zapodila.

SINČEK: O, atek! — — — — —
Pa se zdaj nič ne bojiš,
da prišli bi strahovi,
kadar delaš sam
v nizkem, temnem rovi?

ATEK: Strahovi, praviš?
Oj, sinček mali,
strahovi se boje rovov,
se boje, da bi jih črni rudarji zakopali.

SINČEK: A kadar pokajo skale, atek,
te nič ni strah?
Se ne bojiš, da njih teža
bi strla te v prah?

ATEK: Ne, sinček, nič!
Kadar skale grozijo,
svojo silo spoznam in vem—
da pred njo neki dan,
vse sile krivice
se v prah zdrobijo!—



Mile Klopčič:

OČE GRE NA DELO V FABRIKO

in otrok mu govori:

ZDAJ greš v fabriko, kjer delaš za naju;
deset ur boš delal, deset ur trpel.
Ko zvečeri se in ležem počivat,
kdo ve, če zdrav boš domov spet prišel?

Velike in močne tvoje so roke,
saj ž njimi v fabriki stroje krotiš.
A večji so stroji, močnejša kolesa,
ki ž njimi vsak dan do noči se boriš.

To glej, moj oče, da stroj te ne zgrabi,
skrbi za to, da se vrneš nam živ.
Lani je strica v fabriki zgrabilo,
bil je slaboten, stroj ga je ubil.

In od takrat se vse bolj še bojiva
z materjo, ko do noči sva sama.
Veš, in če stroj bi te zgrabil, pokliči!—
da na pomoč prihitiva oba!

PROSILA JE ROŽA . . .

PROSILA je roža sredi polja:

“Pripelji, oblak, se nam z južne strani,
pripelji, oblak, se na sredo neba,
dežja nam daruj, da nam vrneš moči!”

Oblak se pripeljal je z južne strani,
prišel je in sredi neba je obstal.
Ves bil je teman, ko da s točo grozi,
a vendar prijazno je roži dejal:

“Bil sem tam daleč za sedmo goró,
tam sem iz morja se s solncem rodil
Zdaj sem prišel, da namočim zemljó,
da bom livade in vas napojil.”

Oblak je obljubil in dal nam dežja,
da roža je pila do pozne noči.
Ob zori prišel je kosec, ž njim smrt je prišla . . .
Zdaj pokošena roža mrtva se v solne suši.

Ivan Jontez:

Naša Majdica

ČISTO majhna je še naša Majdica—dobre tri in pol pedi velika. Ljubek obrazek z nasmeškom obkrožajo kostanjevi kodri in v njenih očkah zmerom gori nedolžna radost, kajti naša Majdica je veselo dekletce in ne mara za solze. Zmerom je živahna in polna veselja, da le kaj. Stara je pa šele sedem let.

No, pa takšnih Majdic, ki so naši podobne po postavi, je mnogo, razlikujejo pa se od nje v marsičem. Kajti naša Majdica je kljub svoji živahni in poskočni naravi zmerom pridna deklica in je ni treba s palico siliti k pokorščini in ubogljivosti. Mamo in ateka ima rada in zato ju tudi rada uboga. In starši jo zato tudi ljubijo, saj je kot spomladanski solnčni žarek, ki meče svojo oživljajočo svetlobo vse naokrog. In v šoli je tudi pridna. Domačih nalog nikdar ne pozabi dovršiti, čeprav jo včasih kliče solnce ven na dvorišče, kjer jo čakajo njeni mali tovariši in tovarišice.

Pa brihtna in dovtipna je. Še žalostnemu človeku bi privabila smeh na ustne. Že pove kakšno dovtipno, da človek pozabi na vse svoje brige in težave ter se pristrčno nasmeje. In kako rada poje. In kaj bi ne, saj ne pozna še skrbi—otroške skrbi so pač majčkene, kakor otroci sami—in vesela je, kadar je človek vesel, pa rad zapoje.

Tudi prijazna in uljudna je naša Majdica. Kadar pride k nam kak soseda ali kakšen tuj človek, ga vselej lepo pozdravi in če jo kdo kaj vpraša, vselej lepo odgovori na postavljeno vprašanje, ne da bi se kaj obotavljala ali kujala. In tudi s svojimi malimi tovarišicami je zmerom prijazna in uljudna, prav kakor z velikimi ali odraščenimi

ljudmi. In prav zato, ker je tako vesela, pridna, prijazna in uljudna, jo imamo vsi radi; ker jo imamo mi radi, ima tudi ona nas rada.

Deklice, ki so podobne naši Majdici po postavi, na zunaj, je mnogo. Ampak vse niso take. In kako bi bile njihove mamice vesele, če bi postale takšne kot je naša Majdica! Deklice, posnemajte jo! Vaše mamice bodo potem srečnejše in še bolj vas bodo ljubile, kar bo tudi vas bolj osrečilo. Ne bo vam žal.



Anna P. Krasna:

MATI UČI

POGLEJTE, otroci, očetov obraz,
kako je razoran od skrbi;
rad bi delal oče in nam služil kruh—
a dela zanj ni.

Oglejte si, otroci, očetove žulje,
kot z usnjem mu je z njimi prevlečena dlan;
on je ustvarjal bogastva, je delal neumorno—
a zdaj je v beraštvo pognan.

In pogledjte, otroci, palačo onstran,
pogledjte gospoda, gospo.
Ne delata nič in vendar njuna deca ima
življenje kot v bajkah lepo.

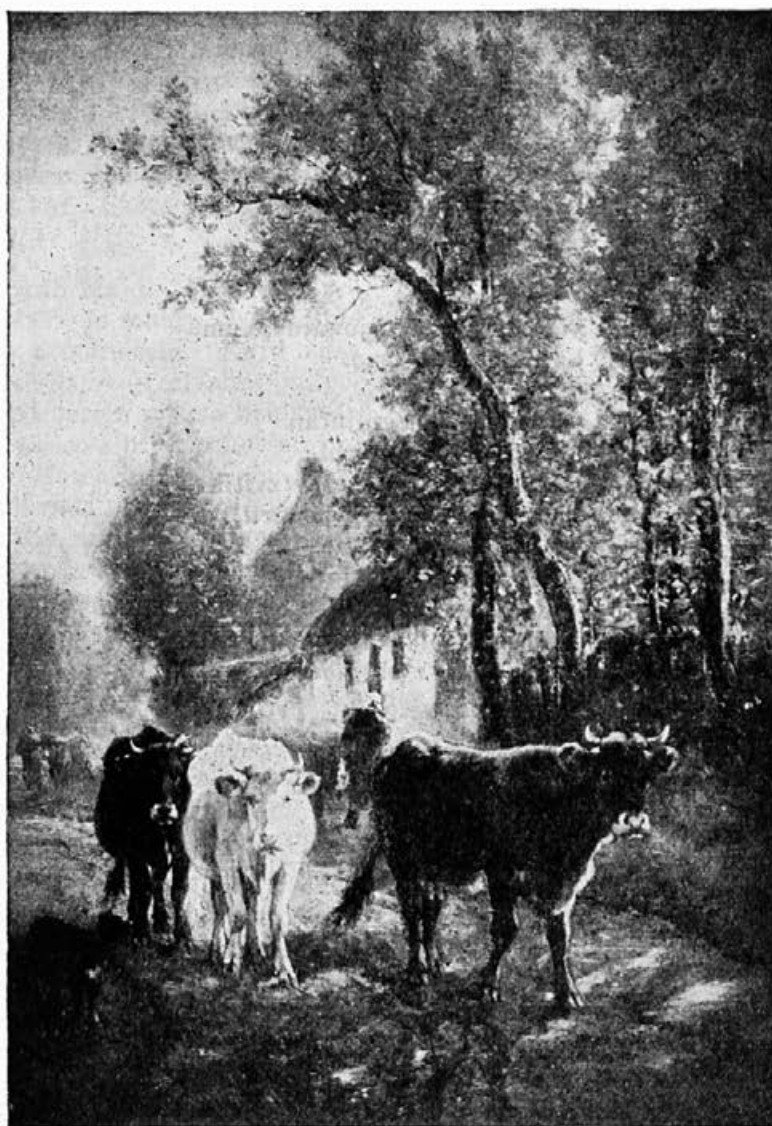
Naš oče, otroci, je bil ogoljufan
za bogastvo, ki ga je ustvaril.
Veroval je obljubam sebičnežev zvutih—
in jim je svoj del bogastva podaril!

Ko veliki boste, otroci, skrbite,
da bo vaše kar boste zgradili;
na očetove žulje, na to vašo bedno mladost
se spomnite, ko bodo z obljubami
tudi vas slepili.

ZVONČKI

KDO ve, če zdaj kot včasih,
beli zvončki ob potoku cveto;
kdo ve, li zdaj kot nekdanj,
mala dekletca jih iščejo?

In bogve, če zdaj tudi
mali dečki k potoku hite,
da dekletcem na uslugo
izkopujejo drobne čebulčice?



V. March: ZLATA JESEN

Prebrisan zajec

Kitajska pravljica
Pripoveduje Mile Klopčič

RIBE in vsa bitja na dnu morja so žalovala: njihova kraljica, morska kača, je bila zbolela. Zelo hudo je zbolela, in nihče ji ni vedel pomagati. Klicali so na pomoč vse zdravnike na dnu morja, a zdravila ji niso pomagala. Morska kraljica, velika kača, je zelo trpela. Vsi so se zbal, da umre.

Sklicali so posvetovanja, svetovali so to in ono, dvorski strežaji morske kraljice so znosili skupaj vsakovrstna zdravila, bedeli so ob kraljici noč in dan, zdravje pa se ni maralo vrniti v morski dvor.

Tedaj se je približala stonoga ter dejala: "Jaz vem, kaj bi naši kraljici povrnilo zdravje. Samo zajčja jetrca. Treba ga je najti, ga preslepariti in pripeljati na naš dvor. Tu ga ubijemo, vzamemo njegova jetrca, da jih povžije kraljica, in zdravje se bo vrnilo v naš dvor in z zdravjem splošna radost."

Verjeli so pametni stonogi, sklicali takoj posvetovanje ter določili, da pošljejo želvo po zajca. Želva naj splava na breg, premoti zajca in privede na dvor na dnu morja. Toda nova smola! Želva še nikoli ni videla zajca. Kaj sedaj?"

Priplaval je morski pajk ter pomagal. Poznal je zajca, ker ga je že videl. Takoj je opisal in narisal zajca, tako da ga želva ne bi mogla zgrešiti. Želva si je zapomnila vse prav dobro ter odplavala z dna morja na breg.

Napotila se je z brega po travniku proti gozdu. Kar hitro je srečala zajca, spoznala ga je in se mu približala.

"Dober dan, ti si zajec, kaj ne?"

"Da," je dejal zajček, "le kako, da me poznaš, morska želva?"

"Kako te ne bi poznala, ko pa sem že toliko slišala o tebi in o tvojem blagem sreču. Že dolgo sem želela, da te spo-

znam. In vsi moji znanci v morju bi te radi spoznali radi tvoje dobrote in tvojega junaštva."

Zajček pa je bil truden in se je kar zleknil v travo. Želva je to opazila in vprašala:

"Kako, da si tako truden, dragi zajček?"

"Kako ne bi bil? Pravkar sem spet moral bežati pred človekom, ki je s puško že pomeril name. Vedno so mi lovci za petami in vedno moram teči iz gozda v gozd."

Zdaj je napeljal vodo na mlin!—si je mislila želva in mu začela sladko govoriti:

"Poglej, dragi moj zajček, tu na zemlji so ti vedno lovci za petami. Človek je hudoben in te preganja. Edina rešitev zate bi bila, da zbežiš z zemlje. Človek te preganja, nastavlja ti pasti, strelja svinec vate, njegovi psi te gonijo, nikoli nimaš miru in kaj lahko se zgodi, da te lepega dne kdo ubije. Zbeži od tod!"

"Saj bi, toda kam?" je vprašal zajček.

"Z menoj pojdi, na dno morja. Vsi, ki bi te radi spoznali, te bodo veselo sprejeli. In kar je glavno—na dno morja človek ne bo mogel nikoli. Varen boš in varno bo tvoje življenje."

"Rad bi šel s teboj, ker vidim, da si dobra, o želva, a kako bi v vodo in na dno morja, če pa ne znam plavati?"

"Pojdiva na breg, sedeš na moj koščen oklep in jaz te ponesem na dno morja, naravnost na dvor naše kraljice. Lepo se ti bo godilo in nihče ti ne bo storil nič žalega."

In zajček se je ujel. Šel je z želvo do brega, sedel želvi na koščen hrbet, želva je planila v vodo in zajček je plaval na želvi vedno globlje in globlje. Če bi

bil mogel pogledati zajček želvi v rilček, bi opazil, da se je želva zadovoljno muzala. Uspelo ji je, preslepariti zajca. Kraljica bo povžila zajčkova jetrca in bo okrevala, ona, zasramovana želva, pa bo v časteh in povišana v plemkinjo.

Priplavala je želva z zajčkom na dno morja in stopila sta na dvor pred prestol morske kraljice. In želva je dejala:

"Vaše veličanstvo kraljica, vaša ver-na služabnica želva je privedla zajca, zdaj mu lahko izpulite jetrca za svoja zdravila."

Kakor hitro je zaslišal zajček te besede, je vedel takoj, koliko bije ura. Pa se je zajček takoj domislil, zakaj premeten je bil, ker ga je tega naučil človek, ki ga je vedno preganjal. In je dejal:

"O kraljica, kaznuj svojo služabnico želvo. Zakaj želva mi ni povedala, da potrebuješ mojih jetrc za zdravila. Zato je ona kriva, da ti ne morem postreči s svojimi jetrcami. Nimam jih s seboj, pustil sem jih v gozdu pod drevesom."

Ves dvor se je razsrdil na želvo in njeno nerodnost. Kraljica sama je ukazala, da mora želva takoj odnesti zajčka spet iz vode, da prinese jetrca s seboj.

Hudo bolna je bila kraljica in želvo je skrbelo. Če se pravočasno ne vrne z

zajčkom in njegovimi jetrcami, jo bodo dvorni sodniki obsodili na smrt. Zato je naglo odplavala z zajcem z dna morja proti bregu. Če bi bila mogla pogledati želva zajčku v gobček, bi opazila, da se zajček zadovoljno muza. Uspelo mu je, preslepariti želvo, kraljico in ves dvor.

Kakor hitro sta bila na bregu, je zajček skočil z želvinega hrbta. Bil je rešen. Želva s svojo počasnostjo ni mogla za njim, zajček pa je plesal krog nje in govoril:

"Le vrni se brez mene na dno morja k svoji kraljici, da ti zavijejo vrat in starejo oklep. Ti si poprej presleparila mene, zdaj sem presleparil jaz tebe. Ti si se smejala poprej, zdaj se smejim jaz. Hahaha... In še to povej morski kraljici, da nosim jetrca vedno s seboj, da pa jih njej ne žrtvujem, ker ni vredna nobene žrtve. Vas pa naj le zaslužnjuje in tlači, vaša lastna neumost jo je izvolila za kraljico. Zdaj ji služite. Hahaha... Poprej si se smejala ti, zdaj se smejim jaz. In kdor se zadnji smeje, se najbolj smeje... Hahaha..."

In zajček se je obrnil, pomigal s svojim kratkim repom želvi v slovo ter odskakljal preko travnika v gozd.

Želva pa se iz strahu pred kaznijo ni upala vrniti v morje in tava še zdaj po zemlji.



J. Kiyonaga: PODOKNICA UŠIVAKE

A. P. Krasna:

Junaka

PEPČEK in Tinček sta čepela že tri dolge ure pred kasarno in čakala, da pride kak vojak in jima ponudi komis na prodaj. V roki sta stiskala ničvredne papirnate krone, za katere sta upala dobiti štruco komisa, kajti še vedno so se nekateri vojaki prav radi znebili komisa za denr.

"Nič ne bo danes, Tinček, samo ozebla sva in podplate sva trgala zaman. Pojdiva k kuharju tamle, mogoče nama bo dal kaj jesti. Jaz sem tako lačen, da komaj stojim pokoncu. Malo črne čorbe mi je dala mati za zajtrk, drugega ni imela.

Stopila sta h kuharju in moledovala za malce juhe ali za cmok iz riževe moke.

"Ne smem vama dati, fantka, ker še za vojake ne bo dovolj; tudi po menaži ne bo nič, vse bodo postrgali iz kotlov."

Žalostno sta odšla z dvorišča vojašnice in vsak pri sebi tuhtala, kje bi mogla dobiti vsaj košček komisa ali karsižebodi za pod zob. Tavalala sta okrog vseh vojaških in častniških kuhinj in končno vendarle dobila vsak pol štruco komisa in šalo črne vojaške kave. Nekaj sta jo popila, ostalo pa skrbno zlila v majhno čutarico, ki sta jo imela s seboj.

"Doma si bova razdelila, pol bo za vašo mamo, pol za našo. Že dolgo nista pili prave kave, veseli bosta, čeprav nista dobila dosti komisa.—Ali pojdeš tudi jutri po komis, Pepček? Jaz bom šel v šolo, že mnogo sem zamudil, učitelj bo hud."

"Jaz pa ne bom šel v šolo—šel bom v Rovte po živeža. S komisom ni nič več, še vojaki ga nimajo dovolj."

"Sam pojdeš, Pepček?"

"Če ne bo šel nihče drug, grem sam, sicer bomo še umrli za lakoto. Tisto malenkost, ki jo dobimo od aprovizacije, porabimo v dveh tednih, pa se niti enkrat do sitega ne najemo. Dozdaj smo

zmerom kupovali komis in tu in tam smo dobili skledo repe ali zelja pri kmetih, zdaj pa se še tega ne more več dobiti, saj moramo v Rovte; šola naj le čaka."

Precej časa sta hodila molče, vsa zamišljena in pobita od revščine, glada in burje, ki jima je prebadala mršavi telesci z ostrim mrazom. Ko sta bila že blizu vasi, se je Tinček ustavil.

"Kaj praviš, Pepček, če bi šla oba v Rovte. Magari če prineseva samo krompirja, bo boljše kot čakati vse dopoldneve na komis, ki ga čisto niti ne dobiva."

"Pojdiva, meni je prav. Toda, Tinček, Rovte so daleč, treba je hoditi in hoditi preden prideš tja. Pa veš kaj sem se domislil, zima je tam huda, snega je dosti, morala se bova dobro obleči, v kakem poletnem suknjiču ne moreš v Rovte. Jaz sem bil že parkrat tam z materjo, a takrat so kopali krompir, še ni bilo mraza."

"Saj tudi tu zmrzujeva v vetru, bova že prestala malo mraza; kar pojdiva, pa je."

In sta šla. V zgodnjem jutru ko je še vse spalo, sta jo merila moško s potnimi palicami v rokah po deželni cesti proti Rovtam. Kot dva pritlikavčkovojaka sta izgledala pod nahrbtniki, v katerih sta imela nekaj kosov vojaške obleke in sveženj metlic iz sirčevja. Čim bolj sta se oddaljevala od doma, tem huje ju je objemal ledeni, neusmiljeni mraz. Veliki zameti snega so ju nemo pozdravljali od obeh strani ceste. Malo sta govorila. Sem in tja sta se ustavila za nekaj časa pri obcestnih gostilnah, da sta se pogrela in spet sta nadaljevala mučno pot.

"Šest ur že hodiva in še nisva v pravih Rovtah, kjer se dobi živež. Si truden, Tinček? Jaz bi najraje sedel v sneg in zmrznil, prav nič bi ne vedel, da se ne bom več zbudil, kar zaspal bi. Ves sem trd od mraza.

“Okrog poldne bo bolje, Pepček, takrat bova že kaj nabrala, mislim vsaj. Močno udarjajva po tleh z nogami, pa bova bolj topla in z rokami mahajva, te dve uri bova že potrpela, potem bova pri kaki hiši počivala in mogoče dobiva kaj toplega.”

Naprej in naprej se je vila cesta in snežna pokrajina. Odmevali so glasni koraki dveh majhnih junakov v belih gozdovih ob deželni cesti; pod Pepčeto-vim noskom je visela ledena svečica in Tinčekove ustnice so bile čisto višnjeve, v očeh, teh otroških očeh pa je sijal up, ki je podžigal k vztrajnosti.

Dospela sta v Rovte in začela ponujati metlice in vojaško obleko za živež. Gazila sta po snegu od hiše do hiše in prosila, ponujala, moledovala. Tu in tam so se ju usmili in jima odmerili fižola, pšenice, suhega sadja, krompirja ali kos kruha. V nekaterih hišah so ju odpravili nakratko in se celo smejali njenim prošnjam. Kaj se hoče, svet je trd. Ljudje, ki niso še trpeli hudega, ne razumejo revščine, jo nočejo razumeti, vsak reven človek jim je berač, ki si ni znal v življenju pomagati, se zriniti naprej. Mnogi mislijo, da brez revežev bi svet ne bil popolen, pa jih smatrajo za neko neizogibno nadlogo, spet drugi pa se ob pogledu nanje vesele svojega blagostanja. Pepček in Tinček sta mislila na svoje uboštvo in sta klonila pod težo ponižanja, utrujenosti in razžaljene in trpinčene otroške duše. Pa sta se domislila, kako bodo veseli doma, če prineseta polne nahrbtnike živeža in sta spet gazila naprej do druge, oddaljene kmečke hiše.

“Pepček, jaz ne morem nikamor več, poiščiva si prenočišče, jutri pa pojdeva spet okrog. Strašno je gaziti po tem snegu, nič ne čutim nog. In smo si včasih želeli, da bi bilo tudi pri nas vseporno snega, ko smo čitali v šoli o krajih, kjer se otroci vso zimo sankajo. Neumnost, zdaj sneg sovražim, koliko lažje bi hodila okrog, ako bi ne bilo tega mrzlega snega.”

“Vidiš onole hišo na hribu, Tinče, tam

bova vprašala za prenočišče; z mamó sva enkrat tam spala.”

“Toda tista hiša je daleč, Pepček, najmanj pol ure bova morala hoditi, da prideva do nje. Poskusiva raje pri prvi hiši, ki jo doseževa, jaz se komaj še premičem.”

Deset minut, dolgih in mučnih jima je vzelo preden sta pregazila čez mal hribček do hiše v dolini. Imela sta srečo, dobila sta večerjo in prenočišče. Ko sta se zjutraj zbudila, sta bila vsa zabuhla v obraz in oči so ju bolele — ves dan sta prebila v mrazu, spala pa sta na peči in zdaj sta čutila glavobol in omotico. Toda to ni nič, treba je hitro zamenjati še preostalo robo v nahrbtniku za živila in potem domov, domov k materi, da bo kuhala fižol, krompir in suho sadje. To bo veselja, že davno ni bilo take gostije! Čisto enotne so bile misli obeh, oba sta se smehljala predse in moško gazila po snegu.

Zgodaj popoldan sta se odpravila proti domu z živili v nahrbtnikih. Pela sta od veselja in Pepček je razposajeno zavriskal vrh nekega griča, da je odmevalo po ozki soteski spodaj. Razposajenost pa ju je kmalu minila. Pred njima je ležala dolga, snežena cesta, nahrbtniki so ju žulili; težko je nositi krompir osem ur daleč na hrbtu, posebno še na mladem, otročjem hrbtu . . .

Napol mrtva sta pritavala domov. Temna noč je že bila in burja je trgala pošastne črne oblake, ki so viseli nizko nad dolino. Sem ter tja je počil strel straž pri vojaških skladiščih—bogme, čemu so streljali — na fronti je gorelo, grmelo in po temnih oblakih so zdaj pa zdaj švignili ogromni žarometi in hipno izginili. Pepček in Tinček pa sta ležala vsak v svoji skromni postelji in se kuhala v vročini—obolela sta. Njuni mali bratci in sestre pa so veselo grizli suho sadje in upali, da Pepček in Tinček kmalu ozdravita in gresta spet v Rovte. Premajhni so bili, da bi vedeli, kako junaska sta njihova bratca in koliko sta pretrpela preden sta izmučena spustila polna nahrbtnika pred nje . . .



James Barry: PRVI POGREB

D. Vargazon:

USPAVANKA

Tiha je dalj . . .
 Dete, zaspi!
 čolnič nalahno
 na valih noči
 plove;
 snove
 naj vesel ti
 belih šepet
 slajša, krmarjev
 poreadni hehet
 ni li odnesel ti
 sladkih udarjev?

Tiha je dalj . . .
 Tihi udari,
 čolnič se ziblje
 meseček stari

vsevdilj prigiblje
 ploski obraz;
 gleda smeje se
 čudni odraz.

Tiha je dalj . . .
 Solnček še spi,
 Solnček, tvoj kralj.
 Ko zašumi
 zlati gozdič,
 ko prileti
 mavrični ptič —
 mesec bo vstal,
 vesli predal,
 tiho odšel:
 Solnček bo pel,
 Daljna je dalj . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

URA UČENJA

NOČOJ je oče učitelj.

Jožek glavne točke beleži.
 Slušatelji pozorno besedam sledijo,
 zanimanje odražajo njih obrazi sveži.

Oče stroj opisuje, silno moč njegovo,
 gospodarje, ki si ga lastijo.
 Z besedo spretno proletarce oriše,
 kako radi stroja pomanjkanje trpijo.

Stroj je torej nesreča, se Julka oglasi;
 dol s strojem! pravi Pepček—
 a Slavko prevdarno: Nikoli!
 Kdor to hoče, je tepček.

Kaj ne, oče, če mi stroj osvojimo,
 da bo za nas delal, nam služil,
 bo življenje prijetnejše, beda izgine
 in čut bratstva bo svet tesno združil!

Bravo, Slavko! dnevna ura učenja,
 bo, vidim, svoj sad obrodila.
 Ne, stroj ni nesreča, saj pridno dela—
 in kot nas je usužnjil, bo vas osvobodil,
 ob njem vam bo nova, boljša doba zažarela!



Dragi čitatelji!

Solske počitnice bodo kmalu končale. Nastopila bo spet doba učenja. To bo v začetku septembra. Mnogo šolskih otrok je imelo krasne počitnice, mnogo pa tudi ne. Delavske razmere so povsod slabe in v premogarskih revirjih je mnogo naših ljudi v stiski za boljši obstanek in pravice. Vsled tega je bilo prizadetih tudi mnogo slovenskih otrok, katerih očetje so ali brez dela ali pa stavkajo.

Veseli me pa dejstvo, da se tako pogosto oglašate z ljubkimi dopisi v "Našem kotičku." Želim, da bi vsi preostanek počitnic porabili v dober namen, da se pošteno zabavate in tudi poleg tega kaj naučite ter še nadalje pridno dopisujete v "Kotiček."

—UREDNIK.

BREZ DELA NI JELA

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Nikakor ne morem drugače, dragi urednik, kakor da spet napišem kratek dopisek v Mladinski list, ki nam je vsem tako zelo priljubljen. Kot izgleda, boste ta dopis prejeli dovolj zgodaj, da ga boste lahko priobčili v avgustovi številki. Vsaj tako upam.

Veseli me, ker se tako pogosto in v velikem številu oglašajo naši mladi dopisovalci. V Mladinskem listu prečitam vsak mesec vse dopise, slovenske in tudi angleške. In vsi so tako zanimivi, da človeka kar razveselijo. Mnogo novega in zanimivega se izve, če se prečita vse dopise. To pa zato, ker vsak poroča o svoji naselbini.

Poletje imamo lepo, a koncem junija in začetkom julija je pritiskala huda vročina. Tako smo se znojili, posebno pri delu, da je bilo joj! A delati pa se mora, ker brez dela ni tudi jela.

Dne 4. julija smo obhajali praznik ameriške Neodvisnosti. Kmalu pa bo prišel Delavski praznik (Labor day). Upam, da se bodo vse deklice in vsi dečki dobro zabavali, kajti takoj po Delavskem prazniku prične šola in učenje, počitnice pa bo konec.

Oglasila se bom v M. L. še kaj prihodnjič in spet kaj povedala.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

"PIŠIMO SLOVENSKE DOPISE!"

Cenjeni urednik!

V junijski številki Mladinskega lista sem čital dopis od Mary Juvančičeve od tukaj iz Bridgeville, Pa. Kot vidim, se tudi ona zanima za slovenski jezik. Upam, da se bo še kaj oglasila v Mladinskem listu v slovenskem jeziku. Rad bi pa tudi videl, če bi se še kateri drugi oglasil od tukaj v "Našem kotičku."

Bratci in sestre, le pridno se učimo slovensko čitati in pisati. To nam bo mnogo pomagalo. Pa saj je to naš materin jezik. Zato pa se ga ne smemo nikdar in nikjer sramovati. Vsakemu povejmo, da smo Slovenci.

Mene in mojega brata je ata naučil mnogo slovenskih pesmic. Dopade pa se mi posebno ta-le:

Jaz sem slovenski sin
iz Notranjskih pokrajin.
Rad bi živel kot ptič.
a kapitalist ne dovoli.

Prav lep pozdrav uredniku in vsem malim čitateljem M. L.!

William Gruden, RFD No. 2, Bridgeville, Pa.

* *

"DOPISUJMO ŠE BOLJ!"

Cenjeni prednik!

Namenila sem se, da se oglašim v Mladinskem listu.

Naše šolske počitnice so se začele šele 15. junija, zato imamo sedaj še več časa, da napišemo par vrstic za Mladinski list. Saj napiše se hitro, samo pripraviti se—je bolj težko.

Zadnja številka Mladinskega lista je bila zelo zanimiva; najbolj se mi je pa dopadla pripovedka "Moč ljubezni."

Piknikov ter prireditev je v naši naselbini bolj malo, ker so še vedno slabe razmere. V Clevelandu vlada huda vročina sedaj (2. julija).

Sedaj moramo imeti še večje veselje do pisanja v Mladinski list, ko vidimo, kako daleč naokrog čitajo naš priljubljeni Mladinski list, kot je razvidno iz pohvale, katero je napisal—"on"—v mesečniku "Svoboda" v Ljubljani. Zato le s korajžo do dopisovanja.

V Clevelandu se mi zdi, da ostajamo zadaj z dopisovanjem, ker ni bilo v junijski in julijski številki nobenega dopisa od tukaj. Torej, moramo tudi mi bolj pridno pisati, da bomo imeli največ dopisov v Mladinskem listu iz Clevelanda.

Za sedaj naj bo dovolj. Se oglasim še prihodnjič.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

Anna Traven, 11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

NEZNOSNA VROČINA

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, odmerite mi spet nekoliko prostora v Mlad. listu, da prispevam, kakor po navadi vsak mesec, par vrstic v "Kotiček." Pisati itak ne morem dosti, radi hude vročine, ki nas kuha to poletje.

Ljudje se skušajo otresti vročine s tem, da se hodijo kopat, kar je sicer zdravo in menda edini pripomoček, da se človek ohladi, pa kaj lahko tudi utone. Posebno človek, ki ne zna plavati, bi se ne smel nikoli kopati sam in brez dobrega nadzorstva.

V Clintonu je pred kratkim utonila višješolka Irene Stites ki se je šla kopat z učiteljico in par njenimi vrstnicami v Wabash reko. Zašla je v pregloboko vodo. Ker ni znala plavati, je utonila. Njeno truplo so našli šele čez tri dni. Zatorej, proč od vode brez nadzorstva, če ne znate plavati!

Cenjeni urednik! V julijski številki Mlad. lista se je vrinila pomota v pesmi "Poslanica Jehove" s tem, da niso bile kitice prav razvrščene, kar je edinole moja krivda (ali morda krivda vročine?), ker jih nisem prav numerirala. Zato Vas lepo prosim, če bi jo hoteli še enkrat natisniti tako, kot jo tu pošiljam. Zelo Vam bom hvaležna. Tukaj je:

Poslanica Jehove

(Basen)

So nekoč se skupaj zbrali
hlapci, sužnji, mladi, stari,
so o bedi razpravljali,
o revnem stanu pozno v noč.

So tako se domenili,
da boga bodo prosili,
da se revežev usmili,
jim bogastvo da in moč.

V ta namen so moze zbrali,
težko jim nalogo dali,
jih s priprošnjo odposlali
gor k Jehovi na pot.
In moze so pristopili
k bogu in se priklonili,
so tako mu govorili:
"Slušaj, oče vseh sirot:

"Slušaj prošnje nas zemljanov,
tvojih vernih slug, kristjanov,
ki te prosimo udano,
reši nas sužejstva, o bog!
In naredi nas enake
bogatinom, siromake,
ter odreši nas, težake,
hude bede in nadlog."

Jehova zgrbanči čelo,
jezno gladi brado belo
in zamahne z roko velo,
oster je njegov pogled:
"Oh, nesrečni vi bedaki,
vi trpini, siromaki,
to zares ste mi junaki,
poberite se odtod.

"Ali niste vsi enaki,
bogatinini kot težaki,
ko rodite revni, nagi,
brez izjeme, se na svet?
"Tudi mrjete trpini,
reveži kot bogatini,
vsi enako, stari, mladi,
brez izjeme, mor' te umret.

"Pa zakaj niste enaki
še v življenju, vi bedaki,
in zakaj je le pri tlaki,
ne življanju—delež vaš?
"Zemlja ima kruha dosti,
'ma bogastva in sladkosti,
treba le da po modrosti
se razdeli vse med vas.

Brat naj bratu se pridruži,
naj pomaga mu če toži,
kruh pa vsak naj sam si služi,
dela sad naj vživa sam."
Pa ne bo več bogatinov,
hlapcev, sužnjev, ne trpinov
in na zemsko pokrajino
dan bo nov napočil vam!"

Pozdrav vsem sovrstnicam in Vam, urednik, in se obenem lepo zahvalim za Vaš trud, ki ga imate z urejevanjem mojih dopisov.

Josephine Mestek,
638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

"ZADNJI DOPIS"

Dragi mi urednik!

Naznanjam vsem čitateljem in čitateljicam, da je to moj zadnji dopis v tem listu. Sem že dobila pozivnico, da moram prestopiti v članski oddelek naše Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

Moram se zahvaliti uredniku, ker sem ga nadlegovala z mojimi dopisi. On je vse lepo popravil, tako da smo se vsi čudili dopisom, kar sem jih že pisala. Dosti je bilo veselja z mojimi dopisi. Jaz bom bratec Joškota silila, da bo večkrat pisal v Mladinski list, ker ga res vsi radi čitamo.

Bili so tudi pri nas Škodatovi iz Clairtona, Pa. Joj, kako je velika Tončka. Ne vem, kam raste. Je tako velika kot jaz. Tončka je obljubila, da bo prišla na počitnice k nam. Ali bo morala delati! Bo nam vodo nosila na njivo. Leo se bo pa igral s stricem Lojzetom.

Sedaj pa končam ta moj zadnji dopis in želim obilo uspeha Mladinskemu listu!

Ana Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.

* *

VESELI JOŠKO

Dragi urednik!

Član sem mladinskega oddelka in hočem malo opisati, kako smo se imeli na god strica Lojzeta. Bodi povedano, da prav imenitno. Prišli so tudi Škodatovi iz Clairtona. In zopet smo se zabavali približno do polnoči. Škodatovi so prinesli tri "krugle rude." Ta nas je vse omamila. Mi vsi se prav lepo zahvalimo Škodatovim za tiste tri krugle. Škodatovi so obljubili, da bodo prišli zopet k nam in da nam bodo pomagali seno spravljat.

Moram tudi omeniti, da strica Vinkota ni bilo nič k nam, da bi skupno gođovali Lojzetov god. Stric Lojze prečita vse v Mladinskem listu.

Dela imamo sedaj veliko na farmi. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem tega lista! Za popravke se pa že vnaprej zahvalim.

Joško Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.

* *

Kaj je čudno?

Čudno je, da na luno nihče ne more, na sonce gre pa vsak lahko.

* * *

"Tak ptičjo kletko hočeš kupiti; ali bo zate?"

"Ne, za našo papigo!"

* * *

Učitelj: Kdaj poleti navadno de-
žuje?"

Mihec: "Kadar nimamo dežnika s seboj!"

DOPIS Z DIVNEGA ZAPADA

Dragi urednik!

Jaz bi rada omenila nekaj o mojem kratkem obisku v National v državi Utah, trinajst milj od Helperja, Utah.

V državi Utah, kakor tukaj v Wyomingu, so veliki hribi in gore. Po nekaterih krajih je vse zeleno, posebno pa okoli Prova, kjer so lepe farme in ranči. Okoli Provo Canyona je res zanimivo pogledati. Ven iz Prova, na levo in na desno stran, smo videli hribe iz samega kamenja. Tako so bili oblikovani, da bi jih ne mogel noben zidar lepše sezidati.

Nazajgrede smo šli skozi Salt Lake City, kjer smo videli znameniti Mormonski Tempel. Ta stavba je zelo lepa odzunaj, kako mora biti šele odznotraj.

Ne smem pozabiti povedati, da smo videli srno, ki se je pasla med skalovjem, in tudi lisico zvito repko smo videli.

H koncu se vsi zahvalimo družini Štavar za lep sprejem in postrežbo. Lepa hvala tudi družini Potočnik.

Priloženo vam pošiljam mojo sliko, da jo priobčite.



Iskren pozdrav vsem in enako Vam, urednik!

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

POROČILO S POTOVANJA

Cenjeni urednik!

Oprostite, sobrat urednik, ker vas že spet nadlegujem z mojo slabo pisavo. Upam, da boste vse lepo popravili, da ne bo kakšen "kozel" ostal v dopisu, če sem ga napisala.

Poročati Vam moram, da smo imeli na Spominski dan (Decoration day) dne 30. maja varuha doma. Naš sosed, John Sever, nas je v svojem avtu vse skupaj peljal na konferenco JSZ na Glencoe, O.

Glencoe je prijazna naselbina. S sestrice sva se dobro zabavala. Ampak tam leži pokopan naš pokojni bratec in na njegov grob sve položile lepih rož.

Po konferenci je bil v dvorani ples. Moj ata in mama sta tudi plesala. Pa tudi midve doma včasih pleševa, kadar moj ata zaigra kakšno poskočno na harmoniko.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem, ki bodo ta dopis čitali!

Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

Kirurg

Slavnega kirurga so poklicali k bankirju, ki si je bil pri avtomobilski nesreči zlomil nogo. Uredil mu je zlomljene kosti in bankir je kmalu okreval. Zdravniku je za njegovo skrb poslal ček za 50 dolarjev. Toda že naslednjega dne je dobil ček nazaj s pripombo: Zdravnik zdravi reveže brezplačno; kadar pa zdravi bogataše, dobi honorar brez odplačila.—Skopi bankir je opombo požrl in številkam na čeku pripisal 0.

Mile Klopčič:

SOLNCE

(Po Schön laku)

Mile Klopčič:

POLOMLJENI KONJIČEK

(Po Schön laku)

Meni konj je zbolel,
brez nogé je—joj!
Hitro po mizarja,
pride naj takoj.

On ga bo popravil
s klejem in žebličkom.
Jutri se postavil
z zdravim bom konjičkom!

KDO na večer zaziblje solnce,
kdo položi ga spat?
No—rajski angeli—dovolj
imajo časa vsakokrat.

Kdo zjutraj mu lase počese,
kdo ga umije, očisti?
To je vsekakor mesec dragi,
ki sam tako svetlo žari.

In kdo mu tole pesem poje,
in kdo mu rož na pot nastlal?
O—to smo Drejče, Barbka, Nejče,
pošiljamo mu svoj pozdrav!

Valjhun:

ŽANJICE

Polona gre čez gmajno
k ženicam sredi njiv,
žanjicam nese cajno,
prepolno žlahtnih sliv.

Polona pravi milo:
"Vrag vedi kdo je kriv,
ni česa za kosilo,
ko tale cajna sliv."

Ženice, o, žanjice
jo hvalijo v en glas:
"Res, škoda je potice,
le slive so za nas!"

In ena umno zine:
"Le dolgo še živi—
ni take gospodinje,
kot si, Polona, ti!"



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I JUST STAY AT HOME

By BERTON BRADLEY

DOWN at the docks I love to stray
And watch the ships that sail away
For Liverpool and Singapore,
For Rio, Shanghai, Nome,
And every other foreign shore,
And yet—I just stay home.

The liners and the tramps depart
And I go with 'em, in my heart,
Across the seas to ports that gleam
Under the blue sky's dome.
To travel to them in my dream,
And yet—I just stay home.

Sometimes I think that I will sail
Out on that heaving ocean trail,
But deep inside of me I know
I'll never get to roam.
I watch the steamers come and go,
But me—I just stay home.

For I'm the timid sort of guy
To watch the ships and sit and sigh
And dream about the course they take
Across the ocean foam—
And never, never make the break
But just stay home!



FRATERNITY

If I could write one little word
Within the hearts of men
I'd dip into the Fount of Love
And write with Golden Pen
One Little word and only one
And feel life's work on earth well done
For every tongue would speak to me
That one sweet word

Fraternity.

The angel throng would sing a song
The sweetest ever heard
If they could read in hearts of men
That simple little word.
For kindly acts and kindly deeds
Are kingdoms more than thrones or
creeds
By these the angelic host would see
The children of

Fraternity.

A man will need no other bark
To guide him o'er life's sea
If he embark upon the ark
Of true Fraternity.
For love will clasp his hand
And lead him to the promised land
Love to our fellow man shall be
Our password to

Fraternity.



A New Book of Wonders

By W. S. Dutton

BEFORE me is a letter in which a man whose business is to peer into the future discusses in most matter-of-fact terms the possibilities of a highway that will be self-illuminating at night—a veritable golden way.

The writer, one of the country's leading chemical engineers, predicts that such a highway may be built within the next ten or fifteen years. During the day, because of the chemical composition of its surface, this road will absorb light from the sun's rays. The pent-up sun energy, released in darkness, will light the way as if myriad electric bulbs were hidden in a roadbed of crystal.

Along this golden speedway, I am told, posts, fences, and other objects will gleam under coats of luminous paint like the numeral of a night clock tinted with radium. Automobile headlights will be used only on side roads and in emergency.

In every field of industry there are whispers of magical changes that are going to have sweeping effects upon our business, our jobs, and our daily lives. Coming are things that will make a host of our present marvels look like antiques, while many of the newer things of today are to assume new forms and invade new places.

Television is a generally accepted wonder for the future. Ahead are the radio newspaper, the talking book, the theater of the home, and these are only a few.

Iron is being used on a test road in Illinois and cotton as a highway base is under experiment in South Carolina and Texas. In New York City, houses are being built of glass atop skyscrapers, and now it is predicted that skyscrapers themselves, to a height of 70 stories and beyond, are to be build of glass

and rustless metals. In California, rubber is being successfully grown from a common desert shrub called the guayule. Harkening to the whispers of momentous change, alert manufacturers are taking precautions, to the end that they won't be caught napping—that, when change demands, the new product or method will be ready.

Today industry figuratively bristles with lookout towers. Almost every big corporation maintains one. And in each tower is an expert observer, trained to peer into the future and to indicate what it holds. This lookout is the vision man of his company, the eyes of its experimental laboratories and shops. Based on what he sees coming, new machines are designed, new factories projected, and tomorrow's programs involving millions in capital are planned, though sorry to say, workers are in the meantime treated as laves.

American industry is spending more than two hundred million dollars annually in research, making ready for five, ten, twenty—yes, even fifty—years hence. Back-stage of the business show is the workshop of the new-day seer—a seer, be it noted, whose crystal is a book of hard and dry technical data, for the modern lookout dare not guess—he must **know**.

In recent weeks I have talked with half a dozen or more of these lookouts, not about today or next year, but about 1936 and 1940, and yet beyond. And their most guarded forecasts sound like dream-stuff. In the words of a famous sea-fighter of old, we've just begun to invent!

Suppose we begin with the observation post of the RCA Victor Company, of Camden, New Jersey. In charge is W. R. G. Baker, vice-president of the RCA Victor and director of its engineering and manufacture. He is one of the

keenest of the lookouts in the radio field.

"Radio receivers as such have already reached a high degree of perfection," Mr. Baker told me, "but we've only begun to develop radio's possibilities in the home. Despite the millions of receivers that have been sold, radio entertainment today is, in effect, still a mere appendage to home life. It hasn't as yet been built in, like electric lights, for instance. Ten years hence it is going to be a built-in home feature.

"Every new house that costs ten thousand dollars or more will have a room—in the basement, attic, or elsewhere—fitted up exclusively for amusement. It will be the home theater, an institution in itself, something new in American life. We will go to the public theater as often as we do now, perhaps oftener, for the home theater will occupy a place of its own."

This home theater will be a rendezvous of genii, one of which will be the radio newspaper that plucks its news and pictures out of the air. Even now it is a laboratory fact. Inside a box small enough to be placed on a table or in an ordinary clothes closet is a miniature printing press and motor, controlled by radio impulses sent out from a broadcasting station and powered by the current from a light socket.

News dispatches and photographs are put on the air by radio in the usual way. The radio-sensitized printery in the box picks them up and prints them, in any size or style of type, on a sheet of paper that is fed thru from a roll. It works silently, without human attention. The printing and photographs are clear-cut.

There is no thought that the radio newspaper will supplant the present newspaper, but it will supplement it, just as radio broadcasting does now. Near by the radio newspaper in our home theater will be the talking book, which reads itself aloud. Books of the future will be published in two forms.

The first will be the book as we know it. The second will be an audible edition. The entire narrative will be recorded on a film by a trained reader, perhaps by a great actor, perhaps by the author himself. Placed in a reproducer, the book will read itself with all the humor, pathos, and dramatic emphasis that the author intended to put into it!

"There will be all sorts of games in the house theater," Mr. Baker prophesied. "Indoor golf points to indoor polo, football, baseball, auto racing, and games not yet invented. For example, we are perfecting a game played with miniature electric battle tanks. Players control the tanks from an electric control on the edge of the playing field, which may be the floor of an ordinary room. The game is a real test of wit and skill for adults and older children.

"The home theater, too, will have its own talking pictures. Some of these will be homemade, for means of amateur production of these will be devised. Others will be made by professional players especially for home entertainment. The films will be sold or rented thru clubs, similar to the present book clubs. A subscriber will receive a weekly or monthly list of new productions, together with critical comment. On order, the films will be sent to him by mail. Just recently, manufacturers announced that the first talking apparatus for the home will be available within the next few months, and talking films will be offered for rent at radio stores.

"Club also will handle phonograph records, for the talking machine is due for a popular comeback. However, these recordings will be made by a new process. A single recording will give in continuity an entire opera or musical play.

"There is no reason why radio receptions should be confined to a single loud-speaker. Homes of the future will contain a number of speakers concealed behind grilles in the wall, or in a piece of furniture like a writing desk. Ope-

ration of the receiver will be by remote control from a favorite chair, or from wall buttons placed like light switches.

"We shall have direct radio control of receivers. Before opening each feature of its day's program, the broadcasting station will send out a characteristic signal in dot-and-dash code. The receiver set to receive this signal at a certain hour will be automatically tuned in. A closing signal will tune it out again. For example, suppose you wish to be awakened in the morning by radio music. You will need only to set the radio the night before to catch a program scheduled for your rising hour. At that hour the radio reveille will be wafted across your bed from the loud-speaker in the bedroom. You will decide on the day's radio programs, adjust the receiver to get them, and thereafter the instrument will take care of itself without further tuning. At any time you will be able to tune out the receiver, or use it in the ordinary way."

Incidentally, Mr. Baker mentioned that inventors are developing an electric mute to take some of the trials out of music practice. The player attaches it to his violin, piano, saxophone, or silver cornet, puts on a pair of headphones, and then blazes away. He alone can hear the result—which is good news for those of us who have musically inclined neighbors.

On the other hand, the air of 1940 is to be filled with music as never before. An amplifying device now being developed will make one violin sound like twenty, a five-piece orchestra like Sousa's band. A contrivance of coiled springs makes it possible to reproduce the bell music of carillons. The notes of Big Ben in London are duplicated so exactly that even their quiver is faithfully reproduced.

Of course, we'll have television in 1940, so perfected that we'll receive motion pictures by radio, in Mr. Baker's opinion. And these are but a few of the new radio wonders in store.

I was in the office of Albert E. Marshall, consulting engineer of the Corning Glass Works, of Corning, N. Y. On his desk was a hollow brick of glass. It would withstand heavy loads and had resisted 1,000 degrees of heat without damage, so that it was practically fire-proof.

"I hear rumors of glass skyscrapers," I said.

"They're going to be built," he replied, as soon as building codes are modified to permit an all-glass construction."

In this connection, a prominent architect is reported to be drawing plans for a hotel and two apartment houses with glass walls. A steel-framed, glass-walled warehouse, 15 stories high and with 40 acres of floor space, is being designed for a New York site. But glass skyscrapers, 70 stories or more in height, made me think of fairy-tale crystal palaces.

The framework will be of steel, or possibly of some strong, light alloy, he said. Window sash, squandrels, and trim will be of a rustless metal like aluminum or chrome-nickel-steel. Glass bricks made with heat-insulating air cells and light-diffusing surfaces, in translucent pastel shades of color, or faceted and transparent, will form the walls. In the sunshine they will glitter like a frost picture in a silver frame. After nightfall, when the buildings are lighted, they will become glowing towers of multihued beauty.

We are just beginning to study color. We are told that it affects disposition, moods, general efficiency. Structural glass walls, Mr. Marshall reminded me, will open a new field for the practical application of color science to living. One small indication of what might be done is the recent experimental work which shows that flies will not enter a room that is lighted thru a special tint of yellow glass. There is yet hope, it appears, for a mosquito-proof house.

Radio and Television

An Episode of 1,800 Words

When the first episode of Andy's trial for breach of promise with Madam Queen went on the air it marked the nine hundred thirteenth episode of Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts. Incidentally, the episodes average from 1,000 to 1,800 words, and not a broadcast has been missed because of illness or accident.

Wagy Would Tax Listeners

A bill has been introduced into the California Legislature by Senator J. I. Wagy of Bakersfield, that provides for a tax of 50 cents on all receiving sets privately owned; for the right of entry into homes of inspectors and supervisors working under order of a state radio supervisor, for authority to order the elimination of all and any electrical appliance which in the opinion of the radio supervisor creates interference; for penalties or fines to be imposed on persons who refuse to comply with the orders of the supervisor.

Television

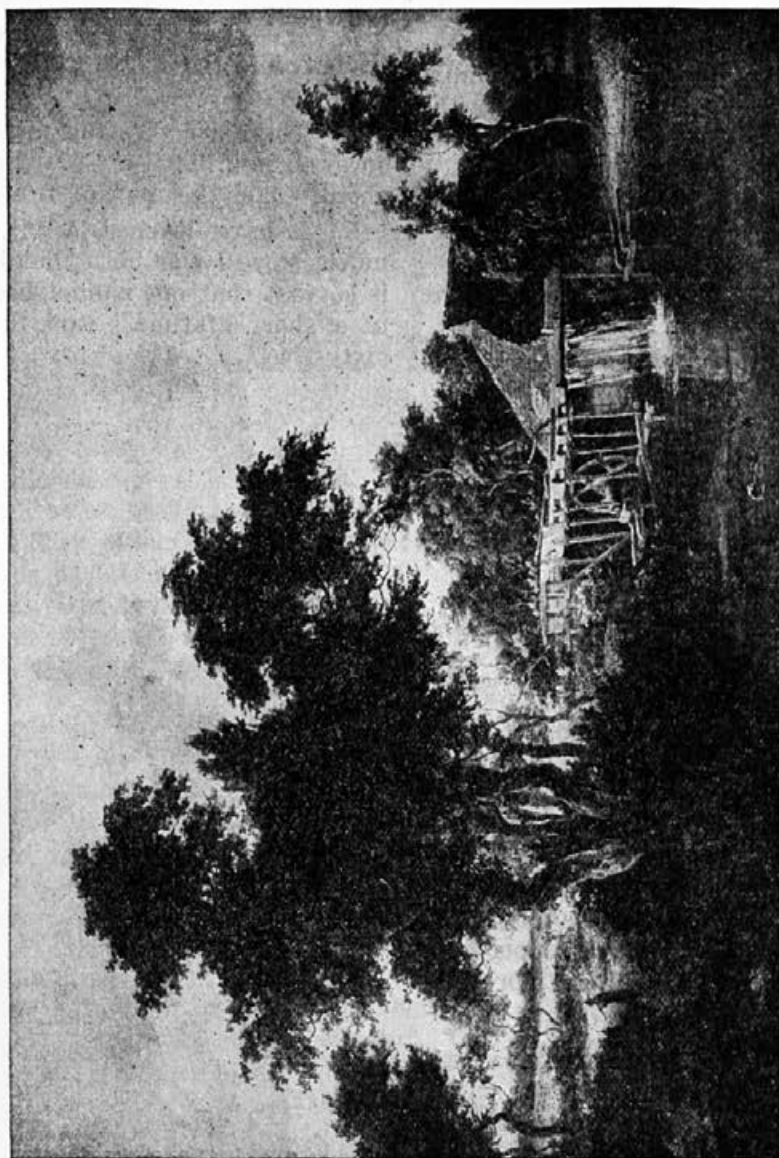
Radio retailers are expecting a rich harvest to grow from the seeds of television now being planted by the research laboratories and by the activities of the television outfits now on the air. The dealers realize, however, that the reaping may not begin in earnest for a year or more. They believe television ultimately will stimulate trade in the radio industry to a surprising degree and give new impetus to sales; in fact, John W. Griffin, president of Haynes-Griffin Service, sees television as an immediate savior of the radio industry. He says:

I confidently expect that television will prove to be the savior of the radio industry. I believe it will have a strong appeal to Americans. Television is here in about the same degree as broadcasting was in 1920. I have so much faith in television's ability to revive trade that we are making arrangements to stock television kits. Television's success is assured. It has already earned a place in the realm of the radio experimenter. Television should interest any person handy enough to assemble a kit of parts; therefore I believe thousands of experimenters will, during the coming year, build and operate image receivers. It seems certain that the industry will again see the days of the set constructor, and healthy days they were for all of us.

Let us think of television not as a magic force which can be summoned by pressing a button. It must be compared in scope and entertainment value to the music tuned in on one of the pioneer sets which had a dozen or more dials and knobs for the operator to manipulate. The day of "push-button" television is far away.

Development will be rapid when people become interested in the hobby of seeing by radio. Manufacturers will react to the general interest and will build sets. While not yet comparable to sound broadcasting, television today is at a point where it can be safely entrusted to the home mechanic. The vast body of American experimenters must now be called upon to help bring radio pictures up to the status of sound broadcasting.





Habbena: THE WATERMILL

ANTIQUES

Helen Baker Parker

I HAD some faiths, ideals that came to me
 Because they were my mother's.
 I scorned them, laughed them down to
 any bidder,
 And tried, in vain, to be thus cheaply
 rid of them.
 I warnished them to give a show of
 youth;
 I painted them with bright designs to
 get bizarre effects
 Of borrowed patterns.
 Now they are all rubbed down to the
 original
 By many grinding, acid years.

THE FIVE AGES OF MAN

1. "Daddy, I know how to do everything," said the little boy of five.
2. "What I don't know isn't worth knowing," said the youth of twenty.
3. "Well, anyway, I do know my own trade from A to Z," said the young man of thirty-five.
4. "There are very few matters, I am sorry to say, that I am really quite sure about," said the man of fifty.
5. "I have learned a bit, but not much, since I was born; but knowledge is so vast that one cannot become wise in a short lifetime," said the man of sixty-five.

To A Finish

Those who watch the beginning of a long cross-country race see a great many starting and all running equally well. The conclusion of the race, however, shows just a handful. This is very typical of life. The freshman class is always larger than the senior class, often as large as the three upper classes together, simply because more people start than finish.

If you want to be above the average, and certainly your ambitions should go as far as that, this is the way to accomplish it. Be a finisher! If you start on something, see it through unless you have positive reason to believe that this would be a mistake. The prizes of life are not for those who start out promisingly, but for those who carry their undertakings to a finish.—Young People's Weekly.





Outdoor Games

Sit Ball

The children sit in a circle on the floor, with about two feet between the players. They are given two or three soft indoor baseballs and are to throw these balls from one to another, trying however to avoid IT, who is in the center and is trying to catch the ball thrown from one player to another. If IT succeeds in catching the ball as it is thrown across the circle, the one who threw it must change places with IT. Also, if IT is able to tag a player while he is holding a ball, that player becomes IT.

Because of their mad haste to get rid of the ball when they see IT coming, players throw the ball everywhere; so a rule is made to the effect that when a player throws a ball to another player, he must call out the name of that player to prove that he has a real goal for his ball.

Whirligig

One player is chosen as leader, and all the other players are to become whirligigs. Each one is to keep in action every minute except when the leader suddenly and unexpectedly whirls about, calls his name and points

at him. The player pointed at must immediately stop all action and remain motionless all the time the leader is looking at him. A player who moves or smiles or laughs while the leader is looking at him changes places with the leader, becoming IT.

Players may go thru any movements they choose, as long as they keep violently active except when the leader points at them.

The Fishermen

Two fishermen are chosen to join hands and form an imaginary net across an open space which is "shallow water." All the other players are fish and are standing on the home line which is "deep water," where the net cannot get them. At the starting signal, however, they must run across the shallow water to get to their home on the other side. But the net is in the way, and any one caught in this net is no longer a fish but becomes a fisherman, and must join hands with the other fishermen to form the net and help catch the other fish.

All fishermen must have hands joined. If ever their hands are not joined and the net is broken, the fish

cannot be caught, and run back and forth at will without danger of being caught in the net until the fishermen again join hands and mend their net. A fish needs only to be tagged by one of the end players to be caught.

The net gradually gets wider and wider until it is a pretty smart fish that can get out of its way!

Paper, Stone, and Scissors

This is a game played with the right hand only. The closed fist represents a stone; the open palm, a sheet of paper, and the pointed and middle finger extended represent the scissors. Two children play at one time, standing or sitting opposite each other. Each one extends his hand in any one of these three positions, both acting simultaneously.

If one child puts his hand in the stone position, while the other represents paper, the latter would win the point because paper can wrap up a stone. If one child represents a stone and the other scissors, then the former wins the point because a stone breaks scissors. Each time the child who represents the article which can have an effect on the other wins the point. If both hands take the same position at the same time, it is a tie and no one scores.

A limit is set and the child who succeeds in securing the required number first, is declared the winner of the game.

(Note—this is a game played by the little folk in China).

Bean Quoits

Bean bags, five inches square, are the "quoits" and the "quoit ground" is a board three feet square, with five holes in it. The hole in the center is eight inches in circumference, the two at the top are ten inches. The top holes count five each, the middle one and the bottom ones ten each. Each player has five throws for his turn, and scores according to the hole he succeeds in putting his bag thru. If a number wish

to play have them choose captains, who in turn choose sides, and that side wins, of course, which scores the most points.

Little Bingo

Any number of players join hands in a ring, while one, called the miller, stands in the center. Then all dance around the miller and recite:

"The miller's mill dog lay at the mill door,
And his name was little Bingo;
B with an i, i with an n, n with a g,
G with an o
And his name was little Bingo."

The players then stand still and the miller quickly points at one in the ring and cries out, "B." The next player on the left must say "i," the next "n," and so on, until the name of the little dog is spelled. The first player to say the wrong letter changes places with the miller.

IT IS TO LAUGH

It has been said that a laugh is worth a hundred groans on any market.

A hearty laugh—in the right time and place—is good healthful exercise as well as good fun. It is soul satisfying, exhilarating and inspiring.

It enables us, for the time being, to mask the present and wipe out the past. It is like an unexpected burst of warm sunshine on a cold, grey day.

Old King Laughter has an interesting family. There are the twins you know, Giggle and Chuckle, and the younger children, Grin and Smile. They are folks you certainly should know.

"Laughter that opens the lips of the heart," said Victor Hugo, "reveals at the same time, pearls and the soul."

Nobody likes the horse-laugh of course. It's too much like the posed hilarity of the clown. There are degrees of intensity beyond which no self-respecting laughter should go. The late Frank Crane once said: "I like the sunshine of your smile but I don't want to get sunburned."—Safe Worker.

The Discovery of America

By Bill Nye

IT WAS a beautiful evening at the close of a warm, luscious day in old Spain. It was such an evening as one would select for trysting purposes. The honeysuckle gave out the sweet announcement of its arrival on the summer breeze, and the bulbul sang in the dark vistas of the olive trees—sang of his love and his hope, and of the victory he anticipated in the morrow's bulbul fight, and the plaudits of the royal couple who would be there.

Across the dusk, with bowed head, came a woman. Her air was one of proud humility. It was the air of royalty in the presence of an overruling power. She carried a large, beautifully bound volume containing a memorandum of her sins for the day. Ever and anon she would refer to it, but the twilight had come on so fast she could not read it.

As she was about to depart, having confessed, the father said to her: "May it please your majesty, I have today received a letter from a good friend of mine. With your majesty's permission I will read it to you."

"Proceed," said Isabella, sitting down to crochet in the dim light.

"It is as follows:" said the father.

"Dear Brother: This letter will be conveyed into your hands by the bearer hereof. His name is Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, who has been living on me for two years. But he is a good man, devout and honest. He is by profession a discoverer. He has been successful in the work where he has had opportunities and there has been no complaint so far on the part of those who have employed him. Everything he has ever discovered has remained that way, and he is willing to let his work show for itself. Should you be able to bring this to the notice

of her majesty, who is tender at heart, I would be most glad. And should her gracious majesty have any discovering to be done, or should she contemplate a change or desire to substitute another in the place of the present discoverer, she will do well to consider the qualifications of my friend."

As a consequence, when Columbus arose the next morning he found a note from the royal confessor, and, without waiting for breakfast, for he had almost overcome the habit of eating, he reversed his cuffs, and, taking a fresh handkerchief from his valise and putting it in his pocket so that the corner would coyly stick out a little, he was soon on his way to the palace. He carried also a small globe wrapped up in a newspaper.

The interview was encouraging until the matter of money necessary for the trip was touched upon. His majesty was called in, and spoke sadly of the public deficit. He said that there was \$100 still due on his salary, and the palace had not been painted for eight years. He had taken orders on the store till he was tired of it.

"Our meat bill," said he, taking off his crown and mashing a hornet on the wall, "is sixty days overdue. We owe the hired girl for three weeks; and how are we going to get funds enough to do any discovering, when you remember that we have got to pay for an extra session this fall for the purpose of making money plenty?"

But Isabella came and sat by him in her winning way, and with the moistened corner of her handkerchief removed a spot of maple syrup from the ermine trimming of his reigning gown. The king agreed to give up cigars and wine, and the queen pawned a large breast pin—all so that Columbus could

discover America before immigration set in here. One might have asked, why discover a country so far out of the way? Or why discover a country with no improvements? But Isabella did not think of these things. In the language of the day, "She seen her duty and she done it." That was Isabella's style.

Columbus now began to select steamer chairs and rugs. He had already the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria, and the third of August, 1492, he sailed from Palos. Isabella brought him a large bunch of beautiful flowers as he was about to sail, and Ferdinand gave him a nice yachting cap and a spicy French novel to read on the road. He than set out sailing due west over an unknown sea to blaze the way for liberty.

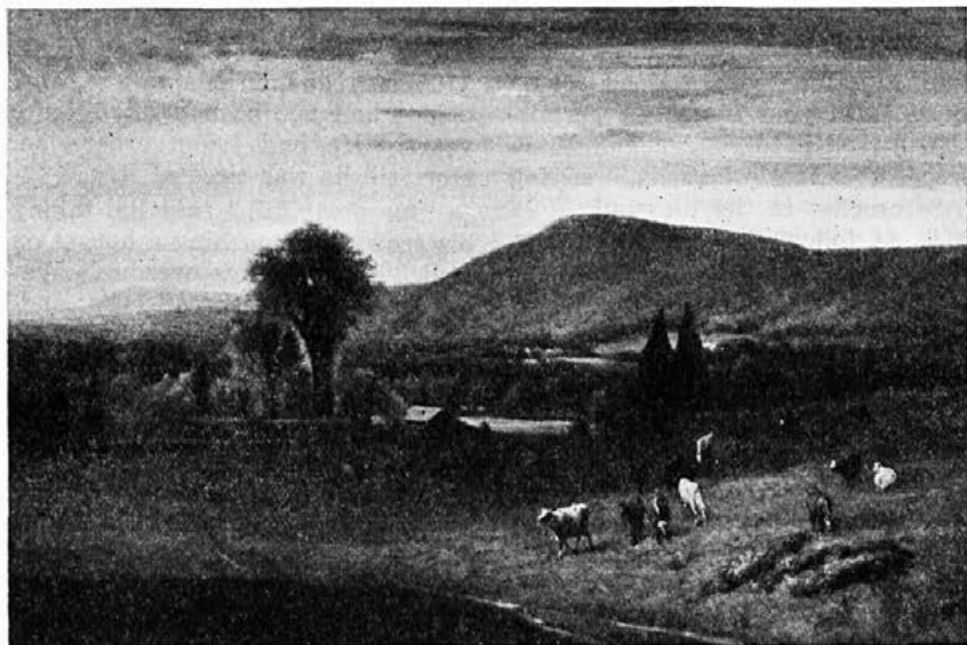
Soon, however, his men began to murmur. They began also to pick on Columbus and occupy his steamer chair when he wanted to use it himself.

Finally, they mutinied, and started to throw the guest navigator overboard,

but he told them that if they would wait until the next morning he would tell them a highly amusing story that he heard just before he left Palos. Thus his life was saved, for early in the morning the cry of "Land ho!" was heard and America was discovered.

A saloon was at once started, and the first step thus taken toward a national prohibition amendment. From that one little timid saloon, with its family entrance, has sprung the magnificent and majestic machine, which lubricated with spoils and driven by the strong breath of liberty, gives to every American the right to live under the government that tells what he shall not do so he can do it.

Columbus was succeeded as governor by Francisco Bobadilla, who sent him back finally in chains. Thus we see that the great are not always happy. There is no doubt that millions of people every year avoid many discomforts by remaining in obscurity.



George Inness: SUMMER IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS



Dear Readers:—

Another month, and vacations for school children will come to an end. School lessons will replace fun and carefree summer days. Many children have spent most joyous vacations, but many did not. Working conditions in general are very poor, and in coal fields a great number of our people are out on strike for better conditions and their rights. Owing to this, many Slovene children suffer, because their fathers are either on strike or without work.

But it is encouraging to know that so many of our readers contribute little letters to the "Chatter Corner" and "Naš Kotiček." I wish that all of you would spend the remainder of the vacation period in the most useful way, and that your experiences will be reflected in the "Chatter Corner."

THE EDITOR.

A TRIP TO WEST VIRGINIA

Dear Editor:—

I went to Clairton, Pa., on June 14 with the Torch of Liberty Lodge "gang." We attended the picnic of Clairtonians Lodge at Shady Park. Mr. Cebasek is the owner of it. He gave the park free of charge to the Clairtonians Lodge SNPJ. Since he is an influential citizen he also got special permission for the SNPJ Lodge to hold a dance on Sunday, which of course is against the Blue Laws. Wouldn't it be great if all Senior members would feel that way?

Most of the people spent their time at the picnic dancing, others enjoyed the great outdoors.

I met many young SNPJs, among them was the jolly "Joe Zavertnik" Lodge of Library, Ambridge "Reveliers", "Silver Stars" of Yukon and "Clairtonians" of Herminie.

Now since we have a lodge here in Latrobe I read more thoroughly the Prosveta.

Vacation time is passing away quickly. I wish it wouldn't, because I enjoy playing out in the good old summertime.

Now I shall tell about our trip to the Panhandle state, West Virginia. About 5:30 in the morning on July 4 we started for W. Va. We motored thru the beautiful Maryland, noted for apples. It is very mountainous in W. Va. Just before we reached Thomas, our destination, we were on a mountain which is 3,500 ft above sea level; it commands a wonderful view of the Canaan Valley. As soon as we arrived we went to Davis which is the place where my dad came to when he came to America. Here he met many old timers.

We attended the dance of the Mountaineers in the afternoon and evening. We met "Mix" from Comrades, "Laughing" Stan of the Loyalites as well as "Lindy". After the dance which was about 12:30 we were homeward bound. It sure was nice to see the dawn creeping slowly upon us. The mountain air was fragrant and balmy. It made us very sleepy. At 6:30 in the morning found us at home ready to hit the hay.

Best regards to all.

Mary E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

SPELLING CONTEST

Dear Editor:—

We had a nice time in school. We had a "spell-down" between 6 A and 6 B to see who will win. 6 A won.

I like to read the jokes and stories in the Mladinski List. The letters are very interesting. This is my first letter I am writing to the Mladinski List. But I will try to write every month.

I wish some of the members would write to me in the age of 11 or 12 years. I am one of the members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 337.

Mary Florian, 1545 Argyle rd., La Salle, Ill.

* *

ENJOYS OUTDOOR LIFE

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List although I have been in the SNPJ for ten years. I am fifteen years old and a sophomore plus in the La Salle-Peru Township High School. I take the commercial course in high school. We got out of school on June 4. We had our exams June 1 to June 4.

We had rainy weather in La Salle then. Sometimes the weather is very hot and sometimes it is cool. I like to go fishing and swimming. The outdoor pools are open and we have lots of fun swimming. I go fishing sometimes but don't have much luck.

I am closing now and I wish some of the boys would write to me. I would like some boy to write to me especially from Elly, Minnesota; Barberton, Ohio; and Johnston City, Illinois, because I used to live in these towns.

Frank Martinjak Ja.,
25 Fourth st., La Salle, Ill.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 142

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years of age and in the 4 B. My teacher's name is Miss Rotiger. Last time she was my language teacher. Our whole family belongs to Lodge No. 142 SNPJ. Here is my snapshot.



Audrey Maslo, 1241 E. 172 st., Cleveland, O.

FROM LODGE NO 318

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like very well. I wish that the M. L. would come weekly.

Our school was out on May 29. I passed from 3rd to 4th grade. I am 8 years old. I am learning to read and write in Slovene. I wish that everyone of Slovene children would have a fine time this summer. I am a member of Lodge 318 SNPJ.

Mary E. Matko, Box 27, Pleasant Unity, Pa.

* *

A BIT OF HISTORY

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see my letter in the June Mladinski List.

Masontown, Pa., was founded by John Mason, a German, in 1809. In 1909 there was a big fire which destroyed half the town.

I go swimming every day down Sand Bark. It rains about 3 times a week. The work around here is scarce.

Frances Valencheck, Box 68, Masontown, Pa.

* *

"A DIFFERENT MANUSCRIPT"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and is different from other manuscripts. Our United Lodges and clubs held their annual picnic on July 4 at Portman's Picnic Grove. They were prepared to handle a large crowd. They gave away an electric watch, a washer and a radio. Our English lodge "Musketeers" No. 706 was also helping in this affair. There was a large crowd present and a good time was had by all.

Now that vacation is here everyone has more time to write to our interesting and progressive magazine, Mladinski List, but nevertheless, we all have a touch of "vacation fever" which is a new kind of "sickness" no doctor can cure. Your blues are chased away, why not this? Now is a better time to write since all school worries are gone.

During vacation many tourists are traveling across the seas to Europe or to distant countries to view historical places for the purpose of broadening the mind, while others stay at home on account of lack of money. Traveling is education and is just as good as any book, because, you can view things for yourself.

Mary V. Kraly, Box 65, Moon Run, Pa.

WILL WRITE IN SLOVENE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—

I am sorry I can't write to the M. L. for I am going for a vacation up at Tunkhannock, Pa. Thanks very much for correcting my letter which I wrote in Slovene.

I am sending my picture which I forgot to send last time. My next letter will be in Slovene again.



Felix Vogrin, 2436 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

"THE POLLY PARROT"

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L.—jokes, stories, eac. But very seldom there is any jokes and riddles. I am including a joke which is rather interesting.

The Polly Parrot

Once there were three men; they were Sam, Bill and Tom. They went traveling to sell a Polly Parrot.

Bill fell into the water. Sam said, "How shall we get him up?"

Tom replied, "Pull him up by rope."

The Polly Parrot learned this.

They were going real fast. Sam answered, "Going fifty miles an hour."

The Polly Parrot learned this. They hit a bump.

Sam, "Whoop hit a bump."

The Polly Parrot learned this.

They sold the Polly Parrot to a preacher.

He said, "How shall we get to heaven?"

The Polly Parrot said, "Pull him up by the rope."

The preacher kicked the Polly Parrot.

The Polly Parrot said, "Going 50 miles an hour."

He hit the ceiling. He said, "Whoop hit a bump!"

I would like to get letter.

Frances Gorsek,

316 W. Elliott ave., Springfield, Ill.

A LETTER FROM THE ROCKIES

Dear Editor:—

Our school was out May 29. We have a good time now and I am very glad of it.

There are lots of Slovene people up here now.—The mine works 2 days a week. Sometimes it is veery hot up here and windy.

I wish the M. L. would come every day and would be glad to hear from some of the boys and girls.

Julia Slavec, Box 63, Morley, Colo.

Why is money often moist?—Because it's frequently dew (due) in the morning and mist (missed) at night.

If you met a pig in tears, what animal's name might you mention to it?—Pork you pine.

FROM LODGE NO. 733

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski list, but I have been reading it for a long time. I like my teacher, so I studied hard.

Just a short time ago a new SNPJ Lodge "McKinley" was brought together here in Canton, and I am a Juvenile member. On May 16 the lodge had their first dance. It was a big dance. The president of the Strugglers in Cleveland, Bro. "Lindy" Lokar, made a speech and I gave a recitation and then I gave the flowers to him. I was so happy to do it. Here is my picture taken the next day.



Jenny Ceh, 1614 Sherirck rd., Canton, O.

ON THE AIR

By Ethel Romig Fuller

TIME was, the farm wife standing in
her door
And peering thru the dusk across the
hills,
Could almost hear behind her on the
floor
The shadows creeping, creeping to the
sills
Like ghosts of black Minorcas come to
perch
There in the dark, so still the country
night,
While sometimes from the rising mists,
a birch
Would beckon till she turned and struck
a light.

Time was . . . now always there is
company:
An orchestra usurps the kitchen, while
A prima donna often comes to tea
And presidents revolve the creaking
stile—
For neither mire, hub-deep, nor drifting
snow
Can block the road against a radio.

"FLUTES OF SILENCE"

By Ethel Arnold Tilden

SOMETIMES, I think the sweetest
thing
In all the world is listening—
No heart but finds surcease from pain
In the soft rhythm of night rain;
And he is glad again, and strong,
Who hears a redbird's winter song;
Peace comes beneath guarded orchard
trees
To murmurings of summer bees—
And when upon some far, high hill,
Or in some dim wood, green and still,
"The flutes of silence" play for me,
Then that is very ecstasy!

NATURE'S MASTERPIECE

NO ONE can say what Nature's masterpiece is. As a sculptor, her work is flawless: she breathes upon her creations, and lo, life! miraculous life, that no man has ever defined or understood. She created the stars and set them in their courses—and there are none who know to what purpose; earth and air and ocean, and all that find habitat with them, are her children. Sun, moon, and stars pay her homage more devoutly than slave ever served master.

Nature is the one great majestic mystery, unknown, unknowable, that holds man enthralled, and makes him a ceaseless, everlasting searcher for the Truth.

