

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

V OBJEMU MAJNIKA

V deželo se je prismejal božanski maj, ki je v teh kra-
h gotovo najlepši mesec leta. Narava razkazuje v tem
asu vso prelest mladega življenja. Vsa narava je ena sama
elika odprta knjiga, polna bajnih pravljic in najkrasnejših
lik.

Mrtve črke na mrtvem papirju ne morejo nikdar pove-
lati tega kar kaže in pripoveduje živa narava, kopajoča se v
najniškem solncu.

Zato, moji mladi prijatelji in prijateljice, pojdite v
parke, v gozde, na polja in livade in občudujte krasne slike,
ki jih mati narava razgrinja pred vami. Združite vaše pes-
mi s petjem veselih ptic in vaše otroške pogovore s črička-
jem tisočerih drobnih murnov in drugih pomladnih vese-
ljakov. Poslušajte kaj si šepčejo mehki pomladni vetriči
v svilenem listju dreves, poslušajte kaj žuborijo živahni val-
čki gozdnih potokov, kaj pripovedujejo čmrlji in čebele va-
šim ljubljankam, cveticam, kaj šumlja kristalni vrecel na
livadi rumenim zlaticam in sinjim potočnicam, zasledujte
polet ptic in metuljev in živahna pota zajčkov in veveric,
in pijte z jasnimi, brezskrbnimi očmi tisočere druge kraso-
te, ki jih tako radodarno razsijple zlati maj. Pomnite, da
psepih časov ne bo nikoli. Majnik se povrne v deželo vsako
leto, toda maj življenja vam cvete le enkrat.

Zunaj v prosti naravi se bo vaše bitje zliło s krasotami
pomladi v eno samo veliko madost in vaša srca bodo postala
dovzetna za vse lepoto in dobro.

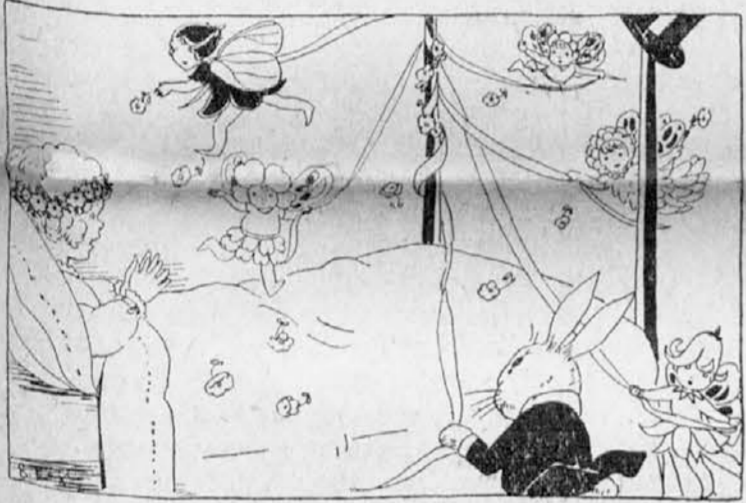
In kadar boste utegnili popišite v Novi Dobi za svoje
nepoznane bratce in sestrice v mladinskem oddelku, kako
ste uživali lepote čarobnega maja!

Urednik.

MAY DAY

Little blue eyed Suzan,
Crowned Queen of the month of May,
Woke up one sunny morning
When the world was sunny and gay.

And found the bed post garlanded,
With streamers of rainbow hue,
And fairies swinging in a circle
Singing, "Good morning to you."



Suzan's eyes were bright and happy.
And she clapped her eyes in glee,
As they scattered flowers on her little, white bed,
Fresh from the meadows and lea.

"Flowers for the pretty Queen of May,"
Peter Rabbit said, smiling at her,
And suddenly the fairy folk wandered,
Through the window in a crimson blur.

Suzan stared about the little room.
Now empty, and rubbed her eyes.
But the flowers were there, on the little white bed
And her mother called, "A May Day surprise."

Christine Troya, Richmond, Calif.

V GOZDU

Cvetoči maj
prinesel je
na zemljo raj,
in ptičke nam
zapele so,
in cvetke nam
vzcvetele so.
Lehak šepet
gre skozi gozd,
v srce zaveje
nam prostost.
Aj zbogom hram
in pusta peč —
na polje zdaj
in v les šumeč!

tako strašno
je sredi resnih
teh dreves.
Temine me
obkrožajo,
a vejice
me božajo,
prijazno me
tolažijo
in pot domov
mi kažejo:
pred mano se
razmikajo,
za mano spet
se stikajo...
Prijateljice,
hvala vam!
zdaj vidim že
domači hram...

"Pa kje si bil,
porednež tak,
v ta pozni mrak?
Kaj ni te strah?"

"Strah? Mene? Ah!
Saj komur gozd
prijazen je
neznana mu
bojazen je!"

(Oton Zupancič)

THE FIRST OF MAY

May Day is a day of celebra-
tion and rejoicing. From the
earliest times the month of
May has been hailed with de-
light as a time when the earth
again flowered and when the
warm sun shone once more
upon the land. The first day
of the month has been set
aside to observe these natural
phenomena in a fitting manner.
Thousands of years ago in Eng-
land the ancient Druids cele-
brated the Feast of Bel on the
first day of May by lighting
immense fires in his honor.
This custom still survives
among the Irish and Scotch
Highlanders, who still know the
feast as Beltine, which means
"the day of Bel's fire."

Most of the customs which
we associate with May Day
celebrations suggest a Roman
origin. We know the feast as
a feast of flowers, a feast re-
miniscent of the ancient wor-
ship of Flora, the goddess of
flowers. One by one, through
the years various customs have
been added. A May Queen was
chosen and crowned with flow-
ers. A Maypole was erected
around which everyone was ex-
pected to dance. In London
and other large English towns
there were May-poles perman-
ently standing in the streets.

For over fifty years a fam-
ous pole, one hundred and thir-
ty-four feet high, stood in the
Strand. Now one finds May
Day observance practiced only
in the rural districts of Eng-
land, but in America they still
survive even in the larger
towns. Most colleges for wom-
en have elaborate May Day fes-
tivities. The school children
look forward to this day
throughout the year. In Cen-
tral Park, New York, it was
for a long time the custom for
children to gather, to choose
the May queen and their May
King, to dance in the "merry
month of May" with fitting
merrymaking.

MLADOST VE ZANJE

Iskal sem svojih mladih dni
po tihih gajih,
iskal sem svojih zlatih dni
po skritih rajih,
kjer sonce z mrakom govori
v duhtečih majih.
Izpraševal sem vse ljudi,
kedo ima jih,
nihče ne ve, nihče ne ve
in ne pozna jih,
le ona ve, a ne pove,
nazaj ne da jih...

(Oton Zupancič)



"Well, I declare!" cried Arthur; "you have just had breakfast?"

Say,
Don't you girls know what day this is? Why, it's the first
of May!

While you were still asleep I guess we two were all about
The woods and fields to see what early flowers were peeping out.
Of course, we found some beauties — John is taking mother
some.

We don't intend to tell a soul just where we got them from:
But maybe, if you'd like to walk this afternoon, we'll show
To you and Bessie where the pink and white May-flowers grow."

NAGRADE

Za v mesecu aprilu priobčene
dopise so prejeli nagrade sledeči
clani mladinskega oddelka:

- Julia Bouha, dr. št. 71\$3
Angela Gerbec, dr. št. 120 ...\$2
Gertrude Zivetz, dr. št. 66 ...\$1
Henry Pluth, dr. št. 1\$1
Mary Praprotnik, dr. št. 52 ...\$1
Angelina Blasnik, dr. št. 135 ...\$1
Albert Veranth, dr. št. 2\$1

Častnega priznanja (honor-
able mention) so deležni: Agnes
Jurecic, Chicago, Ill.; Pauline
Supancic, Export, Pa.; Mike M.
Tomazin, Lorain, O.; Hilda
Pluth, Ely, Minn.; Stanley Pe-
chaver, Ely, Minn., in Christine
Shustarich, Chisholm, Minn.

JOLLY JACKIE

Jackie dearly loved fun. He
was nearly always laughing
and frequently in mischief. His
last name was Jolly, but
Jackie's playmates loved to
call him Jolly Jackie, instead
of Jackie Jolly, and he didn't
mind it at all.

Sometimes Papa Jolly would
say to his small son, "Jackie,
it's all right to have fun, but
you must use your head and
think in advance whether you
are going to hurt anyone's feel-
ings or injure anyone's prop-
erty."

And Mamma Jolly would
say, "Oh, Jackie Jolly, when
will you learn that what may
seem like a good joke to you,
may be very distressing to
someone else! Real fun, my
dear, means that everyone
must be able to enjoy it and
no one be annoyed in any
way."

Jackie would listen, and to
do him justice he really meant
to be thoughtful and to act like
a grown-up person, but he
often forgot.

A nice new bungalow had
just been finished across the
street from where Jackie lived,
and a new family with a little
girl about his own age had
come to live there. Her name
was Verna, and she was rather
a timid little thing, as she
had no brothers and never had
played with boys before.

She looked with a good deal
of admiration upon Jolly
Jackie, and Jackie just loved
to show off. It pleased him
immensely to see Verna throw
out her hands and to hear her
say, "Oh, Oh! You just better
watch out," at the same time
opening her blue eyes very
wide while the dimple deep-



(To be colored with paints or crayons. Whenever you come to a word spelled in CAPITAL letters use the color.)

This is little YELLOW-hair-
ed Susie May. She has been
elected Queen of the May. She
has a PINK (use Red lightly)
dress on and the basket she is
carrying is YELLOW with
RED and BLUE flowers in it.
The large flowers are RED and
the little ones are BLUE. All

the leaves and the grass are
GREEN. The flowers in the
grass are YELLOW and the
flowers in Susie May's hair are
PINK and BLUE. Paint the
streamers of the Maypole light
tones of BLUE, YELLOW and
Pink.
Susie May has PINK cheeks

and RED lips. The ribbon on
her YELLOW staff is light
BLUE. Her shoes are PINK.
The flowers on the corners
of picture are light colors like
those in the basket and, of
course, the leaves are GREEN.
Paint the lettering above
RED.

ened in her cheek and the pink
flush mounted to the edge of
her curly yellow hair.

This particular afternoon,
Mamma Jolly was giving a
little party and she had invited
Verna's mother to come over
and meet the neighbors. It was
agreed that the children
should stay at Verna Reed's
home, and Mrs. Reed assured
Mrs. Jolly that Martha, the
cook, would keep an eye on
them.

Jackie was in his element.
"See what a big men I am,"
he exclaimed as soon as he
arrived, and promptly turned
a somersault, almost upsetting
the little table near the win-
dow with the bowl of gold fish
on it. Verna ran to get her
new box of paints so he
wouldn't turn any more somersaults, and Jackie was all
ready for the paints.

"I'm one fine artist!" he
boasted. "Want to see me do
it?"

Martha looked in at the door
and smiled at the children.

"Have a nice time," she said,
"and if you are good and will
let me finish my ironing, I'll
make some nice little frosted
cakes for supper, and you
children shall have some."

"Get some water," ordered
Jackie. "We're got to have
water to paint with."

So Verna May went and got
a cupful, and Jackie poured
far more than he needed into
the little water cups.

"I've got to have lots of
colors," he said, and suiting
the action to the word, he be-
gan to soften up a lot of the
different little cakes of paint.

"This," said Jackie with a
flourish of his hand, "will be
very nice to paint on, and ever-
ything I make will look love-
ly. I think I'll paint a house
first," and without waiting
for any remarks from Verna,
he climbed up upon a chair,
and soon the smooth, white
wall of the bungalow was de-

corated with a bright green
house, with a pink roof, with
orange-colored smoke coming
out of a red chimney.

"I don't think that's nice at
all," Verna pouted. "Whoever
saw a pink roof? You better
rub it out!"

"Rub it out!" frowned
Jackie. "I should say not!"
and he leaned his paint-voer-
ed hand against the wall right
at the corner of the house.

It was so funny that Verna
laughed and laughed, although



she was wondering whether
her father and mother would
like that kind of a picture on
the wall or not.

The laugh was enough ap-
plause for Jolly Jackie. He
hopped down of the chair and
pushed it out of the way.

"I'll paint a man next," he
said. "This is the man who
lives in the house, and he has
his pockets full of money and
can buy whatever he likes. He
lives mostly on ice cream
cones."

The man was soon finished.
"What has he got his arms
stuck out like that for?" in-
quired Verna. "I never saw
a man go around like that," and
she hopped up and down with
glee.

"Oh, that's easy," grinned
Jackie. "He is trying to catch
a greased pig, and he's the
pig."

Sure enough, a purple pig
with a fat body and very slen-
der legs and a curly, orange-
colored tail appeared. Jackie
touched up the man's hat with
some light blue paint.

"There," he beamed, "what
do you think of that?"

"I don't believe I think
much of it," remarked a man's
size voice.

The two children turned to
see Mr. Reed standing in the
door and eyeing the working
of the young artist with dis-
approval.

"Young man," demand Ver-
na's father, "if you are going
to cut up such didoes as that,
I don't believe we'll let you
come over to play with Verna
any more. I'm surprised at
you!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Mar-
tha, coming in from the kitch-
en with the frosted cakes.
"Did anybody ever see the like
of that—and I thinkin' what
quiet little angels they were.
It's no frosted cakes they'll be
gettin'. I'll take them right
back."

(Continued on page 5)

