

Ideals In the Workshop of Immigrant Training for Citizenship

By Margaret Shea, Home Teacher in the Stockton School, San Diego, Calif.

THE STOCKTON SCHOOL in San Diego with its 23 nationalities presented a most interesting problem for a home teacher. The people of the district had long looked upon the school as a community center and upon the principal's office as a clearing house for their numerous difficulties. A friendly and coöperative spirit greeted the advent of the home teacher. The prevailing nationalities are Italians and Mexicans with representatives from Greece, Servia, France, Russia, Rumania, Japan, Austria, etc.

The Italians are prosperous, working for the city and owning their own homes. The Mexicans are mostly day laborers and rather permanent in view of their reputed wanderlust.

In addition to the English classes organized for the women in the homes and at the school, an afternoon class in Home Decoration met weekly. The object of the class being primarily to convert seemingly waste materials such as cigar boxes, tin cans, flour sacks, etc., into useful and attractive articles for the home. Lamps were made from stone vinegar jugs. Flour sacks were made into colorful tie and dye curtains and table covers. An interesting feature of this class was the number of nationalities meeting in a helpful manner as one may paint and dye beautifully unembarrassed by a language handicap.

The night school started with four registering for English and has grown gradually and added the following classes: gymnasium for women; boys' choral club; and dancing class. The gymnasium class was most popular representing many weights and measures and many gradations of culture. Some Italian women were eager to dance their native dances and also instruct the teacher. The young men's choral club included a group of older American born Italian and Mexican people, who are always a problem. We hope sometime that this group will have a permanent club. At present they seem interested in drama.

A dancing club composed of boys and girls attending junior and senior high school meets weekly in the auditorium. This gives them an opportunity for social life in their own neighborhood.

The library is open on night school nights and circulates many Spanish and Italian books and magazines.

An important feature of the community nights has been the coöperation of prominent leaders among the foreign born. Representatives from the Mexican Consul's office have appeared on the programs. An Italian councilman and his wife, prominent civic leaders, have given generously of their time and hospitality.

One outstanding community evening was given in December. It was a Mexican Christmas Fiesta, arranged by the Mexican group. The women came to school in large numbers for several days previous to the feast to make cascarones. Many women came in the morning and stayed all day enjoying luncheon in the

cafeteria as the guests of the principal and home teacher.

The pinatas were improvised from large manilla bags gorgeously decorated to represent flowers. The Mexican women attended to the filling and hanging of the pinatas and had entire charge of the entertainment. We felt that we could truly say, "A pleasant time was enjoyed by all present."

An Italian member of our night school became a citizen during the year and we surprised him with a party and cake bearing one candle, perhaps a symbol of one desire fulfilled.

One community evening toward the end of the year presented a program of numbers from various nations.

A German night-baker with much native culture, who had been rather a social outcast, sang several German songs. His accompanist was a German member of the night school who had recently come to the United States.

Another number was a Swedish dance, given by two girls, whose mother borrowed the native costumes from the Swedish lodge.

Songs and readings were given by Mexicans and songs by Italians.

"Swing Low Sweet Chariot" was rendered by a group of colored women. The attendance at our community nights has averaged about three hundred and fifty.

An important and interesting feature of the women's work was the trips to places of interest. Several picnics in Balboa Park; teas at the homes of American friends, visits to the courthouse, county hospital and clinics, are a few of the trips taken. Different groups were luncheon guests of the P. M. Dairy and given an opportunity to visit their model plant.

This year we are following about the same plan, hoping for opportunities to reach more adults.

A small green house in the alley two blocks from the school is being used as a project in home making and as a center for women's classes. The women have papered and painted it. Different simple pieces of furniture have been made by the men and painted by the women. The Casa de Verdi is in its infancy and we hope to make it a useful and artistic workshop and hospitable meeting place.

A Christmas entertainment was given. One feature was Holy Night rendered in many languages spoken in the district.

Sounds That Way. Anthony: "Where's Cleopatra tonight?"

Maid: "Oh, sir, she's at home with tonsillitis."

Another of those Greeks, I suppose!"

New Slant in the Old Story. Wilkins—I got my start in life through picking up a pin in the street. I was refused employment by a manufacturer and on my way out I saw a pin.

Perkins—Yes, I know—you picked it up and the boss was impressed by

your carefulness, and made you head of the firm—I've heard that story before.

Wilkins—No, I picked up the pin and sold it. It was a diamond pin.

—Kansas City Star.

The Modern Version. Flapper—Mother!

Mother—Yes, what is it now?

Flapper—Mother, may I be in the swim?

Mother—No, my darling daughter. Wear your clothes so they'll cover your limbs and act the way you oughter.

—New York American.

An Eye to the Future. William had become the proud owner of a pig and insisted on having all the care of it. After a few weeks, as the pig did not seem to thrive, his father said to him:

"William. I'm afraid you are not feeding your pig enough. It doesn't seem to be fattening at all."

"I don't want to fatten him yet," answered the young stockman. "I'm waiting until he gets as long as I want him and then I'll begin to widen him out."

—Los Angeles Times.

In Demand. It was a typical Negro revival service, and the minister had just appealed to the pent-up audience to "hit the sawdust trail."

One buxom young debutante rose and cried, "Last night I was in the a'ms of the debil, but tonight I is in the a'ms of the Lawd."

Voice from the rear—"Is you gwine to be occupied tommorrow night, sistah?"

—Kansas Sour Owl.

He'll Get It. Provoked Wife (discovering inebriate husband on front steps fiddling with door knob at 2 a m.)

—What are you doing there, John?

Husband (still turning knob)—Pshh; I'm trying to get Los Angeles.

—Radio News.

He Needed It. Jim—It took me about five weeks to learn to drive my car.

Jane—And what did you get for your pains?

Jim—Liniment.

Rare Sport. The airman and his mechanic were proceeding along at a fair clip when the mechanic said: "Look, there's a fellow going down in a parachute!"

"Well, so there is," said the pilot. "I'll see if I can hit him. It isn't often we get a chance at an arial pedestran."

Nobody Home. The absent minded man arrived home late and entered his bedroom, where all was dark. Suddenly he stopped, stiffened:

"Who's below that bed?" he asked.

"Nobody," replied the burglar.

"Funny," muttered the man. "I could have sworn I heard a noise."—Tit-Bits.