

Maksa beži iz Špitzburga u Detroit, dio II

Kad sam izletio kroz penđer s upstairs s ubacim i ja se padmen u nešto mekano, kad gledim šta je a on od bunja od paradajzla Kedika tu posadila. A dignem se ja taki zaprašim i zaprav kroz zele i stignem u backyard kod Mike barbera. Uđem ja pa pripovedam šta je sa mnom bilo. Dadne mi Mike odelo, neki shoes pa ja obučim I sjednem I malo odmorim i promislim šta ću i kako ću. A taj Mike Barber baš je good man. Pa kaže on meni, “Evo ti Makso pedeset dolara, pa pobegneš još noćas iz Špitzburga. Ako te onaj Horvat nađe, zaklat će te ko pile. Pa idi najbolje u Detroit pa ćeš tamo javit Cinčiću Stolašu i on će te uputiti k dobre burdingbašice.”

Poslušim ja Mike-a, uzmem harmoniku, sednem na štrickara da odvežam na station. Izvadim ticket za Detroit i kad sam ovde stigao predpostavim Cinčiću Stolašu a on mene rekomandira nekoj Hrvatici. “Idi Makso, kod nje na burt. Ona je brez muža, pa kod nje nećeš imati nikakav trouble.” Ej baš je good fellah taj Cinčića.

A ja u ovom cajt kod Milke u auli sjedim, i pijučkam malo rakije, sviručkam na harmoniki I čekam da se Milka vrati iz bučera da se spremi što god za ručak.

*Ej što je sveto na četiri strane*

*Ej nema ženske ah da je brez mane*

*Ej jedna ti je Špitzburga nota*

*Ej druga pa liča li u kosta*

*ej treća ima noge iskrivljene*

*ej četvrta bubek karamljene*

*Ej ima jedna koja je brez mane*

*Ej ma je gledao same s koje strane, pa je gleda otrag i izpreda*

*Hej to je moja u Špitzburgu Keda*

Ej Kedo moja, šta mi sada radiš? Alaj naša se malo trajaše. Aj braćo moja, svi znamo da po svetu ima čudestvo svake pele. A što čudo da nekoga pustiš iz jaila pre vreme može samo u ovaj country da se sretne nigdje više u svetu.

## Maksa escapes from Pittsburgh to Detroit, part 2

When I jumped out the upstairs window, I fell into something soft. I looked to see what it is and I had fallen into a tomato patch that Kedi had planted. So, I was smeared up with tomato. I stood up and bid farewell and made my way through the bushes into the backyard of Mike the barber. I go inside and tell him what had happened to me. Mike gave me a suit of clothes and some shoes, I put them on and sat and rested for a moment, thinking what am I going to do? But that Mike the barber is really a good man. He says to me, “Makso, here is fifty dollars. You run away from Pittsburgh right away tonight. If that Croat finds you, he’ll slaughter you like a chicken. So it is best that you go to Detroit and just go see Ciničić Stolaš and he will direct you to good boardinghouse landladies.”

I listened to Mike. I take the accordion, get on the streetcar and ride to the station. I get a ticket for Detroit and when I got here, I presented myself to Ciničić Stolaš, and he recommended a Croatian landlady. “Go Makso, by her to board. She doesn’t have any husband, so by her you won’t have any kind of trouble.” Hey, that Ciničić is really a good fellow.

So now, here I am at Milka’s boardinghouse, sitting in the dining room, sipping a little brandy and doodling on the accordion and waiting for Milka to return from the butcher shop to make something for dinner.

*Hey what is holy on all four sides*

*Hey, there’s no woman who is without faults*

*The first one is from Pittsburgh*

*the second one looks like skin and bones*

*the third one has crooked legs*

*and the fourth one is a mess*

*Hey but there is one who is without any faults*

*Hey if you look at her from whatever side, if you look at her from behind and from the front*

*hey, that’s my Pittsburgh Kedi.*

Oh my Kedi, what are you doing now? Alas, our time didn't last long. But my brothers, we all know that there are all sorts of wonders in the world. But what a wonder is it that someone can be let out of jail early. That can only happen in this country. It won't be found anywhere else in the world.

*Transcribed and translated by Richard March*