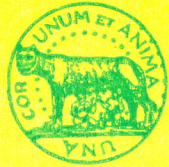
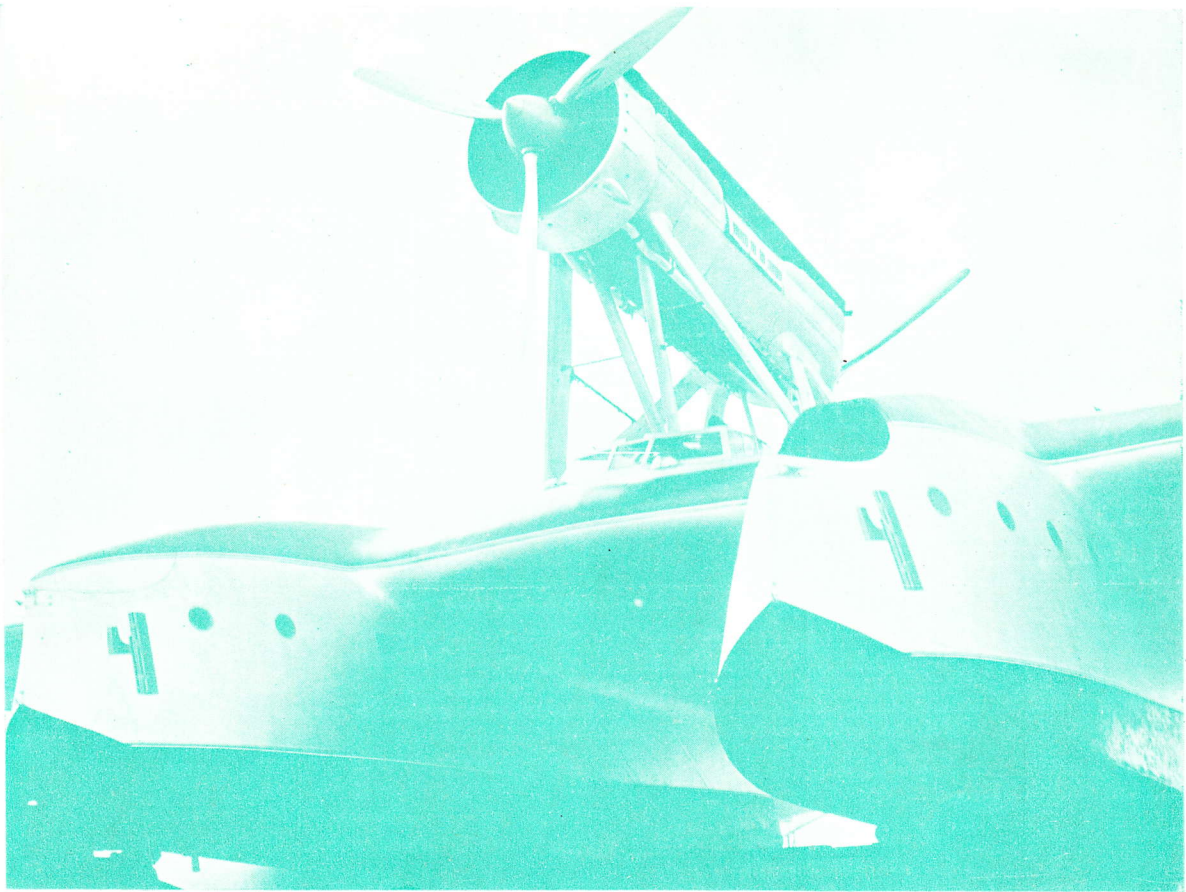


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Comments on the Contents

The tremendous reception that was given to General Balbo and his flyers on their return to Rome recalls the great ovations that greeted them everywhere in this country. *Atlantica* therefore takes occasion to include in this issue an article written by General Balbo for the *Agenzia Stefani* in Italy, and which has been translated from *Il Legionario* of Rome. Luigi Biondi, the author of the article on the Orbetello School which has been translated from *Le Vie dell'Aria*, is a colonel in the Italian Aeronautical Corps.

We conclude this month the Hon. Franco Ciarlantini's series on the Theatre in Italy, which has been running since June. The eminent Italian author, editor, and president of the association of Italian publishers, will be with us again in a coming issue.

The subject of the Italian-Americans in politics, especially with a campaign in the offing, continues to interest. Evelyn M. Bacigalupi, who writes on the Italian-Americans in what she calls the political arena, has been active in California politics for several years.

The Palazzo d'Italia in Radio City looms as an important factor in Italo-American trade relations of the future, and Michael Di Liberto, free-lance writer and a student at the Columbia School of Journalism, describes its significance, without losing sight of the facts.

Have the young Italo-Americans an inferiority complex? The question, raised not long ago in *Atlantica*, elicits in this issue two articles of opposite nature and offering different angles to the matter. Mary Iacovella is a New York free-lance writer, while Nicholas Ruggieri is a member of the staff of *The Italian Echo*, a Providence, R. I. weekly.

The Mussolini Forum that is taking shape in Italy is typical of the great public works being brought to completion by Premier Mussolini. Miss Rossi, who describes it in this issue, is an American woman resident in Italy.

On many subjects has Theresa F. Buechieri written but most have been on matters Italian. Besides writing for American and Italian newspapers in Philadelphia, where she lives, she is active in club and political life there. Her article in this issue is the result of a trip to the World's Fair.

The author of the short story, "Music," is familiar to our readers. We have told before about his novel ("Moon Harvest") and his articles and stories in *The American Mercury*, *Plain Talk*, and other leading American magazines. He will be with us again in coming issues.

As for our departments, Dr. Peter Sammartino teaches at City College in New York, John A. Donato is a Columbia graduate and writer on matters theatrical and sporting, and Salvatore Viola is secretary of the Permanent Italian Book Exhibition in New York.

The New Books

LANDMARKS IN WESTERN LITERATURE. By A. C. Ward. 188 pages. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. 5s.

In this, which may be termed a concise handbook for the general reader, a point of interest to Italian-Americans, particularly those who may find themselves at present without a ready command of Italian, is revealed in the chapters devoted to the literatures of Rome and Italy. The influence exerted by the Roman tradition upon the early Italian is briefly and clearly explained. While Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Galileo, as well as Goldoni, Alfieri, Monti, Manzoni, Carducci, D'Annunzio, and others are mentioned, the greater portions are devoted to Dante and Machiavelli.

The tone of the work is timely, emphasizing the thought of the community of interest among the Western nations, principally France, Italy, and Spain, Germany, Russia, England, and America. Such an ideal, the author believes, may be approached through a mutual understanding of their literatures. He feels confident that "a general familiarity with the writings of other countries would provide a steadier foundation for the League of Nations than the chancy deliberations of timid politicians. You cannot hate your neighbor so readily," he observes, "if you have enjoyed the books he writes."

The work should not be looked upon as an attempt to provide a compendium, but rather as an introduction designed to stimulate the reader's desire for further information and to afford him a background upon which such information may be arranged and interpreted.

The easy means of making chronological comparisons among the literatures of the various nations furnished by the Time Charts which follow the body of the text, together with a full index and a reading list which includes the English translations most readily available to the general reader, make the book one of real value to any who wish an uninvolved and readable introduction to the Western literatures.

—Richard F. Mezzotero

THE MADONNA OF THE SEVEN MOONS. By Margery Lawrence. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. \$2.00

With the dog days prompting a languid indifference, even the most conscientious of reviewers is apt to shy away from novels of a deep or heavy nature. Here we were most disgracefully delighted to find neither—a discovery which made reading all the more facile and tolerable.

It is to the author's (or must we say authoress's?) lasting credit that this story is a refreshing antidote for the

somewhat laborious psychological potions which this modern age has from time to time forced us to swallow; and in which there is only a slight adherence to that most potent form of the novel—the warm, vivid, virile romance so cherished by lovers of Dickens and Thomas Hardy. It seems to us a blessed relief to read a book whose connection with psychology is not fraught with outworn discussions of drawing-room niceties. Instead we have a stark, moving tale based on a genuine phase of abnormal psychology, if we are followed correctly: a pathetic, honest-to-goodness picturization of an unfortunate malady and the strange adventures into which it leads its victim. There hangs over every page a mystical, unnatural suspense. There is expert objective analysis amid a competently and beautifully portrayed Italian atmosphere—an ideal combination for such a story.

And the story? There the difficulty that besets a review of a mysterious narrative crops up and begs us to be non-committal. We feel it criminal to betray a plot of this kind, preferring, if there be future readers—and we certainly recommend such—to remain loyal to the publishers. But, bound to the reviewer's penchant for betraying confidences, we dare not resist a guarded hint or two.

Down, from the Via San Pietro of fashionable Rome, into the sordid, squalid, wicked thieves' kitchens of the Viale Maledetto in Florence—that is the range of Miss Lawrence's tale. We say tale, simply and frankly, for her book is preponderantly and satisfactorily that. Following an apparently Jekyll-Hydrant bent, the story unfolds the lives of two women as dissimilar as black and white yet, like them, curiously alike in certain aspects. In Rome, Maddalena Labardi, the beautiful, aloof, excessively devout wife of Giuseppe, a rich wine merchant, living the blameless life of conventional society. In Florence, Rosanna, the imperious, alluring, fierce mistress of Nino the apache, fighting a lustful battle amid the filth, crime and immorality of the rat holes in the Borgo San Gimignano.

We are persistently reminded of the queer and awful grip in which religious fanaticism held the hapless Maddalena: and the several great shocks that led her to do what she did. We could not help giving vent to a few emotional outbursts while following the sad career of this poor, bewildered Madonna. We inadvertently divested us of our staid, critical armor as the tale came to its shocking conclusion, a climax which, however, found us expectant, despite Miss Lawrence's efforts to keep the secret from us. Further than this we will not go, in deference to the magnificent ability of the author to maintain an unquenchable fire of interest throughout.

Though only slightly concerned with literary elements other than the story itself, the book contains apt, vivid description that carries the tale superbly and impressionably. We remember feeling cautious about treading in a fearful hush lest we were attacked in the dangerous Piazza dei Soldati and despoiled of our valuables. We very nearly smelled the mingled, offensive odors that rose from gutter and sewer of the Viale Maledetto and its surrounding dens. Humorously, we were treated to a wholly recognizable, if not lurid, picture of your alien sojourner about Italy, and especially of the culture-snatching Americans. There was a noticeably adequate knowledge of Italian customs and oddities that lent an air of reality not often reached by alien writers.

It is with pleasure that we report this book and, unless the heat has made us over-ebullient, we vouchsafe a round of applause for the charming technique of Margery Lawrence. We're thankful for the hours of keen enjoyment and the not unwelcome addition to our meagre knowledge of the Mussolini-defying apaches of picturesque Florence.

—J. A. Donato

BREAKING INTO PRINT. By F. Fraser Bond. 221 pages. New York: Mc Graw Hill Book Co. \$2.00.

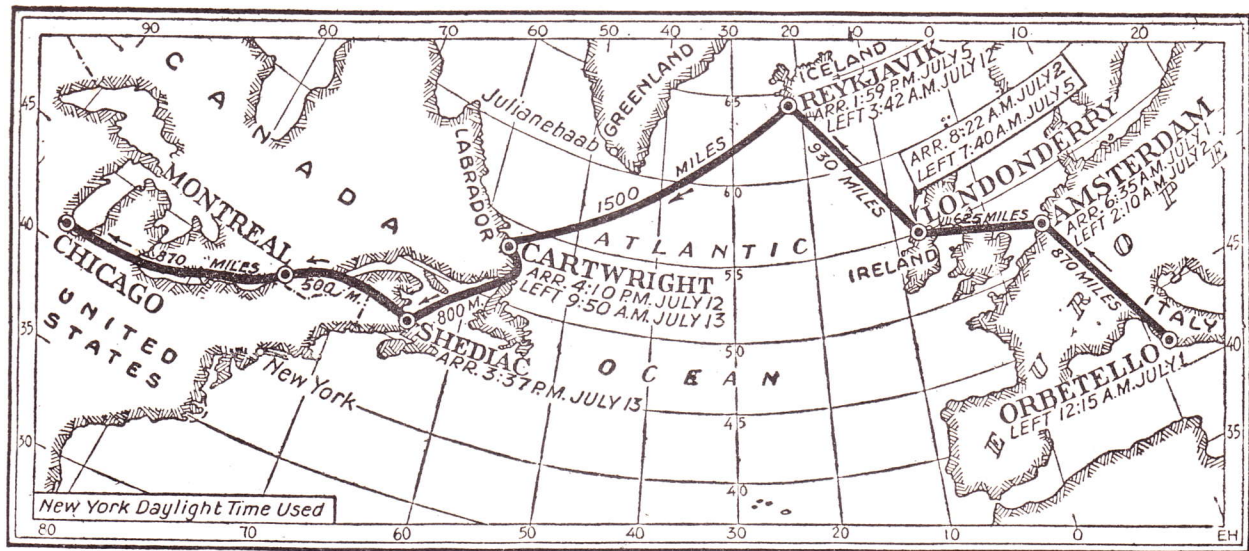
F. Fraser Bond, erstwhile New York Times staff writer, and Professor of Journalism at Columbia University for the past five years, in a compact and meaty volume, "Breaking Into Print," has compiled a digest of the essentials of writing for newsprint.

Professor Bond, drawing on his experience as a practical newspaper man, in twelve concise chapters gives the layman and the student of journalism, an insight into the "w's" of journalism.

Nor has the worthy professor, in the interests of a didactic and technical treatise, entirely lost sight of his sense of humor and timeliness. He has, rather, capitalized these elements in the selection of material and incidents illustrative of his thesis. One would almost, but not quite, accuse him of writing with his tongue in his cheek; somewhat in the manner of his colleague, Professor Walter B. Pitkin.

The eminent Columbia University professor, with great skill and dexterity, treats of such indispensable technical adjuncts of newspaper work as maintaining "reader-interest," achieving insight into "reader psychology," the "story" element in newspaper and magazine writing, the injection of "local color" into the feature article, and the value of properly balancing narrative, exposition, and description. Nor has he overlooked such integral elements as "emotion and human interest."

(Continued on Page 190)



The east-west crossing: the route followed by General Balbo's fleet

—From the New York Times

How We Did It

By General Italo Balbo

THE idea for the present flight was born in Rio de Janeiro about two years ago at the completion of the mass flight from Italy to Brazil, when Mussolini in his message announced a still greater aerial undertaking for the tenth year of the Revolution.

In 1929, finding myself in the United States on the occasion of the Chicago Aeronautical Exposition, I set out to study the possibilities of a collective "raid" from Europe to North America, but I was forced to admit to myself that the time was still a little premature.

After Mussolini's message to Rio de Janeiro, I conceived the outline of a world flight from Italy to India, Japan, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, Mexico, Panama and New York, and from New York to Ireland and Rome. I sent one of my best officers to study the situation around the Aleutian Islands, one of the most difficult zones of the proposed flight. Later, because of the prolonged war between China and Japan which would have rendered inefficacious a goodwill flight around the world in the name of peace and progress, I had to give up the idea.

Furthermore, the crisis afflicting Europe and the entire world, becoming more and more acute, was being felt also in Italy. It became necessary to study and plan for a less costly trip.

Masses of Machines Across the Oceans

The following year, in 1932, it was decided to hold the mass flight from Italy to the United States, which meant, because of the fewer bases to organize and

the absence of the necessity for changing motors, a much smaller expenditure of energy and money.

For two years, since 1930, there had been functioning the School of Navigation at Orbetello in which are concentrated studies, practice and experience for collective flights over the high seas. It is a practical school, this, in which different officers perform a fixed duty and in which all collaborate to obtain the best results for flight undertakings.

We admire individual "raids" and exploits on the part of great aviators, but we consider them outmoded by the necessities of progress and the times. The Atlantic is now being traversed even by tourist planes. By the repetition of individual attempts we derive no teachings and no demonstrations that are not already known.

A new angle can be had only by the movement en masse of machines from one continent to another across oceans. Aviation, like the merchant marine, may be faced with the problem of transporting entire squadrons. Italy, with her transatlantic flight from Rome to Brazil, has given a proof of these possibilities.

I maintain that through this policy, first begun by me, aviation can take gigantic steps forward in many ways; through the development of machines, preparation for the navigators, and meteorological, logistic and technical organization, which are still too insufficient.

The Perfecting of the S.55's

The plane selected by me for the present mass flight was the same used for the South American mass flight;

but the hydroplane has been the object of many developments that have made it undoubtedly the best in the world. The S.55-X *Savoia-Marchetti*, the plane we used, has great dependability linked with speed. A well-tested Italian motor, the *Asso 750* of the *Isotta-Fraschini*, was installed in the machine. This motor has run for 500 consecutive hours, both stationary and in flight.

In the S.55-X there has been done away with the inconvenience of vibrations, which, on the preceding flight, led to a number of annoying breaks in the radiators. Furthermore, and again because of the problem of vibration, the metal propeller was adopted.

The present machine has acquired 50 kilometers more in speed, reaching a maximum speed of 280 kilometers an hour and a cruising speed of 220.

The Selection of the Crew

In accordance with our aviation policy, I selected the crew not from among the aces, not on the basis of exceptional honors, but keeping in mind the attainments of the individuals in all the various branches of flying, both for the qualities required of officers and for those of skill in flight. The majority of those participating in this hydro-aeronautical flight were selected from the land planes. Only one part of the crew was composed of the old transatlantic hydroplane pilots. Altogether the crew numbers one hundred.

Every plane carries a first and second pilot, a wireless operator and a mechanic. In my machine there is also a technical officer of the School of Orbetello who will suggest, even in flight by radio in case of need, to the other machines, the necessary urgent steps to be taken from time to time to avoid damage and conserve fuel supplies. Other hydroplanes are carrying three reserve pilots for any eventualities.

The Route and the Stops

For the first part of the flight I selected the North Atlantic route because it is the richest in point of way-stations between Europe and North America. The aerial communications that must be established between the old and the new world must be considered seriously, at least during the summer months. Our stops were at Amsterdam, Londonderry, Reykjavik, Cartwright, Shediac, Montreal

and Chicago. The first lap was difficult because it included the crossing of the Alps and of Europe, which is not easy for hydroplanes. From Londonderry to Reykjavik and from Reykjavik to the Labrador fogs are inevitably encountered. Our machines are equipped with all modern instruments for flying in fog, and the pilots are skilled in "blind" flying, but we avoided as much as possible the fog banks that extend for hundreds of kilometers, because of the dangers of ice formations on the wings.

To this end we organized a meteorological service of our own, which furnished us, with the greatest accuracy, with information concerning flying weather.

For this service we chartered six whaling vessels which we placed along the proposed route and on board which we posted our Italian officers and geophysicists with the necessary instruments for the meteorological and aerological calculations. I foresaw even a possible stop, should it have been necessary, at Julianehaab.

An Undertaking Studied and Organized with Realistic Criteria

Technically, I do not think it would be possible to do more than we have done for the organization of an aerial enterprise of this character. I will even go so far as to say that the hardest part of the task is the preparation. The flight itself is merely the execution of an already conceived and prepared plan. Ours is a somewhat mad undertaking, but one that has been studied and organized on realistic bases.

Of course, in case we had had exceptionally contrary atmospheric conditions, I would have been prepared to return the squadron to Italy, rather than run foolish and unnecessary risks.

On tricolored wings we bore the greetings of Italy to the great people of the United States at a time when all the nations of the world are preparing to solve once and for all the great problems left as a heritage of the world war.

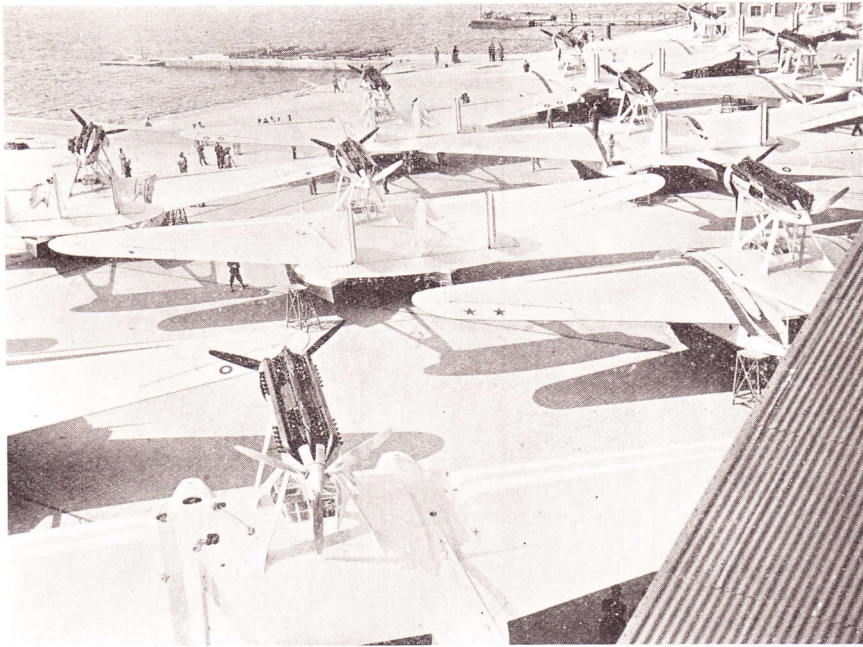
Ours is a message of deep sympathy which shows how Italy, rejuvenated by Mussolini, feels the necessity and the beauty of the great rejuvenating enterprises of the world.

PRAYER OF THE ITALIAN AIRMEN

How many of the millions who greeted the Italian airmen so vociferously know that they have a special prayer of their own, the peculiar property of the Italian air service, as distinguished from the navy or the army? In the original Italian only can it be given, for translation would mar it irrevocably:

"Dio di grazia e di amore, che doni l'arcobaleno ai nostri cieli, noi saliamo nella tua luce, per cantare la gloria della Tua onnipotenza. Noi, poveri mortali, vogliamo elevarci in alto verso di Te, quasi dimentichi del peso della nostra carne e purificati dai nostri peccati. Tu, Dio, dacci le forti ali dell'aquila e l'apportare dovunque Tu regni la fede immacolata di Roma e la bandiera gloriosa d'Italia. Noi ci mettiamo sotto il manto della Tua Madre Divina,

da Te resa potente in cielo, in terra, negli abissi e fatta nostra celeste Patrona. Fa che, in pace, il nostro volo tocchi le altezze più eccelse; fa che in guerra sia forte della Tua forza, o Signore, sì che impavidi resistiamo ai più duri cimenti, per la gloria della Patria e della Maestà del Re. E quando l'ora, da Te segnata sia giunta, ci dona, Dio di grazia e di amore, che la nostra corona sia contemplata per sempre nel placido fulgore dei cieli. Così sia."



The seaplanes at Orbetello

Orbetello:

Training School for Mass Flights

By Col. Luigi Biondi

—Courtesy E. N. J. T.

THE Aerial School for High Seas Navigation was founded at Orbetello on Jan. 1st, 1930 by General Italo Balbo. Its first course was for the instruction and training of the men selected for the mass flight over the South Atlantic. The course lasted about one year, with the South Atlantic flight itself, one might say, as the final examination.

A second course, begun in May of 1931 with twice as many students as the preceding one, ended about two years later, its final test being the *Crociera del Decennale*, from Italy to the World's Fair in Chicago and return, with twenty-four hydroplanes participating.

The nature of the examinations indicates the reason for the founding and the existence of the School. It is obviously necessary to have a single locality for the instruction and training of the crews when an undertaking must be prepared like the navigation of entire flight formations across oceans.

The program of the School is complex. The pilots, after having received the necessary instruction in the theory of mathematics, physics, aerodynamics, motors, etc., must make themselves masters, through continuous numerous and opportune practice flights, of the most important technico-professional questions, such as taking off and landing with heavy loads and under all conditions of sea and air; night flying; radio-goniometrical navigation; "blind" flying by instruments, etc.

The mechanics and the wireless operators, trained in the use of their equipment through practical experience, through having been with the firms manufacturing the equipment during the final stages of manufacture and assembling, and through daily practice, must acquire a perfect knowledge of their machines and the duties entrusted to them.

In group practice flights communication between planes and with ground stations must become second nature with them, and they must practice scattering to prevent collisions when visibility is bad. Many and varied sporting events, with particular importance given to nautical and winter ones, train the crews for hard-

ships of the sea and the rigors of climate.

But the program of the School is not complete with the preparation of the men; it also includes the preparation of the equipment.

The practical experience undergone in the preceding mass flight to South America suggested improvements to be effected to those parts of the machines which were proven deficient; the new and difficult duties of the Orbetello-Chicago flight imposed speedy perfecting of the machines, the motors and the various accessories. A greater trust in the planes; greater power and safety of operation on the part of the motors and a greater economy of fuel consumption; greater safety of the accessories at the service of the machine and the motor; the necessity of safer and more distant communication between the machines and the ground stations; the necessity of a better control of the flight in general and of the navigation in particular: these are some of the principal problems to be solved before every new mass flight.

The students enrolled in the School follow daily the study of these problems and collaborate in their solution by the numerous tests they make. The undertaking in question puts them under pressure and spurs them to solve their problems in a short time.

The School gives particular importance to the preparation of equipment and the training of personnel, especially to the question of "blind" flying by instruments, which has to do with the accurate guiding of the plane when external visibility is lacking, and to the question of following the route, which is of prime importance, if for no other reason than the necessary conservation of fuel.

Concerning the first problem, undoubtedly never has there been a training so painstaking as that demanded by the School for the preparation of the *Crociera del Decennale*. It can be said that there is no possible method of "blind" flying by instruments that has not been closely analyzed by the pilots for the purpose of acquainting themselves with its utility and its con-

venience. Students of the School have even been invited abroad by foreign aeronautical ministries to acquaint themselves with the methods adopted in countries where the atmospheric conditions are seldom favorable for aerial navigation.

All kinds of sports are held in high esteem at the Orbetello School: the students take part in canoeing, swimming, water polo, tennis, fencing, horseback-riding, skiing and light athletics. Of the eight hours of daily work, about two hours a day are given over to gymnastic or sporting activities, so that, coupled with technical preparation, the students can acquire the physical preparation necessary for high seas navigation.

The students of the School are divided into two sections which, in the first hours of the morning, alternate in the study and the practice of flying. The pilots' day at Orbetello goes according to the following schedule: soon after rising, an hour of gymnastics; then lessons in theory are imparted to one of the sections and practice flights are taken. Study and practice flying are kept up until lunch-time. At three in the afternoon the program is resumed and until six the two sections alternately have an hour and a half of sport and an hour and a half of study.

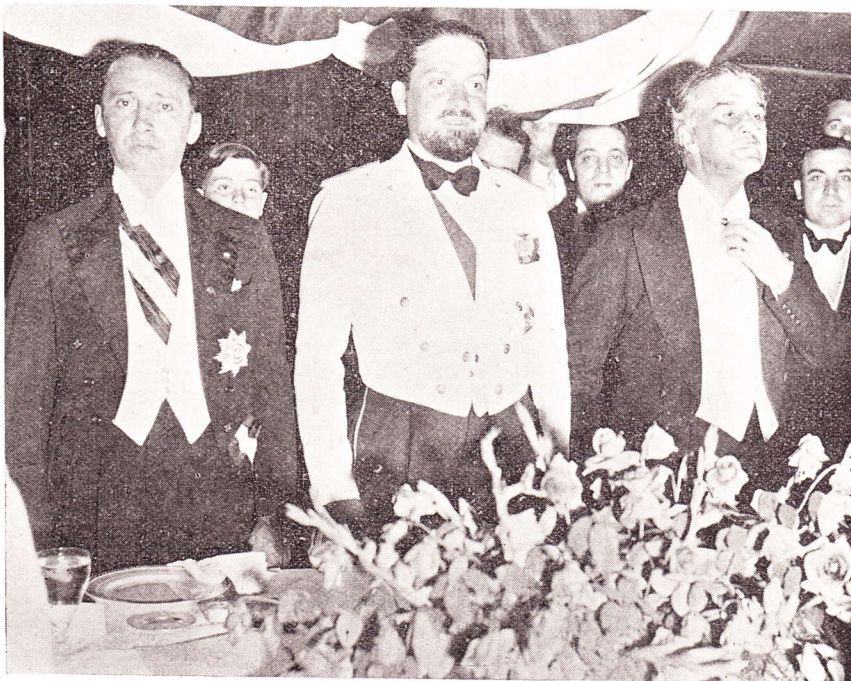
In addition to the problems and the studies deriving

from the School proper, each pilot has a special duty: some are attached to the study of transatlantic routes, others to the study of the science of navigation and hydrography, others to the wireless service, others to the study of equipment and bases for eventual mass flights. Periodically, in turn, each officer gives a talk before his colleagues in which he informs them of the results of his own studies.

The two sections of the School often take part, for practice, in mass formation flights over the Mediterranean, frequently touching at unequipped bases, so that the pilots can become accustomed to facing any emergency with only the material and equipment they have on board. During these flights, in turn and independently of rank, the individual pilots assume command of the formation.

A ship for high seas navigation, manned completely by members of the Royal Aeronautical Forces, is at the disposition of the School, and it is also endowed with an extensive library in which are collected books on navigation, reports of great navigators, and geographical and scientific treaties; besides a well-furnished gymnasium, large rooms for group studies, and smaller studies for three or four officers.

It is a School, as can be seen, with fixed scientific and practical ends in view, seriously organized and taken care of with the greatest attention.



General Italo Balbo, (Center), leader of the Italian Air Squadron, with Augusto Rosso, (Left), Italian Ambassador to the United States, and Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General in New York, (Right), at the speakers' table at the dinner given in honor of the Italian Flyers by the Italian Community of New York, at the Hotel Commodore, New York, July 21.

Echoes and Incidents

—Keystone

Many, varied and interesting were the sidelights attendant upon the spectacular visit of General Balbo's 24-plane air flotilla to this country.

* * *

Half a million Chicagoans saw them arrive at the century of Progress Exposition, and 110,000 of them—all that Soldiers Field could hold—crowded the city's largest amphitheatre at the formal welcome. The day, incidentally, was officially proclaimed as Italo Balbo Day.

When the fleet landed in Chicago, tumult reigned in Italy. Sirens blew continuously for half an hour, cafes and clubs were filled till late, and people paraded the streets singing.

* * *

The flyers left Orbetello on July 1st, arriving in Chicago on July 15th, after covering 6100 miles in actual flying time of 47 hours, 52 minutes.

* * *

The various receptions and dinners accorded the flyers were distinguished by the fact that so many of

them were broadcast throughout the country, and some by short wave to Italy.

* * *

Some \$3,000,000, it was estimated, was the cost of the flight, including \$56,000 for each plane. More than \$100,000 of this was made up by the sale of special stamps for the occasion.

* * *

From the time of the armada's arrival in Chicago, a special secretary was appointed by General Balbo to take charge of his crew's mail, to stamp it and see that it got off as soon as possible. Ninety-six men, after all, constitute a sizable number.

* * *

General Italo Balbo, lest he forget, is a full-fledged member of the tribe of Sioux Indians. In Chicago, Chief Black Horn put a head-dress on the flight leader and christened him Chief Flying Eagle.

* * *

In New York, some 1500 people paid \$1 each to watch the flyers' arrival from the top of the Empire State Building. In "Little Italy" further to the south, of course, every rooftop was jammed. And at Floyd Bennett Field, where they landed, the City wisely finished a mile-long road especially for them, anticipating a crowd. As it was, it was packed hours before the planes appeared.

* * *

After the thousands and thousands of "Vivas!" and "Bravos!" that reverberated in General Balbo's ears when he landed and on his trip to his hotel, he was subjected to the inevitable interview by reporters en masse. Since Balbo does not speak English, the *Daily News* man, knowing some Italian, was shoved up front to do the questioning. Answered Balbo to a question: "Instead of performing our maneuvers over the Mediterranean we took a stroll over the Atlantic."

* * *

At the Ambassador Hotel all the elevator operators were taught to count up to sixteen in Italian, corresponding to the number of floors. Italian-speaking telephone operators and interpreters were also hired especially for the noted visitors.

* * *

Probably the finest comment on the flight in speech form was that given by Acting Secretary of the Navy Woodring in Washington, where Balbo was greeted by President Roosevelt and high Army and Navy dignitaries:

"We greatly admire the thoroughness with which you planned and prepared for every detail of your flight. But above all, we admire the courage, the ability and the self-discipline that has made your hazardous undertaking such an outstanding success. You have written a new page in the history of aerial navigation and have proved to the world that formation flights over vast distances and under varying weather conditions are not only possible but entirely practicable. Surely, this must ever remain a tribute to the genius of Italian organization, Italian invention and Italian manufacturing skill.

"Your flight has captured the imagination and the admiration of the American people. But of more significance, your visit and the spirit which actuates it will cement more closely those bonds of friendship which have long linked our two countries. We will have more intimacy and more of a mutual understanding in our international relationships as increasing distances continue to be bridged."

Balbo, waiting for the planes at Floyd Bennett to take him to Washington, was strolling about the field once when he came across an American army officer who had hauled his 2-year-old son to his shoulders to enable him to see better. His wife was also with him. With a smile, the General broke away from his escort and approached the group. Putting down his son, the army man stiffly saluted, but General Balbo, after returning the salute, waved his hand against any further formality. Then, stepping up to the boy, he kissed him, and explained in pantomime to his parents that he had two of his own back in Italy.

"So high," he said, indicating the height of one, and "so," lowering his hand, for the other.

* * *

With a huge crowd waiting outside Balbo's hotel in Washington, a visiting Ethiopian prince innocently happened to walk out of the same hostelry, whereupon a tremendous cheer went up, he at first being mistaken for the Italian general, to the astonishment of the colored dignitary.

* * *

A good newspaper yarn was started when, whether it was true or not, it was being said that in Chicago many young men had adopted the Balbo beard and were making a fad of it. At least it was definitely true that Chicago, in honor of the intrepid flight leader, renamed its Seventh Street to Balbo Avenue.

* * *

Macy's welcomed the Italians in an ad in which it cannily called attention to its varied stock of goods Italian, and furthermore, cashing in on the popularity of the Italians at the time, revealed that it has on its staff some 1200 persons of Italian descent, and, so they said, more than 100,000 Italian patrons.

* * *

A little amateur press-agentry was tried by General Balbo when, in conversing with Secretary of Commerce Roper in Washington, he discussed Italian wines. Now Secretary Roper has in the past been designated a prohibitionist. The General asked if he did not think that importing Italian wines might not add to the gayety of the nation. Roper (said the newspapers) hesitated, smiled and replied: "In the United States we have been dry so long that now people are ready to eat, drink and swim in wine."

* * *

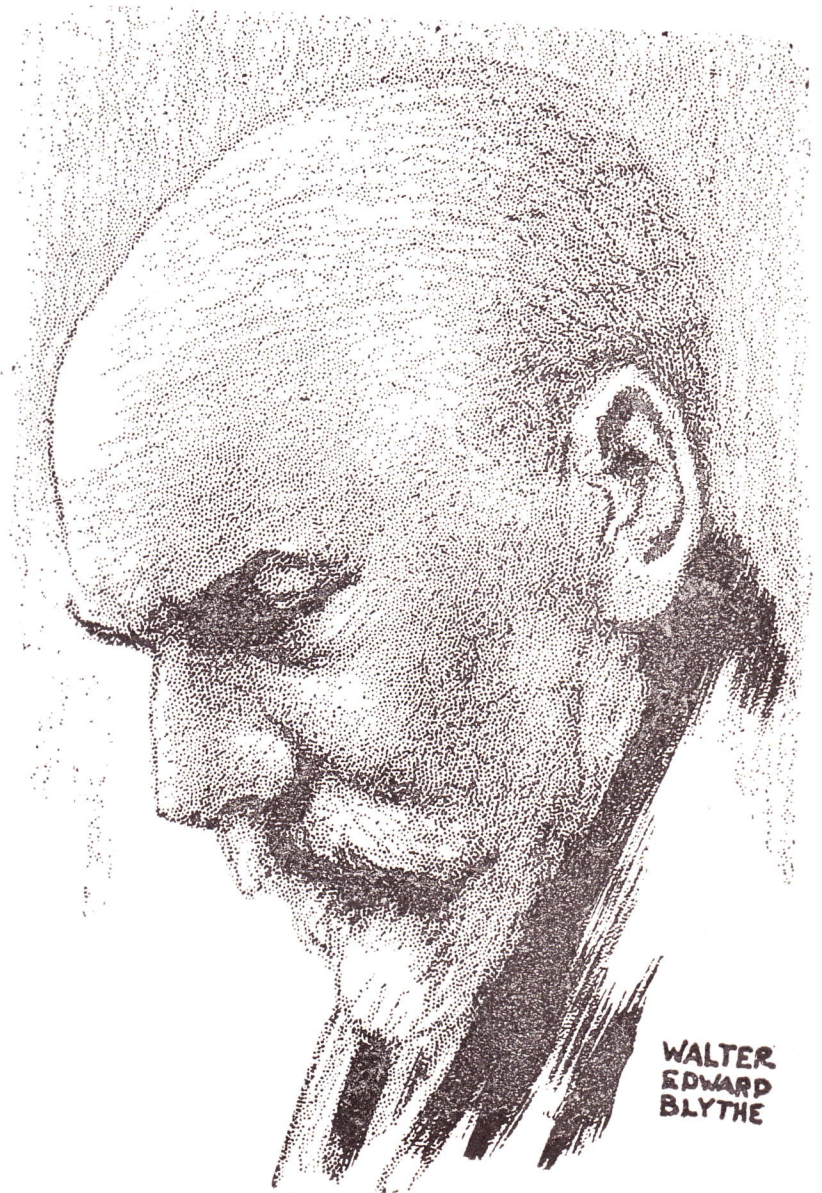
Friday, July 21st, from the point of view of accolades, crowds, frenzied cheering, banquets etc., was the pinnacle of the aviators' visit to America. Returning from Washington to New York that day, they began at noon with the traditional parade up Broadway beneath the customary shower of ticker tape from the financial skyscrapers. Balbo, standing in an open car and the cynosure of all eyes, once seized a strip of the tape and examined it curiously and attentively to see what it might contain before discarding it to resume his bowing and handwaving. The parade ended at City Hall, where Mayor O'Brien, beaming beneath his perspiration, outdid himself in oratorical effect and concluded by pinning on Italy's Air Chief the City's Medal of Valor. More than 200,000 lined the streets watching the parade, which was generally conceded to be the biggest for any man since Lindbergh back in 1927. Some 1000 policemen were needed to hold them back, and when it was all over, 80 drivers and loaders, 153 sweepers and 26 supervisors, using 17 flushers and 19 trucks, cooperated in clearing the streets of 24 truckloads of paper, a total of 194 cubic yards.

The Theatre in Italy

The Present Day Theatre

Being the Last of a Series of
Three Articles

By *Franco Ciarlantini*



Luigi Pirandello

WHILE the sentimental, psychological, "bourgeois" theatre was firing its last guns with the plays of Adami, Zambaldi, Serretta, Fraccaroli, Veneziani, and Zorzi, and while Dario Niccodemi was putting forth boulevard comedies after the manner of Bernstein and Kistemackers, a band of different writers were endeavoring to infuse into the Italian theatre a breath of new life.

The chief of these is known in every country of the world—Luigi Pirandello. After him come Rosso di San Secondo, Enrico Cavacchioli, Fausto Maria Martini, C. V. Ludovici and Massimo Bontempelli.

The well-known critic, Adriano Tilgher, writing of the Italian theatre, has said that D'Annunzio was the first to introduce into Italian literature modern experience and the dynamic forces of present-day life, thus putting Italy again into the actual current of life prevailing in Europe. This is no doubt one of the important reasons why, since Leopardi, he has been the first Italian artist in whose works Europe found herself, for he at last again spoke her language.

But Pirandello has gone farther than D'Annunzio. The metaphysical content of his works is more universal than that of D'Annunzio. The plays of the latter present life lived in heroic fullness, those of Pirandello show us life in its weaknesses, as we live it.

The characters in Pirandello's plays also aspire to live free lives, but their method of attaining liberty is entirely different. For the first time in the theatre, we find *appearance* and *truth* as characters in a drama, and we find it as impossible to identify them exactly as to separate them. Appearance is like a prison from which the profound human "substance" of man tries in vain to escape in order to become himself actually and in truth. When the hero in *Enrico IV* tries to throw off the mask of insanity which he has been wearing, all events and all the people about him combine to force him to put it on again and to shut himself in prison for always.

THE plays of Pirandello are fundamentally reasoned, with an implacable logic that carries its

victim to the final inevitable consequence; those of Rosso di San Secondo, on the other hand, may be called fundamentally illogical and irrational. In all his twenty anti-philosophical and anti-psychological comedies, from *Marionette, che passione*, to *Delirio dell'Óste Bassà*, pain and suffering play a large part, but they come into the plays as intrinsic parts of a life which is after all rich and full of color, like a ripe fruit waiting to be bitten into. The world in which his plays take place is a strange half illusory one where sensations become deformed and emotionally amplified. The plays in which his characters become perfectly synchronized with atmosphere in which they move such as *Marionette, che passione*, which we have mentioned, and *La Bella addormentata, La Roccia ed i monumenti*, and *La danza su di un piede*, are among the most interesting productions in the theatre, not only in Italy but also in all the modern world. San Secondo's real force lies in the fact that while a great number of our present day writers have for aim simply to destroy the "bourgeois" romantic theatre, he has in mind to build something constructive in its place.

Thus we place San Secondo before Chiarelli, Antonelli, and Cavacchioli because of the importance of his work, though they, the authors of what is called the *teatro del grottesco*, come before him and also Pirandello chronologically.

Luigi Chiarelli, whose comedy, *La maschera e il volto*, has been played in many languages and has made him famous, has stood out against the traditional theatre inherited from France. His biting irony destroys the old theatrical constructions and constrictions and strips man himself bare; his great characters are *grandi borghesi*, dissected without pity. Several of his works are considered by competent critics as among the genuine masterpieces of the present day theatre.

Luigi Antonelli also stands for the destruction of formulae in the theatre, but his work is more fantastic, and he lacks Chiarelli's analytic genius. However, his comedy, *L'uomo che incontrò se stesso*, which hits at the very roots of one of the most precious illusions of man, that is, that he learns by experience, is a strong piece of work.

Enrico Cavacchioli is more a poet than a playwright. The novelty of his work lies in exterior elements which he has taken from futurism and which he has audaciously applied to plays whose spirit is old.

THE other playwrights of the present seem not to have a special and personal vision of life. Massimo Bontempelli has only the exterior originality that characterizes the "grotesque" theatre. However he rejects the mechanical devices of that theatre except when he has recourse to puppets to project his ideas.

The plays of Alessandro De Stefani, on the other hand, are filled with an ardent passion, but one which is contained, and in accordance with the souls of his characters.

Quite by itself stands the work of Raffaele Calzini, who has brought to life in *La Tele di Penelope* the beautiful tale of Ulysses' return, colored with modern irony. Ercole Morselli did something similar, though with different underlying intent, in *Orione* and in his beautiful fable *Il Glauco*.

Enrico Pea writes severe dramas with heavy-footed Jewish characters out of a superstitious past. Cesare Vico Ludovici, in a lighter manner, scrutinizes humble souls and probes their mysteries. Fausto Maria Martini is the most poetic of all Italian playwrights. By

means of the humblest things he expresses the most beautiful sentiment. In *Giglio nero, Il fanciullo che cade, Il fiore sotto gli occhi, L'altra Nanetta*, he has given the theatre some of the most delicate and charming comedies of these last years.

THIS list of Italian playwrights could be greatly extended. However, we must at least mention Gino Rocca, who has gone from exotic tragedy in *Le Liane* to homegrown comedy in Venetian dialect; Mario Maria Martini, who has written an aristocratic work with an historical background; Frederico Valerio Ratti, who, although no longer young, has entered the field of the theatre with his extraordinary play written around the character of Judas, and with two interesting works on Brutus and Socrates; Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, already well known as critic and novelist, has written plays that are rather poor in structure from a theatrical point of view, but rich in thought. There are still to be mentioned among the young writers for the theatre, Bonelli-Cetov, Stefano Laudi, Cesare Giulio Viola, Ugo Betti, Giancapo, Corrado d'Errico, Orio Vergani and Antonio Aniante, all of whom are trying to give expression to the spirit of our time, and from whom we can legitimately expect dramatic works that will enrich the Italian theatre and carry it on its way to the height that is due its traditions, and the fulfillment of the esthetic duties and privileges that Providence has laid upon the shoulders of the Countrymen of Dante.

* * *

This rapid review of cultural Italy today should not be closed without a chapter dedicated to the Italian historians and scientists who are doing important work. But in their case it would certainly be presumptuous to give but a superficial account of the great place they hold in the intellectual and spiritual life of present day Italy. Another, elsewhere, must do them justice.

IN closing I wish to say that the contact between Americans and Italians established by the first Italian Book Exposition in the Casa Italiana in New York produced most excellent and satisfying results. That those results will bear fruit in the future is certain. Italy is a country that should be better known in America for many reasons. First, of all, she has never lived for herself alone; her country has ever served as a forge where the highest forms of spiritual life are fashioned, and those forms have ever been placed at the service of the whole world. Today, as always, our peninsula has much to give to other nations in the realm of thought, in examples of high living, in the field of investigation, in the many realms of art. The present can never judge itself. The future will show the actual merit and significance of what Italy is giving to the world today.

But to at all understand Italy now, it is indispensable to know her history and to realize the tremendous force within her that has brought about her present unity, not only politically but spiritually and morally. This knowledge is especially vital to those who, though themselves Italians, have long lived away from Italy and have not had occasion or time to make a study of her history, yet who love their native country tenderly. Notwithstanding the fact that many of these are naturalized Americans, and are proud to be so, yet in their hearts remains the pride of descent from an ancient race, the glory of noble lineage.

We must remember that the real obstacles to Italian unity lay not in the political conditions nor in foreign

domination, nor in the division of the Italian peninsula into small states, but in the mountain of indolence and individualism and indifference that had fallen upon the national spirit. And it was the poets, the historians, the novelists, the philosophers, who surmounted that mountain. We must therefore, know them, study them, love them. They are the custodians of the innermost spirit of our race, the revivers of our sleeping energy, the preservers of our great traditions. In their hearts lives the drama of our country; they suffer for the indifferent and are brave for the fearful; their genius scans the future for those who are asleep in the present.

IT was Dante who addressed to the divided and fratricidal Italy of his day the famous lines:

*"Ahi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,
non donna di provincie ma bordello*

*ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra
li vivi tuoi, che l'un l'altro si rode
di quei che un muro od una fossa serra."*

The gentle Petrarch turned from his idyls and his moods of emotion, to his tortured country overrun by barbarians, and in anger cried to his countrymen who made a profession of war,

"Che fan qui tante peregrine spade?"

Toward the end of the fifteenth century came Machiavelli. Regardless of what judgment other may pass upon him, for Italians he stands for the *Unity* which he desired to bring out at any cost. In "The Prince" he sets forth the manner in which the State should be constituted and the people governed, a system that applied to the autonomical spirit of his time, when sedition and revolt demanded a government brutally capable of carrying out its measures; but this must not be confused with cruelty and tyranny. We find Machiavelli saying, "Every prince must desire to be known as merciful; not cruel." And at another time, "The prince must make himself feared, but in such a way that he brings to himself love; not hate." For Italians Machiavelli is a commentator of Titus Livius; he is a genius who brought a scientific point of view to bear upon the history of Rome; he is the great scientist who, in an extraordinary treatise on the art of war, made plain the reasons, the means, and the forms of military power. In his teachings on the subject of the exercise of power, he showed a way out of the Italian political chaos of the time. We venerate him for this, and also because of his faith in the mass of the Italian people. He saw that they become bewildered and slothful only when they lack a leader of genius. His famous work on government ends in the same spirit of love and the same glowing prophesy as was proclaimed by the great Poet before him. With Petrarch he cried:

*"Virtù contro Furore
prenderà l'armi, e fia il combatter corto,
chè l'antico valor
negli'italici cuor non è ancor morto."*

Machiavelli represents one of the most solid links of the chain of thought that led to Italian unity.

AFTER the books of Machiavelli we find others, and still others that aroused the spirit of man to battle with inertia.

Three centuries later Alfieri shook the Italian people into new national visions with his great tragedies.

Always has the book played its part, whether as a poem, a novel, a play, or the single song of the heart's bitterness.

Leopardi carried in his soul the deep anguish of his divided and enslaved country. And when he sings of that country, his pessimism becomes transformed into a sacred fervor. In *All'Italia* he cries:

*Nessuno pugna per te? Non ti difende
nessun dei tuoi? L'armi, qua l'armi: io solo
comatterò, procomberò sol io.*

Italian soldiers, even when without a country, never ceased, throughout the centuries, to shed their blood in righteous causes. The Napoleonic epos carried them over all Europe, into battle after battle. Forty thousand died in Russia. Leopardi cries out again to Italy:

*"Dove sono i tuoi figli? Odo suon d'armi
e di cari e di voci e di timballi:
in estrane contrade
pugnano i figli tuoi."*

The poet blesses those who thus died, for in following Napoleon they were led by the idea of a *patria* and thrilled by three words of the Emperor, "Regno d'Italia."

Ugo Foscolo hailed Napoleon's appearance as the liberation of Italy, and for that reason took an active part in the war in Italy and in northern France. His love of his country, his anger and suffering at seeing it in a state of marasmus, moved him to arms as well as to write magnificent verse and prose overflowing with the bitterness of his heart. His poems called *I Sepolcri* vibrate with his longing for the liberty and unity of his country, as his novel in the form of desperate letters, *Jacopo Ortis*, flames with ardent patriotism.

Alessandro Manzoni took a keen, if indirect part in the political movements of his time, and his masterpiece, *I promessi sposi*, breathes a hatred of tyranny as great as that of Foscolo.

The type of expression changes, the form and the manner change, but the spirit remains ever the same, from generation to generation, from book to book.

MANZONI, Guerrazzi, Giusti, kept alive the fire on the hearth of Italy. Each in his own manner scourged tyrants and cowards, and held up to ridicule all sham and baseness. Well might Metternich say that Silvio Pellico's little book, *Le mie prigioni*, had done more harm to Austria's cause than a lost battle.

Guerrazzi's historical novels and Giusti's satiric verse may be counted also as lost battles for Austria. In "The Wooden King" — *Il Re Travicello* — he satirizes the hereditary sovereign of Florence, the Grand Duke, Leopold II, and demolishes the divine right of kings who reign over others' countries.

*"al re Travicello
piovuto ai ranocchi,
mi levo il cappello
e piego i ginocchi;*

*lo predico anch'io
cascato da Dio;
oh comodo, o bello
un re Travicello!"*

In *Lo Stivale* (the boot, the peninsula of Italy) Giusti has recourse to brilliant biting burlesque:

*"E poi vedete un pò: quà son turchino
là rosso e bianco, e quassù giallo e nero:
insomma a toppe come un arlecchino:
se volete rimettermi davvero,
fatemi, con prudenza e con amore,
tutto d'un pezzo e tutto d'un colore."*

And thus while the headless masses kept silence, and the *borghesia* were mute under the yoke, books keep alive the vision of a free Italy. Our Risorgimento sprang finally from this love of liberty nourished by our poets and other writers.

"È poetica, pensosa, fu la rivoluzione italiana." Garibaldi's "Thousand" were not soldiers of fortune nor warriors thirsty for blood; they were poets. Abba-one of them - wrote as follows: "Among us were some whose idea of joining came from memories of their school days, from some passage in the Aeneid or the Odyssey, from some lesson read in Plutarch about the Syracusans relasing Athenian prisoners after hearing them sing the choruses of Euripides. Others had come because of impressions of events read in more recent history, of the sufferings of Caracciolo and Sanfelice, or the end of the French 'Republic' in Naples in 1799."

The poetry of memories, the poetry of books that had brought meditation, had stirred the souls of those youths to heroic action. In the same way, after

the taking of Rome, the impetus to redeem the land still under Austrian subjection was kept alive by the poets as well as by the rousing oratory of Carducci and the sacrifice of Oberdan.

Finally, a free Italy, enrolled among the powerful nations of the world, marched into the World War with her writers, her dreamers, her poets. And she went with no thought of commercial gain or acquisition of territory. She but followed the call of the spirit.

D'Annunzio called for action and himself plunged in. Serra, Slataper, Borsi—our young brilliant thinkers were killed at the front. When Corridoni, the animating spirit of the syndicalist workmen, was killed in the first battle, his knapsack was found full of books.

During the arduous work of negotiating peace which followed the war, it was a poet—the great Poet of the *Laudi* and the *Odi Navali*—who armed Fiume and saved her for us, in the teeth of the international plots of the politicians.

From the first day of Italy's resurrection, to the last day of her triumph, always have her thinkers, her poets, her books, been in the first of line of preparation as well as in the battle.

The column which in October 1922 moved on Rome to seize her from an evil government, marched to the rhythm of hearts pulsing with poetry. And those patriots acclaimed as leader a man who is not a tyrant but an educator, a thinker who has come from the people themselves, who is devoted to the people, who has need of sentiment and emotion, whose heart is full of human kindness—*Il Duce*—who finds repose from his formidable responsibilities in the soul of his Stradivarius, or in the immortal pages of our great writers.

The Italian-Americans in the Political Arena

By Evelyn M. Bacigalupi

AN examination of the rosters of State and County officials in New York, New Jersey and California, the three States with comparatively large Italian-American populations, will convince the most enthusiastic advocate and supporter of Italian-American politicians that politics is one field in which the sons of Italy do not excel.



Evelyn M. Bacigalupi

Anyone with any understanding at all of the Italian-American and his ancestors from across the sea will concede him to be kind, gentle and ingratiating, a lover of art and music, and even though sometimes uneducated, still

of a philosophical bent of mind. On the average he is of a quiet disposition and of a peaceful and retiring nature. His politics are confined mostly to discussions at home and among his friends. Let this type, who is representative of a large majority of Italian-Americans, give utterance to some idea that precipitates a controversy and he will either, turtle-like, withdraw into his shell, or pacify his antagonist with some conciliatory remark. He has not the disposition or inclination to dominate and conquer the opposing will by force if necessary to sustain his idea.

On the other hand we have for example the Irish-American, quite a different type. On board the steamer, even before he has viewed the imposing Statue of Liberty and while the Italian immigrant is trying to picture little Tony, Angelo or Mary in their new home in the land of dreams and new promises, the Irish-American is sticking out his chest, testing his muscles and strutting around the deck anxiously waiting for the steamer to dock so he can don his new policeman's

uniform, made to his measurements sent over in advance.

Both the Italian and the Irish-American are comparatively new in the United States and are in the minority numerically speaking, but whereas the Italian-American has barely made his presence felt in the politics of our country, the Irish-American occupies a rather prominent position. The citizen of Irish extraction has two great advantages, both of which are his inheritance. He speaks the English language upon his arrival and he has inherited a strong aggressive disposition. His ancestors, through centuries of oppression, have developed an aggressive fighting spirit as a matter of self protection, one of the strongest instincts in the human race. It is but natural and to be expected that persons possessing such characteristics will, upon being transplanted in a new country with their former inhibitions and restrictions removed, develop rapidly in political leadership.

Quite a different story would have been written in the political history of America had the colonization of and immigration to our continent been accomplished in the days of ancient Rome, or had our people colonized here in equal numerical strength and at the same time as the Dutch, the English, the French and the German. However, we have the easy going, friendly Italian disposition under conditions as they exist and not as they might have been, and with a realization of the nature of our people and a recognition of their conspicuous absence from political positions of eminence, it is not difficult to assign the major, if not the only reason, which deters our brothers and sisters from treading the brightly lit path of political prominence.

Is such a disposition calculated to produce in prolific numbers offspring inclined to enter an arena where even the hide of crocodile will not always deflect the missiles hurled at one and the abuse, slander, hatred, envy and jealousy heaped upon one would crush the back of a mastodon? That they are capable of withstanding punishment and of overcoming powerful resistance once they engage in the combat has been fully demonstrated in the few cases in which Americans of Italian descent have striven for posts of political prominence. At the head of this list, in point of time, is General Francis B. Spinola, the first Italian American to sit in the Congress of the United States. He was followed by Anthony Caminetti from California, who held several prominent state elective offices before going to Congress and later, under President Wilson, was appointed to the high office of Commissioner General of Immigration. He, in turn, was followed by Major Fiorello H. La Guardia, of New York. And we are all proud at the present time of our nationally prominent attorney acting as special prosecutor for the Wall Street investigating sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, Ferdinand Pecora. In the State of California we are officially presented at the present time by the Honorable Angelo Rossi, Mayor J. J. Trabucco and Anthony Caminetti Jr., judges of the Superior Court.

So few in comparison with the proportion our population bears to that of other races in the localities mentioned, yet encouraging when we consider all of the circumstances.

In the political arena, much to the shame of our voters, ridicule and sarcasm have frequently been used to great advantage by political opponents of

Italian candidates. A slight play on certain syllables of a name, a well feigned mispronunciation of the name or a sarcastic reference to boot-blacks, organ-grinders or the national dish, spaghetti, carries appeal in certain sections and with some classes of our citizens. This is to be regretted and can only be overcome by education and a properly directed counter-attack.

Usually it is the Italian-American's name which is used as the first weapon against him. The opposing candidate mounts the platform and proceeds to ridicule his Italian opponent. He endlessly drags out his name, lingers ages on the final o or i and then spins some story or joke about the garbage-man or the organ-grinder. The audience is amused and entertained, laughs heartily at the jokes, and unless the proper remedy is applied, will vote for the "good fellow"—the humorous candidate.

Honorable Anthony Caminetti Sr., had just such a campaign of ridicule to combat in one of his many political battles. He was attacked because of his nationality. His opponent pointed to him as a "dago" and compared him to the organ-grinder. In fact, this campaign was known throughout the Congressional District as the "organ-grinder campaign." "Sly old Cam" as he was called, recognized the weakness in his opponent's attack and converted the ridicule into a boomerang of sympathy. What are we Americans but Europeans transplanted upon a new continent and what one of us is not proud of the name he bears and of the homeland of his forefathers? With this knowledge of human nature, Caminetti stumped the District, acknowledged his Italian descent and claimed the same pride in it that every man and woman within the hearing of his voice cherished for his or her own nationality. He then pointed out to the Frenchman, to the German and to each nationality in turn, that if they were in his place and running in opposition to his opponent, they would be pointed to with scorn as "bull frogs" — "dash hounds" and so forth, a name and emblem for each race.

A very large majority of Italian-Americans might be very properly classified under the title of home lovers, men and woman mostly concerned in their happy and contented home life, their music, their art and their singing. They discuss politics and they vote, but they are too much in love with their private lives to sell them to the public. These people are building slowly but surely a solid foundation upon which the Italian-American youth of the future can stand. It is from such family firesides that the future Judges, Congressmen and Senators of Italian extraction are coming. At present they are apparently idling by the wayside, but they are developing, absorbing American ideas, being educated and progressing slowly but surely. "Rome was not built in a day," but it still remains the capital of a great and proud race, and so we are building here in America, not in a day and not for a day, but solidly and for all future time.

The men whose names have already been subscribed to our roll of honor have acquitted themselves ably and honorably. They have made a good beginning. The ice has been broken by these political pioneers of ours and it remains now for the rising generations, equipped with their college educations, well trained in every profession, to carry on until the vile and contemptuous weapon of ridicule so often aimed at our candidates has been forced into the political garbage can and the sons and daughters of Italian parentage have assumed their rightful political prominence.

The Man Behind the Headlines

AN INTERVIEW WITH FERDINAND PECORA

By *Dominick Lamonica*

FERDINAND Pecora, counsel for the special investigating subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, sat back in his chair behind a crowded desk, good-naturedly accepting the reverse position of being questioned instead of, as has been his wont in recent months, questioning. His inevitable cigar in hand, benevolently he gazed from time to time out the window of his private office, in the firm of Hartman, Sheridan, Tekulsky and Pecora, high above Madison Avenue, his relaxed position broken now and then by insistent ringings of the telephone.

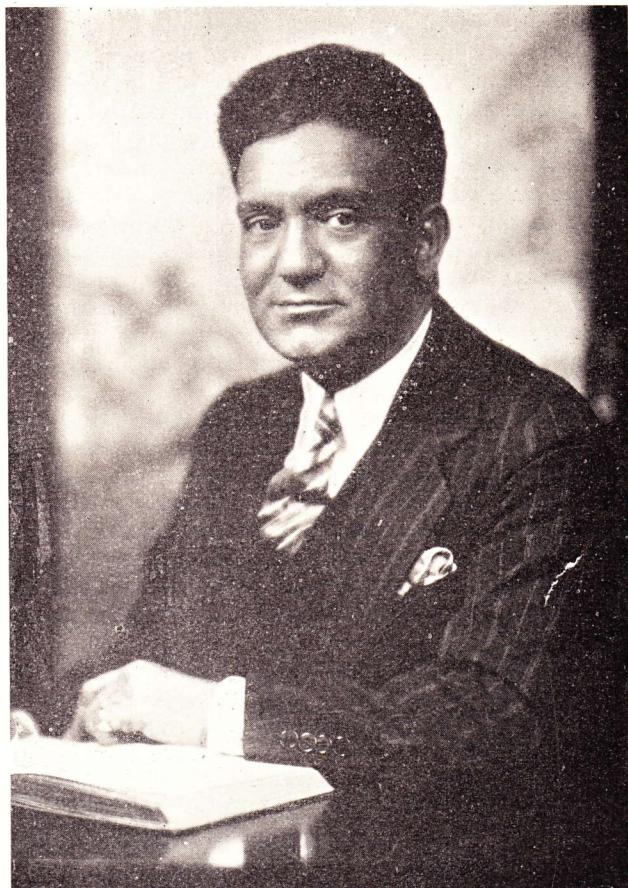
What had happened, anyhow, to the committee and its counsel and his staff that had made such glaring headlines only a month or two previously? Were they marking time during the summer lull?

Grimming broadly, the eminent lawyer replied in the spirit of the question. "The public hearings at Washington are the easiest part of this job. Now is the time when my staff is busiest, digging constantly for information pertinent to the investigation. Oh yes, what with sorting, sifting and assimilating, we have our hands full."

The cigar dipped into one of the ashtrays on his desk, as he answered the next question. "Sufficient funds have been appropriated by Congress to keep the investigation going at least till April or May of next year, but it might last even longer than that. And by the way, we anticipate a very busy session for the coming Congress. Some of that enormous legislation passed this spring will undoubtedly need some clarification and possibly modification in some instances, depending on how it works. And that should be generally known by the coming winter. Excuse me, please."

As he answered the phone, one could not help noticing his bronzed and swarthy face, the square and solidly set jaw and his kinky dark hair with patches of gray beginning to appear. Yet he hardly looks like 51... A book on his desk, "20,000 years in Sing Sing," among others of a financial nature, recalls that he would naturally be interested in that subject, having been for twelve years assistant District Attorney in New York City... As for Congress, he himself probably will have work for it to do, since his disclosures are expected to be used in making up permanent banking and financial legislation... Well, if the phone is going to keep him busy, let's review his life somewhat...

BORN in the hill-town of Nicosia, Sicily, young Ferdinand was brought over to America by his father when he was five. Unlike most Italian immigrants, they settled among Americans, and to this day,



"That question has a catch to it."

for this reason Pecora's social life has not been among New York's Italian-Americans as is the case with others. After passing through Public School 55, he spent a year at St. Stephen's College on a scholarship, but he had to give it up at the age of 15 to help his father support six younger children. Working in a law office, he saved to pay his way through New York Law School, being admitted to the bar in 1909, when he was 27. Then he entered politics, first as a Theodore Roosevelt Progressive Republican and later as a Wilson Democrat. Tammany Hall in 1918 made him deputy assistant in the District Attorney's office, and four years later he was promoted in charge of the prosecutor's office as chief Assistant District Attorney. In 1929, despite the fact that the bar and civic bodies backed him as the logical candidate for District Attorney (on April 11th of that year a great banquet

was given in his honor by a committee representing practically every important field of New York life) Tammany gave the nomination (and subsequently the election) to Supreme Court Justice Crain, and the following year Mr. Pecora's services were dispensed with.

Turning to his private practice, he was not allowed to continue it for long undisturbed, for in January of this year Bainbridge Colby recommended him for his present post on the basis of his outstanding reputation as a prosecutor in New York, where he had investigated abuses in the investment of the State Sinking Fund, the bail bond business, bucket shops, milk grafters in the Department of Health, the City Trust failure, police grafting and ballot-box frauds. Certainly such a man was worth many times over the \$255 monthly salary which was all the Senate Committee could offer.

P. S. But Pecora, as you know, took the job.

"IT is a well-known fact, Mr. Pecora" (to resume the interview) "that the Americans of Italian descent in this city are not at all represented as much as they should be, as compared with other racial groups, and compared with their total numbers. Do you believe that the Italians at the polls, when confronted with the choice of voting a straight party ticket or splitting it in order to vote for one of their own race in another party, should do the latter?"

A pause preceded the answer. "That question has a catch to it. Remember, a man should never be voted for into public office except on the basis of merit. Regardless of nationality, if he is the best man for the job, in your opinion, you should vote for him. After all, it is well to keep in mind that the voter's first duty is as an American citizen, and as such he should vote for the best fitted candidate, regardless of creed or nationality.

"And that leads me to another point. I have always been proud of my Italian birthright. At every opportunity I say so, and publicly. But my allegiance is to the United States. Those of us who have come from other shores should become Americanized as quickly as possible, retaining certain cultural attachments and traditions which America is glad to receive as our contribution, but not overdoing it.

"For example, it is unfortunate that immigrants have gathered largely in segregated groups in various parts of New York (which, by the way, has always been my city), cut off from influences of an American nature and making their assimilation difficult. These racial colonies of various nationalities have constituted something approaching indigestible masses. Mind, I don't profess to know much about the subject, and probably it is all due to economic causes, but nevertheless I can't help feeling it has been unfortunate that it has been so."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Pecora occasionally, as a departure from his usual practice, attends social affairs of a strictly Italian-American nature, he has steered clear of Italian-American organizations, as such. "Of course I might say I have been too busy to pay much attention to them, and let your question go at that, but there is also another reason. To a large extent these Italo-American societies, at least those of a political nature, are formed to serve the personal interests and advancement of the leaders or organizers. This I do not think is fair to the ordinary membership of such

a society, and that has made me hold back whenever an invitation to join some such group in a quasi-executive position has been offered me." Nevertheless, Mr. Pecora was made not long ago an honorary member of the local society of Italians born in Nicosia.

Yet for a man whose home life is strictly an American one (he has been married twenty years to an American wife, and has one grown son) it seems somewhat incongruous. Although he has relatives in Italy, he confessed he does not keep up a very extensive correspondence with them. With a self-deprecatory gesture he said he had not been to Italy since his arrival here as an immigrant, although he vows every year that he will surely make the trip the coming summer. An interesting sidelight on his recent rise to fame is that his little home town in Sicily is attracting increased attention from American tourists.

"The Chief," as the employees on his special investigating staff call him (a title which gives just the right balance between dignity and easy informality), smokes cigars incessantly, though unobtrusively, so to speak. Golf and tennis at one time interested him actively, but right now, in the midst of the inquiry, he can't think about it much. One of the things that is first noticed about Mr. Pecora, who, by the way, is an Episcopalian, and at one time even started to study for the Episcopal ministry before he turned aside to law, is his darkly tanned features, the result of the diligent use of a sun lamp on his doctor's recommendation.

MUCH has been made in the public prints of his manner of questioning, the general consensus being that he is persistent, dogged, and thorough, rather than brilliant. Should you ask him about it, as this questioner did, he would reply that "No, I don't believe there is any special method by which I go about my work. . . . Of course there is a certain 'knack' in the profession of law that counts considerably in the lawyer's success. More than that, what can I say?"

It must be remembered that while the Morgan and other phases of the inquiry have been sensationally featured in the press, its central purpose is to establish substantial information about private banking on which to base legislation. This it is generally conceded Pecora has done better than any predecessor in a similar capacity. Which is why, keeping his eyes on the main objective, his answer to the question: Who had been the best witness so far? was "Mr. Otto H. Kahn. From the point of view of our inquiry, his was the most constructive testimony. He was perfectly frank and open-minded, acknowledged faults inherent in the old system and gave his opinions candidly as to what should be done about them in the way of remedial legislation."

Late in July, when the stock market, after a grand upward spree, suddenly stumbled and fell in a manner reminiscent of 1929, Ferdinand Pecora, counsel to the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, as though to gently remind all and sundry that the committee was functioning even during the summer, poked, prodded and sniffed among the inner workings of the New York Stock Exchange by conferring with its president. The expectation was that there would be developments, though not of the sensational character that a few months ago inspired Hearst cartoons of "David" Pecora and "Goliath" Morgan. This Italian-American's task is a serious one, and he is after facts, not sensation.

An Economic Embassy

The Palazzo d'Italia in Radio City

By Michael Di Liberto

SINCE the Renaissance, Italy has been groping blindly, vaguely seeking to penetrate the gossamer veil of delicacy and dignity which imposed a subtle barrier of custom and tradition, effectually deterring it from concentrating a directed effort towards acquainting the world with its exquisite literature, the beauties of its artistic achievements, the smiling loveliness of its provinces, the profundity of its technical advance, and the excellence of its exportable commodities.

True, certain private efforts have been made in this direction which are valuable enough within the radius of their spheres of influence. The Casa Italiana at Columbia University, for instance, promulgated for the dissemination of Italian culture, and initiated and brought to a conclusion largely through the efforts of the Hon. John J. Freschi, President Nicholas Murray Butler, John L. Gerig, Professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University, Anthony Campagna, Joseph Paterno and Michael Paterno; the Italian tourist agencies, and the Italian Chamber of Commerce; but the element of unification and cohesion, of a central driving force, has been felt to be lacking.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with characteristic American vigor and directness, broke through this invisible veil March 10, 1932, by writing to Premier Mussolini. He proposed succinctly, a Center which would include a group of international buildings, Italian, English, French, and German, for the direct purpose of mutual exploitation of commodities, the publicizing of the naturally lovely features of a country to the inveterate traveller, and the bringing to permanent international notice by virtue of his vast organization of all the artistic, the domestic, and the technological wealth of a nation. Would Il Duce by any chance be interested? To Premier Mussolini the project assumed magnetic proportions. Il Duce could and would be interested.

Thus it came to pass that Rinaldo Stroppa-Quaglia, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, direct emissary, soon crossed the Atlantic Ocean to Rome with various esquisses and sketches of the proposed Italian Building to be personally examined by Il Duce.

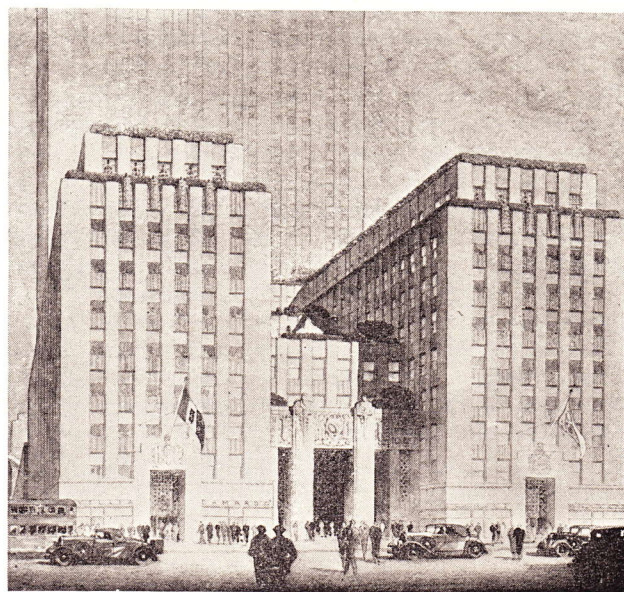
In Rome, according to a correspondent of the *Corriere d'America*, a combine was formed which embraced the five Italian corporations heading the major divisions of the artistic and industrial life of the nation. This bloc sought representation in the Palazzo d'Italia in New York.

There, Rinaldo Stroppa-Quaglia, busily outlining plans for the Italian Building, met the responsible

heads of this group: Senator Antonio Mosconi, former Secretary of Finance and honorary Secretary of State, Vice President of the Palazzo d'Italia Corporation, and head of the Tourist Corporation in conjunction with Deputy Giuseppe Bottai; Senator Vittorio Scialoja, President of the Palazzo d'Italia Corporation, who has had a most distinguished career as Italy's representative at the Peace Conference in Paris and at the League of Nations in Geneva,—and the directorate of the Palazzo d'Italia Corporation comprising Giuseppe de Michelis, President of the International Institute of Agriculture, Senator Guglielmo Marconi, with whose achievements America is sufficiently familiar, Senator Ettore Conti, President of the Banca Commerciale Italiana, Deputy Giuseppe Belluzzo, Minister of State, Senator Giuseppe Bevione, President of the National Institute of Insurance, and Senator S. Borletti, intimately connected with numerous Italian corporations.

The scene shifts. The Palazzo Chigi fades into the distance. Rome's eternal piazzas melt into New York's serrated sky-line. The Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building vie with each other, rearing upwards into the blue heavens. Overhead, and as far as the eye can reach, scant white clouds fleck the horizon.

It is eleven A. M. of the twelfth day of July, 1933, in the largest, most metropolitan city in the world.



Architect's plan of the Italian Building adjoining that of Germany.
(Courtesy Rockefeller Centre)

Somewhere between Iceland and Labrador General Italo Balbo and his gallant squadron are flying "blind" through treacherous fog. But here, in the heart of the city, Rockefeller Center's main shaft, seventy stories high, takes on a holiday aspect. On Fifth Avenue, mere pigmies in comparison, rise the British and the French Building. At Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, a square area has been fenced off. A large sign, flanked by the Italian and the American flags, and bearing the legend: "Palazzo d'Italia and Italian Transatlantic Flight," indicate that this is the site of the proposed Italian Building in Radio City.

Within this enclosure a canopy has been erected. From beneath it there comes the hum of voices, mingling with orchestral Italian arias. It is crowded with lovers of things Italian, many of them distinguished Italians, Italo-Americans, and Americans: Senator Mosconi, the Italian Consul-General, Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Col. Arthur Woods, President of Rockefeller Center, Nelson Rockefeller, son of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Rinaldo Stroppa-Quaglia, Count Facchetti-Guiglia, Signora Carla Orlando, Secretary of the Italy America Society, Louis Wiley, Business Manager of the *New York Times*, Italo Falbo, Editor of the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, and Ugo d'Annunzio, to mention a few.

Suddenly the voices are hushed, the sweet strains of the orchestra blend into silence, Col. Arthur Woods approaches the edge of the platform, and the ground breaking ceremonies of the Palazzo d'Italia have begun.

Col. Woods speaks briefly and effectively. He stresses the value to be derived from the grouping in Radio City of the commercial entities of four great European powers. He outlines the rise of Rockefeller Center.

He ceases speaking, and Nelson Rockefeller has the floor. The nub of his speech centers about the "fostering and developing, here, in this great central focus, of industries new to the United States."

Senator Mosconi has now risen. He is slightly above medium height, and impressive with goatee and patrician manner. He speaks with modulated restrained accents. Count Facchetti-Guiglia translates, while a nationwide chain broadcasts his speech to Italy.

Senator Mosconi is one of the very few of Premier Mussolini's intimates. He says that he is delighted at this opportunity to be of service to his country, and also glad to be able to demonstrate in this manner his cordiality to America. He speaks of the social significance of this closer alliance of the trading facilities of Europe's most potent power. He extols the Palazzo d'Italia as symbolic of the new Italy which has risen, Phoenix-like, under the Fascist regime from the ashes of the old. He stresses the "revival and intensification of the economic and spiritual relationships among people, and brotherly solidarity among nations." The guests break into applause.

Nelson Rockefeller raises the flag, and the Stars and Stripes snap in the breeze. A moment later Senator

Mosconi unfurls the tricolor surmounted by the crest of the House of Savoy, and the orchestral notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Giovinezza" blend into the summery air.

Senator Mosconi places the edge of the silver spade, elaborately decorated by the Leonardo da Vinci Art Academy, which is to be given to Premier Mussolini, and which Nelson Rockefeller has presented him, into the soft earth, and turns the first spadeful. This is the high-light of Senator Mosconi's month-and-a-half-long visit to New York to acquaint Italo-American firms with the facilities of the Palazzo d'Italia. In two days he and Donna Flora Mosconi will be on the broad bosom of the Atlantic Ocean voyaging back to the glory that is Rome, his mission completed.

The Italian bloc to be represented in the Palazzo d'Italia is to be divided into five distinct entities, each representing its own particular industrial, commercial, and artistic organizations, under the control of the parent Palazzo d'Italia corporation.

These, subdivided, are the Art Corporation under the direction of Deputy Emilio Bodrere, President of the National Federation of Artists, the Tourist Corporation, under the guidance of Senator Mosconi and Deputy Giuseppe Bottai, the Commercial Corporation, directed by Senator de Michelis and Senator Borletti, and the Domestic Corporation.

The Art Corporation, it is understood, will occupy the fourth floor, one third of the third floor, and six stores on the ground floor for its exhibits of Italian art, and a display, in one of its four salons, of historic Italian jewels.

The Tourist Corporation has reserved three stores on the ground floor which will be given over to manifold touristic activities—cooperating with all those interested in promulgating travel in Italy, be it an individual, an organization, or a corporation; local, national, or international.

The Commercial Corporation has evinced its interest in retaining the fifth, sixth, and seventh floors, and two stores on the ground floor for a display of Italian commodities.

The Domestic Corporation has dedicated itself to the display of Italian delicacies and specialties in two-thirds of the third floor, and also in six stores on the ground floor. Over all these corporations, the fifth corporation, the Palazzo d'Italia Corporation, with its interlocking directorate, will assume primary functions.

Palazzo d'Italia, the British Empire Building, the French Building, the German Building; thus have the major powers gathered in Radio City, side by side, for peaceful commercial intercourse, thereby to achieve closer cooperation and understanding; and thus has American initiative rent the veil of Italian old-world dignity and reticence, and linked itself with Italian enterprise. Perhaps there is more than mere beauty in this lovely group of buildings, perhaps there is a symbolism with a greater significance than we can at present fathom. At any rate, the foundation has been laid—the superstructure remains for the future.

On the Future of Italo-American Youth

ONE VIEWPOINT, BASED ON AN INTERVIEW
WITH PROFESSOR LEONARD COVELLO

By Mary Iacovella

WHAT does the future hold in store for Italo-Americans? Have they a colossal future like other races, now emerging slowly on the fantastic surface of American life? And is the American youth of Italian descent afflicted with a dreadful inferiority complex?

In a recent issue of *Atlantica* the burning question was brought to the fore by a thoughtful writer.

Admitting that the problem "is a temporary one" and "will solve itself in a generation or two," we of today are vitally interested in the subject. The existence of an inferiority complex is to be regretted.

With vague fears brought on by these strange phenomena and questioning myself ad infinitum, to Mr. Leonard Covello, head of the Department of Italian at De Witt Clinton High School and a distinguished leader in the educational field, I brought my speculations and doubts.

I made my way cautiously through the sun-strewn corridors of De Witt Clinton High School. Professor Covello was busy and bade me wait in a nearby, deserted little office. The walls of the room were adorned with beautiful pictures depicting the glories of ancient Rome. Above a desk, an old print showed Mazzini, teaching a class of Italian children in London during his exile. It was a stirring picture. A narrow window threw a garland of pale sunshine in the old attic, high above the noise of the streets of a vanished London. My mood was now retrospective. The old print came to life in the strange peace of the sunny office, in the green open spaces of the Bronx. Mr. Covello came in and generously began to follow me through my mental peregrinations.

"THE Italo-Americans have a great future," he said emphatically answering my first question.

"Are the Latin heritage and Anglo-Saxon civilization striving for mastery in our souls?" I asked.

"I prefer to call it 'the Italian heritage.' Our culture is different from other Latin countries, for instance French or Spanish culture. There is something peculiarly Italian in American youth of Italian descent. Almost a dual personality at first. Gradually, as maturity is reached, a fusion takes place by an invisible process. The two cultures have merged into one dominant note and we have the 'American,' just as the features of the parents appear in the child, diffused yet discernable, in the end striving for an harmonious whole. For this reason it is important for the American born to know the history and culture of the Italian people. Here, in De Witt Clinton High School, we have 900 students of the Italian language, interested and happy with their studies, relishing this contact with

the culture of their ancestors and developing a wholesome pride in their Italian heritage. Some of the pupils are having their first glimpse of Italian culture. Many of them are glad over the fact that their parents are afforded the pleasure of hearing the language of the mother country. A powerful bond is established between parents and children, bridging the gap once separating the American child from his parents. Thus family happiness is insured and a new peace envelopes the family now made one, by the children's growing understanding and appreciation of the elders."

"Is there an inferiority complex? Are you aware of any such manifestation in our young people?"

PROFESSOR Covello was really interested. "What some observers ascribe, perhaps, to an inferiority complex is nothing but that essential and endearing quality of the Italian race, a lack of fondness for display. Our children are not forward nor have they an aptitude to bluff their way through life. We take great pains to form a love for the fundamental truths of life. We are interested in the intellectual progress of our students and strive for sound attainment and leadership in every field of human endeavor. Many of our pupils graduate, go to the Universities and make themselves a niche in life. An inferiority complex, naturally, cannot exist when the students are conscious of their destiny."

This assurance made me happy.

"Our young people are interested in careers," added Mr. Covello with the joy of a proud father pointing to a good sized family.

I smiled. The room was crowded, but here in the office, made gigantic by the print of the Immortal Exile, I kept on asking questions for the sake of hearing Mr. Covello's opinions.

"Are there any elements of antagonism between Italian culture and Anglo-American culture?" As an American student, this is one of my favorite mysteries.

"The two cultures are related by indissoluble bonds," replied Professor Covello, "Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare loved Italy. Many of their themes can be traced to Italian literature. The immortal English poets, Shelley and Keats, died in Italy. And did not Longfellow and Hawthorne find inspiration in the lives and works of great Italians?"

On the table was an Italian Reader. Professor Covello opened it and read one of Browning's famous poems, his touching tribute to Italy, "Open my heart, etc."

"As an American born one often feels regrets, a strange nostalgia, yearnings of an impossible dream, artistic aspirations—"

Professor Covello understood perfectly. "Knowing what Italy means to the world you will find renewed inspiration for the realization of every dream."

"LOOK," said Professor Covello pointing to several boys, "modern youth has a splendid destiny. These students, once grown into manhood, will bring the genius and faith of their fathers in American life. Their Italian descent is a promise." The pupils who approach him awed by this very simplicity, are aware that he is a friend of youth.

So I trod down the majestic corridors of this school, monumental like a temple, catching glimpses of school-rooms, but not awed by this display of learning.

Up there in the sunny room, Mr. Covello was busy once more before a large desk, piled high with papers. Students of every age, like wavelets, kept advancing before his citadel. Nothing can harass this indefatigable man, a good and noble man who loves to add the contribution of gifted children to American life, a contribution wrung slowly from a life of patience, vision, and toil.

Outside, the tall trees made green dark lakes around the De Witt Clinton High School. The noonday sun made the air a dusty gold heavy with summer heat. And this student clambered on a huge red bus, inspired like some ancient Amazon to challenge the American continent.

In Defense of Our Young Italo-Americans

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

By *Nicholas Ruggieri*

RECENTLY, someone made the surprising revelation that the American youth of Italian extraction is "afflicted with an inferiority complex."

This writer fails to see it.

Of the many young Italo-Americans, first generation, if you please, who have come into the sphere of the writer's acquaintance, ninety-nine percent actually sported the easy confidence of first-rate Yankees. Not that these have entirely renounced their Italian heritage. Rather, a good number of them boast of it. They are decidedly conscious of the richness of their ancestral background, and employ the same rather in the fashion of a distinction than a derogation.

In the school room, at social functions and in business, the well-bred Italian youth, and in some cases even the one of mediocre education, conducts himself in a fashion that falls far short of being termed "inferior." Natural assimilation, the tendency to explore and adapt himself to the environment of his American friends, has taken care of that.

Rare, in the present day, is the young Italian who falters and quavers and feels inferior in the presence of Anglo-Saxon or American stock. He is a good mixer. To him, the problem of adjustment to American life is not at all a problem, but a natural function which is carried out quite successfully, since one of the laudable features of the American system of education is its democratic and constructive handling of foreign element in its schools.

THE young Italo-American, therefore, tends to become a part of the American order of things, notwithstanding the frequent contacts, in the family circle, which frequently remind him of another world, another peoples, another language . . . the land of his ancestors.

The gentleman who referred to the inferiority complex of the Italo-American youth offered the ob-

jection that these contacts tend to hold back the progress of adjustment.

Quite to the contrary they contribute greatly to it. For, in addition to this Americanization which is consummated in the schools, he becomes "Italian-conscious" . . . not in the destructive sense whereby he forsakes assimilation of Americanization for conservative adherence to the customs of Italy, but in a sense of constructiveness, a proud consciousness of the wealth and beauty of his heredity, brought about by the ever-rising popularity of things Italian on the educational horizon, which enables him to face the everyday world with an assurance of equality to other racial stocks in America.

A careful analysis will disprove the contention that contact with the Italian family circle holds back the progress of adjustment.

In the case of the young Italo-American, the tendency to become Americanized, to make the proper adjustment, is stronger than the conservative influence of the family circle.

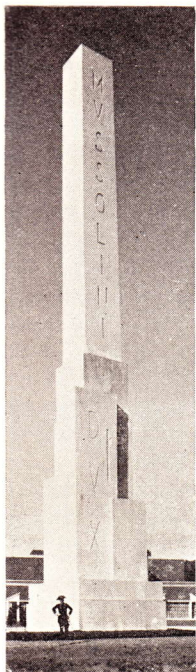
It is natural for this to be so; it would be absurd for the condition to be otherwise.

AS a concrete instance, take the individual in his infancy and then in his adolescence . . . As a child he will stick close to the guardian circle of the family; as an adolescent he will find the magnetism of the outer world irresistible, and no matter how intense the influence exercised by the family circle, he will explore and adapt, and finally come into his own as a man and as an individual personality.

Such is the case with the young Italo-American. There is a natural law, the law of Attraction, which makes this possible. And it is infallible in turning him easily and naturally into a good standard American.

Where then is the ground for plastering the label of "inferiority complex" to young Italo-Americans? Fittingly apropos, perhaps, to adult Italian immigrants

(Continued on Page 171)



The Mussolini
Monolith

The Mussolini Forum

WHERE ITALY'S YOUTH IS FORGING BODY AND SOUL

By Alice Seelye Rossi

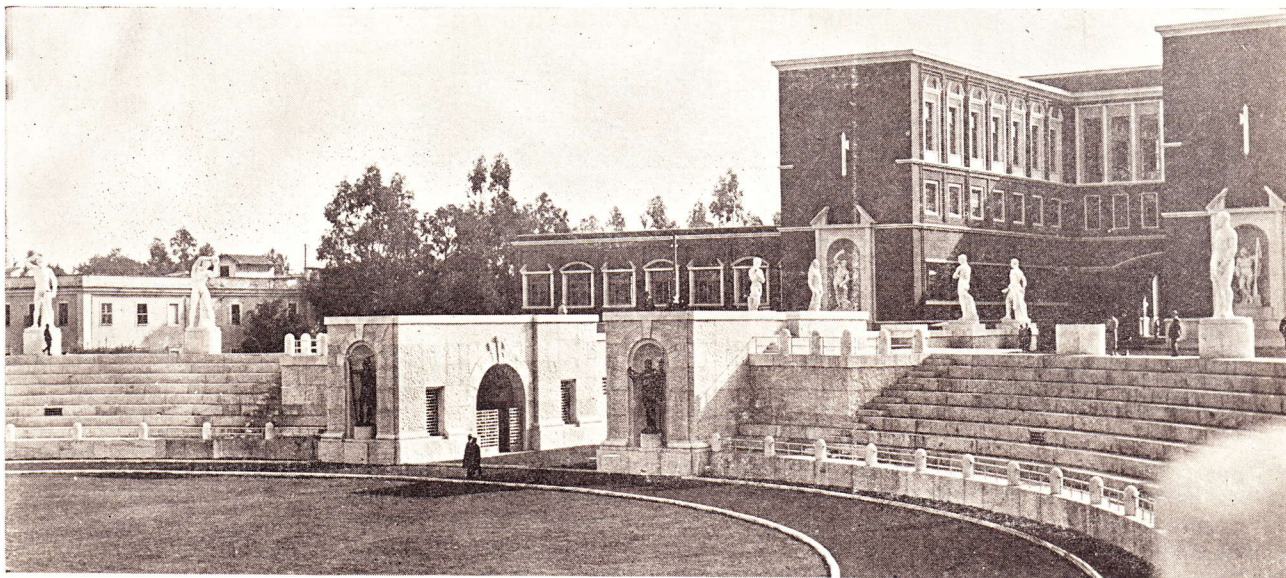
IN that section of Rome that lies between Ponte Milvio and the sloping woods of Monte Mario, near Villa Madama, an area of some 850,000 square meters has been set apart for an athletic center, of which some 320,000 m. have already been occupied with buildings and arenas.

The architectural plan in plaster bas-relief, showing the extensive plant as it will be when brought to completion, impresses one with the grandeur of its conception—an athletic village in the true sense of the word, modern and up-to-date in every way, comprising swimming pools, rugby and basket-ball areas, tennis-courts, bridle path and stables, shooting grounds, racing track and an open-air theatre, as well as lodging accommodations for athletes. There is also a project for a new bridge to be built across the Tiber, in front of the

main entrance to these sporting grounds, thus making them more accessible to the different sections of the city.

Some parts of this athletic center have already been completed, figuring among the great achievements of this decade of the Fascist Regime—namely the Mussolini Forum, the Cypress Stadium, and the Academy of Physical Culture, on one side of which stands the colossal white obelisk, bearing the name of Mussolini. This monolith is 18 m. high, weighing some 300 tons and represents a daring enterprise as well as wondrous workmanship, in that it was extracted in one piece from the marble caves of Carrara and brought to Rome after roads were fortified and bridges broadened, while a specially constructed barge conveyed it down the Tiber where, having reached its final destination, it entailed most difficult maneuvering to be placed on the spot where it now stands.

THE Fascist Academy of Physical Culture, a building of vast proportions and modern architectural design, has a capacity of lodging some 400 pupils. Its large dormitories, writing and reading-rooms, lecture-halls and gymnasiums are the last word in modern comfort and efficiency. The plant, comprising numerous lavatories, abounding in water supply, hot and cold sprays, turkish baths, dressing rooms etc. lavish in marble and tiles, is suggestive in its grandeur of the old Roman Baths, while the medical cabinets, Infirmary, Anatomical Museum, as well as all other departments of this splendid institution are equipped with every scientific improvement. The academy's aim is to train youths for proficiency in the different branches of physical culture and at the end of their term—2 and 3 years—it presents them with a diploma, equivalent to a university degree, which entitles them to professorship in physical culture.



A view of the inside of the Stadium

—Courtesy E. N. I. T.

Of the two large arenas already brought to completion, the Cypress Stadium—as it is called owing to a back-ground of cypresses—is built on the sloping hillside, in its natural setting, without brick or mortar, having a range of green mounds for seating purposes with a capacity for accomodating some 100,000 persons and was made on this large scale with a view to international games.

The other Stadium, smaller in size, facing the Academy and known as the Mussolini Forum, seats 20,000 persons with a range of marble steps, at the summit of which are some 60 marble statues, four meters in height, representing athletes in various postures, which are the workmanship and donations of the different provinces of Italy.

THIS Arena afforded a unique spectacle on the 24th of last May, the Anniversary of Italy's participation in the world war, when a superlative vision of Italy's youth—Balilla, Avanguardisti and Giovani Italiani—(Junior sections of the Fascist Organization) engaged in a gymnastic drill, exhibiting rare ability and expert training in the presence of the Duce before a packed throng of admiring spectators.

That responsive mass of youths, acting in perfect

unison, gave evidence not merely of athletic proficiency, but of discipline and virility, while girls who performed dances along classical lines, revealing gracefulness and elasticity of body made a picture of unequalled coreographic beauty. Moreover, when thousands of voices broke forth in a robust chorus, singing the anthems of the Revolution—the Song of Rome and the Balilla March—while the sunset colors lit up the horizon, enhancing, thus, the natural setting, that vision of Italy's youth expressing itself so vigorously and whole-heartedly was a sight to be long remembered.

The climax of this superb spectacle occurred when the Duce, rising on a platform, addressed those youthful throngs in terms of admiration. His words met with frantic applause and caps were thrown in the air midst endless shouts and ovations.

Thus, Italy to-day after 10 years under the leadership of Mussolini presents to the world the edifying vision of a healthy, disciplined youth, trained to high ideals of efficiency and service, and this renewal of national life, brought about by the Duce, has given birth to a new type of Italian, endowed with a new consciousness, that heralds a promising future for the Nation.

Italy: An Eternal Leader

The Latest Manifestation is Her Exhibit
at the Chicago World's Fair

By *Theresa F. Bucchieri*

"KNOW All Nations by Their Displays" can be appropriately applied to Chicago's glamorous World's Fair of 1933, which is indeed a masterful and vivid presentation of human achievements and triumphs in a century of Progress and truly a colorful market place for all nations of the world to display their contributions to enlightenment, welfare and happiness.



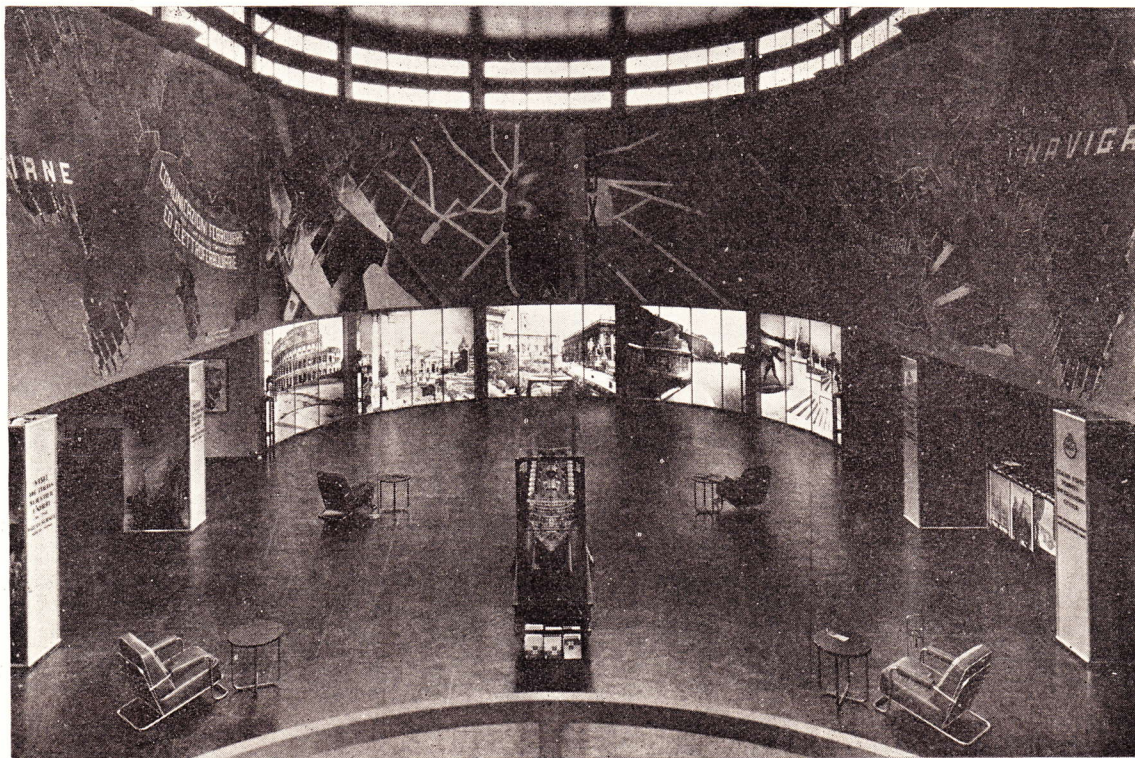
Theresa F. Bucchieri

No display strikes home more resolutely and inspiringly than Italy's. Its serious and academic nature has set agog with interest, amazement and curiosity the thousands of visitors who daily flock to the Exposition. In accepting America's invitation to celebrate with her a century of Progress and at the same time to display her own worthy contribution to civilization, Italy once more leads the way as she scintillates more than ever with the beautiful glamour of the new inspiring spirit that today pervades Fascist Italy and that spurs her on to feats and accomplishments of incomparable calibre.

In tribute to the glorious and history-making flight of 24 Italian planes under the command of General Italo Balbo, the Italian Pavilion occupies a strategic site on the Avenue of Flags in the shape of a giant airplane which at night is beautifully illuminated by the tricolor, Italy's national colors. It is not as ostentatious as some of the other exhibits but it is resplendent with worthwhile academic significance.

With her 450 exhibits, which include illuminated prints of picturesque Italian panoramas, huge photographic reproductions of important cities, monuments, ships, volcanoes, castles, gardens, ruins; miniature replicas of the Colosseo, the Foro Romano, the Campidoglio, the Foro Mussolini, and a profusion of diagrams, illustrations and documentary material, Italy gallantly and convincingly heralds a dramatic and stirring story of her remarkable attainments in engineering, physics, medicine, geography, astronomy, agriculture, shipping, aviation and the fine arts from the times of the Caesars to the present day. And what is more encouraging and surprising is that the Italian displays occupy space not only in the national pavilion but also spread themselves into the Hall of Science, into the Adler-Planetarium, and even overflow into the Museum of Science and Industry.

When visitors enter the Italian Pavilion they are



An interior view of the Italian Building. Its arrangement is one of the most tasteful in the entire Fair.

—Photos For This Article by Courtesy of E. N. I. T.

immediately confronted with a labyrinth of vast academic knowledge and, before long, they are deeply engrossed in stimulating contemplation. Some are fascinated by the land reclamation work, some by the historical and cultural exhibits, some by the remarkable feats of the Italian merchant marine, the Italian air service and the up-to-date railroad facilities, and others by the towering genius of Marconi. But all bow in tribute to the dynamic genius of colossal-minded Mussolini who has tackled every upland of human knowledge, learning and achievement conceivable.

The Italian Pavilion has interested some, amazed and delighted some others, but it has convinced all in a spectacular way that Italy stands as an eternal leader. Italy—a copious fountain where the sparkling waters of civilization spread in broad streams over modern Europe and over a great part of the world. So honorable a tribute can be paid to no other country.

Italy's integral land reclamation alone would suffice to make the Revolution of the Black Shirts glorious through the ages. From 1870 to 1922 the Italian government spent 344 million dollars for land reclamation and about 854 million dollars in the first decade of the Fascist era. Today a visitor seldom sees a single trace of uncultivated ground in Italy. Every bit of available ground is put to good use. It is Il Duce's motto to reclaim the land, with the land the men, and with the men the race.

Roads and aqueducts mark the civil Roman conquests in the world and Fascist Italy carries out this gigantic task with super highways and land reclamation works. Italy has the longest tunnel in the world between Florence and Bologna and also

the longest aqueduct in the world, located in Apulia. And of course in architecture and engineering all that is great and august still rests on the Roman Arch.

Italy excels in world speed with the present records of 426.5 miles per hour. Then too, her marvelous new ships, the Rex and the Conte di Savoia, have inaugurated a new era in travel luxury and have broken all records between the Mediterranean and New York. In the midst of depression, economic and financial uneasiness, Mussolini has undauntedly pushed ahead with his Rex and Conte di Savoia and given the astonished world two greatest liners of the decade.

Italy will always be remembered as the leader in navigation and as the birth place of the greatest navigators of all time, Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, the Cabots and Verazzano. Her Eternal City is the cradle of Christendom and the seat of the world's culture and learning. Moreover, one of the greatest gifts which Rome has made to civilization are her laws, both as an instrument of government and as a source of juristic science.

Creators of experimental methods in Italy have been many and celebrated. Galvani was the greatest pioneer in the study of electricity. After him came Volta, whose voltaic pile represented the first continuous source of electricity that men ever had. Then came Meloni, who taught us a good deal about thermo—electricity, and nearly 32 years ago, Marconi made great applications of electrical knowledge to the use of wireless telegraphy which has brought about the modern development of radio. Among other Italian contributions to the greatest inven-

Music

A SHORT STORY

by Giuseppe Cautela

Drawing by Ione della Sala



"WHEN will you be back?" Mario Carezza asked his wife, placidly.

She raised her head like a viper and bitterly, angrily answered:

"I don't know. That's a stupid question to ask me when a man is dying in the hospital."

I saw Mario put his eternal cigar in his mouth, while the sheet of music he held in his left hand shook a little. Without another word his wife turned her back to him and with short, hasty steps, like an old woman, she hurried out of the music store. Mario followed her with that dreamy, far-away gaze of his, and after she had disappeared, turned to me and said:

"Cautela, *questo e un mondo sporcone.*" (This is a dirty world.)

"I quite agree with you." I answered.

"Imagine," he continued, as if the matter did not concern him, "a woman of forty-four with a fourteen-year old son and a girl of twelve, losing her head over a young man of twenty-six, and he jumping off a ferry-boat to prove that he loves her."

"What the devil are you telling me?" I exclaimed, as I did not know of the attempted suicide.

"True enough; they fished him out of the Hudson this morning."

"Who?" I asked.

"Signor Pomodoro."

"He?"

"Yes, he," repeated Mario dryly. After awhile he continued: "As you know, he came in here as one of the family. Before the affair would have aroused more gossip, I decided three days ago to put him out. 'I'll make you pay for this offense,' he shouted at me. After he had left, this place became an inferno. My *signora* (he avoided the word "wife") acted like a woman gone mad. What grieved me most was when she began to kick that poor innocent kitten all over the place." Mario stopped and lit another cigar. "I did not mind the insults, the yells, the banging of show cases,

"He not only knew nothing about music, but he had no ear for it. This deficiency especially pleased the signora, for she herself did not understand one melody from another."

the discourtesy to the customers, but when she began to abuse the kitten, I called a halt. The affair was more serious than I thought. Can it be love, Cautela?"

"I doubt if she knows the meaning of the word love," I answered.

"She said it would be only a matter of time before she would leave me."

"Then make up your mind that she will."

"I think so too, Cautela," he said slowly, and began to scan his music.

II.

ONE evening three years ago, Signor Pomodoro, with stooped shoulders and carrying a cane, walked in to Mario Carezza's music store. He looked much older than he was, and as he leaned against the music show case he seemed soft and spineless. Mario sold also foreign newspapers and reviews. He bought *Il Giornale D'Italia* and holding the paper very close to his eyes, even though he wore glasses, began to read the political news. Thereafter, every evening at the same hour, he would come in and remain reading for a long time. A friendship sprang up between the two men. It had been years since Mario had discussed politics. He hated it. And it was more for the sake of company that he listened to the news Signor Pomodoro gave him. Had it been music, it would have been different. Signor Po-

midoro not only did not know a thing about music, but he had no ear for it. This deficiency especially pleased Signora Clelia Carezza, for she herself did not understand one melody from another. She always taunted her husband for his *musica stracciona*, music in rags. It seemed she had forgotten the terrible days of misery before her husband had succeeded in establishing his music store. Mario Carezza had been a maestro in a regiment of infantry before he came to America.

"Those were the days when all the romantic Italian young ladies came to hear the band concerts of *La Boheme*, and cry their eyes out over the fate of Mimi," Mario told me. "My wife showed a tremendous interest in music then. I really thought she liked it; she fooled me."

After he landed here he had to iron shirts for a living. The hard work and bad ventilation, combined with the dry luncheons he had to eat, gave him stomach trouble. It took him years to get well. And it was sheer necessity which compelled him to open a small store and see if he could sell sheet music. He had a hard time making it go. The Italians of the lower east side bought only Neapolitan songs. His arrangements and reductions of better music did not take. Only lately was he realizing the fruits of his labors. For a long time he still had to iron shirts two or three days a week. He hoped that Victor, his boy, some day would have a better chance. But, the Signora would not hear of it. She turned upon him always with a bitter snarl. "You and your 'musica stracciona' make me tired," and what exasperated her more was the patience of the man, his utter indifference to what she said, the eternal cigar in his mouth. He was a splendid pianist and found great delight in playing classical music for me. There, in the back room of his store, he found surcease while the Signora was out. And when he heard that Signor Pomodoro was suffering also from stomach trouble his sympathy and heart went out to him. He told his wife to reserve a place at the table for Signor Pomodoro, as he would never get well eating in restaurants.

III.

SIGNORA Clelia was not beautiful. She never paid any attention to her appearance. But she awoke to this necessity soon after Signor Pomodoro became her guest. She began to frequent a beauty shop, and whereas before she looked unkempt and unattractive, now she appeared ridiculous. Paint did not stay well on her flat cheeks, and her rouged thin lips gave the impression of having been opened with a knife. Her stringy hair did not adhere to her temples after it was waved, but flopped up and down in wild surmise and confusion.

No less was the confusion of Mario when he found out for what reason his wife had taken up beauty culture. Another Italian husband in Mario's place would have slain the two of them. He very calmly related the affair to me, concluding:

"I thought of my children; I needed her for my children."

IV.

THE month after Signor Pomodoro left the hospital, Signora Clelia kept her word; she ran away with him. They did not run away very far though, and it is this part of their adventure that has no equal for sheer

nerve and impudence. On the same street, two blocks further west, Signora Clelia opened up a music store with her full married name in gold letters on the window, and above it, a large sign in black and white. Signor Pomodoro could be seen with eye glasses and large panama hat with brim turned down in and about the place with the air of one who has taken full charge of a situation. Like a general under full fire he never removed his panama hat even on the hottest days, and while waiting on customers. He, and Signora Clelia, became the curiosity, the object of comment of all the people who knew them in the neighborhood. Most of the sympathy went to Mario but he came in for considerable derision from the more virile and revengeful Italians who believed that no man in his situation should let a similar insult go by without washing it away in blood. Customers, women especially, went back and forth from one store to the other in order to hear both sides of the story. Mario took satisfaction in pointing out that she who had always nagged him for his "musica stracciona" now made a living by it with her lover. And that was not all; they had absolutely no sense of pride. They sent a boy to buy from him—yes, from him—certain sheets of music of his own arrangement which they could not get anywhere else. He had charged them retail prices, handing at the same time the package to the boy with the most pleasant smile in the world.

"Tell me, tell me, I would like to know from you, Cautela, if this man has any blood in his veins, any Italian blood, I mean?" exclaimed a customer of Mario's when he heard of this.

"Oh, yes," I answered, as calmly as possible, "he has a good deal more of it than you have. He sees the joke of it. You don't. Signora Clelia is not worth the price of a tragedy, besides she is still the mother of his children."

"You are funny people, then," he said and went away.

V.

TO say that Mario Carezza, pacing up and down in his music store and placidly smoking his cigar, was a happy man after his wife left him would be telling a lie. The white of his eyes had turned yellow, and the color of his skin (he being of very dark complexion) reminded me at times of the Egyptian mummies I had seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Tired, lonely, he began to read again Alexander Dumas. He had not read Dumas in twenty years.

"He amuses me, and almost makes me forget," he said to me a little sadly one day. The store now was almost in complete charge of his son, Guido, who had left school so he could help his father. He had planned to go to Columbia. His little sister was still with them like a restless butterfly. In the afternoon after school she used to run over to her mother and stay with her until late. Her father saw how unhappy his little girl was, how much she missed her mother, and knew it would be only a matter of time before he would lose her too. Paolina was a shy child. She would not answer her father when he asked her if she liked to stay with her mother. As usual, one afternoon she went to see her, and did not come back. Guido went to fetch her, but she remained attached to her mother and could not leave her. When Mario saw his son enter the store alone, he sank on his piano stool and for the first time he stopped smoking. Paolina was the pupil of his eye. Thereafter life in the music store became very grave and sad.

Mario would not have a woman take care of his home, and he and his son began to tend to their own needs. A long, tedious and discouraging apprenticeship to life opened up for Guido. Not only did he attend to the store, but he cooked with his father and washed the dishes. He became very serious and silent, never for a moment losing his patience while waiting on some customers who came in with no idea of what they wanted.

"Have you the song of 'Il Trovatore?'" a lady would ask.

"Which song do you mean, Signora? There are so many in 'Il Trovatore'."

"You know, the one which has the words: 'Non ti scordar di me, Eleanora addio,'" she would sing.

"Oh yes, we have it; that is the duet."

"Yes—yes—yes, il duetto."

At other times she would not know the words and would say:

"Have you this song," and start right off to sing the melody. Many times Mario himself had to try it on the piano before the customer would buy it.

"Say, that's what I call playing," and "I wish I could play like that," were some of the expressions heard. Mario played on without saying a word, with the cigar between his teeth, looking now and then at the music in front of him. The store vibrated with music—sad, melancholy and at times cheerful. People would stop in front of the shop and listen, especially at night when Mario played for his own pleasure and mine.

"My wife has sued me for the support of Paolina," Mario told me a month after the little girl had gone to her mother.

"Not only that, but she wants part of my business, which according to law she is entitled to."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'll make a settlement, if I can. Think of it—all out of my *musica stracciona*, but she has to give me a divorce."

"Then she would lose the support of the child. Besides, it's not easy. As you know, she tells people Signor Pomodoro is simply boarding with her."

"Cautela, *che mondo sporcone*."

"It will cost you lots of money to prove it."

"But I must do something. I have been watching long enough."

"Do you wish to marry again, Mario?"

"Me? Never anymore!"

"Then let her go to the devil."

"If I could only have Paolina back with me, Cautela, I would be happy."

VI.

THE Court decided that Signora Clelia Carezza having worked and lived with her husband prior to the time she left him, was entitled to half of the business and to the support of the child. The irony of it all! Before such law all the intricate pattern of one's life loses all its meaning. To the cold, bored, impartial Judge, who listened to the able and minute defense of Mario Carezza's lawyer, the irascible, nagging and viperish character of Signora Clelia did not mean a thing. He only saw one interpretation, that of the law. Similar cases come up in court almost daily: all the disillusion and misery and poison of married life. The whole tragedy is too profound, too complex for a mere Judge to unravel. Who is the man who can solve

the mystery of life itself? It was fate perhaps that willed that the goodnatured, simple Mario Carezza, with the soul of a poet, should meet a woman like Signora Clelia, who would sour his life and tear it to shreds.

"Cautela, I don't know how those children were born. I don't know," Mario often exclaimed. He accepted the Judge's decision in his usual way, outwardly calm and indifferent; but the yellow of his eyes told a different story. For a piece of impudence I never saw anything like the attitude of Signora Clelia in court. It was marvellous to see how she had cast aside fifteen years of her life with a man who now faced her before a Judge. She gave me the impression that she had never seen him before. How could she be the mother of those children? She looked annoyed, indifferent, yet like a bird on the wing ready to fly to her mate. And never before have I felt the desolation that must overcome a man when a woman leaves him, as keenly as I felt it that day in the court-room.

Signor Pomodoro was outside waiting for her. Puny, in his large black rimmed eyeglasses and hat with brim turned down, he looked old, spineless as he walked up and down the corridor making a slight noise with his cane. That cane! For any one who does not know it, it represents a tradition, a pretense, a revelation. For men like Signor Pomodoro, it is the last sign of a starved bourgeoisie attempting to reassert itself in a new community. The vigorous, hardworking element looks derisively at that cane and makes fun of it. Italians concede the cane only to men of superior intellect, and tolerate it in others who have position and money. Mario Carezza also carried a cane, but he carried it as a musician, as an artist; it was a rhythmic necessity for him to carry the cane.

At night, after store hours, Mario and I usually took a long walk up Fifth Avenue, passing through Washington Square Park. Outside of reading, it was his only distraction. Now and then when he was in the mood, he would play the piano up to a late hour, and I would be his only company.

By order of the court, Paolina was supposed to visit her father twice a week. She did come promptly for three weeks, but always under a curious strain which her father partly understood as being the result of instructions from her mother. He hoped in time the child would get used to it and refrained to question her. Each time she came, he had always a gift for her, and the table always tenderly prepared with many good things to eat.

"She is my sweetheart, Cautela, she is my whole future. It's the intermission . . . the waiting for her to come to see me that keeps me alive," said Mario to me, one night after the child had left.

The fourth week Paolina failed to come to see her father. It was as if the light had gone out of Mario's life. She was not sick; from a girl friend he learned that she attended school every day. When he tried to send his son to find out why his sister did not come, Guido stubbornly refused. Under no circumstances would he go into his mother's home any more.

"Well, I shall wait until I can wait no longer," remarked Mario.

The following week, on Monday night, Mario and I went for the usual walk. It was about ten o'clock. Winter was coming on fast. It was chilly and very few people were in Washington Square Park. The place was assuming that lonely and inhospitable look that

only a park can have with its long rows of empty benches.

We were almost near the fountain when Mario exclaimed: "Oh, hello. Guarda! Look!" and he touched my elbow.

His wife, Signor Pomodoro, and Paolina were coming toward us. I had seen them before he did; but said nothing. Upon seeing us, they stopped. We kept on walking ahead. Then suddenly they turned round and began walking away.

MARIO instinctively hastened his pace. I followed with apprehension.

"I must talk to my child no matter what happens," exclaimed Mario. I knew by experience that when he spoke that way he meant it.

"Be careful!" I admonished him, "don't scare her."

"Oh no, why should I?"

We were about three feet away from them when he called:

"Paolina—Paolina—let me kiss you goodnight."

The mother held the child by the hand. She made a halfhearted effort to break away and come to her father.

"Come away now, this is no time to see him," commanded her mother, in her usual bitter tone.

"No, I want to see papa," the child cried.

"You obey your mother," interposed Signor Pomodoro.

"Mascalzone! (scoundrel), pezzente pidocchio! (lousy beggar) vigliacco! (coward)," Mario began to hurl in a rage.

He lifted his cane, and with a spring that surprised me, he was on top of Signor Pomodoro. The blow swished down with tremendous force between shoulder and neck.

"Oh!" uttered Signor Pomodoro. He turned round raising his cane also. And for the first time in my life I saw a real cane duel. Signora Clelia, dragging the child after her, ran away. I drew back, and breathlessly watched the two canes meet swiftly like two flails in the light of the arch lamp.

"Why doesn't that fool of Signor Pomodoro run away too?" I kept saying to myself. I knew that Mario had practised fencing while he had been bandmaster. But no, he too must have known something about fencing because he parried some of the blows very expertly, and apparently stood his ground well.

However, the blows broke down with terrible effect. The strength, the quickness of Mario began to tire Signor Pomodoro. He began to miss and give way and painful grunts escaped him as the blows fell in precise, rapid succession on his head, shoulder and arms.

Tired, panting, he lowered his guard—a terrific cut almost broke his right arm; another on his head brought the blood like a stream down his face, and he sank to the ground. Mario stopped. He silently took his hat from me.

"Come, he had enough," I said. And as Signor Pomodoro began to pick himself up we walked away.

"I am sorry I hit him now. I must have scared my little girl," said Mario, with a knot in his throat.

IN DEFENSE OF OUR YOUNG ITALO-AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 162)

in America . . . but to young Italian-Americans . . . never!

Perhaps our good friend had in mind those early days of Italian immigration when Italians were called "wops" and "guineas" by loud-mouthed Irishmen, et al. Under such deplorable circumstances it is easy to see how many Italians and their progeny might have suffered inferiority complexes. But happily, we are now living in an era where Italy and Italians are rapidly becoming synonyms for distinction and culture.

IT is this new trend that is making our youth "Italian conscious." In addition to their thorough Americanization, they are beginning to feel a respect and admiration for their heritage of Italianism. And why not? Every day, new and greater things happen in the world of Italianity, things that make it the cynosure of the eyes of nations, things that make every progressive young Italo-American feel a certain pride in the country of his father's origin.

The universal interest in things Italian is obviously manifest in the present day, and the influence of this rising popularity of Italianism, especially in America, cannot but be felt favorably by our young Italo-American element here. Hence, this reaction tends to add to, rather than to subtract from, the integrity of the

youth. The attitude then is distinctly and justly one of growing superiority.

PERHAPS in no other field is this attitude felt more keenly than in that of education. In different sections of the country, students, young Italians, realizing the growing importance of the study of Italian, have often banded together in open clamor for classes in Italian, drawing in to the flux of their protests the sympathies of elements other than Italian. In Rhode Island, for example, student groups have organized and actually forced school authorities into recognizing the pre-eminent popularity of the study of Italian. In one school, more than four hundred students, about one third the entire enrollment, and mostly Italians, frequent the many classes in Italian. The personnel of the classes in this particular school, it may be noted, comprises six teachers . . . an even parallel with the English-teaching personnel!

It is impossible that such a condition should breed inferiority complexes among our younger element. On the whole, it is a pretty cocky and solid little group, self-assured, confident, educated . . . in some instances sporting even the smooth flawlessness of Oxfordian accents . . . yet nonetheless supremely and proudly confident of the wealth of its Italian heritage.

The Educational Horizon

By Peter Sammartino and Sylvia Scaramelli

"WHO IS TOO OLD TO LEARN?"

In advertising its Home Study Courses, Columbia University uses the above slogan, which is arresting and provokes either a too-ready response or thoughtful consideration. Those who answer quickly state categorically that learning is a prerogative of youth and that the maximum age for learning with any degree of facility is twenty. By that time, they continue, the mind has absorbed all that it can hold, the plastic mind of childhood vanishes and an attempt to study new subjects can only lead to disappointment and failure. And following their beliefs, they are content to live their lives with whatever knowledge they have gained in high school or college, or rather, with what they can remember of what they have studied. Too often do we hear people of all ages and in all walks of life complaining that they are too old to learn and then proceed to waste their energies in regretting that they did not study more when they were younger. The majority of people who say this genuinely believe it to be true. We are not considering that group who use it as a convenient way of justifying their laziness.

A few years ago psychologists took up the subject in earnest. Was there any truth in the phrase "I am too old to learn?" Prof. Edward Thorndike and a staff of assistants worked for two years and incorporated the results of the work in a technical treatise called "Adult Education." They knew, of course, from the outset that unusual and gifted men, forgetting age, had forged ahead, and used their minds to increasingly greater advantage as the years came upon them. Their achievements in new fields long after the age of fifty are recorded in our newspapers and periodicals for all to read. The problem was to ascertain whether a man of ordinary

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL—A NEW FIELD

Professor Philip W. L. Cox, one of America's great educators, says in his book "The Junior High School and its Curriculum":

"In industrial cities the American-Italian population is becoming politically powerful and is making an important impress on the industrial and artistic world. Courses in Italian are finding their way into metropolitan high schools, and are receiving serious consideration for inclusion in the junior high school. Wherever the demand is great enough and promises to be consistent enough to assure continued enrollment for such a course, the opportunity to acquaint considerable numbers of children of early adolescence with the home-life, the culture, the traditions, the colorful religious observances, and the history of the Italian peoples, should be eagerly seized by junior high school administrators."

The statement needs no comment. Professor Cox is absolutely impartial in the analysis of the problem. He has had a rich experience as a teacher and as an administrator. He knows the problems he is talking about. At the same time, he is forever seeking to make each child deeply cognizant of his American environment so that he may acquire a sense of civic pride and a desire to participate intelligently in the evolution of the American people. He realizes also, that, for the American child of Italian parentage, the study of Italian is a most helpful agent in the reaching of the desired goals.

—Peter Sammartino

intelligence was able to undertake new studies late in life or whether his ability to learn readily was lost after the age of twenty. The results of Prof. Thorndike's researches prove conclusively that the old saying, "I am too old to learn," is false and without foundation. By statistics carefully collected and correlated he has shown that contrary to former beliefs, childhood is not the period of greatest learning ability. Rather, the ability to learn increases gradually from childhood until it reaches its peak between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. At this period it is possible to learn a little more rapidly and somewhat better than at any other time of life. However, the decline in the ability to learn from the age of twenty-four to old age is very slight and the drop is more than compensated by the fact that a great deal that is learned between twenty and twenty-four is forgotten, especially if the learning is not put

to immediate use. It is of little practical significance to state that one can learn more rapidly at twenty-four than in later years, when much that is learned is not remembered.

As this article will reach a great many Italo-Americans of the second generation who do not know the Italian language it is apropos to mention Prof. Thorndike's specific research on the ability to acquire a foreign language. Many who would agree that other subjects can be learned late in life would make an exception in the case of languages, which they feel must be learned in childhood. Once again, Prof. Thorndike proves that the assumption is wrong. As the result of many experiments he gathered facts which showed that the gain in a foreign language was greater in a group of people between the ages of twenty and forty than it was in a group of children between the ages of eight and twelve. If a foreign language is needed at the age of

forty or fifty, that is the time to study it and there is no basic reason for not learning it successfully.

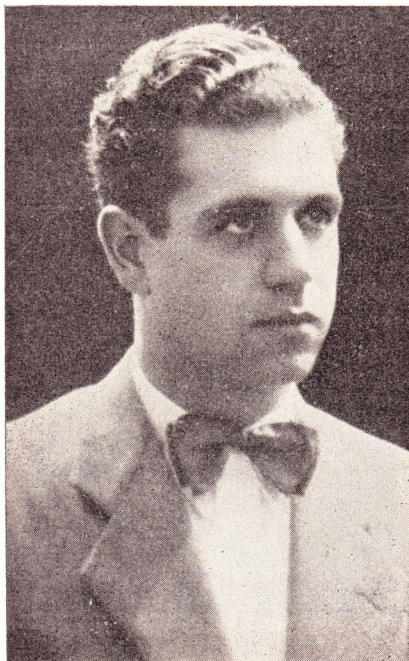
The psychologists, therefore, have forcefully brought to our attention the fact that the phrase "I am too old to learn" is an obsolete superstition, and in its place they have substituted the encouraging and stimulating doctrine, "Learning has no age limit."

NOT ENTIRELY AT SEA

Something new was tried on the vacation trans-Atlantic crossing of the motorship "Saturnia" which left New York on July 5th and after a leisurely trip which included stops at the Azores, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Palermo, Patras, Dubrovnik and Venice, arrived at Trieste on July 21st. The long voyage made feasible the plan of giving elementary Italian lessons and Dr. Peter Sammartino had no difficulty enlisting 162 passengers for daily lessons in Italian. The lesson plan was devised to meet the needs of the tourist. Two or three minutes were devoted to pronunciation hints, about five minutes to grammar and the remainder of the lesson was given over to conversation of the type that would be most useful to the traveller. In order to give the students an opportunity of using their newly found vocabulary, the evening menu was discussed and at dinner, when orders were sometimes given in amazing Italian, patient stewards used their ingenuity and saw to it that no one starved. The lesson closed with the singing of popular Italian songs for which Miss Louise Pellegrino of New Haven payed the music. Miss E. Claire Groben of Buffalo acted as secretary of the class.

The idea of learning Italian at the moment when it will be of practical use is an excellent one from

the pedagogical point of view, and certainly the mind-set of the tourist on his first trip to Italy is most favorable for absorbing the language. We are willing to venture that most passengers would prefer



Dr. George J. Primavera

to have a few lessons in the language of their destination than the twice-daily interruption of bouillon and afternoon tea. We mention this only because if the idea were generally adopted by steamship companies it might be necessary to eliminate a few of the luxuries showered upon their passengers and we believe the omission of the two mentioned above would produce the least hardship.

A FEW STATISTICS FROM THE COLLEGES

A survey was recently made of 112 colleges and universities in the

United States to ascertain to what extent Italian was accorded equality with other leading modern languages, and particularly French and German. The three questions asked were: (1) Are high school units of Italian accepted on the same basis as French or German in satisfaction of the entrance requirements in foreign language; (2) Are credits in Italian accepted like those in French and German in satisfaction of the foreign language requirements for the B. A. Degree; (3) How many years of Italian are offered. The answer to these questions by 112 colleges can best be summarized by the table printed below.

While the survey does not pretend to be complete, it nevertheless shows the trend. These statistics should be heartening to those who are working so hard to spread the teaching of the Italian language. Their efforts are beginning to show definite results.

ITEMS FROM ITALY

The Italo-American Professors Institute in Rome has organized a Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome for Italian-American teachers and students. The Pilgrimage will leave New York on the Hamburg-American liner Albert Ballin and after spending twenty-two days in Europe will return on the liner Deutschland. The tour will include educational and pleasure trips to the leading Italian cities and resorts. Mgr. Filippo Maria Sordini and Dr. Mario Pergolani will come from Rome in August to direct the Pilgrimage.

A splendid organization is the "Italo-American Medical Students Association in Rome," founded in 1931 for the purpose of uniting and directing the interests of Italo-American students studying medicine in that city. The Association welcomes new students, helps them with the problems that face them and stimulates them to a greater interest in Italian culture, Dr. George J. Primavera, a graduate in medicine and surgery from the University of Rome in 1932, was its founder and first president, and a year

Question (1); Is Italian accepted for Entrance requirements on parity with French and German?					
Yes	If offered-Yes	If offered - Committee meeting nec.	No.	No information	
85	12	5	8	2	
Question (2); Is Italian accepted in satisfaction of foreign language requirement for the B. A. degree?					
Yes	Parity recognized but not enough courses offered	May be combined with Spanish	Accepted only when student majors in Italian	Necessary for committee to decide with probability of acceptance	No
81	3	1	1	1	25
Question (3); How many years are offered in Italian?					
Four Years or more	Three years	Two years	One year	None offered	
48	20	24	18	2	

after its inception Premier Mussolini received the members of the Association in audience and commended Dr. Primavera for his excellent work in spreading interest in the culture of Italy through his Association. The present membership now numbers 130 students under the leadership of its new president, Felix Ottaviano of Rochester, N. Y.

From Johns Hopkins we learn of the appointment of Arturo Castiglioni, of the University of Padua, to be Noguelli Lecturer.

Dr. Franklin T. Walsh, Principal of the Central High School at Providence, Rhode Island, was recently decorated by the King of Italy with the *Croce di Cavaliere della Corona d'Italia*. This honor comes to Doctor Walsh through his untiring endeavors to place the Italian language on an equal footing with other languages in the public schools of Providence, which goal has finally been achieved after twelve years of perseverance.

Prof. Tommaso Russo, professor of Italian at Brooklyn and at Hunter College of the City of New York, has sent to Premier Mussolini the collection of his articles on "The Study of Italian in the United States" which were published by the *Bollettino Della Sera* of New York recently. Prof. Russo has received a grateful acknowledgement of his gift from the Consul General of New York on behalf of Premier Mussolini.

Josef Vincent Lombardo was recently awarded a one year fellowship by the Institute of International Education for graduate study in Fine Arts at the Royal University of Florence and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Lombardo goes to his new work well equipped. Having completed his secondary education at Brooklyn Academy and at the Associated Art Studios of New York, he continued at the Cooper Union School of Art from which he was graduated in 1926. In 1931 he was graduated with honors from the College of Fine Arts, New York University, with the degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts. He continued his studies at Columbia University and received the Master of Arts Degree. At present he is working toward his doctorate at Columbia. In spite of his arduous studies, Mr. Lombardo found time to work on the Art Staff of the *New York Sun*, and was also a member of the staff of the old *World* and *Daily Mirror*. In 1925 he made a portrait of Calvin Coolidge which aroused favorable comment from the late President. When one considers that Mr. Lombardo is not yet thirty his past achievements point strongly to a successful career in his chosen field.

AT THE COLLEGES

At Princeton University the election to Phi Beta Kappa included that of Joseph De Sipio, class of 1933, and William F. Bottiglia, class of 1934. Mr. De Sipio was likewise the recipient of a Fellowship in the Department of English. At the same University, George A. Perera received high honors in Biology and William T. Pecora honors in Geology. James F. Danielli was awarded the Commonwealth Fund Fellowship. The Master of Arts Degree was conferred upon Frank D. Cubello.

Among those who received honors at the Yale Commencement are John R. Cuneo, who won high honors, and R. A. De San Marzano, Joseph J. Esposito, Angelo M. Ragonetti, and Francis Schiaroli, all of whom were graduated with honors. James F. Mormile, who received the Master of Arts Degree, also won the prize for exceptional work in Italian. During his stay at Yale he was Pre-



Josef Vincent Lombardo

sident of the Yale Italian Society. He will continue his studies at the University of Perugia. The following received the Bachelor of Arts Degree: Edward H. Anzalone, Delmar F. Benatti, John R. Cuneo, Nicholas del Genio, Robert De San Marzano, Henry J. De Vita, Jr., Robert Di Giorgio, Jr., Joseph J. Esposito, and Angelo M. Ragonetti. The Degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on Humbert H. Granelli and A. P. Pasquariello.

Dr. Anthony J. Mendillo, Chief Surgeon of the Grace Hospital, and a graduate of Yale School of Medicine in the class of 1907, was recently elected President of the Association of Yale Alumni in Medicine.

Brooklyn College, of which Dr. William A. Boylan is President, held its second annual commencement not long ago at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Since Brooklyn College was established three years ago as a separate city college, this is the first graduating class to leave the institution. Of the 886 graduates 56 were Italian-American students. The Italian prize was awarded to Mary A. Lauricella and John Joseph de Cicco won a prize in mathematics.

Andrew J. Torrielli was one of 16 to graduate from Harvard Summa Cum Laude. Mr. Torrielli has an exceptionally brilliant record, having won many scholarships during his college career. In his Senior year he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He will return to Harvard in the Fall to begin work toward a Ph. D. degree in the field of Italian, French and Spanish. A recent scholarship awarded by the University covers the three years of post graduate study.

Salvatore S. Piacente, class of '36 at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., was

awarded the Daniel Goodwin and Headley Scholarship Prize. Frank Bene received the Williams Prize in psychology at the commencement exercises of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Numerous honors and prizes were received by Italo-American students at the commencement exercises of Fordham University. Among the seniors who received honorable mention for having attained a yearly average of 85 per cent were: Arthur A. Amendola, Michael J. Ceruzzi, Albert A. Garofola, Henry E. Morelli and Frank X. Sorrentino. The Jouin Medal went to James D. Alegerse, class of '34, while James V. Blancato and Leonard J. Groppe class of '35, were awarded the Major Thomas C. McDonald Gold Medal in Belgian History. Philomena Marsicano and Leonard J. Piccoli received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Madeline Lagomarsino, that of Master of Arts. Over seventy-five Italo-American students received the Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees.

Miss Louise M. Dantuomo was the winner of the Long Island scholarship at Adelphi College. At the same college Miss Netta M. Crocitto was elected to the honorary society, Sigma Delta Pi, and Miss Carolina A. Gilberti to Delta Tau Alpha.

At the College of the City of New York, Thomas Pipitone received second year honors for having attained the grades of A and B in prescribed courses counting at least 55 credits. Among the seniors honored were: Michael J. Cialese and John R. Ragazzini, who were graduated Magna Cum Laude, signifying that they had attained the grade A in sixty per cent of their subjects with no grade below D. Michael Sibilio and Pasquale Philip Lacovara received Ward Medals for proficiency in Government. Peter Galeazzi, Class of 1933, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering was awarded to Bancroft Gherardi, vice-president and chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute commencement. Among the Seniors who were graduated Magna Cum Laude were Hugo V. Cordiano and John B. Rippere.

Six important awards given at the Hunter college commencement were received by Italo-Americans. Laveria Semisa, who was graduated Summa Cum Laude, received the William Wood Memorial Prize for exceptional work in French. Another prize for French, that of Le Lyceum Societè des Femmes de France à New York, went to Lucretia Araneo. Lily Sturniolo received the Luis E. Feliu Prize and Adalgisa Falzone the Sigma Delta Pi Prize for Spanish, while the Clara Byrnes Memorial Prize for Italian was divided among Ermilda de Bernardi, Josephine Iacuzzi and Olga Romeo. The Eliza Ford Prize awarded to the Student who has best fulfilled her work, was won by Dominica G. Trapani. Filomena M. Greco received honorable mention in Biology.

(Continued on Page 176)

The Theatre and Cinema

By Jonh A. Donato

Mid-summer Madness—A Fantasy in One Spasm.

Scene: Any dramatic critic's desk.

Time: Mid-July or mid-August or mid-anything.

A poor overworked critic, malicious of eye and haggard of countenance, sits at his desk. He is counting absent-mindedly on his fingers. His face bears the unmistakable effects of weeks of frantic but vain efforts to recoup lost slumber.

Critic (to himself)—H'm, two tickets to tonight's opening. (Then, as though regretfully reminded of something lamentable, he laments). Two openings last night and three the night before. Fourteen next week. Hell! Where's this guy Morpheus? Let's see, (struggling visibly), tonight it's that "Bird on the Wing" thing of Wesley Sagamore Blink's. Insufferable ape, that one. Last night (resuming), it was "The Seventh Toe." (Then indignantly) Do I have to review that? (He looks out the window. It's hot and dusty outside). Gee! (Hopefully, he hopes). Wish that youngster'd do the "Seventh Toe" thing.

A messenger comes in, unceremoniously dumps a handful of envelopes on the desk and looks askance at the critic. The critic looks askance at him. Finally, the critic, striving to regain his poise, addresses the fellow, as critics are wont to do.

Critic (with cold, professional hauteur)—Do you know anything of the finer things of the theatre? Where does a climax come in? Who are you, anyway? Where do you come in?

The messenger laughs a scornful laugh. As the critic sits amazed, (as an amazed sitter will sit), the face before him metamorphoses slowly but undoubtedly, until it begins to assume the cunning, leering grin of a Satanic, or what have you, face.

Critic (sputtering)—W-what in t-the—!

The messenger merely continues to grin, pointing a significantly significant finger at the pile of envelopes. He turns and goes out, leaving the aforesaid individual in a blue funk. The critic, reviving, opens one by one the envelopes before him and counts slowly as he does, meanwhile forcing a perfunctory expression of interest.

Critic (carelessly, to himself)—Openings by twos—(he rambles)—I wonder how my dress suit is—Another farce by Moses Plunk. Dullard, that fellow. Bores one to desperation. Have to be affable, though—Two tickets to an Italian—(explosively) So help me Hannah! Where did I leave my golf clubs?—(reminiscently, smiling)—She

was a swell dish, though—(With an effort at concentration). And six openings week after next—(rambling again)—my bridge is getting testy—oh! I'll never sleep (yawning profusely)—oh! (groan)—(nod)—

Note: Somebody pinched me. It must have been that editor fellow asking me if I'd been to the cinema lately. Well, let's to work.....

* * *

Critical Broadway continues to hold the theatre's slowing pulse. We have a feeling that too many diagnosticians are doing for said theatre exactly what that preponderance of cooks did to the well-known soup. And yet we hear of extensive stirrings-up for the Fall, and, perhaps, a lively season. What with announcements of one sort or another, we're in for either a whopper or a sad disillusioning. In the meantime, the theatre, heaven help the urbanites, (not to say the ruralites and stay-at-home critics), has gone practically native, invading those quaint Connecticut hamlets and their environs.

However, take it from no less a prognosticator than Mr. George White, the "Scandal" man, we may expect to see a remarkable Fall revival in theatre business. "Fortunately, for myself," says 'e, "I have managed to gauge the public pulse insofar as entertainment is concerned—. In this respect I have been lucky." Well, all we can say, George and the other producers, is, gauge away.

There was also a bit of the heartening in the news that Frank Gilmore, Equity's President, had been assured by President Roosevelt's office that the theatre was certainly included in the plans of the NIRA (National Industrial Recovery Act, to you). As some enterprising wag put it, "NIRA and NIRA" to the millennium. Sorry.

* * *

Just to stir up the heat waves a wee bit more, up pops a famous dramatic critic on the radio with this observation: "Pulitzer prizes would not have been awarded to plays that have received them if the choice had been left to the play-going public—as the popular theatre has never been an intelligent theatre." And we thought the theatre had died a thorough, honorable death. But here's this gentleman, biting off more than even he can chew in evaluating humanity in terms of the theatre—with, needless to say, disastrously unimpressive results. We beg time off to look askance at the gentleman for a statement that must surely gall some of us playgoers. No one, we think, calls Mr. Public unintelligent in so many words and continues to fascinate him. Or does he?

The past month in the theatre: "Shady Lady," a musical, made its bow as the hoped-for saviour of a dull season. It hardly begins to satisfy, we are informed, being more or less of a bent too "burlesque," if we may be pardoned our undue exercise of poetic privilege.... Chamberlain Brown's series of revivals died at its inception, quietly and indigently, as the title of the first production implies. The play was "A Church Mouse" and was to have been the vanguard of other plays "New York wants to see," or, as some wit remarked, "the plays it already has been seen New York wants to see." Somehow, the summer drought caught up with Mr. Brown's luscious plan. He was to have followed with "The Trial of Mary Dugan;" and "The Shanghai Gesture," with Florence Reed.

* * *

In the offing: An unnamed play by Philip Barry, with Maude Adams in the role of a Mother Superior in a convent. Miss Adams, it is interesting to note, some time ago deeded her Long Island estate to the Catholic Church for the use of an order of nuns; and Barry has a sister enrolled in a cloistered branch of the same ecclesiastic institution. Wherefor, we may expect something authentic both in the acting and writing of the drama.... The firm of George Abbott and Phil Dunning which this last season gave us "Twentieth Century" promises three Fall plays: "Heat Lightning" by Leon Abrams and George Abbott, "Some People Live" by Howard Irving Young, and "Dead Level" by Phil Dunning.... Max Gordon announces a definite opening date (incredible!) for a comedy—so far untitled—by Clare Kummer, with Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews. It is scheduled for the Sam Harris Theatre October 16.... And, wonder of wonders! Opening (actually) at the Morosco the first or second week in August, "Going Gay," a farce by Donald Blackwell and William Miles, the first venture of the new Select Theatres Corporation under Lee Shubert, with Miss Thais Lawton in the leading role....

* * *

Departing from the theatre for the nonce, we looked into things cinematic as a change from potatoes, if for nothing else. So, while browsing about for a likely introduction, we came upon these lines by one Latham Ovens in the New York Sun:

MOVIE CATHEDRAL.

*The biggest screen in all the world,
The widest steps, and lobby,*

*The hugest mezzanine and loge,
Gay uniforms quite nobby,*

*Golden inlaid chandeliers
And all the latest fixtures;*

*But though you try you can't disguise
Those same old moving pictures!*

Amen!

* * *

Assuredly the picture thrill of the month was none other than the series of newsreels depicting the arrival and subsequent movements of our glamorous General Balbo and his great air armada. Beside this, all other screen fare paled into insignificance.

Also worthy of especial note was the epic unfolding of "This Is America," a panorama of the past fifteen years in American history. The film, which is a series of outstanding news "shots" mirroring the last decade and a half, was expertly edited by Gilbert Seldes. It has the impressive swing of a saga, even while glorifying revivalists, flag-pole sitters, channel swimmers and miniature golf, among other fads of the immediate past. Therein we see Lindbergh, Wilson, Harding, Aimee McPherson, Gertrude Ederle, Rudolph Valentino, and a host of those celebrities whose names are readily linked to some

staggering achievement—plus the latter-day struggles of America in the grip of a crime-wave, prohibition and the depression; a veritable album of the crest and trough of America's fortunes, with an encouraging note for its final curtain. This is a new kind of thrill, this "Cavalcade" of America, with real people, events, stories; not a lack-lustre reflection in the pool of past glory and disappointment, but truth and education.

* * *

Among the regular films of the past month, no one is really outstanding, except possibly the picturization of Hermann Sudermann's novel "Song of Songs" with the detrousured Miss Marlene Dietrich.... There were also movie versions of Theodore Dreiser's "Jenny Gerhardt" and Rachel Crothers' twice-honored "When Ladies Meet," which latter did a very creditable job in following the play script almost religiously.... "Gold Diggers of 1933," Warner Brothers' stupendous musical follow-up to "42nd Street," continued in its 8th successive week, at this time of writing.... proving something or other for this type of entertainment....

* * *

In the offing: Fox will lampoon the movies and its cycle-forming habits for the first time since "Once in a Lifetime" poked fun at the screen. "I Come from

Hell," featuring the Swedish comedian, El Brendel, will be a burlesque of all cycle pictures such as racketeering, gangster stories, Westerns, drama and animal tales.... "Living in a Big Way," the Louis Bromfield story, will see Jean Harlow and Marie Dressler emoting for dear old M. G. M.... "Emperor Jones," the O'Neill drama of the pullman porter who became by ruse and sorcery a jungle star, will be offered, with Paul Robeson in the title role, by Gifford Cochran and John Krimsky, those two independents who imported "Maedchen in Uniform" for us last year.... Primo Carnera, the Italian mammoth who now adorns the World's Heavy-weight Boxing throne, has been offered the past of the defeated fighter in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" which will star another ring luminary, Max Baer. Primo's manager demurs, fearing the psychological effect on his prodigy in the event of a future meeting, professionally, between the two. But Primo will listen enchantedly to the crackling banknotes, methinks, and ergo, will succumb peacefully.... While the rivals of Universal were announcing full schedules of coming productions, Carl Laemmle, the old fox, withheld his most important plans, hinting at great literary names, but not divulging his secrets. Something up your sleeve, Carl?

THE EDUCATIONAL HORIZON

(Continued from Page 174)

AT THE HIGH SCHOOLS

Salvatore Casale was graduated this June from Townsend Harris; the Preparatory High School of The College of the City of New York. The students of this high school are among the brightest students in the city, their admissions being based on entrance examinations. High standards must be maintained throughout the high school course, which is completed in three years instead of the customary four.

Prizes were awarded to the students of five New York City High schools for excellence in the study of Italian, at imposing ceremonies held in the Auditorium of the Paul Hoffman High School, the Bronx, on June 23rd. Over two thousand attended, and the occasion was honored by the presence of the following notables; Commendatore Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General, Prof. Roberto Alessandri, Director of the Surgical Pathology Department of the Royal University of Rome, Dr. Filippo Cassola, Director of the Columbus Hospitals, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, publisher of Italian dailies, Hon. Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration, and Cav. Angelo Patri, famous educator and principal of the Paul Hoffman Junior High School. Dr. Pasquale D. Badia, Chairman, was assisted by Prof. Antonio Calitri, who arranged the artistic program of songs and recitations.

Addresses were made by Cav. Angelo Patri, Dr. Henry Hein, Principal of the James Monroe High School, Hon. Edward Corsi, Dr. Filippo Cassola,

Prof. Roberto Alessandri and Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope. The speakers praised the students for their achievements in the study of Italian and urged the younger students especially to be proud of their origin and to learn the language of Dante. The Hon. Edward Corsi pointed out that while the study of Italian is increasing annually, there still remains a large percentage of students of Italian origin who are indifferent and wasteful of the opportunities afforded them. Of the 40,000 Italian-American students attending the high schools in the cities of the United States, only 6,000 are registered for Italian courses. It is a lamentable fact, but one that can be and is being righted by those enthusiastic lovers of Italian culture who seize every opportunity to urge upon Italian-American students the study of the Italian language and culture which brings with it such a rich reward. The addresses were delivered with a fervor that inspired those in the audience and impressed upon them the need of a whole-hearted cooperation, in order that the younger generation be not deprived of their rightful Italian heritage.

At the close of the program, Comm. Grossardi awarded prizes to the following students: Paul Hoffman High School—Maria Filazzola, Giuseppe Nisito, Livia Cesa and Zenia Ficini; Theodore Roosevelt High School—Teodora Cornetta, Maria Guarino, and Giovanni Guarnieri; De Witt Clinton High School—Luigi Benenati, Joseph Bruno, John Adamak, John Russo and Miro Lo Balbo; James Monroe High School—Giuseppe Prudente, Camillo Baldassarre

and Giuseppini Insardi; Morris High School—Joseph Spatafora, Iolanda Firpo, James D'Orazio, Marie Duratino and Anthony Termine.

The Italian Department of De Witt Clinton High School, Bronx, New York, under the direction of Prof. Leonard Covello, held a very interesting Italian exhibition during the latter part of June. Works of art, books, periodicals, dolls from the famous house of Lenci, photographs of regional costumes, and recent archeological discoveries, were all included in the exhibition, which was well attended. The project was a difficult one and the students are to be commended for the fine display they arranged. The Italian Department now consists of over 900 students and the school affords them the opportunity of a four-year course in Italian.

The Unico Club of Waterbury, Conn., honored the Italian-American graduates of High Schools and Colleges at a dinner given in the Elton Hotel. Besides members of the club there were present 163 graduates. The two prizes annually awarded by the Club for excellence in English and Italian were given to Vera Perrella and Giovanni Di Franzo.

Loris Buccolo won the Civics Prize at the Falconer High School, Jamestown, N. Y. He was president of the class of 1933, member of the High School Bank and Glee Club, president of the HiY Club, Manager of the foot ball team and school librarian. An enviable record.

Things Italian in American Periodicals

A Bibliography of Recent Publications of Interest to Italian-Americans

WHAT THE BALBO FLIGHT MEANS TO AVIATION—*The Literary Digest*, July 29, 1933.

According to this rejuvenated weekly, it was "a great flight because it was comparatively free from the daredevil quality common to so much ocean flying." General Balbo, it says, had neither desire nor intention of setting a record or providing a spectacle. "What he wanted to do (and did in the first half of his exploit) was to show the possibilities of carefully planned, properly conducted mass flying over long distances."

ITALIAN AND GERMAN FASCISM: A CONTRAST—By Cecil Roth—*Opinion (A Journal of Jewish Life and Letters)*, May, 1933.

"Italian Fascism's greatest justification is Benito Mussolini, and he and Adolf Hitler are very different persons," and so, continues the author, are German and Italian Fascism. "German Fascism has thus far shown no sign of emulating its Italian prototype in its constructive ideals or in its positive achievement or in its evolution of a coherent philosophical basis. It has moreover introduced more than one element which is utterly alien to the spirit of the present regime in Italy, which has indeed specifically repudiated such aberrations in the most forcible language. Of these, the most characteristic is the ludicrously bitter anti-Semitic attitude which Nazidom has chosen to adopt. Italian Fascism has never in the slightest degree shared this... The Duce has repeatedly condemned anti-Semitism and even, on more than one occasion, expressed his sympathy with Zionism."

THE MOUTH OF THE TIBER—By Dr. Beniamino de Ritis—*Italy America Society Bulletin*, July, 1933.

A comprehensive article, with an extensive bibliography, describing the great work being carried forward to successful completion by Premier Mussolini in the Roman Campagna, a program which since 1925 has already succeeded in draining, clearing and bringing under the plough the historical spot where for centuries malaria reigned supreme. Mussolini has said, "This is but a fraction of the land we are going to reclaim. Internal work will settle the problem of unemployment before long, and Italians will not emigrate any more."

DO ITALIAN WOMEN OBEY MUSSOLINI?—By Gaetano Salvemini—*Birth Control Review*, March, 1933.

"No," is the gist of this well-known anti-Fascist historian's answer to his own question, and he marshals some statistics in his support.

GERMAN LEAGUE HOPES IN MUSSOLINI—*The Literary Digest*, July 22, 1933.

Credit for the Four Power Pact is given by Germans chiefly to Mussolini, and "through him they expect a revival of the League. In the past he has been prejudiced against it because he felt it merely acted as an echo of the French Foreign Office. But now it has been taken out of French control, according to a distinguished German daily, and henceforth should be 'an authentic voice of mankind' with Rome, London, Berlin and Paris as the Big Four of League membership."

IN THE TRIENNALE, INTERNATIONAL STYLE TRIUMPHS—By Margaret Scolari—*The New York Times*, August 6, 1933.

Being held for the fifth time this summer in Milan is the exhibition of architecture and decorative arts which takes place there every three years. This feature article describes how the 1933 exhibition "brings modern theory and practice to the fore."

GALILEO GALILEI: PHYSICIAN—ASTRONOMER—By Leopold Vaccaro, M. D.—*Medical Life*, June, 1933.

A biographical article on the great Italian astronomer and scientist, with particular reference to his contributions to the science of medicine, among which the author lists "his discovery of the thermometer and its daily use by our fraternity; his discovery of the laws of oscillation with the practical application to the counting of the pulse; the invention of the microscope with its subsequent countless discoveries in the field of biology, botany, pathology and bacteriology." An extensive bibliography is appended to the article.

IS NAPLES INCORRIGIBLE?—By Sidney A. Clark—*Christian Science Monitor*, July, 17, 1933.

"Fascism," says the author, "has wrought veritable miracles." After listing some of the unfavorable features of the Naples of many years ago, the author continues, "To offset this—and I must say I am glad to turn to the credit side of the ledger, for I really like this city—I have witnessed here in the past ten years the most extraordinary change of heart that I have seen in any community in Italy, old or young or middle-aged."

ITALIANS IN THE PRIZE RING: THEIR RAPID RISE TO SUPREMACY—By Edward Zeltner—*New York Daily Mirror*, July 31st et sequitur.

It is a well-known fact that in boxing, the Italo-American has gone far,

held many championships, and still does. With Carnera's winning of the heavyweight championship, this paper has begun a series of articles day by day on the many Italians who have gained fame in the ring.

THE NEW ROME GLORIFIES ITS ANCIENT MONUMENTS—By Arnaldo Cortesi—*The New York Times*, May 28, 1933.

A well-written article by the Times' Rome correspondent, describing how the Fascist Government, clearing away the debris of centuries, is bringing into view columns and temples of the great Roman eras. "If," he says, "one had been absent from Rome these last ten years it would be thrilling to return today and be suddenly confronted by the radical transformations that have been brought about by the Fascist administration. The change has been gradual, it has been achieved by successive stages, so that we who have witnessed every step can hardly appreciate how different the Rome of today is from the Rome of 1922. But to the traveler returning after a long absence the effect must be overwhelming."

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The Italians in North America

THE PRESS

In November, 1912, in a monthly magazine, "Pro Nobis," published in Calumet, Michigan (according to Ed-oardo Marolla in his column "Italo-Americana" in "La Voce del Popolo" of Detroit, this story appeared: An Irish politician in New York who industriously sought the support of the Irish, the Germans and the French around election time, was asked why he ignored the Italians in his campaign, considering that they constituted a majority in that district. His answer was "They're not worth the trouble; I can have them whenever I want them with a barrel of beer." And the magazine went on to add that this reply was typical in substance, if not in details, of many other Italian communities.

This was more than twenty years ago, and today the Italians in the various municipalities and communities in this country, to a greater or lesser degree, are still faced with the same problems, as Mr. Mazzola's article in *Atlantica's* June issue demonstrated.

More than 3000 Chicago business and professional men of Italian extraction are listed in a directory recently published by Countess Lisa Cipriani in that city. The directory, the fifth to be published since 1926, shows the part the Italians are playing in the city's economic and financial life. Brief biographical sketches of representative leaders such as Joshua D'Espósito, consulting engineer for the Union Station and Daily News Building; Joseph Soravia, Sears Roebuck executive; and Ass't. U. S. District Attorney Lawrence Marino, are included.

Gr. Uff. Ettore Patrizi, editor and publisher of the San Francisco Italian daily, "L'Italia," was selected by Mayor Angelo Rossi of that city to represent San Francisco officially at the festivities which took place at the Chicago World's Fair on the occasion of the reception to the Italian air armada headed by General Italo Balbo.

During the World Economic Conference in London, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, publisher of the Italian dailies in New York and Philadelphia, took occasion, apropos of the nationalist tendencies being shown there, to remind his readers in a front-page editorial that in the same way it was their obligation to patronize Italian dealers and merchants to the best of their ability.

"Like the leaves..." was the title of an editorial by Italo Falbo of the "Progresso Italo-Americano" of New York not long ago, in which he said that, one by one, like the leaves of autumn, there were falling from the tree of Democracy the sacred principles that had dominated a great part of the world for all of the 19th century and the first quarter of the 20th. "In Italy they fell ten years ago. In other countries the fall took place later. In some others, as in the United States now, the fall has just begun." He refers, of course, to the working out of the NRA act.

The Italo-American weekly press throughout the country quite naturally outdid itself in using the biggest type and the most glorifying words they could in describing General Balbo's successful feat of leading 24 Italian seaplanes across the Atlantic to Chicago. "La Verità" of Waterbury, Conn., for example, in three successive issues, carried front page editorials, without excessive wordiness, yet summing up just what the flight meant, to aviation and to Italo-American relations.

SOCIETIES AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

On the occasion recently of the tenth anniversary of the Orphanage established by the National Order Sons of Italy at Nutley, N. J., great festivities took place, including a parade of over 5000, at which were represented all the lodges in New Jersey of the Order and many others, and a banquet in the evening at the Riviera Hotel in Newark, attended by over 500. Among those present at the outdoor festivities were Consul General Antonio Grossardi, Dr. Italo Falbo, editor of "Il Progresso," Vice-Consul Dr. Augusto Castellani of Newark, the New Jersey Grand Lodge Venerable, Cav. Uff. Fran-



Candidate for the nation's third highest electoral position: Major Fiorello H. La Guardia.

cesco Palleria, who is also Director of the Orphanage; Supreme Secretary Cav. Salvatore Parisi; Consular Attache Col. Ricco of Paterson, N. J.; former Grand Venerable Atty. Dolce; Count Carlo Merenda, and others.

At the table of honor during the banquet in addition to the above, were Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope; Hon. Anthony F. Minisi, Newark Commissioner; Judge Antonio Casale; Judge Scerbo and others.

At the 21st annual State Convention of the Order Sons of Italy in Massachusetts, held in North Adams early this month, Judge Felix Forte of Somerville was elected Grand Venerable of the State Order, succeeding Atty. Vincent Brogna, who served two terms, and defeating Atty. Michael A. Fredo for the position. The new Grand Venerable holds more titles than any other Italian in Massachusetts. In addition to being an attorney and Special Judge of the Somerville District Court, he is also a Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy. He has won his way to a full Professorship at Boston University Law School and received several degrees from that institution and an honorary degree from Harvard.

Other officers elected at the State convention are as follows: Assistant grand venerable, Joseph Gorrasi, Woburn; grand treasurer, Ettore Caiola, Watertown; grand recording secretary, Nazzareno Toscano, Watertown; grand financial secretary, Louis N. Salvatore, Boston; grand trustees, Henry Barbadora, Milford; Albert C. Iennaco, Brockton; Frank Abbadessa, Milford; Mrs. Jennie DeVito, Cambridge; Rep. Anthony A. Centracchio, East Boston.

Joseph Meli of Jersey City, for twenty years a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles of New Jersey, who came to this country as an immigrant boy of poor and humble parents, was recently unanimously elected President of that important fraternity at its 18th annual convention. He had been its vice-president for the past two years, and had also served it in numerous other capacities. Mr. Meli has also been active in political life, having organized the Italian-American Democratic Club of Bergen County, whose President he has been for eight consecutive years. In 1928 he was appointed road inspector in Hudson County and later zoning-commissioner, making him the first man of Italian descent to hold a state office in New Jersey.

Among the distinguished guests who attended the various gala affairs held in New York City last month in honor of the Italian air fleet headed by General Italo Balbo were:

Mr. L. Angeli, Comm. and Mrs. R. Angelone, Mons. Rev. Alfonso Arcese, Cav. L. Barbanzolo, Mrs. Louis Bennett, Comm. Riccardo Bertelli, Dr. Prof. Alberto C. Bonaschi, Dr. Salvatore Bonanno, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Booth, Col. and Mrs. F. Q. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. N. Bucci, Count Antonio Campagna, Mr. Michael A. Cardo, Marchese Casardi, Dr. Luigi Cassano, Avv. Frank Catinella, Cav. Uff. Adamo Cic-

carone, Comm. Gaetano Clemente, Cav. Antonio Corigliano, Mr. Edward Corsi, Comm. Giuseppe Cosulich, Count and Countess Luigi Criscuolo, Cav. Uff. Antonio D'Angelo, Cap. Ugo V. D'Annunzio, Grand Uff. Giovanni Di Silvestro, Mr. Frank G. Di Benedetto, Count Alfonso Facchetti-Guiglia, Mr. Michele Falanga, Comm. Italo C. Falbo, Dr. Vincenzo Fanoni, Mr. F. Ferrajolo, Hon. John J. Freschi, Mons. Germano Formica, Dr. Giuseppe Gambatesa, Cav. Uff. L. Gerbino, Gr. Uff. Giuseppe Gerli, Cav. Gaetano Giallorenzi, Nobile Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Captain F. M. Guardabassi, Marchese Guglielmo, Mr. Robert Huse, Mr. Nicola Lanza, Hon. James Lanzetta, Dr. John Lore, Cav. Uff. Ercole H. Locatelli, Prof. Howard Marraro, Mrs. Edmund L. Mooney, Dr. V. P. Mazzola, Cav. Avv. Stefano Miele, Dr. G. Milani, Cav. G. Mottari, Mr. Arturo Noci, Hon. and Mrs. John P. O'Brien, Comm. Giuseppe Paterno, Comm. Dr. Carlo Paterno, Avv. Paolo Parisi, Mr. and Mrs. L. Podesta, Miss Carolina Perera, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, Mr. and Mrs. G. Randegger, Rev. Cav. Filippo Robotti, Mr. Felice Rosset, Prof. Paul Salvatori, Count Guido Sansoni, Dr. F. Saroli, Comm. Dr. Carlo Savini, Mr. and Mrs. F. Saroli, Cav. Uff. A. Scalvini, Comm. Dr. Col. M. Serrati, Mons. Ottavio Silvestri, Comm. Pasquale Simonelli, Dr. Savino Solofrizzo, Lt. Comm. Ellery W. Stone, Mr. Giuseppe Susca, Prof. Vincenzo Titolo, Gr. Uff. Ing. Filippo Torchio, Mr. Charles Triller, Cav. Domenico Truda, Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman, Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop.

The Junior Auxiliary of Columbus Hospital closed its activities for the spring and summer season on June 24th when it held a luncheon musicale in the Sky Garden of the St. Moritz Hotel in New York. The affair was the society's fifth, and to carry out the wooden tradition, invitations, name cards and menus were on imitation wooden paper, while the table floral decorations were in blue and yellow.

The committee in charge was composed of the Misses:

Lillian C. Mulé, chairman; Josephine Personeni, ex-officio; Marie Zito, Ada Bonaccolto, Mildred Camera, Gilda Conti, Inez Conti, Josephine Corsello, Caroline Da Parma, Henrietta De Bellis, Estelle Kleeman, Ruth McNabb, Alberta Masiello, Isabella Petronio, Terese Petrucci, Adele Principe, Katherine Repetti, Grace Sannino, Kathryn Tortorice, Josephine Viola.

Under the inspiration of its founder, Domenico Borgo, "La Legione dei Cavalieri di Romolo" is undergoing a great revival and expansion. As the name implies, "La Legione dei Cavalieri di Romolo" is a legion of men of Italian blood bound together for the purpose of keeping alive the culture and traditions of the mother country under the standard of the Roman wolf. The supreme lodge of the Legione is at Calumet, Michigan, and subordinate lodges are scattered in Michigan and Wisconsin. Anyone interested in associating himself with the Legione should communicate with Domenico Borgo, Laurium, Michigan.

RELIGION

An Italian priest with a flair for electricity has developed a generator



Rosario Ingargiola

which utilizes atomic energy to produce several times as much voltage and amperage as an equivalent generator of standard design and which, if used commercially, would quarter the cost of current to the consumer, according to the inventor.

The priest is the Rev. Antonio D'Angelo, chaplain of the St. Agatha Home for Children at Nanuet, N. Y. Father D'Angelo demonstrated his invention with the aid of an experimental model recently in the electrical shop of Arnold Migliaccio at 50 Spring Street. Mr. Migliaccio helped to construct the generator.

Father D'Angelo is 43 years old and a native of Latronico in the province of Potenza. He conceived the idea of the generator six years ago when he was working as a missionary in Brazil. By special dispensation of the Pope he was permitted to come to New York to develop the invention. The device has been patented.

The Very Rev. Mons. Cav. Prof. Ernesto Monteleone, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in Jersey City, has been made a Cavaliere Ufficiale of the Order of the Crown of Italy, in recognition of his many works in the field of social welfare for the Italians in that city. The presentation was made by Vice Consul Dr. Castellani.

A Benefit June Festival was held on June 14th by the Ladies Auxiliary of the Columbus Hospital Annex, 457 West 163rd Street, the Bronx, N. Y., the proceeds of which went to the Hospital. The committee in charge was composed as follows: Mrs. Arthur Petretti, chairman; Mrs. Joseph F. Faiella, president of the Auxiliary; Mrs. Nicholas Sabella, chairman of the entertainment committee, Mrs. Rene Azari, Mrs. Francis A. Andrea, Mrs. Leopold Bellantoni, Mrs. Edward Bianco, Mrs. Dante Bonelli, Mrs. S. Di Palma, Mrs. Joseph Di Biasi, Miss Kay Ierardi, Mrs. Vincent Lauria, Mrs. Maraventano, Mrs. Blase Pasquarelli, Mrs. R. Penza, Mrs. A. M. Sala and Mrs. Zettina.

Officers of the Ladies Auxiliary are: Mrs. Jos. F. Faiella, President; Mrs. Nicholas Sabella, 1st Vice-President; Mrs. Paul W. Casson, 2nd Vice-Presi-

dent; Mrs. Arthur Petretti, 3rd Vice-President; Mrs. G. A. Cassano, Treasurer; Miss Jane De Marco, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Dante Bonelli, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Anthony J. De Pace, Financial Secretary; Miss Catherine Ierardi, Historian.

A solemn mass was celebrated on July 12th at St. Joseph's Church in East Orange, N. J. to commemorate the 25th year of priesthood of the church's rector, Rev. Sylvester Neri.

BUSINESS, PROFESSIONAL, OCCUPATIONAL

The sailing vessels Amerigo Vespucci and Cristoforo Colombo, training ships of the Italian Royal Naval Academy, have been anchored in the North River for a 12-day visit after having stopped in Baltimore. They were to leave for Italy directly after their New York visit. About 190 cadets are aboard, commanded by a staff headed by Admiral Romeo Bernotti, superintendent of the academy and of the Italian Naval War College. The Italy America Society is in charge of arrangements for their reception, which includes a visit of the cadets to City Hall and a formal call at the office of the War and Navy Departments in New York.

The itinerary of the ships after their departure from New York Aug. 31 calls for their arrival at Ponta Delgada, the Azores, on Sept. 17, Lisbon Sept. 26 and Gibraltar Oct. 5. They will then proceed to their home base at Leghorn, docking October 20.

Admiral Bernotti entered the Naval Academy at the age of 12 and has had a distinguished career in the Italian Navy. His assistant officers on the present trip are Commander Aristotile Bona and Captain Tomaso Panunzio.

The Manhattan Club in New York was the scene last month of a supper given by Gr. Uff. Giuseppe Gerli and Comm. Paolino Gerli in honor of Dr. Giovanni Gorio, president of the Italian Silk Corporation, and Royal Italian Commissioner for the silk industry, who is studying the silk market here and in China and Japan. Presiding was Comm. Paolino Gerli, president of the American Silk Association and vice-president of the newly formed Commodities Exchange.

The Salsomaggiore Terme Products Corporation has been formed under the laws of New York State, with the exclusive right to sell in North America the renowned pharmaceutical products of the Chemical Institute of the Regie Terme di Salsomaggiore. The incorporation papers bear the names of A. E. Crocco, president, Max Vicenzi, vice-president, and Atty. Albert R. Crocco, secretary and treasurer, and the offices will be at 535 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Vito Contessa, life president of the Italian Benevolent Society and a leader in Italian-American activities in New York, died last month at his home in Queens, at the age of 72.

Mr. Contessa, a native of Atella, Italy, came to the United States in 1885, settling in the Rockaways and becoming a stone and masonry contractor. He expanded the business to include real es-



Miss Josephine Personeni, president of the Junior Auxiliary of New York's Columbus Hospital.

tate and at the time of his death was president, treasurer and director of the Vito Contessa Realty Company at 311 East 119th Street. He also was a trustee of the Italian Savings Bank of the City of New York until it merged last year with the East River Savings Bank, 295 Broadway.

For his work in the interests of the Italian colony here Mr. Contessa in 1908 was made a chevalier by the Italian government, and seven years later he was promoted to the rank of "chevalier official" for his efforts in having Columbus Day designated a legal holiday in New York. He had been active not only in gaining the support of patriotic organizations in the campaign in behalf of the holiday but personally financed the fight for recognition.

Maurice J. Bochicchio of 234 West 20th St., New York City, has been appointed a State Tax Examiner, and in New Jersey, Ralph G. Pellecchia, of 250 Ballentine Parkway, Newark, was recently appointed receiver of taxes there at a salary of \$5,000 yearly. Born in Newark in 1906, Mr. Pellecchia attended Syracuse and New York University, later joining his father in the construction business. He is now a director of the Columbus Trust Company, Secretary and Treasurer of the Hudson Tube Investment Company and Secretary of the Pellecchia Construction Company, all of Newark.

Jane Anne Patroni, daughter of D. Vincent Patroni of 3217 Decatur Avenue, Brooklyn, was picked by a municipal jury as the most beautiful among more than 300 babies between the ages of six months and three years. The contest was held under the auspices of the Bronx Maternity and Women's Hospital.

At the awarding of prizes for the graduates of the School of Medicine of Long Island College in Brooklyn, the Ford Prize was given to Nina M. Mazzola, the Dedley Medal to Charles Mangiaracina, the Obstetrics Prize to Peter La Mariano, and the Phi Delta Epsilon Club Prize to Nina M. Mazzola.

PUBLIC LIFE

Fiorello H. La Guardia, former Representative in Congress for a number of terms, won his fight last month and became the Fusion candidate for the Mayoralty of New York City. Promptly the New York English-language press fell in line behind him with its support. The fighting ex-Congressman is admired by all for his courage and unquestioned sincerity and honesty. One very strong point in his favor is the fact that the charges he made when he ran against Jimmy Walker in 1929 were all proven beyond a doubt by Samuel Seabury, who himself is one of La Guardia's most enthusiastic backers. "The New York World-Telegram" called him "the best vote getter, the strongest campaigner, the ablest, most thorough going fighter of Tammany available. . . . With La Guardia its candidate for Mayor, Fusion is sure of two important points: 1) A spearhead as sharply, unchallengeably anti-Tammany as any that could be found; 2) A dynamic force and thrust for the fusion campaign that few candidates



The Italo-American who is now U. S. national professional golf champion.

could better or even equal. . . . We know he can make a rousing campaign. Add to this the energy and progressivism that have won him the title "Fighting Congressman," the knowledge of municipal affairs gained as President of the Board of Aldermen, the vigorous interest he has shown in better city government, including clean elections, and fusion may be confident it has made no mistake."

Without question the Italians in this city, and throughout the country, where he is well-known, will wish him success in the campaign, and will back their wishes with votes. He is an outstanding example of the newer Italian-American who is forging steadily ahead in all walks of life in their adopted land.

Rosario Ingargiola of Brooklyn has announced his candidacy for the nomination of Alderman on the Democratic ticket in the East New York section of Brooklyn, where the Italians constitute a large voting unit. A practicing lawyer

for the past nine years and Grand Venerable of the Independent Order Sons of Italy for the same length of time, it is Mr. Ingargiola's first venture into politics. As head of this important order, he has become known to hundreds of leading Italian-Americans, as well as his friends, for his liberal, independent views, his thorough honesty and integrity, and his vigorous espousal of the Italian-American's cause in this city and country.

Though Mr. Ingargiola's campaign for the nomination has obliged him to relinquish writing his popular monthly feature in this magazine, "Topics of the Month," which he has been conducting for the past two years, "Atlantica," while regretting his loss from its pages, albeit a temporary one, is the first to wish him heartily the success he deserves as an outstanding and capable Italian-American of the newer kind running for his first office.

Following the suggestion of Hon. Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins last month appointed a commission to investigate conditions at that immigration post. When, later, it was announced that the Immigration Bureau and the Naturalization Bureau were merged by Presidential order, Mr. Corsi, who is a Republican, tendered his resignation, in order not to be put in the position of seeking reappointment from President Roosevelt. Despite this, he was immediately asked to head the new combined Bureau, an action that was applauded heartily by the New York press, which saw in it an indication of non-partisanship on the part of the Democratic administration and unusual ability and training for his job on the part of Mr. Corsi.

Said the "New York Times," an independent Democratic paper, in reference to Mr. Corsi's renomination: "Merging of the Bureaus of Immigration and Naturalization as an economy measure is made possible by the smaller influx of aliens. . . ."

"That there was overstaffing at Ellis Island was made evident by the steps



Judge Felix Forte, new head of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy.

promptly taken by Miss Perkins on assuming office as Secretary of Labor. That her concern was not to stop with this was later shown by her selection of a committee of citizens to inquire into our immigration conditions and laws. With all the legal restrictions there is to be a humanizing of the processes of entrance and exit. Mr. Corsi, Commissioner at Ellis Island, himself some time ago complained that the authorities at Washington had, bit by bit, taken away authority from him in connection with cases warranting the use of discretion.

"Commissioner Corsi's background of experience and his own naturalized sympathies give him a special fitness for the position which he has been urged by Secretary Perkins and Commissioner McCormack to retain. Though born abroad himself, he is 'American minded.' He is a good illustration to those who continue to come of the fine type of citizenship which may emerge from the alien population. President Theodore Roosevelt used to speak of Jacob Riis, born and reared in Denmark, as our most useful citizen. In taking his pledge to the President two years ago Mr. Corsi promised to do his utmost in continuing war on alien racketeering and to withstand political interference. That pledge he must have kept or he would not be asked to continue in the reorganization of a service that should lead ultimately to the naturalization of every immigrant who is admitted."

And the "New York Herald-Tribune" commented on the same subject as follows: "It would appear that Mr. Edward Corsi, organization Republican of New York County, deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame. Resigning the exempt place of Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, he was promptly requested to remain by the Democratic administration in Washington. He is the exception which proves the rule of Mr. Farley, patronage czar extraordinary. We have heard of no similar case.

"Many Republican have been requested to resign; the ax has not reached some yet, but here the place was actually opened when Mr. Corsi withdrew upon the merger of the Bureaus of Immigration and Naturalization. And he, a Republican, was put back. All of which goes to show Miss Perkins knows an able public servant when she sees one and had the courage to take advantage of Mr. Farley's narrow exception. She needs an experienced and devoted assistant to aid in the reorganization of the immigration service and in the human-

izing of the processes of naturalization. We hope she will continue to keep her deaf ear turned toward the politicians who unquestionably will keep up a constant clamor for the replacement of Mr. Corsi by one of 'the faithful.'"

SPORTS

Following the sensational winning by Primo Carnera of the world's heavy-weight boxing championship last month, a few other Italian-Americans stepped out and emulated his example in the field of sports.

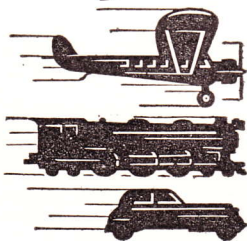
Most prominent, of course, was Gene Sarazen, the smiling Italian-American golfer, who has achieved fame before, and who this month won the U. S. National Professional Golf Champion-

ship for the third time in his career, exactly ten years after his first professional crown. In 1932, it will be remembered, Sarazen won both the American and British Open and was hailed as a real champ.

Jack Medica, an 18-year-old swimmer who has been doing big things of late, last month broke the world's record for the 880-yard free-style swim in the amazing time of 10:15, 2-5, breaking the former mark of 10:18, 2-5, held by Buster Crabbe, formerly of Stanford University and now of the movies.

Another record-breaker is Joe De Maggio, also 18 years of age, who recently smashed the Pacific Coast record in baseball for safe hitting, by hitting safely in 51 consecutive games, beating the former record of 50.

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ARIOSTO E LE DONNE

Di G. Titta Rosa

Quest'anno in ricorrenza del quarto centenario della morte di Ludovico Ariosto, si è scritto un pò dappertutto sul poeta dell'Orlando Furioso. Tra i molti lavori abbiamo scelto il presente il quale tratta di un lato poco esplorato dell'Ariosto. G. Titta Rosa, critico finissimo e autore di parecchi volumi di prose narrative, analizza competentemente i sentimenti del nostro poeta in relazione all'amore e al matrimonio, sia dell'Ariosto-uomo che dell'Ariosto-poeta.

FACCIAMO anzitutto una distinzione: Ariosto-uomo e le donne, Ariosto-poeta e le donne. Come uomo, possiamo subito dire che a Ludovico le donne gli piacquero. Un biografo abbastanza veritiero, il Garofalo, ci assicura anzi che l'Ariosto era incline "per natura a innamorarsi d'ogni soggetto, dove scorgesse bellezza e modestia, e perchè amava con gran veemenza, era sopra modo geloso, e non poteva sostener nissuno per rivale; e usò sempre nei suoi amori segretezza e sollecitudine." C'è una sua elegia in latino, *De diversis amoribus*, che dallo stesso titolo può far pensare che Ludovico fosse, almeno in gioventù, molto attaccato al "gregge femminoro," come diceva lui; in realtà, anche senza rifiutarci di considerare quest'elegia un pò come un'autobiografia giovanile, è lecito pensare che non tutte le Glycere, le Lycoridi, le Lydie e le Fillidi nominate in quei versi fossero donne in carne e ossa. Qualche biografo ha cercato di dare a ciascuna un volto, e un nome vero; ma con scarsissimo risultato. Sì, s'innamora facilmente, ma bisognava che "il soggetto" avesse "bellezza e modestia." Vi pare limitazione da poco? Del resto, il fatto che fosse geloso starebbe a dimostrare che i diversi amori si riducevano di parecchio: per quanto si possa amare con gran veemenza (il che può escludere benissimo la varietà), sembra impossibile che la gelosia, sentimento legato all'unicità del soggetto, nascesse in lui per tutte le Filli con le quali gli fosse capitato d'incontrarsi. A dire quel che penso anzi, ritengo che a Ludovico non piacesse molto cambiar donna come non gli piaceva molto cambiar paese. E questo è senz'altro confermato dalla sua lunga, appassionata

e segreta relazione con Alessandra Benucci, l'unica donna alla quale Ariosto restò veramente legato. Monogamo dunque per indole; e se da giovane colse nei giardini d'Afrodite più d'un fiore, questi fiori furon per lui d'una durata non maggiore della rosa di Melherbe. Geloso era sul serio, messer Ludovico, e basterebbero questi versi per attestarlo:

*Che dolce piu', che piu' giocondo stato
Saria di quel d'un amoroso core?
che viver piu' felice e piu' beato
che ritrovarsi in servitu' d'amore?
se non fosse l'uom sempre stimolato
da quel sospettorio, da quel timore,
da quel martir, da quella frenesia,
da quella rabbia, detta gelosia.*

Primo punto assodato, dunque; gli piacevano le donne, ma le voleva belle e modeste. E di belle e modeste non se ne trovavano molte nemmeno al suo tempo. Perciò era diffidente.

Anzi su questo secondo punto, la diffidenza verso la donna, egli ci ha lasciato in una satira un curioso e interessante ricettario. La satira, diretta al cugino Annibale Malaguzzi, verte, come è noto, sull'argomento del matrimonio. Prendere o non prender moglie?

Il cugino la stava per prendere; e Ludovico, con quell'ironico sorriso che aleggia come un'aura e diremmo una impalpabile musica su tutto il poema, e illumina di sè specialmente le novelle e le riflessioni d'argomento femminile e amoroso del Furioso, espone tutti i pro e i contro d'una tale risoluzione. Comincia col dire al cugino che fa bene a prender moglie perchè un uomo senza moglie non è perfetto; e non vuol dire se lui, Ludovico, non l'ha presa:

la volontà gli ha fatto su questo punto, sempre difetto. Scapolì non si può restare, si diventa ghiotti,

*... ed oggi tordo o quaglia
Diman fagiani, un altro di vuol starne.*

Però, se il passo si deve fare, bisogna farlo quando s'è giovani, un vecchio con moglie giovane, è un guaio; ci sarà sempre qualcuno che aiuterà "le povere bisognose." E qui comincia la casistica per la scelta della donna: anzitutto ti deve piacere fisicamente, poi guarda alla madre e alle sorelle, osserva come è stata allevata e il rango sociale, non badare ai titoli e al fumo, non sia troppo bella, ma nemmeno stupida, non chiacchierina, non malinconica, ma nemmeno troppo vivace, in quando all'età, al massimo d'una decina d'anni più giovane; non si dipinga molto (Ludovico è contrario alle tavolozze femminili) ecc. ecc. E alla fine esclama:

*Se tal la trovi, consigliar ti posso
Che tu la prenda...*

Se tal la trovi... Non diremmo che sia tanto facile. E come morale della favola (una morale alquanto immorale) Ludovico racconta la storiella del pittore Galasso che chiese al diavolo, andato a ringraziarlo perchè lo dipingeva come un angelo,

*... che gli mostrasse la maniera
che s'avesse a tener perche' il marito
potesse star sicur della mogliera.*

E' una storiella che si trova nelle *Facezie* di Poggio Fiorentino e nel *Garguanta*, dove va sotto il nome dell'anello di Hans Carvel. Ai tempi di Ludovico era molto nota, ed è probabile che nella corte estense la sapessero tutti, anche le dame. Ora, è roba da eruditi, e starebbe bene solo nella bocca d'un Bergeret. Difatti, Anatole France riuscì a scandalizzar con essa alcuni vecchi dell'Accademia di Francia.

In un capitolo del *Cortegiano*, Baldesar Castiglione espone le opinioni della brigata di gentiluomini e di dame che

fa cerchio attorno alla Duchessa Elisabetta Gonzaga, riguardo alle qualità morali atte a "formare la Donna di Palazzo." La brigata si divide in due partiti: e il primo, capitanato da Gaspare Pallavicino, afferma che "chi possiede il corpo delle donne è ancora signor dell'animo." Se in questa brigata si fosse trovato anche Ludovico, avrebbe espressa forse la stessa opinione; o meglio, uomo d'equilibrio, avrebbe esposta un'opinione media, formulandola in succo così: Le donne son una gran cosa, ma fidarsi è bene e non fidarsi è meglio.

Questo era l'Ariosto-uomo, rispetto alle donne. In quanto all'Ariosto poeta, senza voler fare, s'intende, un taglio netto tra il primo e il secondo, è certo che le donne possono trovare nel poema quel che vogliono: la loro esaltazione e... il contrario; di che compiacersi, e

di che umiliarsi e anche vergognarsi. Ce n'è per tutti i gusti. Un lettore misogino può ricordare l'avventura di Doralice, l'episodio di Origille, le novelle di Argia, di Giocondo e di Fiammetta. Un filogino invece metterà l'accento sull'eroismo d'Isabella, sulla fedeltà di Fiordiligi, sulla sventura di Ginevra; e conforterà la sua opinione con passi del poema in cui Ludovico, parlando in proprio, si dimostra grande ammiratore della donna. Argomenti non mancherebbero né all'uno né all'altro; ma già i primi lettori e commentatori del poema intavolarono una discussione simile: se cioè l'Ariosto esaltasse o deprimesse il sesso gentile.

Per conto nostro, crediamo che la sua opinione più personale e sincera stia in quelle due ottave scritte a commento e parziale correzione della disavventu-

ra di Rodomonte, e che cominciano:

*Se ben di quante io n'habbia fin qui amate
non n'abbia mai trovata una fedele,*

E dice che, se ne troverà una, non si stancherà mai

*di farla, a mia possanza, gloriosa
con lingua e con inchiostro, in verso e
in prosa.*

Non lo fece, ma l'occasione non si può dire che gli mancasse, perché della fedele Alessandra non ebbe motivo di lagnarsi. La sposò di nascosto; ma di quella rabbia detta gelosia, accanto a lei, non s'ammalò, mentre correggeva il poema e coltivava con impazienza i fiori del suo giardino.

VENDO LA MIA VILLA

Novella

Di Michele Saponaro

La maggioranza dei volumi di Michele Saponaro rispecchiano una vaga malinconia per la sua terra di Puglia. E' certo che le pagine più belle, tanto dei suoi romanzi come delle novelle, sono quelle con le quali questo fecondo scrittore descrive e rievoca quadri ed ambienti della sua terra natale. Dei suoi numerosi romanzi rammenteremo "La Vigilia," "Peccato," "Fiorella," "Nostra Madre," "L'Addolescenza" e uno degli ultimi, "Paolo e Francesca." Alcuni volumi di novelle meritano più che una semplice segnalazione, e particolarmente "Le mie cinque fidanzate," "Le ninfe e i Satiri," "Inquietudini" e "Amore di terra lontana" da cui è tratto il presente racconto.

SON rientrato ieri, dopo sette anni, nella casa che chiude l'idillio e la tragedia della mia giovinezza. Una piccola casa di campagna, al piano superiore, sovrastante all'abitazione del vignaiuolo, lontana dalla strada provinciale e dalla strada ferrata, lontanissima da ogni villaggio.

Mio padre l'aveva costruita per deposito alla raccolta dei fichi e delle mandorle, il giorno in cui quella grilla che la sua tenacia di provvidio agricoltore aveva trasformata in giardino avrebbe dato frutto: io ne feci, con mobili semplici di vimini, con molte piante di fiori, con uno scaffaletto di libri, con qualche specchio e con qualche tappeto, un eremo ai pensieri solitari, un nido di sogni: e dentro vi chiusi i miei vent'anni, che eran tutti, inquietamente, di pensieri e di sogni.

Mi fu compagna una fanciulla bella. Non sapevo chi fosse, non sapevo donde venisse, non sapevo che cosa chiedesse alla vita, non m'importava di saper nulla di tutto questo. L'Amavo: avevo la convinzione che mi amasse: certo mi si abbandonava con gioia. L'avevo conosciuta all'ultimo anno di liceo: io avevo preso la licenza, lei no, perché non aveva dato gli esami: era scomparsa dalla scuola, improvvisamente, pochi giorni innanzi, e nessuno ne aveva saputo più nulla. La rividi l'anno dopo: per un singolare incidente che il nostro desiderio spesso ostinatamente cerca senza mai trovare e il caso talora offre all'improvviso, l'ebbi in breve con tale impreveduto abbandono, che mi era mancato il tempo di premeditarne l'audacia e di preguistarne la gioia. La volli con me, mi seguì; né mai le chiesi né mai volli sa-

pere chi fosse: certo era una di quelle bizzarre creature, incomprensibili spesso, e pure di una chiarezza tutta primaverile, che, nate e cresciute per l'amore, contengono nel cuore nel cervello nei nervi nel sangue soltanto amore e non possono dare se non amore: senza altri affetti, senza altri desideri, senza pensieri, senza propositi, senza ambizioni, senza passioni: strani strumenti che un solo suono rendono ma prodigioso. Mi dava l'immagine di un di quei fiori che non maturano alcun frutto, che non emanano profumo e vivono soltanto per fissare il sole e morire. Quella dolce creatura infatti morì presto: soltanto sette mesi mi fu compagna: una primavera e un'estate. E mai non ha avuto la mia vita, dopo, un'altra primavera e un'altra estate: dall'aprile all'ottobre sono sempre stati per me, mesi di tristezza e di tormento: e non è facile, massime nelle ore di dolore, sfuggire alla realtà. Ho cercato, ho cercato costantemente occupare i mesi estivi e primaverili in un qualche lavoro assorbente, ho tentato disperderli in lunghi viaggi senza meta e senza scopo, che svellono talora al contatto del passato, e mai non mi è stato possibile, anche per poco, dimenticare.

IO non dimoravo con lei in questo nido: non mi era possibile lasciar la famiglia senza svelare anche il segreto, che tanta parte era del mio godimento. Ma venivo a trovare la tenera amante ogni giorno, talora più volte al giorno, e non di rado vi restai più giorni di seguito: profittavo della maggior libertà che la convalescenza di una lunga malattia e le molte occupazioni del babbo

mi concedevano. Una volta accompagnai, non so per che necessità, il babbo a Roma. Lì, dopo alcuni giorni, mi raggiunse un telegramma tremendo: il male che la fanciulla mi aveva nascosto sotto una perenne effervescenza quasi di ebbrietà, l'aveva riassalita minaccioso, risoluto a vincerla. Un male implacabile. E non poter lasciare il babbo, non poter ripartire, non poter essere subito, nell'istante, qui! Son delle ore d'angoscia che sbalzano l'uomo nelle vertigini della pazzia. Tuttavia seppi trovare una ragione convincente e col babbo l'indomani partimmo. Ma non trovai più la misteriosa creatura, la creatura dolcissima, che mi aveva abbandonato, che aveva abbandonato la sua giovinezza.

Così, dopo l'idillio, la tragedia fu compiuta: e nessuno ne seppe niente; né gli amici né il babbo né la mamma pure, che soleva guardarmi con quei grandi occhi ansiosi nel cuore, conoscono il doloroso segreto. Soltanto la mamma del vignaiuolo, essa che aveva le chiavi del nostro rifugio e del nostro amore: la sua vigile cura di ogni nostro bisogno ci premuniva dalla curiosità altrui; essa rifaceva le stanze, accudiva al bucato, attendeva a procurarci il cibo, ci faceva trovare ogni mattina dietro l'uscio le ceste di pesche fragranti e di uva tenera di rugiada, inaffiava abbondantemente il caprifoglio perché crescesse a inghirlandare le due finestre della camera.

Ora questa vecchietta mi veniva incontro: immutata. Da prima non sapeva se mostrarsi ilare per il piacere di rivedermi o rattristarsi dietro un ricordo; ma come io mostravo di sorridere, disciolse il nodo della tenerezza in un cinguettio d'allegria.

—Oh, signorino, signorino, state bene, si? come siete bello! Avevo paura di morire senza avervi riveduto.

Soltanto la voce mutata: più esile, più fioca, come ragnata. Sette anni pare le siano passati nella gola, lasciandole intatto il resto del corpo.

E si dava attorno a cercare le chiavi dell'appartamentino, che io le avevo imposto lasciasse come la morta ave-

va lasciato e non aprisse per nessuna ragione a nessuno: voleva accompagnar-mi, diceva, per mettere un'ordine nelle stanze. Oh, buona vecchietta, attendeva forse una nuova abitatrice? E godeva di una mia nuova gioia?

—Lascia — le dissi — ti chiamerò. E insisteva: se io avessi di bisogno di caffè, di latte, di biancheria e di questo e di quest'altro... Di nulla, vecchietta, di nulla io avevo bisogno che le tue mani, che il tuo cuore potessero ap-prestarmi....

* * *

Sono stato, ieri, un uomo felice. Ora so che la felicità perfetta può trovarsi soltanto nel ricordo o nell'attesa della gioia: più sovente nel ricordo. Nell'ora del piacere, ostiate sensazioni di dubbio, di vaghi timori, di rimpianti, di delusioni ci assalgono a vietarcene il godimento pieno; e spesso anche negli istanti dell'ebbrezza avviene che ci tolga al completo oblio il mordente pensiero che quella gioia avremmo potuto godere più tardi. Nel ricordo l'abbandono di tutto il nostro essere è completo: come nel sonno.

Sono stato, ieri, un uomo felice. Dormii nel lettuccio dove lei soleva riposare il suo corpo. Non dormii. L'attesi: ed ella venne. L'ebbi al fianco incorporata a volte come una sensazione, a volte tangibile come viva carne. All'alba è entrato per le finestre il sole, tutto in festa, e la fanciulla ha lasciato il mio letto. Ma l'ho ritrovata più tardi.

ALZANDOMI, mi son veduto nello specchio e non ero solo. Dietro a me, lei: e mi allacciava le braccia al collo, poggiandomi il mento su una spalla; poi mi è venuta al fianco; poi me la son sentita sul petto, col capo rovescio a offrirmi la bocca socchiusa e gli occhi chiusi. Appunto, mi piaceva baciarla così per vederla, nell'atto dell'offerta, sul vetro: era mia tutta.

Ma il sole divenne presto violento: metteva troppa verità nella stanza perchè potessero prendere vita i ricordi.

Sono andato alle finestre per chiudere le imposte. Veniva dal basso il ripetito della vecchietta che raccoglieva le galline al beccime. Lei, allora, soleva riderne e imitava la vocetta della donna, per burla. La donna, senza volgersi, faceva:

—La cingallegra stamane ha trovato il compagno e canta. Buon dì, signorina.

E lei rispondeva strappando pugni di fiori al caprifoglio e gettandoli alla donna:

—La cingallegra ha fame e vuol mangiare.

La donna non si muoveva, per un suo vezzo di buona vecchietta affezionata; e cantilenava:

Dietro la porta ci son le pesche, dietro la porta ci son le pere, dietro la porta ci sono i fichi....

Divorava la frutta con una voracità che m'incantava: io restavo fisso a guardarla, godendone, per una viva sensazione di sapori e di aromi, come ne avessi anch'io la bocca piena.

Ma una volta, lì alla finestra, non parlò alla donna, non rise: la sentii tutta nelle mie braccia tremare come un uccellino spaurito. Si sbiancò, abbassò le palpebre su gli occhi, come per chiuderli a una visione triste, e si ritrasse:

—Amore, che hai?

Disse:

—Nulla.

Ebbi un sospetto che non sapevo, in quel momento, dovesse darmi gioia o noia:

—Dimmi, cuore, dimmi.

Ella comprese e volle subito rassicurarmi.

—No, non è quello che credi

ENEL giorno che seguirono fu ilare, folle, infantile, per una precisa volontà di distrarmi a quel pensiero. Ma era di una singolare mutevolezza; e convien dire che non era estranea quella mutevolezza al mio godimento. Venivo ogni volta col presentimento che l'avrei trovata diversa dal giorno innanzi e ogni volta la lasciavo con la speranza che diversa l'avrei trovata l'indomani.

Una sera la trovai accigliata:

—Amore, tu non ti senti bene.

—Come sempre mi sento.

E si trastullava con un ninnolo di sul tavolino, un ninnolo che ieri ho ritrovato e ho voluto subito nascondere, perchè si toglieva di lì sotto i miei occhi e si muoveva tra le dita fini di una donna che pareva ancora tanto lontana da me, come un'estranea.

—Non è vero: tu non stai bene stasera, tu sei stanca, ti annoio. Ebbene, se non mi vuoi me ne vado.

Rispondeva:

—Fà come ti piace.

—Non mi vuoi?

—Ho detto: fà come ti piace.

Scontrosa, un pò dura. Ma non eran vezzi? Io passavo nell'altra stanza. Sedeva al tavolino, tentavo di aprire un libro o di sfogliare una rivista; ed eccola dopo una breve pausa in punta di piedi mi saltava su le ginocchia, mi serrava nelle braccia, diceva: — Leggi? ancora leggi? Io non leggo più; io non so più leggere. Che importa? Così, leggamoci negli occhi.

Lungamente. I miei occhi si velavano quasi abbagliati dalla luce viva dei suoi, mi si chiudevano sotto le sue labbra.

* * *

IERI sono stato un uomo felice. Non sono uscito dalle tre stanzette. La mamma del vignaiuolo veniva a quando a quando per chiedermi se avessi bisogno di qualcosa, per servirmi la colazione o il pranzo; ma bussava discreta all'uscio prima di entrare e se ne usciva subito senza avermi detto una parola, lei per solito così loquace. Mi trovava con qualche oggetto in mano, a frugar nel tavolo, nell'armadio ancora pieno della biancheria "sua," e forse capiva che doveva lasciarmi solo. Ma a quella biancheria che così bene io conoscevo in ogni merletto e in ogni nastrino, a quella biancheria, su la quale le mie dita tremavano come sul caldo palpito della sua viva carne, io mi accostai soltanto nel pomeriggio, quando cominciai a vincere il panico dei ricordi inquietanti.

Mi aggiravo per le stanze e trovavo la mia donna a ogni passo, dovunque mi voltassi. Quando sollevai gli occhi a guardare un quadro, la vidi diritta in punta dei piedi a spolverare la cornice di quel quadro, che le piaceva per il riso di certi puttini alati. Quando mi avviavo per passare da una stanza all'altra, vidi le sue mani che schiudevano le cortine dell'uscio (oh sì, proprio le vidi: nude sino al gomito coi polsi rosei, con le vene azzurre dei polsi: l'allucinazione assumeva in certi atteggiamenti la tangibile forma della realtà,) poi dallo spiraglio comparve il volto ridente a dirmi:—non si passa— e scomparve chiudendo le cortine. Mentre mi piegavo su un fazzoletto dimenticato per terra, sentii la sua mano su gli occhi e mi volsi rapido: lei si era

allontanata simulando di non aver mai smesso la trinetta a cui le sue mani e i suoi occhi erano occupati. E la rividi nell'atto di asciugarsi nella salvietta, con un fare di gattina, il volto rorido; la rividi mentre, lei ritta e io già seduto a tavola divideva la minestra con scherzosa solennità, mentre mi offriva da bere meditando l'insidia di rovesciarmi l'acqua sul petto, mentre talvolta bevendo il caffè a sorsettimi mi guardava non so con che accorata tristezza negli occhi, divenuti torbidi. E ogni nuovo oggetto che ritrovavo disperso qui e là o chiuso in qualche scrignetto—un astuccio, un anello, il termometro, il binocolo, una borsetta, una matita, una cravatta, un portasigarette — me la rivelava in atteggiamenti sempre diversi e sempre più vivi. Avevo immaginato, con paura, di ritrovare la casa vuota, e l'ho ritrovata invece piena di vita: la sua abitatrice ieri è tornata.

A sera, sono sceso in giardino a far due passi. La mamma del vignaiuolo mi è venuta incontro, e aveva le mani sotto il grembiule, a nascondermi qualcosa. Mi ha detto timida e impacciata:

—Signorino, perdonate a questa povera vecchia. Le volevo bene, io, a quella creatura; e ho voluto serbare un suo ricordo. Voi non c'eravate... non siete più tornato... Quando l'ebbero portata via, povera anima, trovai una borsetta lì, sotto il caprifoglio del muro. Nessuno ne sa nulla: l'ho tenuta sul petto come una reliquia; ma ora voi siete tornato... e non è più mia...

Tentava l'atto di porgermi l'oggetto, ma non distoglieva le mani di sotto il grembiule.

—Dammi, dammi.

Dovetti apparire aspro, perchè divenne anche più spaurita e mi porse quel che teneva nascosto: non una borsetta, era un piccolo portamonete. Ricordo infatti che lo avevo donato a lei e poi un giorno mi disse di averlo perduto.

L'ho messo in tasca e ve l'ho tenuto, mentre la vecchietta mi veniva dietro e mi confessava, dalla mia severità forse persuasa al pentimento, come lo avesse invece trovato mentre la signorina era ancora viva, e immaginando che lo avesse perduto lo aveva serbato, aspettando che glielo vedesse cercare: come le sembrò poi che la signorina non lo cercasse mai, se lo era tenuto. E mi chiedeva perdono quasi singhiozzando. Ma io non l'ascoltavo: quel portamento che stringevo in mano mi bruciava, e risalii subito a rinchiudermi.

ECCO: nel borsellino ho trovato un biglietto: scritto da mano maschile, parla d'amore. Mi pare di averlo riletto più volte: parla d'amore e di gratitudine per il dono ottenuto. Ne trema tutto. Accenna a un convegno passato e a un convegno avvenire: è invito o ringraziamento. Consiglia la via più facile e l'ora più propizia: per i rami del caprifoglio, di sul muro, fuori nel cannetto: al tocco dopo mezzanotte. Poi, non ho potuto più leggere. Quando ho riavuto la vista mi son guardato intorno e non c'era più nessuno. Mi son trovato solo. Non so come io abbia trascorso la notte. Certo non ho dormito; ma doveva essere una notte lunghissima, eterna, e mi è sembrata brevissima, quasi un attimo. Sono uscito di conoscenza. Riavendomi ho ritrovato il sole nelle stanze, ma non ho ritrovato più la fanciulla.

Son andato fuori: era lì sui rami del caprifoglio. Ma mi è apparsa avvolta in

una nuvola: i suoi atti erano incerti, come di sonnambula, il suo volto triste, smarrito, un pò iroso. E saliva sul muro. Di sul muro appariva il volto di un uomo, e due braccia che si tende-

vano, che la ghermivano, che la portavano lontano. Poi l'uomo tornava, discioglieva il nodo delle braccia e abbandonava il lieve fardello. Lei riprendeva la via del ritorno: e il suo volto sempre triste, smarrito, iroso.

* * *

Son ripartito stamane. Ho telegrafato al mio notaio che la villetta si vende: metta i cartelli al cancello; dispensi gli avvisi nei villaggi prossimi. Può abitarla chiunque voglia: ora è vuota.

IL PIU' ANTICO LIBRO DI CUCINA

SULL'HOTEL *Bulletin and Nation's Chefs* I. D. Vehling pubblica un interessante articolo — intitolato "Martino e Platina esponenti della Rinascenza dell'arte culinaria" — nel quale l'autore dimostra come il primo libro di cucina pubblicato in caratteri di stampa sia opera di un italiano. Anche in questo campo, dunque, riveliamo un fatto che si verifica assai di frequente: quello cioè, che la prima iniziativa, il germe originario di molte scoperte e di molte opere importanti è dovuto alla mente di un italiano.

Il Vehling è un'autorità in materia di letteratura antica sull'arte della cucina e scrive perciò con profonda competenza nel porre in rilievo, sia il contenuto tecnico del libro, sia la nota umana che in questa, come in qualsiasi opera, non manca mai.

Prima dell'invenzione della stampa, le regole dell'arte culinaria venivano tramandate soltanto sotto forma di precetti e di insegnamenti trasmessi — come le tradizioni — dai maestri ai loro discepoli, e la letteratura relativa rimase limitata a brani di manoscritti più o meno lunghi che avevano con la moderna letteratura culinaria la stessa relazione che hanno i canti dei trovatori con la letteratura odierna.

Trascurando, per quanto interessanti, alcuni antecedenti brani di manoscritti italiani sull'arte di cucinare — come ad esempio *Il libro di cucina del secolo XIV* riprodotto a cura di Lodovico Frati di Livorno (1899); *LVII ricette d'un libro di cucina del buon secolo della lingua* (XIV secolo), riprodotto a Bologna nel 1890; *Frammento di un libro di cucina del secolo XIV*, riprodotto in Bologna nel 1887 — troviamo descritte due importanti opere

che videro la luce nel medio evo. La prima è ancora un manoscritto, intitolato *Libro de arte coquinaria composto per lo egregio maestro Martino coquo olim del Reverendissimo Monsignor Camorlengo et Patriarcha de Aquileia*. Martino — come ci dice il titolo del libro — era maestro cuoco del Patriarca di Aquileia e la sua opera fu scritta in quell'italiano che ha ancora sapor di latino. Il manoscritto, composto verso l'anno 1450, consta di 130 pagine di ricette e istruzioni varie. Il Vehling, che ne è il fortunato possessore, ci dice che la calligrafia è fine e umanistica — e che il volume reca ancora la sua originale rilegatura in pelle di vitello. Evidentemente l'autore non ha avuto il tempo o il modo di completarlo, perchè molte pagine di esso sono ancora in bianco.

Sembra che, in seguito, maestro Martino passasse al servizio di Papa Pio II e fu così che egli conobbe Bartolomeo Sacchi detto "Platina" e ne divenne amico. Questo Sacchi citò, nella sua movimentata vita, molti mestieri: cominciò con l'essere soldato di fortuna e finì come bibliotecario del Vaticano; il primo bibliotecario che la storia ricordi. Di vasta mente, pervenne a conquistare fama come filosofo, storico e scienziato, mentre il suo carattere irrequieto gli procurò non poche peripezie.

Allorquando, verso la metà del XV secolo l'invenzione della stampa venne introdotta dalla Germania in Italia, Platina tradusse in latino il manoscritto di Martino aggiungendovi tutto ciò che egli conosceva di scienza propria — e non era poco — intorno alla preparazione delle vivande. Così, il primo libro di cucina in caratteri di stampa vide la luce in Roma verso il 1471 sotto il

titolo *De honesta voluptate ac valitudine*.

Il libro del quale parliamo ebbe un enorme successo. Ne uscì nel 1487 una prima versione in lingue italiana e una seconda nel 1494. Queste furono seguite da un'edizione francese e da un'altra in tedesco e, per tutto il XVI secolo, una ventina di editori si avvicendarono nel far uscir successive nuove edizioni dell'opera.

De honesta voluptate non consiste in un semplice ricettario, ma è un libro scritto da una persona che, oltre ad essere un filosofo, possedeva una profonda conoscenza della vita, e che fu artista quanto basta per apprezzare i doni della natura, non soltanto dal lato materiale. Chi non troverebbe più bello e attraente il frutto del gelso — questo bel prodotto della natura troppo trascurato da noi — dopo aver letto che deve maturare "dal color rosso vivo al rosso cupo, come l'arrossire della fanciulla egiziana Thysbe?".

Platina considera la posizione del cuoco come molto onorevole. Ascoltate quali debbono essere i requisiti del perfetto cuoco:

—deve impossessarsi della propria arte per virtù di lunga esperienza e paziente lavoro;

—deve conoscere quali cure vadano prestate alle carni, ai pesci, agli olii e alle altre vivande, secondo le leggi della natura;

—deve sapere se i cibi riescano migliori arrostiti o bolliti o fritti;

—deve possedere genialità e un sapiente senso del gusto;

—non deve essere nè ghiotto nè prodigo, nè... tener per sè quelle parti più appetitose che di diritto appartengono al padrone.

RANCORE

Novella

Di Maria Messina

MASSARO Janni non voleva sentire ragioni.

—Quanto a perdonarla l'ò quasi perdonata — rispondeva a chi gli veniva a parlare di Maruzza.—Che altro vuole? E' scappata? S'è maritata! A' fatto il comodo suo? — E si adirava, crollando la testa mentre la barbetta caprina gli ballava sotto il mento.

Maruzza lo mandava a pregare e a supplicare di continuo, ora per mezzo d'un conoscente, ora per mezzo d'un amico. Ma lui, duro, serbava il suo rancore. Che fosse scappata col figlio di massaro Puddo, mentre lui si combinava con don Graziano, che aveva due oliveti e si era dichiarato da un anno, non era dolore che si poteva sanare coi ragionamenti.

Quello voluto dal padre dell'una parte e dall'altra, sarebbe riuscito un matrimonio, col quale c'era tutto da guadagnare e niente da perdere?... chi lo conosceva, chi lo aveva mai guardato in faccia, il figlio di massaro Puddo? Saltato fuori sul più bello come una tentazione?

Le aveva dato il suo consenso, questo sì, perchè la sua era una casa onorata. Ma di più niente. Non le aveva mandato neanche la benedizione, non l'aveva più voluta vedere.

Alla figlia, in cuor suo, benchè si voltasse da un'altra parte incontrandola per la via, aveva perdonato, ma a massaro Puddo, no, proprio non poteva. Un uomo d'onore non doveva permettere al

figlio che facesse nascere tanto scandalo!

E ora che volevano? Temevano che la roba no glie la lasciasse intera alla figlia?

Lo perseguitavano. Persino per la festa dei "Giganti," mentre usciva la processione, e lui col giubbone di velluto e quattro soldi di "calia" in tasca, era quasi tranquillo, si sentì battere sulla spalla. Si voltò: era mastro Serafino.

—O mastro Serafino! che nuove?

—Li vedete?

—Chi?

—I "picciotti." Son li, poverini. C'è Maruzza che non si può proprio divertire.

—E che vuole da me? Non le basta il marito?

—Pure, un pò di bene glie lo volete...

—Mastro Serafino! Amici finchè volete... ma senza imbasciate!...

E si calcò il berretto sulle orecchie, lasciandosi penzolare il fioco di seta nera sulle spalle, a sghimbescio. Pure sbirciò verso gli sposi. Maruzza aveva un abito di seta canarina, quello dello spozalizio, e stava in piedi, davanti la porta della chiesa, con le mani sulla cintola, tutta imbronciolata; lo sposo, un bel ragazzo alla fin fine, le diceva qualche parola ogni tanto, come se la volesse persuadere.

Eppure era il sangue suo!

E massaro Janni fece un gesto brusco, come se avesse voluto scacciare una mosca fastidiosa, e accennò al compagno per offrirgli la "calia" fresca.

—Massaro! Vi faccio trattamento! — esclamò, dandogli una gran manata sulla spalla.

Ma come affondava la mano in tasca, mezzo rasserenato, spuntò la gna Nunzia tra la figlia maritata e quella zitella.

—O massaro Janni? Siete un cane nero, parlando con rispetto! Ve lo scordate che oggi è festa?

—E perchè è festa mi volete martoriare?

—Sissignore: Non c'è meglio occasione. La vedete? E' lì, davanti la porta, e pare un'anima del Purgatorio.

—Io non vedo nessuno. Vi saluto, gnà Nunzia.

—Proprio lì, sulla gradinata.

—Lasciatemi in pace. Non pestate la coda ai cani! Perchè stasera non so quel che faccio, e ò paura di fare uno sgarbo anche a voi. Come è vero Dio, le mani a posto non le tengo. Ve l'ò detto mille e una volta: non me ne parlate!...

E rosso come un tacchino, si cacciò nella folla, e spingendosi avanti e indietro a gomitate, uscì fuori nella piazza col compagno.

—Non me la lasciano godere la festa! — borbottò. — Tutte a me queste cotogne che non posso ingollare.

L'altro approvava:

—E' giusto. Torto non ne avete.

—Meno male! — sospirava massaro Janni —

Meno male che c'è qualcuno dalla parte mia! Andiamo fuori da Ssù Cristoforo. Sulla "calia" ci vuole un bicchiere di vino. Pago io. Me la voglio spassare. La festa è una volta all'anno, santo e santissimo!

E dopo la festa parve che l'avessero capita tutti.

Finì quella ressa d'imbasciate fastidiose. Alludevano alla figlia ma a pena lui diceva:

—Non sono affari miei! — si cambiava discorso.

* * *

Un pomeriggio di mezzo ottobre, mentre sorvegliava le donne al "Poio," Mena gli disse posando un corbello d'uva:

—O massaro, non lo sapete che donna Maruzza è malata?

—Non so niente io. Badate a cogliere.

Invece lo sapeva. E sapeva che poche settimane dopo la festa, s'era messa a letto con un febbre da cavallo, e nel delirio aveva chiamato il padre.

Sperava che glie l'avessero detto per commuoverlo, ma a sentirselo ripetere anche da Mena che non c'era pericolo fosse mandata da massaro Puddo, si mise di malumore.

Gli parve mill'anni che finisse la vendemmia, era l'ultimo giorno, e comin-

ciasse la pigiatura, per correre in paese e sentirsi vicino alla figlia.

—Quasi quasi — pensava mentre le coglirici si mettevano la mantelina dietro la siepe aspettando di essere pagate — quasi quasi, ci vado.

Pagò le donne e incavezzò l'asinello.

—O massaro — fece il compagno stupito — che ci andate a fare in paese? Per domattina all'alba, son fissati gli uomini che devono pigiare.

—E io sarò qui prima dell'alba — fece massaro Janni, avviandosi.

Annottava, e la nebbia che calava nel paese pareva avvolgesse il cuore di massaro Janni, che s'affrettava e si sentiva triste.

—Ah! ccà Jadduzzu! Ah! ccà! — e cacciando l'asino per la montata, si ripeteva ossessionato le stesse parole: — Io quasi ci vado!

Presso la fontana gli giunse un rintocco funebre di campane che gli rimbombò nell'anima. Ma non poteva essere... Che stupido! Si sentiva il cuore molle come se fosse stato di cencio.

Pure, come vide i primi lampioni, come fu davanti al proprio uscio, nel vicolo tranquillo, cambiò pensiero. Il cuore tornò ad essere quello di massaro Janni. Ripensò la sera della Palme e si sentì riprendere dall'ira, come ogni volta che riandava dietro quel brutto ricordo... Vergogna! In un giorno santo l'aveva tradito! La mattina gli aveva dato la rama benedetta, come Giuda, e la sera gli aveva detto, mettendosi la mantelina:

—Vado alla benedizione.

—Sola ci vai, alla benedizione?

—C'è Marietta dietro la cantonata.

Marietta! E lui che aveva creduto! E la sua casa onorata, il suo nome onesto era corso sulla bocca d'ognuno!... E volevano che scordasse? No, no... Nella casa di massaro Puddo Gangula non ci metteva piede, massaro Janni! Neanche se lo inchiodavano sulla croce.

Attaccò l'asino sospirando. Volevano pietà! E chi ne aveva pietà di lui ch'era rimasto solo come un barbagianni? Il vero disgraziato era lui solo, che era stato offeso e abbandonato.

Ma la casa gli pareva senz'aria, gli pareva di soffocare tra le pareti. Sedette sullo scalino con un pezzo di pane e una cipolla. Affettava adagio adagio, e masticava lentamente senza appetito. Vedendo passare il bambino di Mararosa che andava a prendere l'acqua con un bombolo gli domandò, chiamandolo vicino:

—Mamma dov'è?

—L'ha fatta chiamare la moglie di massaro Puddo.

—Che fa donna Maruzza?

—A' la febbre alta.

—Chi te l'ha detto?

—Massaro Puddo, l'ha detto. E' disperato anche per il figlio che sta accanto al letto della sposa e non vuole mangiare.

—Tu l'hai vista la sposa?

—Sissignore. Ma non mi à riconosciuto. Nel tempo che vossia è stato alla vigna s'è aggravata.

—Ma che à? Lo dicono?

—Lo so io? Massaro Puddo dice che il male l'ha qui.—E si toccò la testa.— Dice che è la stessa malattia della figlia di donna Cristina.

—Il medico ci va?

—Ce ne vanno due.

—Va a prendere l'acqua. E non dire a nessuno che m'ai parlato.

—Nossignore. "Vossabenedica."

Massaro Janni rientrò, posando il col-

tellino, il pane e la cipolla sulla casapanca, e guaidò il letto. Chi poteva dormire?

—Io ci vado! — pensò risolutamente.

Ma il pensiero di dover mettere i piedi nella casa di Puddo Gangula, che l'aveva lasciato oltreggiare, gli gelava il sangue. Del resto, a Maruzza non mancavano cure. Ci andavano due medici i suoceri le stavano attorno... non era la sua visita che l'avrebbe fatta guarire.

—E poi la rispettano, i birbanti — pensò — perchè la dote non l'ha ancora avuta.

Gli faceva gola la vigna, a massaro Puddo! E più gli era piaciuta la nuora, una ragazza come poche se ne trovavano, buona e modesta, diritta come un fuso, d'anima e di corpo! Ma il Signore lo castigava. Le malattie costano e massaro Puddo si stava rovinando per amore della dote, proprio come donna Cristina che s'era venduto fino alla biancheria per veder guarire la figlia.

—Anche Maruzza guarisce — si ripetè massaro Janni per chetarsi. — Guarisce perchè i Gangula sono fortunati, e la dote non la perderanno.

No, no, era inutile andare, fare lui, l'offeso, il primo passo, per poi doversi trovare la pace fatta!

E chiuse l'uscio deciso. Ma non poteva dormire. E all'alba non ebbe cuore di tornare al "Poio." Si sentiva una smania nel petto che non gli dava requie un'arsura che diventò patimento, quando Mararosa lo venne a cercare di proposito per dirgli che andasse a vedere la figlia:

—Ve ne pentirete! — esclamò la vicina. — Uomini crudeli ne ò veduti, ma tigre come voi, no.

Sorrise, massaro Janni. Lui tigre? Lui che per Maruzza si sarebbe fatto svenare! O non le aveva dato il consenso? O non l'aveva lasciata in pace, mentre un altro padre le avrebbe ammazzato il marito? Che altro volevano?

Si strinse nelle spalle congedando Mararosa.

—Io — disse, e la barbetta gli ballava sotto il mento, — nella casa di Gangula non ci metto piede. Massaro Janni non è di quelli che scordano.

Ma non andò al "Poio." Che gli importava a lui, della vendemmia, se Maruzza non guariva?

Nella mattinata venne a chiamarlo il garzone:

—Massaro, che vi succede? Al "Poio," vi si aspetta dall'alba.

—E che volete da me?

—Ammostano... Ve lo scordate che verso domani si trasporta il mosto?

—Ebbene, non basta il massaro per questo? Tu vattene, io verrò stasera.

—Ma...

—Tu vattene, ti dico. Non sono il padrone io? — esclamò adirandosi.

E il garzone ripartì.

Più tardi girò intorno alla casa dei Gangula. Spiò l'uscio socchiuso, spiò le finestre chiuse. Sperò di vedere qualcuno che l'invitasse a salire. Maruzza, la figlia sua, era lì, in quella casa estranea, e non era lui ad assisterla, e non la poteva vedere. Lo riassali l'ira sorda, il profondo rancore contro i Gangula, e tornò a casa di furia.

* * *

Per tutta la giornata, eterna, interminabile, non ebbe notizie della figlia.

Verso l'Ave Maria, infilò il vicolo e tenendosi incollato al muro, nella parte buia, spiò ancora la casa dei Gangula. Vide la finestra aperta e trasali. Si ve-

(Continua nella pagina seguente, terza colonna.)

Dalle Pagine della Letteratura Italiana

QUATTRO ANEDDOTI

di Lorenzo Magalotti

Lorenzo Magalotti, vissuto nella seconda metà del Secolo XVII (1637-1712) nacque a Roma di famiglia fiorentina. Nel suo secolo fu ammirato quale scienziato di fama europea e quale scrittore di forma elegantissima. Entrando nella corte di Ferdinando II, viaggio col figlio di lui, Cosimo, in Francia e in Inghilterra; dei quali viaggi ci ha lasciato descrizioni gustosissime. Le sue opere principali—scientifiche e letterarie—sono: "Saggi di Naturale Esperienza," "Lettere Familiari," "Lettere Scientifiche ed Erudite." Le storielle e gli aneddoti, tratti dalle opere di lui, che qui si ristampano, saranno sufficienti a darci un esempio del suo stile.

IL CIARLATANO

MI ricordo che in Roma, quando io era ragazzo, fu un ciarlatano il quale faceva un gran fracasso d'una sua polvere contro il veleno della vipera; e tutto il fondamento era, che soffiata in gola alla vipera l'ammazzava issofatto. Giovan Trulla, cerusico famoso ed uomo altrettanto giudizioso e onorato, si rideva della scempiataggine di costui; e volendone guarire, perochè ei lo riconosceva per ciurmadore di buona fede, gli disse che egli aveva una polvere che faceva l'istesso effetto; che gliene farebbe veder l'esperienza, e che se egli avesse dopo voluto confidargli il suo segreto, egli ancora gli avrebbe confidato il suo. Il ciarlatano: che molto bene, e volentieri. Il Trulla fa l'esperienza: la vipera casca in terra senza batter polso. "Tu vedi, dice il Trulla, la mia polvere è buona quanto la tua." "La mia è cenere, risponde il Trulla; uccellaccio, non è la virtù nè del belzoar nè della cenere che ammazza la vipera: ell'è la polvere in quanto polvere, cacciatala in gola a forza di soffio, che la soffoga; e fatto un simil giuoco a te e a me, che non siamo vipere, ci farebbe scoppiar noi ancora."

L'ORIUOLO D'ALEMAGNA

QUANDO io era bambino, c'era in casa un oriuolo in un leone di metallo dorato, di questi d'Alemagna che allora si tenevano per le camere di parata, e che ora, messi in terra da' pendoli, si ripiegano per le ville. Mi ricordo, come se fosse adesso che la prima volta che mi fecero osservare che questo leone muoveva gli occhi, mi parve la più bella cosa del mondo; ma quando lo fecero suonare, e che gli vidi aprir la bocca, ah pensate! Il moto degli occhi non ci fu più per nulla, e sempre ch'io poteva scappare in quella camera, mi raccomandava a quanti passavano che per l'amor di Dio lo facessero suonare; e non potendone aver la grazia, mi mettevo appiè di quel tavolino ad aspettar a bocca aperta che 'l caro leone aprisse la sua. La ragione perch'ei mi pareva più meraviglioso nell'aprir la bocca che nel girare gli occhi, era perchè la bocca l'apriva una volta l'ora, e gli occhi gli girava mille.

LE BEVUTE VISUALI

IN Madrid era, intorno a quarant'anni sono, un uomo il quale nei mesi della state aveva una strana, ma pure assai galante industria per vivere. Andava egli attorno alle case dei febricitanti di condizione sull'ore che essi ardevano; e perchè di quel tempo patir la sete faceva alla febbre quell'istesso bene che le fa adesso il bere, dava loro a bere per gli occhi quel che non potevano bere per la bocca, in questo modo. Si parava egli davanti al letto, e sostenendo con tutt'e due le mani un gran rinfrescoito di cristallo tutto appannato e grondante del gelo dell'acqua on'egli era pieno, facendo brindisi alla salute dell'infermo se l'appressava alle labbra, e con la medesima stentata soavità con cui altri si tirerebbe giù una giara di poche once, se lo beveva tutto ad un fiato. Mi diceva mio fratello, il

TRE LIRICHE di Epidio Jenco

BRINA D'ESTATE

Verdezza del cuore che all'onte, saldo ancora, mi pulsi e martelli! Tempo non è di solchi alla fronte, tempo non è di bigio ai capelli...

Ma già, su la fronte scavata, s'è un freddo d'argento depresso, brusca intempestiva brinata che strini un'erba d'agosto...

ALBA DI RUGIADA

E' tuo questo fresco d'azzurro che cade sull'anima e sull'erba, d'ogni arida vita ristoro? Come gli sciami nei bugni trasudano d'oro, quest'alba acquosa, i cieli trasudano rugiade.

Sento spettrarmi dall'acre durezza più che, d'aprile, la zolla nel fiato. Tutto il mio ghiaccio s'incrina e si spezza, Illusione, se torni al mio lato...

Tu mi risvegli dal sordo torpore con la potenza d'un tacito grido, e mi rimetti nell'ombra del cuore tant'ali nuove, come in un nido...

AMOR DI SILENZIO

Nell'intrico più fitto ha posto il nido un usignuolo, amico del cipresso. Mai nel sereno, da che imbianca l'alba, un colpo d'ali, un temerario tufo: mai su le roste ove la luce sfla, a fior di fronda, un favellio fugace. L'albero ammantato, fuso d'ombra stretto, quell'amor di silenzio che s'imbosca. Solo, quando, la notte ode il fruscio della luna che transita pei cieli, poeta malinconico, dal folto, come un raggio di luna il canto esprime.

quale si era trovato a pagar parecchie di queste bevute visuali una dobla l'una che non è mai dicibile quel ch'ei sentiva in un misto di gola, di ristoro, di meraviglia, di dolcezza, di liquefazione.

UN GIUDIZIO DI GALILEO

DICEVA il Galileo, paragonando insieme il Tasso e l'Ariosto: "Il Tasso è un campo di cetrioli. Partitene uno è buono, partite l'altro, è buono, tutti sono buoni a un modo. Non così d'un campo di poponi. Questo sa di zucca, quello di petonciano, quell'altro di cetriolo effettivo: ohimè che miseria, per poco vi verrebbe esclamato, siano pur benedetti i cetrioli! Quando a un tratto date in uno di quelli che, o vogliate per il colore, o per il sapore, o per la pasta, non si può far di più. Alla malora i cetrioli; vagliano più le scorze di questo solo popone che la polpa di quanti cetrioli sono stati e saranno nell'universo mondo."

RANCORE

(Continuazione della pagina precedente)

deva tutta la camera, si vedeva Maruzza. Allungò il collo per persuadersi che quel visetto sbattuto, abbandonato sui giunciali, fosse quello di sua figlia.

A piedi del letto c'era la suocera e Mararosa. Il figlio di massaro Puddo inginocchiato davanti alla sua sposa, le teneva una mano, e di tanto in tanto, lievemente, le passava un fazzoletto sulla fronte. Massaro Puddo, appoggiato coi gomiti sul cassettone, parlava a segni colle donne.

Massaro Janni capì e si cacciò una mano fra i capelli... Restò così immobile, angosciato, a lungo a lungo, ascoltando l'angosciato silenzio della casa aperta.

* * *

Veniva gente dal vicolo. Si sentiva il canto stridulo dei ragazzi, accompagnato dalla campanella passava il luccichio del baldacchino....

Massaro Janni piegò un ginocchio. Ma poi si levò.

Restò confuso tra la folla, quasi spinto davanti all'uscio fra gli uomini a capo scoperto, tenendo il berretto fra le grosse mani unite, fissando da lontano le ombre brune degli accompagnatori che muovendosi davanti alla finestra gli toglievano la vista di Maruzza.

—Non riconosce da ieri.

Massaro Janni ne provò un conforto acre; gli parve che il Signore avesse voluto risparmiargli il rimorso di saperla morta, col desiderio di vedere il padre, di non essere entrato mentre era lì a pochi passi dall'uscio.

Si trascinò tra la folla, dietro il Santissimo Sacramento che usciva; strisciò lungo il muro, ripetendo febbrilmente, con le labbra aride:

—Signore, apritele le porte del Paradiso! Ti benedico, figlia. Ti benedico, figlia....

Spinse il proprio uscio con le mani tremanti. Non si accorse di avere perduto il berretto tra la folla. Si accasciò sul pagliericcio.

Nel buio, nel silenzio, due lagrime amarissime e cocenti scorsero lentamente fra le rughe del suo viso adusto, senza portare sollievo.

Libri Italiani del Mese

Giovanni Papini—DANTE VIVO—
Libreria editrice fiorentina, Firenze,
1933, Lire16.00

“Per intender pienamente Dante ci vuole un cattolico, un artista e un fiorentino.” E poiché Papini è tutte e tre queste cose, possiamo fidarci di lui, e, prendendolo per guida, cercar di capire Dante, anche noi che siamo cattolici, forse artisti, ma ahimè non fiorentini. Fuori di scherzo è certo che in quella affermazione è molto di vero; solo un fiorentino poteva scrivere, per esempio, quella stupenda pagina sull'indole motteggiatrice dei propri concittadini, e illuminare così di luce nuova la famosa tenzone fra Dante e Forese.

Ma non basta, questo libro sull'Alighieri si propone di essere diverso da tutti quelli che finora son stati scritti sull'argomento da critici, storici, eruditi novellieri. “Vuol essere il libro vivo d'un uomo vivo sopra un morto che dopo la morte non ha mai cessato di vivere.” Più che una vita di Dante si propone di essere “un Dante vivo, un ritratto morale e spirituale di lui,” un “ritratto critico, come ci sono l'edizioni critiche;” una battaglia—tutto il volume è polemico, dalla prima pagina all'ultima,—contro “l'idea di Dante tutto grande uomo, ad ogni istante fiero, integro ed eroico... un Dante soltanto maestoso e temibile.” Ora, questo Dante esiste, ma, come nota Papini, non è “il solo vero.” Giustissimo; anche nel poema stesso c'è ogni tanto un Dante che ride, sorride, ironizza, sghignazza, piange. Se non sapessimo nulla di lui, e dovessimo giudicare l'uomo soltanto dal suo poema, questo ci basterebbe per affermare che l'autore della *Commedia* dovette essere un uomo dall'indole straordinariamente varia, ricca e mutevole, capace insieme dei più sublimi rapimenti e di qualche bassa voglia. E' vero che un eroe rimane sempre tal anche in veste da camera; ma è anche vero che nella vita comune farà anche lui tante cose che tutti gli altri uomini fanno nella vita comune. “Ti vedo scherzare e ridere coi tuoi compagni e buttarti nell'erba con loro... Ora al bel sole della mattina ora al biancore della luna ti scorgo mentre sbirci una giovanetta che scantona, o una finestra dove è affacciato un bel viso pallido e fresco...” Anche questa, di cui cito queste poche righe, è un'altra bella pagina; ma, insomma, a intender meglio Dante mi sembra superflua. Dante vivo avrà fatto questo ed altro, grazie alle necessità della nostra natura debole e inferma.

Cattolico, artista, fiorentino, Papini, per fortuna nostra, è sopra ogni altra cosa artista; e questo suo libro, per esser giudicato rettamente, va inteso in primo luogo come opera d'arte.

C'è in Dante “oltre il fiorentino del Duecento, un profeta ebreo, un sacerdote etrusco e un imperialista romano.” Ma la sua attualità rimane e rimarrà perenne, e ognuno lo vorrà per sé. Perfino il Breton, nel manifesto del surrealismo (citato a pag. 62) scrive: “bon nombre de poètes pourraient passer pour surréalistes, a commencer par Dante...” E poco più di centodieci anni or sono, il manifesto dei roman-

tici lo voleva suo, insieme con Omero e con gli altri; virtù della poesia.

Virtù della poesia. E anche il libro di Papini, da cui esce un Dante per tanti lati nuovi e, comunque, profondamente sentito dal biografo, vale soprattutto perchè questi non è un arido raccoglitore, o un romanziere fantastico, ma bensì il padrone di una prosa snella, varia, commossa, nervosa, che abbraccia senza complimenti le idee e le trasforma in immagini vive. Così si può anche non esser d'accordo in tutto con lui, si può veder Dante con altri occhi putacaso veneti o romagnoli; ma bisogna concludere che il “Dante di Papini” è come gli voleva, una creatura viva.

—G. Liparini

Maria Luisa Fiumi—GINESTRE—
Firenze, Bemporad, 1933, pp. 324 in
16.o, Lire 8.00

Maria Luisa Fiumi è nella piena maturità del suo ingegno: ne è testimonianza questa raccolta di novelle, dove si trovano alcune cose, tra le più belle ch'ella abbia scritte.

Ambiente preferito; la provincia, la campagna umbra, Personaggi più vivi: quelli umili e paesani. Storie più schiette e sincere: quelle di passione, di gloria, di vendetta, oppure di sacrificio, di rinuncia, d'umile eroismo. Stile: generalmente coloritissimo ma per null'affatto cincischiato, nè ricercato.

Si riconoscono i maestri: il Verga, la Deledda, il Pirandello paesano. Ma bisogna dire che, novelle come Palombe, Quel poretto, Il figlio, La gobba, testimoniamo un'assoluta sincerità di sentimento e una vera perfezione di originalità stilistica. E anche quelle meno riuscite, quelle cioè, dove la violenza dei viluppi drammatici e delle loro soluzioni appare eccessiva, o dove la ricerca degli effetti è patente, riescono infine a non dispiacere, per una loro grazia selvaggia, ed un loro sapore asprigno.

—Luigi Tonelli

Victor Hugo—LEGGENDA DEL BEL
PECOPINO E DELLA BELLA
BALDURA—Traduzione di Luigi
Servolini, A. F. Formiggini, Roma,
(Classici del Ridere, N. 96), 1933,
Lire10.00

Con questa bellissima fiaba ridanciana —una perla quasi sconosciuta del grande Hugo—l'editore Formiggini ha assicurato ai “Classici del Ridere” una di quelle opere che non potevano mancare a questa ormai famosa collezione e che formano, anzi, uno dei suoi numeri di attrazione. La graziosa e fantasiosa leggenda dell'infelice e appassionato amore del cavaliere di Sonneck con la reginetta del Falkenburg è una brillante e stupenda creazione del genio dell'Hugo e fa parte delle lettere de, “Il Reno.” Dallo stesso libro sono tolte le altre due argute storie qui aggiunte, ugualmente piene di brio e di colore. Mancava della leggenda di Pecopino e di Baldura una versione accurata, limpida, che rendesse tutte le sfumature della sottile arte di Victor Hugo ed il suo impareggiabile “humor:” il compito difficile di ridarci integra e perfetta l'opera in italiano è

stato pienamente assolto da Luigi Servolini, che alle eccellenti doti di letterato unisce quelle ben note di artista sincero e geniale e che diede già una assai bella traduzione delle “Storie naturali” di Renard per la stessa collezione dei Classici del Ridere. Questa volta, però, egli ha voluto lasciare ad una giovane artista, allieva del R. Istituto del Libro di Urbino in cui egli insegna, il commento grafico della leggenda: a Maria Ciccotti, la quale ha inciso su legno testate, finali, iniziali e tavole, con una finezza straordinaria di bulino ed una compressione assai felice del testo. Già realizzate per una edizione di pochi esemplari e di maggior formata, a cura dell'Istituto urbinato del Libro, queste illustrazioni sono state riprodotte fedelmente; mentre i legni che ornano le due novelle aggiunte sono stampati dagli originali.

Figaro—ANEDDOTI PELOSI, — rac-
colti da Alessandro Piumati. A.F.
Formiggini, Roma, 1933, p. 230
Lire 9.00

La raccolta “Aneddotica” del Formiggini si arricchisce di un volume singolarmente interessante e ameno. Vi sono raccolti aneddoti, notizie storiche, curiosità innumerevoli sull'arte di Figaro, sulle barbe e sulle capigliature, sui lavoratori maldestri, su quelli spiritosi e burloni, sul ridicolo delle tinture, delle teste calve, sulle acconciature singolari, bizzarre, imposte dalla moda; e su quanto riguarda l'ornamento peloso dell'umanità.

Il libro riuscirà utile e divertente per ogni lettore, per la quantità e originalità e amenità delle cose in esso contenute; ma esso dovrà essere particolarmente gradito al lavoratore delle facce e delle teste del suo prossimo, rendergli un buono e geniale servizio.

Pietro Fontana—VERSI—A. F. For-
miggini, Roma, 1933, pp. 148.
Lire5.00

L'A. pubblica la presente raccolta di sonetti e altre liriche col sobrio titolo di “Versi.”

Al lettore, forse egli pensa, il giudicare se si tratti di opera di vera poesia, e non a torto, crediamo, quando spesso sotto seducenti titoli si cela povertà di contenuto, alla quale si accompagna di regola una forma scialba e meschina. Vorremo dire che è il contrario qui, e, per convincersene, basta percorrere con intelletto d'amore il volumetto, che si presenta in semplice nitida veste: la forma elevata e sostenuta fa, per così dire, degna cornice al quadro, nel quale il pensiero, terso e preciso, talora prorompe vigoroso, talora si effonde delicatamente in teneri sentimenti.

L'amicizia, l'amore, la famiglia, la bellezza della natura, la caducità delle cose umane, sono prevalentemente i temi di questa lirica: temi eterni, in cui per altro si rivela e si afferma la viva personalità dell'artista.

In conclusione, se non andiamo errati, la presente pubblicazione potrebbe costituire, in materia di poesia, una vera sorpresa.

Avvenimenti e Discussioni del Mese in Italia

L'AUDACE VOLO di S. E. Italo Balbo ha, com'era da aspettarsi, riempito le colonne dei giornali e delle riviste di tutto il mondo. Una nota documentativa dell'impresa troviamo in *Echi e Commenti* che val la pena di riprodurre. "Nessun altro paese come l'Italia sarebbe oggi nelle condizioni di compiere una tale crociera: per la volontà di tentare ciò che nessun altro paese ha tentato; per l'organizzazione; e perchè nessun'altra aviazione è capace di mettere in linea 25 idroplani per traversate atlantiche. Questi commenti di stranieri all'audace impresa dell'aviazione italiana, che non è soltanto opera di ardimento, ma anche risultato di preparazione lunga ed accurata, ne caratterizzano la peculiarità, che è squisitamente fascista. Perchè l'impresa atlantica di "squadre" che non ha alcun confronto con le trasvolte individuali, è prodotto dell'educazione spirituale fascista, della disciplina fascista, del metodo fascista, dello spirito d'organizzazione fascista, del "clima" fascista.

Se al commento straniero vogliamo aggiungere la nostra constatazione di altre caratteristiche dell'impresa, ancor più glorioso è il merito del Regime, del Duce e del giovine Quadriviro cui Egli ha affidato il governo dell'Arconautica: perchè tutto il materiale di questa impresa, come quello della prima traversata e con perfezionamenti notevoli, negli apparecchi e nei motori e negli strumenti, è italiano; perchè nell'ottobre 1922, quando la Rivoluzione del nuovo ordine dovette liquidare l'eredità del cessato regime e ripararne le disastrose falle, in Italia non esisteva più nemmeno il residuo dell'aviazione di guerra; ed anche perchè tanto più prodigiosi appaiono questi risultati dell'aviazione nostra creata ex-novo in pochi anni, se confrontiamo le modestissime cifre dei milioni ad essa destinati nel bilancio dello Stato, con quelle che all'aviazione prodigano i bilanci di altri Paesi."

LIBERO ANDREOTTI, la cui morte immatura è avvenuta lo scorso aprile, ha lasciato un grande vuoto nel campo della scultura contemporanea italiana. Leggiamo in *Emporium* alcune pagine di commossa rievocazione biografica dell'artista, dovute alla penna di Art. Jahn Rusconi. "Era nato a Pescia nel 1875 di modesta famiglia di artigiani di campagna, e di buon'ora si era messo al lavoro anche lui, seguendo le orme paterne, dapprima come fabbro, poi come tornitore meccanico, ma aveva una gran voglia di imparare e malgrado il lavoro manuale studiò per diventare maestro elementare. Al momento di dar l'esame una crisi di dubbi e di paure lo trattenne dalla prova. Con quella rinuncia l'Italia

ebbe un maestro elementare di meno ed un artista di più. Cominciò allora per l'Andreotti un lungo periodo di difficoltà e di lotte, prima a Lucca, poi a Palermo dove si recò a fare il commesso d'una libreria e dove cominciò a disegnare caricature per un giornale umoristico locale, quindi a Firenze, impiegato in una tipografia, disegnando illustrazioni varie e manifesti, ma coltivando anche le lettere che erano rimaste una sua segreta passione, e legandosi d'amicizia con giovani artisti e letterati come Sem Benelli, Oscar Ghiglia, Adolfo De Carolis ed Enrico Sacchetti.

Egli era venuto tardi all'arte, ma il suo svolgimento fu rapido e continuo dalle prime cose imbevute di impressionismo e di letteratura, alle ultime tanto più semplici e serene, tanto più toscane.

La *Pietà*, nel monumento alla Madre italiana in Santa Croce, il *Cristo che risorge*, sotto l'arco di trionfo di Bolzano, l'*Angelo* nel monumento ai Caduti di Roncade, e l'*Italia che difende l'eroe ferito*, nel monumento ai caduti di Saronno, sono le sue opere maggiori e più solenni, quelle che hanno affermato la rinascita della scultura italiana di questi ultimi anni.

La sua morte così immatura, avvenuta il 4 aprile scorso, tanto più ci è stata penosa in quanto che la sua giornata terrena non era ancora compiuta e grandi cose ancora egli avrebbe potuto creare per la nostra gioia e per la gloria dell'arte italiana."

LA CONFERENZA DI LONDRA si è chiusa con risultati quanto mai oscuri e proposte assai vaghe. *La Nuova Antologia* di Roma, afferma che "discussioni, polemiche, trattative e manovre di tutti i generi hanno reso piuttosto imbrogliata la cronaca della Conferenza, ma i diversi episodi si possono riassumere concentrandoli intorno a due fondamentali problemi non risolti: quello della stabilizzazione del dollaro e quello della riduzione delle tariffe. Punto indiscutibile per l'Italia e per la Francia è il mantenimento della parità aurea della lira e del franco, anzi il ritorno alla parità di tutte le monete, condizione *sine qua non* per l'efficacia di qualsiasi misura di carattere economico. Ma è invece nelle fluttuazioni monetarie che si vede, a Washington e a Londra, il migliore strumento per ottenere il rialzo dei costi, considerato a sua volta come il miglior rimedio contro la crisi. Era stato annunciato, nei primissimi giorni della Conferenza, che i rappresentanti delle Banche centrali d'Inghilterra, degli Stati Uniti e della Francia erano giunti ad accordarsi per una stabilizzazione del dollaro — non legale, ma di fatto — sulla base di 4 dollari e centesimi per sterlina. Senonchè questa spe-

cie di tregue monetaria è stata bruscamente respinta dal Governo di Washington perchè — come esso ha dichiarato ufficialmente — "una stabilizzazione rigida ed immediata influenzerebbe sfavorevolmente i prezzi negli Stati Uniti." Così è apparso chiaramente quali rapporti poco armoniosi corrono tra la politica economica interna di Roosevelt e la sua politica internazionale. La prima è tutta rivolta all'aumento dei prezzi di costo e alla diminuzione dei debiti privati: La seconda mirerebbe a un accordo per la generale riduzione delle tariffe, il che richiederebbe che la politica americana dei prezzi fosse applicata anche dagli altri paesi; senonchè è proprio tale politica che, per difender i prezzi interni, potrebbe render necessario... un aumento delle tariffe."

CICERONE E IL SUO DRAMMA.

Con il risveglio dell'idea imperiale si nota in Italia un rifiorire di studi classici. Contributo eccezionalissimo in questo campo è una nuova biografia di Cicerone scritta da Maffio Maffii e testè pubblicata da Mondadori. *La Rivista del Popolo d'Italia* ne dà un giudizio molto lusinghiero: "Incominciamo questa volta da un'opera che ha per scenario il grandioso quadro dell'Urbe: si tratta del volume intitolato *Cicerone e il suo dramma politico* col quale Maffio Maffii colma veramente una lacuna negli studi storici italiani su Roma antica.

Roma alla vigilia della fondazione dell'Impero: quale tema appassionante! Eppure, per trovare un libro che mettesse in giusta luce la figura di Marco Tullio Cicerone, figlio della borghesia, *homo novus*, fiero avversario sia dell'aristocrazia tradizionalista come della demagogia profittatrice, bisognava finora ricorrere ad autori stranieri: autori che in generale svisarono l'immagine dell'Arpinate, intraprendendone la biografia con spirito polemico, stranamente partigiano.

Il Maffii, rendendosi conto di quanto sia cresciuta, di fronte agli uomini e ai partiti mutevoli, l'importanza del concetto di Stato nello spirito e nella coscienza dei popoli moderni, ci ha finalmente offerto un ritratto genuino di Cicerone senza preconcetti nè false interpretazioni; ed è soprattutto riuscito a cogliere, con rara acutezza d'indagine, il punto patetico del dramma ciceroniano: il contrasto fra la disistima verso Pompeo e la fedeltà a Pompeo quando impersonò la Repubblica, il dissidio fra l'ammirazione per Cesare, uomo di genio, e l'obbligo morale di combatterlo quando Cesare parve il nemico dello Stato."

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from Page 146)

"Breaking Into Print," taken as a whole, proves to be a handy little volume, which may help to freshen the mind of the veteran reporter, and impart some useful information to the tyro.

—Michael Di Liberto

READING AT RANDOM. By Ben Ray Redman. 267 pages. Oxford University Press. New York. 80¢.

Consisting of tidbits from here and there in world literature, this handy little volume, one of the latest of that admirable series known as "The World's Classics," offers the reader the joy of discovery that comes only from coming across some choice passage entirely unaware. There is no order in its arrangement, no plan, not even a table of contents; it is practically a scrapbook on the part of its compiler, culled from the various volumes of "The World's Classics" itself. Poetry elbows prose; philosophy jostles the light informal essay; and in general the only way to read this book is to open it at random and pick here and there.

There is an attraction about this method of reading that is not unlike browsing through an unfamiliar garden. One recognizes some of the flowers, gets to know others, and is in a constant mood of wonder and expectation. There is nothing of the serious business of "reading to retain" about this book. Like a newspaper, one may read as little or as much as he pleases; unlike a newspaper, this volume is not to be thrown away after.

Only one fault may be found that is inherent in the idea for the book. It represents the random reading likes of its compiler only. Others cannot hope to like all his selections, nor is it intended that they should. For them should be recommended the suggestion that they gather together their own personal anthology.

—D. L.

THE INVESTOR PAYS. By Max Lowenthal, LL.B., 406 pages, New York. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

From the point of view of a practicing public accountant, Mr. Lowenthal has written an important message to the investing public in this book.

Americans at present burdened with securities of insolvent and bankrupt corporations are legion. Yet the vast majority have been content to occupy the role of spectator while not too scrupulous bankers manipulate their money in attempting reorganizations which prove costly only to the investor; the bankers, lawyers, promoters and other financial parasites profiting from the attempted rehabilitation of a financially embarrassed organization.

Mr. Lowenthal's book tells the story of America's greatest railroad receiver-

ship and reorganization—Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. He eliminates much of the technicality and presents his story in a manner intelligible to the layman.

Back stage of all receiverships and reorganizations a drama is enacted in which the principal roles are filled by the bankers, etc., while America's investing public looks sadly on wondering what the end of the play will be.

Has the public been treated fairly in these reorganizations? Has the investor received all that was justly due him? Most investors can't say. The whole process of receivership and reorganization usually means an exchange of a piece of paper which cost them so much, for a piece of paper worth much less.

The material for this book, culled from minutes of committees, government documents, and interviews with participants in the St. Paul reorganization, puts the small investor on his guard and educates him in the matter of how his money has been handled for him, and how it should be handled.

For present investors and would-be investors Mr. Lowenthal's book contains knowledge which is only obtained by many years' participation in corporate reorganizations, such as has been spent by the author.

The practicing lawyer or public accountant knows these conditions to exist. The layman can only obtain the knowledge from a study of this important book.

—Michael J. La Padula



Prof. Fabio Frassetto

THE BONES OF DANTE

A most unusual subject for a book, yet, upon reflection, one that is bound to be of interest not only to Dantists the world over, but also to scientists and others of a literary bent, is an illustrated treatise and study of the skeleton of Dante. In the just-published "Dantis Ossa: La Forma Corporea di Dante," this subject has been treated by Dr. Fabio Frassetto, Professor of Anthropology and Biometry at the University of Bologna and Director of its Institute of

Anthropology. It is based on a scientific study of the remaining bones of the great poet, pictures, masks and busts that have come down to us.

In 1921 Dr. Frassetto, in collaboration with Giuseppe Sergi, published a Memoir on the same subject, but his present volume is greatly enlarged, with more illustrations and more factual material, and it is also intended to clear up certain vaguenesses and inaccuracies which he declares our present knowledge of the subject can now point out. His purpose in the present work is to bring to the subject of his study all that Science can contribute, in the form of anthropology, and undoubtedly this book will serve to dissipate many legends and errors concerning Dantesque iconography that have been handed down.

An active member of many European academies and anthropological societies, Professor Frassetto was temporary attaché at the Italian Embassy in Washington from 1918 to 1919 and Italian delegate to the International Congress for Child Welfare in 1919, as well as the official delegate from Italy to international Eugenics and Genetics Congresses. At the Third International Congress of its kind, held last August at the Museum of Natural History in New York and at Cornell University in Ithaca, he was a member of the Italian delegation.

"NOTEBOOK OF NOTHING"

We are apprised of the forthcoming publication by Bruce Humphries, Inc., of Boston and New York, of collected fragments from "the lyrical diary of a Sieneese Shepherdess," Dina Ferri, who died on June 18th, 1930 after four months of suffering in the Hospital of Siena at the age of twenty. Although these fragments have been published from time to time in Italian publications, they are to be included together in one volume for the first time, in this translation from the Italian under the above title, by Helen Josephine Robins and Harriet Reid. One of the features of the book is said to be an introduction by the Marchese Piero Misciattelli, eminent Italian critic in the arts and belles lettres.

THE WAY OUT: What Lies Ahead for America. By Upton Sinclair. 108 pages. Published by the Author at West Branch, Los Angeles, California.

Once again Upton Sinclair, still carrying on the good fight for his socialist cause, puts out another in his long line of books. This one, paper bound and apparently not for sale, consists of letters addressed to a young capitalist, and meant for the business and professional classes, telling them what there is in store for them if things go along the way they have been, and what they should do about it. Written just after the now famous banking holiday promulgated by President Roosevelt early in March, they reflect rather the hopelessness and political impotence of the months previous. It would not be too much to say that at present the American people are so absorbed in the ups and downs of the great attempt symbolized by the Blue Eagle that it no longer gives much attention to systems.

*The Lyrical Diary of
a Sienese Shepherdess*

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Modern Estonian Literature Andrew Pranspill
Some Manuscripts of Alfred de Vigny

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Art & Music

Ricci, E. — "Mille Santi nell'Arte," 1 volume, 8vo., 734 pages, 700 illustrations, Milano — Hoepli \$4.80

This beautiful volume recently published seems to fill a demand long felt for a work of this kind among religious people as well as lovers of art. It is unique in its field. It contains a beautiful biography of 1000 saints, for most of whom the author supplies a reproduction taken from well known works of art. One cannot be too appreciative in view of the splendid results which the author has achieved, after so many years of patient labor.

Classics

Russo, L. — "Antologia Machiavellica" (Il Principe, pagine dei Discorsi e delle Istorie) con introduzione e note — 1 volume, 16m., 270 pgs. — Firenze, Le Monnier \$1.00

Prof. Russo has included in this handy volume "Il Principe" in its complete text, and selected parts of "I Discorsi and Storie Fiorentine." The volume is extensively annotated and can be easily classified as one of the best school texts of this classic in Italian Literature. In the introduction of more than 25 pages, the compiler shows why the problems Machiavelli deals with are ever present, and more so in these trying days of political turmoil.

Religion and Philosophy

"La Sacra Bibbia" — 1 volume, 12mo., 1630 pages, India paper, full leather Firenze — Libreria Editrice Fiorentina \$5.00

This edition of the Catholic Bible is the first ever published in a small handy volume. The previous editions have all been large 4o. Whether it was because, as some have insinuated, the Church did not care to have it circulated among the poorer class, or whether it was because publishers would not venture into the publication, we do not know. The fact remains that the Catholic Church has authorized this new translation, and a publishing house has issued the volume in a handsome edition. This translation has been conducted by the Compagnia di San Paolo under the general editorship of Rev. Dr. Giovanni Castoldi.

Fiction

Falqui e Vittorini — "Scrittori Nuovi," 1 volume, 664 pages, Lanciano — Carabba \$1.80

In this volume the compilers have covered the best of contemporary Italian poets and novelists. A larger space is given to the younger authors, of whom 74 are herein represented with selections from books which, in many cases, are already out of print. This volume is recommended to those who are interested in post war developments in Italian literature.

Drama and Poetry

Capasso, A. — "Il Passo del Cigno ed altri poemi" con una prefazione di G. Ungaretti, 12m., 142 pages, limited edition, Torino — Buratti \$1.00

Capasso is one of the youngest of Italian poets. Although he has written one or two books of criticism, especially on French modern literature, this "Passo del Cigno" is his first book of poetry. His aim seems to be to combine a modern poetic sensibility with the traditional form of Italian lyrics, particularly that of the pre-Dantesque period. Awarded, in conjunction with De Micheli, the Italia Letteraria Prize, 1932.

Levi, E. — "Fiorita di Canti tradizionali del popolo italiano" scelti nei varii dialetti e annotati con 50 melodie popolari tradizionali, 1 volume, 385 pages, board \$2.00

The folklore of Italy expressed in the poetry and songs of its people is collected by the author in this valuable volume. From the provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont, the author goes all the way through Italy down to Sicily and Sardinia, gathering the words and music of the people's songs. The musical lines reproduced are left in their original form, not tampered with and not harmonized. The phrases in dialect which may present difficulty have been translated into modern Italian by the author.

Political and World Problems

Schanzer, C. — "Il Mondo fra la Pace e la Guerra" (Il problema bellico nei pensiero umano — Insegnamento della Guerra Mondiale e previsioni circa una guerra futura — L'organizzazione della pace dopo la guerra mondiale — Il problema bellico nell'avvenire — Milano, Treves-Trecani-Tumminelli \$3.00

The Italian philosopher and sociologist, who was for a time Minister of Finance, sets down in this volume the Fascist point of view on the present day situation and the possibility of a new war in the near future.

History and Biography

Alberti, A. — "Verdi Intimo," 1 volume, 8vo., 350 pages with 16 full page illustrations, Milano — Mondadori \$3.00

Correspondence which Verdi had with one of his closest friends in which he reveals his keen musical mind, not only about his own work, but the music of his contemporaries. Within these pages the musical activities of Europe for a period of about 25 years from 1861-1886 are passed in review and commented upon by Verdi in caustic letters to his friend Arrivabene.

Fulop-Miller, R. — "Il Segreto della Potenza dei Gesuiti," 1 volume, 8vo., 484 pages, with 116 illustrations, cloth, Milano — Mondadori \$4.00

A translation of the famous book of Fulop-Miller. The Italian critics in unison with critics of other nations have acclaimed this volume one of the best ever written on the history of the Jesuits.

Locatelli, A. — "L'Affare Dreyfus" (la piu grande infamia del secolo scorso) 1 volume, 8vo., 550 pages profusely illustrated, Milano — Corbaccio \$2.25

Locatelli has written in a most readable style the story of the famous Dreyfus case. He has made use of all the available documents which have been recently published, not least of all the papers left by Esterhazy, the culprit, just before he died in England a few years ago.

Miscellaneous

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