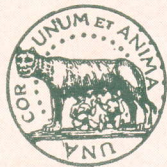


ATLANTICA

The American-Italian Digest



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MARCH

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IS AMERICA HEADED TOWARD FASCISM?

By PIERO SACERDOTI

(Contributor to "Gerarchia," the Magazine of Mussolini)

A wasting of natural wealth, exploitation of human labor, suicidal competition, and long-term debts; this is the tragic reality of "rugged American individualism," as revealed by the depression. This was the genesis of the "state of national necessity" which brought about in the Spring of 1933 the abandonment of the policy of laissez faire and the decisive intervention of the State in every field of national economic activity.

Toward the New Era

THUS the United States, too, entered in the wake of the great political movement, that is renovating the supremacy of the State over all individual and collective forces.

The movement has assumed in the old world two characteristic aspects that can be summed up in two words: Rome and Moscow. Rome has recognized the public relevancy of every collective interest and it controls and guarantees its satisfaction through the discipline of private initiative, the organization of individuals and groups, and the self-government of the various classes, within the limits and along the lines marked by the sovereign State. Moscow, instead, has made of the State the direct administrator of all the national interests, reducing the individuals to the status of workers for the State, and denying them every right to initiative and autonomy.

Rome and Moscow represent the only two possible goals of our century. Toward which will the United States go?

It is not easy to say: Roosevelt's policy, which sums up the present-day American movement, was born neither of a deep and exasperated doctrinal travail, like communism, nor of the fire of experience and the genius of one leader, like Fascism. It is a conditional policy, born of a formidable economic crisis which has given rise to one negative teaching especially: distrust in the individual.

The constructive part of the new

(In 2 Parts: Part 2)

policy is less clear: it is dominated by urgent problems—the fall in prices, the insolvency of debtors, the paralysis of the banks, industrial unemployment, etc.—and for each of these problems it seeks remedies, often inspired by experimental standards, rather than by general beliefs.

Roosevelt's Policy Needs Added Powers

THIS variety of attitudes appears in the program of Roosevelt himself: in his now famous book "Looking Forward," the breviary of the New Deal, many are the problems faced, and for all of them the invoking of greater powers is repeated, to remedy the proven insufficiency of individual efforts. And this variety is reflected even in the legislative acts voted in the historic Congressional session of the Spring of 1933.

The provision that aroused the most uproar, and which, more than any other, outlines the decided change of route and the abandonment of laissez faire, is the NRA. The Act begins with a "declaration of policy" that deserves quotation in full:

"A national emergency productive of widespread unemployment and disorganization of industry, which burdens interstate and foreign commerce, affects the public welfare, and undermines the standards of living of the American people, is hereby declared to exist. It is hereby declared to be the policy of Congress to remove obstructions to the free flow of interstate and foreign commerce which tend to diminish the amount thereof; and to provide for the general welfare by promoting the organization of industry for the purpose of cooperative action among trade groups, to induce and maintain united action of labor and management under ad-

equate governmental sanctions and supervision, to eliminate unfair competitive practices, to promote the fullest possible utilization of the present productive capacity of industries, to avoid undue restriction of production (except as may be temporarily required), to increase the consumption of industrial and agricultural products by increasing purchasing power, to reduce and relieve unemployment, to improve standards of labor, and otherwise to rehabilitate industry and to conserve natural resources."

For the first time in the history of the United States the questions that interest the general economy cease to be left to individuals and become questions of State; for the first time the public powers make themselves promoters of an industrial organization based on an agreement between workers and employers, under State control.

What the NRA Owes to Fascism

IN this solemn assertion of principle we are on clearly Fascist ground: the influence of the Chart of Labor is indubitable. Even the instrument for the realization of the principle is of a Fascist stamp: the collective agreement or "code" proposed by the interested professional associations and approved by the executive power.

But Fascism fixes not only principles and legal methods: it also disciplines the organs of execution, so that the principle can become a living, acting reality. This the NRA does not reach: between theory and practice there is a serious hiatus, represented by a lack of discipline of the occupational associations and by a lack of organization in general of the productive forces.

Syndicalism has never had a very important part in the economic life of the United States. It has lacked those conditions of fact that have determined in Europe the great impulse

toward workers' syndicates. American trade syndicates have limited themselves in general—following the example of the first English trade-unions—to the organization of “qualified workers,” neglecting the vast contingent of the non-qualified. It is, therefore, a movement of the aristocracy, not of the mass, with the exception of certain branches—railroads, building construction, mining, baking and confectionery, theatres, etc.—where the organization has also grown in depth.

A greater trend toward association is encountered among employers: the trade associations have developed, especially in the postwar era, in a notable manner, mainly for the purpose of giving each other mutual assistance and technical information.

Association vs. Competition

FOR a long time these associations had to fight against the severity of the Sherman Act, since they were suspected of acting “in restraint of competition.” Economic development, however, has shown how, faced with increasingly complex problems of production and trade, the collective consideration of questions and cooperation among those in the same business category becomes almost indispensable; and even the judiciary has sought of late to interpret the old laws according to a standard of reason, which has led to a strengthening of the economic associations.

On the whole, however, the organization of the industries is far from having reached the development needed for a general system of codes, as intended by the NRA. Indeed, the voluntary elaboration of the codes was so slow at first as to lead the President, last July, to promulgate a so-called blanket code for all industries, supervised directly by the government without trade distinctions.

The proclaiming of this general code showed the tendency of the government to pass easily from a regime of productive self-discipline, based on voluntary agreements controlled by public authorities—as fundamentally meant by the NRA—to one of direct and co-active intervention.

The extension of this regime is all the more notable in that the code fixes not only the hours of labor, but also regulates the prices and eventually other interests of production, meanwhile suspending the operation of anti-trust legislation. It therefore sums up the contents of the “collective contract” and of the “economic agreement” of the corporative regime

in Italy. Thus, the blanket code fixes minimum salaries and working hours and dictates general levels of prices; and it has helped to hasten the setting up of special codes for individual industries.

The State in Other Fields

DIRECT State intervention is also taking place in other fields besides industry. Thus, for agriculture, the Agricultural Adjustment Act proposes to stabilize and maintain an equilibrium between production and consumption of agricultural products and to raise the prices of farm commodities to approximately the 1909-1914 average.

This bold attempt to restore certain productive and market conditions is being undertaken through a series of emergency measures. Other instances of intervention on the part of the State are the Emergency Banking Act, the Glass-Steagall Bank Act, the Home Owners Loan Act, the Securities Act, the Railroad Relief Act, and the Tennessee Valley Development Act.

All these provisions tend “to control, by means of the proper programs, the creation and the distribution of the goods which our vast economic machine is capable of producing.”

The popular enthusiasm that wel-

comed the New Era as announced by Roosevelt seems to confirm the opinion that the times are ripe for new principles of government. But the difficulties that are encountered in the enforcement of the new laws, and with which the news of the last few months is full, would seem to show that the road selected is not the best, or at least that it is not lacking in serious handicaps.

The Unsolved Problem of the Organization of the State

THE fundamental difficulty in which the Roosevelt Administration finds itself lies in the wide contrast between the goal proposed and the means adopted for attaining it. The goal is that of the lessening of individualism and the substitution for it of a coordinating of collective forces toward a common end. But this end can only be reached either through State action in the general interest—according to the Soviet method—or through the corporative organization of the national forces, in order to have them participate systematically in the common work.

The United States shuns the Soviet method for obvious historical, cultural and economic reasons; a State economy can be conceived only where individual initiative is lacking

(Continued on page 88)

Well,
Here
Goes!

From
the
N. Y.
Herald
Tribune



THE NEW AMERICAN-ITALIAN STUDENT

By ANGELO J. TOMASULO

LATELY there has been much discussion about the new interest being taken by students with regard to questions of politics in national and community affairs. What part, we can ask, are the American-Italian students taking in this new youth movement? It is not unanimously believed that there is a student youth movement of a very marked nature. Much could be said for either side of this contention. But for our purposes, we can assume that there is—or that, however limited may be the stirrings among students, we will give it the grand term of "movement" like so many others are doing. We are justified in doing this because it suits the purpose of the discussion. Whether merely assumed or believed, it will not make very much difference.

We are interested in knowing how this youth movement affects the Italian-American students, and what part they are taking in it. First of all, a comparison will be made between the Italian and non-Italian student. The comparative purposes of both types of students will be considered. Then there will be several other bases of comparison: The school activities which interest him most, and the social credos which he harbors.

The average Italian-American student in an eastern university or college is serious-minded. It is his purpose to obtain from his sojourn at college the full value of the instruction he receives. The expense of his education implores him to exert his best efforts. Some kind of sacrifice is made to pay a part of his expenses, and he earns the rest himself. And even when no such restricting difficulty exists, he appreciates the value of his opportunity because he is well-advised by his relatives and because he is blessed with native intelligence.

What the Italian Student Seeks

THE non-Italian student is likely to regard "going to college" as being merely the proper thing to do before starting to earn one's own living. He obtains more benefit from the extra-

curricular activities to which he can afford to devote more time. He probably has a better time in college. He does not have the same trouble at the beginning in orienting himself because, intuitively, he begins his college career with a clearer picture of what to expect. His aims are easier to realize. He wants a degree (for whatever value it can have to him); he wants to have a good time (with or without value); he wants to make connections with educated people; but chiefly, he wants to do the usual thing—the thing which is done by all those who can afford it, i.e., go to college.

It is not, however, entirely true that the Italian student is a "grind" without other interests than his studies. Now it is less true than ever before. Italian athletes have distinguished themselves in every field of sports. Somehow, the Italian student finds time to work for the school newspaper; to be a member of the dramatic organization; and to contribute to the maintenance of his Italian club or fraternity—often both. He remains proud of his Italian parentage. In this way he reminds his Alma Mater that he should not neglect all those centuries of Italian culture which should be a world-wide heritage.

The parents of this student are coming to liberate themselves from their narrower attitudes toward education. Some of these parents are of the second generation. These are familiar with the schools from having been to them. But even those parents who have not been in actual contact with schools, know a great deal more about them now. There had been a taboo about sending girls to college. Such is no longer the case. The women students are now distinguishing themselves every bit as well as their brothers. It can be plainly seen that Italians now have a better understanding of American ways. And almost before they finish learning the American manner, we find them contributing to it generously.

All this is very interesting, but the youth movement is our subject, and

we shall not delay further in discussing it.

The New Youth Movement

IN European countries students have taken active part in politics. In Cuba, nearby, the youth movement made itself felt. Now we have something similar in the United States. There is no longer the academic seclusion within musty studies that there once was in our colleges. Now the students are in tune with current affairs. They are making themselves heard as they take issue with social and political questions of the day. They write letters to the city newspapers; they speak on street corners; they hold demonstrations; and they use every other available method to express their views. They are accepting the responsibility which they inherit.

The Italian student has a proportionate part in this new youth movement. His social ideals are, naturally, very high (it is axiomatic for young men of Italian descent, rare exceptions notwithstanding, to have high social ideals). So we find him among those who plead the cause of honesty and efficiency in public office. We find him also among those who demand better treatment for the citizens who are in severe need. The Italian student is not usually a leader in this movement. There is a reason in back of this. He feels he should be reserved in declaring himself because his Italian name will share the blame if he has been too shallow and hasty in embracing a cause.

Guarding the Italian Name

PROTECTING the Italian name from careless slander is one of the things which he seldom overlooks. The teachers, and the college itself, like him for it. A considerate person is appreciated by a sharp judge of character. Such a judge was Cardinal Newman.

"It is almost a definition of a gen-
(Continued on page 93)

DEPRESSION: CAUSES AND REMEDIES

By JEROME J. LICARI

Former Assistant District Attorney and noted lawyer

THE American workman has become a tortured Tantalus, starving in the midst of plenty. Do you remember the fable of Tantalus? He knew that if mortals were nourished with the food and drink of the Gods, Sin, Sorrow and Death would disappear from the face of the earth; and he secretly plotted to steal from heaven the divine food and drink and feed them to all mortals. But the jealous gods, endowed with divine clairvoyance, read the impious scheme in his heart, even as it was beginning to gather shape; and they punished him cruelly. They placed him in the midst of a pure stream, with fragrant fruit orchards blooming about him; but, as he raced to scoop the water to slake his thirst, or to pluck the fruit to appease his hunger, the water mockingly receded and the fruit eluded his grasp.

The American workman suffers the same agony of Tantalus, with the aggravation, that the former has not sinned against the Gods, does not crave eternal life, does not even ask for luxuries; on the contrary, he is perfectly satisfied with just human food and drink, three meals a day, clothing, fuel and shelter. That is all he asks for himself and for his family: a decent living.

Starvation Amidst Plenty

STILL we have, on the one hand, immeasurable stretches of fertile, tillable land, eager to bear all that is required to feed not only this nation, but twenty others—and on the other hand we have, conservatively, about ten million unemployed, with about thirty million dependents, making a total of about forty million men, women and children without means of support. We see in the wheat belt millions of bushels of wheat used as fuel, burned, *destroyed*—and in our cities we see endless bread lines that could have been considerably shortened and relieved, if the same wheat had somehow reached them. We have millions of skilled cabinet-makers,

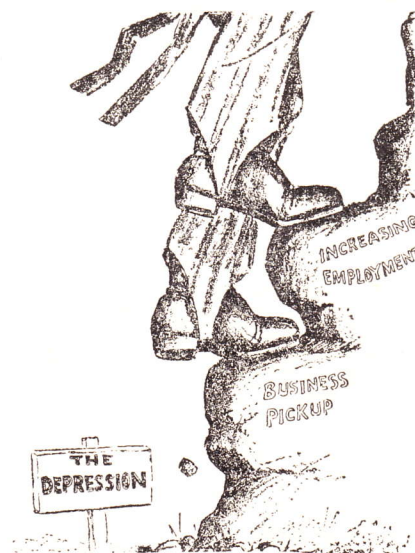
shoemakers and tailors willing and able to work and *earn* their livelihood, who lack themselves furniture, shoes and clothes; and, if they could only work and manufacture furniture and shoes and clothes, they would immediately increase the production of wealth by such an immense proportion that the Depression would soon be over. Farmers lack clothes because their milk sells cheaply, and clothes workers lack milk because clothes sell cheaply. The Federal Farm Board decrees the reduction of cotton production by one third, because there is already too much cotton in the market; and an unemployed plumber freezes in Philadelphia, without even cheap cotton clothes, because somehow no part of the cotton produced ever reaches him at all. While money, driven out of circulation, was heaped high in bank vaults, five thousand banks failed in the United States in the last few years. The wealthiest city in the western hemisphere, perhaps in the world, New York, has the longest bread lines. The second wealthiest city in the same hemisphere, Chicago, cannot meet its payrolls and support its

teachers, policemen, and firemen. We now have, undeniably, the same brains and the same brawn, the same factories, the same bountiful earth and the same mines, the same fields and the same ores, the same coal and the same minerals, the same facilities and the same willingness that we had in 1929—and still some malevolent god seems to have charmed us all into inaction and inanition. We are starving in a Land of Plenty. We are dying with hunger and thirst in a Land of Milk and Honey. What is the trouble?

Reaping the Whirlwind

THE trouble is this: our business structure—which has hitherto been guided by the ethics of the jungle, where the stronger beast devours the weaker—is falling of its own weight. For centuries we have been sowing the wind; now we are reaping the whirlwind. The business structure is crumbling mainly because of the crushing strain of the World War. We are still paying off the debts of folly and crime we contracted in that war: we paid first in oceans of blood, in graves and in crosses: now we are still paying in sleepless nights, dismay, loss and want.

This tragic cataclysm that has destroyed everything, washed out everything, ground to dust fortunes, men, women, hearts, minds, homes, and self-respects marks the turning of a page in the economic systems of the world. Our own economic system—and, for that matter, all other economic systems—have hitherto been criminally defective, stupidly inefficient, based on the ethics of the jungle. They have never been intelligently planned and directed so that the ultimate output of production would balance off with the ultimate amount of demand. They have never controlled the snarlings of competition. And, to make it still worse, they have not given any thought to the proper distribution of produced staples so that each kind would link



On the way up

—From the Phila. Public Ledger

with its need, each seller with a purchaser. Supply and demand have never been intelligently brought into general, permanent and adequate contacts. And so, continually and periodically, we have had on the one hand the destruction of wheat, and on the other the gnawings of hunger; on the one hand the empty apartment, and on the other the vagrant waif; on the one hand the coatless pauper, and on the other the destruction of the material that could be utilized to supply the coat; wanton waste of wealth on the one hand, and on the other harrowing penury and wants that the waste could easily supply. While men now suffer without shoes, about sixty per cent of the shoe machinery in the country rusts in idleness; while automobiles could and should lighten the burdens of transportation, fifty per cent of the possible, normal automobile output is never produced; while new tires are needed, eighty per cent of that industry is stagnant; and so on, with coal at about thirty per cent of its normal production, while people freeze; with lumber at about sixty per cent, while houses, buildings and factories decay; with flour, at fifty per cent, while people starve. And if only a way could be found to employ the unemployed, to get them to produce and to consume, to establish a contact between their needs and the staples that can supply them—those very unemployed, producing again, should have to buy coal immediately, buy flour, lumber, shoes, clothes, automobiles, tires, and would within a very short time again bring the output to its normal volume.

Intelligent Planning Needed

THAT is just the seat of the trouble, then: lack of intelligent planning, with the result that the supply thrown into the market generally exceeds by a large proportion, the actual demand; unregulated competition; and lack of intelligent distribution, with the result that many a consumer that needs a staple, or an article, is not brought in touch with it, cannot work for it, cannot earn it, and does not get it. And so, in a jumble of silly bungling, able-bodied men, men anxious to work, must stint and starve, together with their children, while the very things they want are within reach of their hand, and are destroyed next door; while, because of loose contacts, the stupid short circuits burn up the jobs that could and should be created, to give every man an even chance.

A provident housewife plans her expenditures to balance her income; a far-seeing business man carefully plans his budget to meet, and never to exceed, his anticipated earnings. An expert city manager sees to it that the expenses of the city are proportionate to its expected revenues. A competent architect plans carefully his building, so that it may rise at the lowest cost, with the least confusion, in the best style, and even with as few accidents as possible. And still, under the economic systems of what economists term *laissez-faire* (which we luckily seem to be discarding) everybody that had the money and the ability, the experience and the cunning, has been allowed to flood the market with goods that could not possibly sell, because the market was already saturated with them; and, worse, to resort to all kinds of devices, subterfuges, chicanery and implacable treachery to undersell his rival, or annihilate him, in order to place his sales. No wonder we have been anguished by the so-called cycles of business, the alternations of prosperity and depression, the see-saws of plenty and of want. Do not think for a moment that this is the first depression in the United States, or the longest. If you do, you are wrong indeed. There have been many, and there have been longer ones. Depressions have incessantly recurred every few years and have always brought the same devastating blights. The crazy land booms, all created *artificially*, brought the panic of 1837; the manipulations of gold stocks, all *artificially* enhanced, brought the panic of 1857; the juggling of railroad stocks, also *artificially* watered and boosted, caused the crash of 1873; the unchecked gambling of bankers, and the cut-throat wars between financiers, brought the disaster of 1884, which lasted eleven years; the newly established trusts were responsible for the depression of 1893; the mergers again for the slump of 1901; the bankers again for the short panic of 1907; overproduction was the principal cause of the panics and depression of 1913 and of 1922; lunatic speculation, overproduction, ferocious competition, and *machines*, brought the gloom of this last depression that has been distressing us for four years. So, you see, the year 1929 set no new style in the line of depression. And, if you stop to analyze the causes of the above, you can trace them all to the lunacy of improper proportion between supply and demand, improper distribution, and ruthless competition.

The Modern Frankenstein

BUT I believe that there is an additional cause, a cause of more recent origin, for the stubborn persistence of this last depression. The feverish activities of the World War, with its immediate demands, created a craze for mass production by the use of machines; and even after the war was over, this insanity for economy and efficiency has been increasing to such an extent that machines have grown into a sort of destructive Frankenstein, that threatens to wipe out its makers. You may recollect the recent moving picture of Frankenstein, the machine-man, the iron monster that went on a rampage, destroyed a whole village, and almost killed its originator. Well, Frankenstein is on a rampage right now, throughout the United States. Today we have one-man trolleys—and one idle conductor for each of those trolleys, starving to death, together with his children. The dial has forced thousands of telephone operators out of employment. Stop lights have diminished the number of policemen for traffic purposes, especially in smaller centers. One pressing machine in a clothing factory does the work of many pressers—who, too, enjoy the sweets of unemployment. One electric cutter does the work of many workmen; one scooping crane deprives many diggers of their bread and butter. In snow removal, snowplows have done away with thousands of shovelers. Adding machines have ousted thousands of clerks and accountants. One half million envelopes can be manufactured by comparatively few operators in a modern factory which, before the advent of the machine, employed thousands. Cigarettes come out, done in neat packages, in the very packages in which they are sold, at the unbelievable rate of two thousand *per minute*, employing today one girl to do the work of perhaps one hundred girls under the old hand system; and such instances could be multiplied ad infinitum. These facts explain why unemployment is so widespread and so stubborn and why this last depression is lasting so long.

Reduce Machines or Working Hours

WHAT, if any, is the antidote for this evil of the modern machine? The remedy is in this dilemma; either abolition of machines, or reduction of working hours. I am afraid we cannot do away with Fran-

kenstein. The Iron Monster is here to stay. He will perform with ease the hard toil of men and women, and eventually prove a blessing. The only answer to the machine evil is in the reduction of working hours, a *drastic* reduction, planned upon the actual total amount of labor and upon the actual number of available operators in every line, so that each one, none excepted, may get an equal opportunity to work—even if the working week must, in the beginning, be reduced to twenty hours. And of course, this short week would not last very long; because the man that returned to work would be producing again and *consuming* again, and production should have to be increased by about one third for domestic consumption alone; for, as we have already seen, there are at the present time about ten million unemployed, with about thirty million dependents, that are not consuming to any extent, because they are in a state of destitution. They are not buying new shoes, clothes, linen, furniture. They are not even, for the most part, rent-

ing and occupying homes. They are eking out a painful existence on public charity. They are not producing. They are consuming just a modicum of food. They are supported by the other workers that have employment in the United States. They are not supported by the workers of England, or Germany, or Japan. But if all workmen were employed, production and consumption would immediately soar to their normal level. In normal times, labor consumes eighty-five per cent of all production. How long then could the Depression last?

Four Principal Evils

URBANIZATION, the abandonment of farms, the overcrowding of professions, maladjusted tariffs, and several other elements in the present social inequilibrium have been pointed out as other causes of the Depression; but I do not believe they can really be held as major causes. They are merely concomitant causes.

The principal evils, I believe, have been pointed out hereinabove. They are: (1) Disproportion between supply and demand (2) Vicious competition (3) Unintelligent distribution (4) Machines.

By what methods can these evils be eliminated? As to machines, I have already ventured to suggest a remedy; as to the other three evils, no remedy can be suggested in the short span of an article. Professor Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University took the pains to appoint a committee of experts, who, a few days ago, gave their response and offered very valuable suggestions in the daily newspapers; other remedies have been suggested from other sources, although none so clear and so effective as those of Dr. Butler's Committee; but all suggestions seem to point to some *central agency* to plan and dispense production and regulate competition. That seems to be the only answer. If Business does it of its own accord—well and good; if not, the Government shall have to do it by force.

IS AMERICA HEADED TOWARD FASCISM?

(Continued from page 84)

and where the technical problems to be solved exceed the possibilities of individuals and groups, as in Russia, but certainly not where private initiative is exuberant and has reached the apex of technical progress, as in America.

On the other hand, the United States lacks any corporative organization: the New Era has come about suddenly in a nation politically organized on the basis of the narrowest kind of individualism. The constitutional and administrative structure of the confederacy has remained unchanged throughout 150 years of history. The public power is divided among the Federal government, the governments of the 48 States, and the infinite local authorities which, subdivided among county and city authorities, still preserve in great part the form sanctioned by the so-called laws of the Duke of York in 1670. The inefficiency of the loose State bureaucracies in the realizing of his vast new program was soon recognized by Roosevelt, who, because of the necessity for immediate action, sought a remedy in the creation of a series of "emergency administrations" endowed with the greatest of powers, and which were to put the government in more immediate contact with the collective interests, over-

coming the ordinary Federal and State bureaucracy. But this certainly has not narrowed the gap between the public power and the social forces. This distance can be reduced only by the organization of the forces and their inclusion within the governmental framework.

We Are Only at the Beginning

THE United States today appears to be but at the beginning of its revolution. A return to the past, to the uncontrollable individualism of the Constitution, is unthinkable. The era of individualism is ended, for the conditions that led to its rise and gave it splendor for a long period have been found wanting. The 20th Century is the century of State intervention in the great problems of labor and production, and this truth has now imposed itself even on the leaders of American life. Excluding an interventionism of the Soviet type, it now remains for the United States to face the problem of the reorganization of the State, so as to provide it with instruments adequate for its new duties.

In America, many enunciations of principle in recent times correspond to the teachings of Fascism. Even the impassioned appeals that Roosevelt makes to his people, to fortify

their energies and arouse their constructive ardor, frequently turn on the Fascist theme: "believe, obey, fight."

Nevertheless, still insufficient are the solemn declarations of programs contained in the recent laws, the mobilization of public opinion so ably performed by Roosevelt, and the formation of a number of "emergency administrations," for the statement to be fully true that the New Era has taken the place of individualism. Individualism, faithful to its premises, had brought "everything outside of the State": the New Era should, according to the motto of Mussolini, have "everything within the State," so that the State may really assert itself as sovereign over the national forces and constitute itself the supreme moderator and judge of their interests.

American money has for a long time borne on its face the emblem of the Fascist lictor and the motto "e pluribus unum": will the symbol and the motto come to be understood in all its deep significance by the American people, and serve them as a guide—through the organization of all their individual and collective forces within the orbit of the State—for more closely approaching the goal marked by Rome?

(The End)

ROME AND THE EAST WILL MEET

By **SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE**

Ex-Mayor of Calcutta, India

THE inauguration of the Oriental Institute in Rome is an indication of the interest which Italy now feels in the middle and Far East. Several Italian scholars have been working for the last few years for greater cultural contact between Italy and the East, and the work of Professor Tucci and Professor Formichi of Rome in this connection is really praiseworthy. Now that the Oriental Institute is founded in Rome, we hope that the cultural contact between Italy and the East will be on a regular and permanent basis. For maintaining this contact, a regular interchange of professors and students will be necessary.

The Asiatic Students' Congress recently held in Rome is a further manifestation of Italy's sympathy for the Orient. The hospitality of the Italian authorities and of the University students in Rome was greatly appreciated by the Asiatic Students who visited Rome for the Congress. And the speech of Signor Mussolini was quite fitting to the occasion. Signor Mussolini pointed out in this speech that it was quite wrong to say that East and West would never meet. He further pointed out that in the past, Italy had never colonised Asia, but had colonised parts of Europe and the relation between Rome and the East was always on reciprocal understanding.

THIS gesture of sympathy made by Signor Mussolini on behalf of Italy has been and will be appreciated in Asia and in India in particular. To continue the useful work done by the Asiatic Students' Congress, it has been decided to start a bureau in Rome. This bureau has been already started and it will work for the collaboration of Italy and the East. It is possible that Congress was the want of personal contact beheld in Rome of the Asiatic students. If this Congress is held, I am sure that it will be a greater success than the last Congress.

The only defect that I noticed in

the last Congress was the want of personal contact between the Asiatic students and the students of Rome. This was due to the fact that during their one week's stay in Rome, the Asiatic students had a very crowded programme. Moreover, there was no previous acquaintance between the Asiatic students and the students of Rome. But since the Bureau has been started, I am sure that when the Congress meets again, there will be better opportunities for establishing personal contact and friendship.

ASIA generally has a bad experience of Europe. The people of Asia have found from personal experience that European nations generally try to exploit them either politically or economically. It is therefore necessary for Asia to know Europe has another aspect in her civilization and that there are people

in Europe who want to be really friendly with Asia, without trying to exploit her. In these circumstances, when the cordial invitation went out from Rome—the Asiatic students warmly responded to it. Asiatic students were glad to find a friendly country in Italy.

This work of establishing friendship between Italy and the East can be successful only if the youths of Italy and the students take up the question in right earnest.

Youth all over the world has idealism and youth is not a victim to petty meanness and self-interest. Therefore it is the duty of the youths of Italy and of the East to work for our mutual friendship.

A good beginning has been made. The future, however, depends entirely on our work. Personally I am hopeful, because I see around me signs of success.

BELLAGIO

My love and I above the sea
Looked out at waters dear to me.
The curving shore; the sunlight's kiss!
"What place so beautiful as this?"
She bent her head and whispered low,
"You have not seen Bellagio."

We wandered where the Rockies lift
Peaks majestic crowned with drift.
The rosy sunset; purple mist
Brought rainbow radiance to our tryst.
We waited for the light to go
Before she sighed, "Bellagio—"

At last we sat at Como's tip
And saw blue waters softly dip.
The magic there like phantasy
Enveloped land and sky and sea,
And Beauty's self I came to know.
Bellagio! Bellagio!

—Elizabeth Cameron Whiteman

AGAIN

THE NORDIC MYTH

By MARY IACOVELLA

MANY potential historians have deteriorated into shallow observers. Witness the constant flow of books written with the sole purpose of annihilating entire races for the triumph of the Nordics. An eerie fascination has always attracted the Latin races to anything Nordic. The Anglo-Saxon races have been admired. Even their vaunted ruthlessness, stolidity, and austerity have been glorified in countless volumes for the enlightenment of the flighty and passionate Latin temperament.

These Nordics, whom we have unconsciously shrouded in romantic shadowy forests of the imagination, have repaid our silent worship with wide criticism and with veiled thrusts at future revenges. Towards these pseudo-Nordics—the true Nordic has rugged common sense—who are addicted to the gathering of mysterious data, put together for the unworthy purpose of confusing and harassing the Latin race, we can only say that their maneuvers show considerable lack of good taste.

Their concern with the welfare of posterity is a farce of illusions. Even their conceit is repulsive, for the earth, the sunshine, and life are the heritage of every creature. Because they live in the shadow of dusty reflections, they seek the outer world only to inflict pain and leave the livid sting of conflict.

Indeed, we always have self-appointed paleontologists, who fade blindly in secluded libraries. After assimilating enormous fodder, they deem it a glory to bring out lengthy folios for the edification of the moderns. An ignorant, impressionable person, after wading in this sheaf of propaganda, must retain forever some trace of what to him is the riddle explained. This lamentable pursuit of derogating flourishing races to a low estate, simply because their geographical habitat does not conform to the canons of the rockbound, frozen North, and because their girdles were originally not of pure,

dyed-in-the-wool, sheepskin seems to thrive even in our modern era.

Archaic Preaching

INFINITE pain, mental humiliation, and rancor are caused directly by this archaic preaching. The solution of this extraordinary controversy, whether Nordic supremacy must be enforced at the expense of Roman civilization, should be debated in open forum for the benefit of the unprejudiced observers, and for the amusement of the scholars of the world.

The Southern Europeans especially are under suspicion. The horrible paleontologists! How can one forgive their neat, foolish conclusions that dark skinned people are persona non grata before their seedy eyes? It is better to consign them to the limbo of forgotten things. Of more harm than pseudo-historians, who hide their lack of scholarship under the mask of selfish impulses, are those amateur sociologists who are bent from sheer laziness to the pursuit of the nigger in the wood-pile. In every backwash or corruption they see the wreckage of the Italian contingent. Ideal America has many hues and cadences. That discerning educator, Nicholas Murray Butler, says, "As I have said on so many public occasions, we have great need here in America of more of the Latin temperament, the Latin point of view, and the Latin love of beauty, whether in nature or in art."

The above random thoughts were put down as they came, from the heart, after perusing an illuminating booklet issued by the Casa Italiana, that forum of Italian thought in America. The booklet is part of a pamphlet, "Some of the Contributions of Italy and the Italians to Civilization and American Life," edited by Rachel Davis-Dubois and published by the John Day Company. It is a record of facts, impressions, and opinions, the amazing survey of a whole people flung on the American Continent by the wanderlust, or economic

pressure in the home land. It is not a defense nor an apology, but a statement of many astonishing facts.

Italians Have Helped Build America

HERE are the struggles and problems of our emigrants and here also are listed the contributions of the Italian race to civilization. Many sources are quoted and many witnesses summoned on this spiritual tribune of Justice: a miniature encyclopedia of distilled sweat, vision, resistance, and sound achievements.

How simply we can outline the saga of our people in foreign lands! Woven with the triumphs and the laurel of genius are many pages stamped with mourning. The Italians have their brave pioneers, their heroes, and also the unsung toiling multitudes, the silent tireless builders of the American Empire. Of course, the masses of emigrants congregated in every city are viewed with concern by some evil surveyors. The countless working people, who are abused in the wretched condition of their social status, are often condemned as breeders of crime, and even, it is suggested, fit for wholesale deportation.

Everyone anxious to become acquainted with the panoramic survey of progress and defeat should read the pamphlet of Rachel Davis-Dubois, and preserve it for future reference. The young generation will find in it great significance. The scientifically inclined will make genuine discoveries. In a chapter on the scientists we find that the Italians have been pioneers, "They have laid the foundations of arithmetic and algebra, of physics, electricity and pathological anatomy (the creation of Morgagni); they have traced the first lines in anthropology, sociology and in the philosophy of history. Often enough they have left traces of their labors upon scientific terminology, to remain as a memorial to their achievement."

(Continued on page 94)

PROGRESS IN POLITICS

First Italian State Senator in Rhode Island

THE attention of Rhode Islanders has recently been called to a newly-elected State Senator, John Di Libero, who is sponsoring a bill for the creation of a Civil Service Bureau in that State, which will make for greater efficiency in selecting desirable candidates for civil service in Rhode Island, who must stand on their merits alone. In honor of his recent election, incidentally, a banquet was held on March 4th at the Narragansett Hotel in Providence with the following committee in charge: B. Gemma, R. Simone, V. Ferraioli, C. Costantino and E. Colletta.

The City of Providence, with a population of 252,981 according to the 1930 census, has four Senators in the State Senate. Mr. Di Libero, a Democrat, is one of them, and the first Italo-American to be elected to the State Senate in the history of Rhode Island. All the other cities and towns in the State have one Senator, making for a total of 42. To continue the background, while all the general officers from the Governor down, elected by the people, are Democrats, the majority of the Senators are Republicans. Rhode Island's Secretary of State, Louis W. Cappelli, an Italo-American, is also a Democrat, and the first Italo-American ever to have been elected to that office.

As in many other communities, the politics and political offices of Rhode Island have been pretty much under the control of the Irish and Yankee element, especially the former, under the Democratic regime. But the Italians, according to Mr. Di Libero, are gradually coming into their own, though as yet they are not represented in proportion to their numbers. Out of a total population of 687,497, there are about 100,000 Italians in Rhode Island.

Not a Politician

BORN in the little town of S. Apollinare, in the Province of Frosinone in Italy on Nov. 28, 1901, little Di Libero was taken to America at

the tender age of three months by his father. In October of 1906 the elder Di Libero sent for his wife and the rest of the children, and they settled in Providence. Attending the public schools of the city, young Di Libero was graduated from the Providence Technical High School in 1920 and from the Boston University Law School in June, 1925. In November of that same year he passed the bar exams and was admitted as a member of the bar. He has since been engaged in active law practice, with offices at 10 Weybosset Street in Providence. Still comparatively young, Di Libero is only 32, unmarried, and lives with his folks.

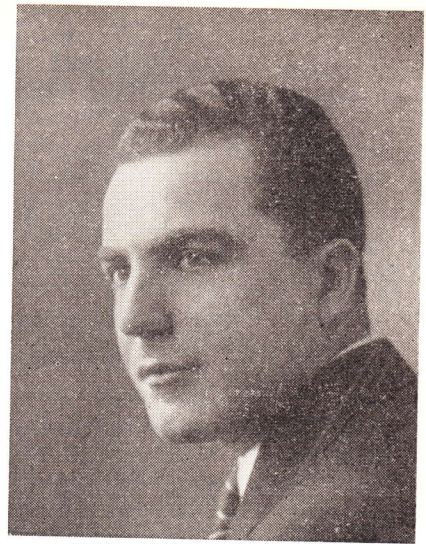
"I had never taken an active interest in politics before," says he concerning his candidacy and election. "When I returned from a two-months' tour in Italy in September 1933, I went back to my old routine of practicing law. Then, a couple of months later, a vacancy occurred in the State Senate of Rhode Island brought on by the resignation of the only woman Senator in that body, a Mrs. Isabelle Ahearn O'Neill, who resigned to take on new duties on the Federal Narcotic Board in Washington, D. C.

"My nomination and subsequent election as State Senator came as a complete surprise to most politicians as well as to myself. The cause underlying my sudden thrust into politics was that all the old politicians who aspired to the position had axes to grind against each other. As I had none and was friendly to all, I was chosen as the candidate."

The fight for Di Libero's nomination as candidate for the Senate from his district was harder and more uncertain than the election itself, according to his story, which also adds that there are 14 delegates from that district who meet in convention to elect a candidate.

The Italians Combine

AGAINST the wishes and desires of the regular Democratic or-



John Di Libero

ganization which was sponsoring another Irish woman to take the place of Mrs. O'Neill," continues Mr. Di Libero, "the Italians formed a solid block in the selection for a candidate. The Italo-American block got together and eliminated all the other candidates to throw their whole strength in my favor.

"This in itself would only give me six delegates, but I was fortunate enough to have the support of two Irish delegates who threw their support for me and against my Irish opponent, the wife of a local attorney and a woman who had taken a very active interest in politics for a long time. When the convention met the final count was 8 to 6 in my favor. Due to the fact that the constituency in my district is predominantly Democratic, the nomination amounted to virtual election."

However, it later developed that the Irish constituency in Mr. Di Libero's district was disgruntled at losing to him, and the Republican Party availed itself of that psychological situation to put forth as its Republican candidate another young Italo-American attorney to run against him, Thomas J. Paolino. Since it was by special election that the unexpired term was to be filled, the hardest part of the election was in getting out the vote on Election Day. In that district the normal vote is about 29,000 but on that occasion the vote totalled only 8,380. The final count was Di Libero, 5,764, and Paolino, 2,616.

Mr. Di Libero says in conclusion that he finds his work in the State Senate "very enjoyable. It certainly will give me the unique opportunity of protecting the interests of my own race."

NARDO

A SHORT STORY

By GERLANDO MANGIONE

Illustration by Ione Della Sala

NARDO was the sort of youth that biographers, writing of Napoleons or Carlyles, would like to think their characters were. Yet Nardo occupied an inglorious position in the household. Other children of his age might be petted, shown off to strangers, even cheerfully spoiled—but not so Nardo. Too often he had snapped back when he was being petted, or spoiled things when he was being spoiled. In certain respects he was like certain cats everyone knows—keen, intelligent animals who accept things they like, but never at the price of sacrificing their individuality.

Just as there exists a universal feeling of envy and distrust toward cats because they keep their self-respect intact even in the face of terrific abuses from human beings whose superiority happens to be greater than their self-respect, so there existed in the Gello household a general feeling of resentment toward Nardo. To his parents and his older brothers he was a stranger. If he had not been one of them, they would have laughed at his eccentricities; but being a part of them, they grimaced or spanked him. It was all the same to Nardo. He kept on shining brilliantly in studies he liked and ignoring those he didn't like; preferring characters of fiction to characters of life for friends; doing, in short, whatever appealed strongest to his imagination.

King Arthur, Robin Hood, and Tom Sawyer he considered his most intimate friends. Books about them he would read over and over again, with the same steady enthusiasm that a man visits an old friend, who has nothing else to offer, after a while, except friendship. He would often refer to Tom Sawyer as his "side-kick," to King Arthur as his "boss," and to Robin Hood as his "uncle." His family would all shake their heads sadly when he spoke of these friends. With each shake of their heads, Nardo would feel closer than ever toward his self-invented side-kick, boss, and uncle.

ONE afternoon his mother was entertaining the "Americani" who lived next door. They were really Germans, but to Mrs. Gello anyone who wasn't an Italian came under the category of "Americani." Nardo came in from a ball game, just as Mrs. Gello was serving wine and cakes to Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder. Nardo had no liking for either of them; he felt particularly resentful toward Mrs. Schroeder who, a few days ago, had appropriated his baseball when it accidentally fell into her yard, refusing to return it until she had reported the matter to his father.

"Hello, Nardo," said Mr. Schroeder.

"Hello," replied Nardo shortly.

"Say 'hello' to Mrs. Schroeder, Nardo."

Scowling, Nardo turned to Mrs. Schroeder. "Hello," he said in his best sullen manner.

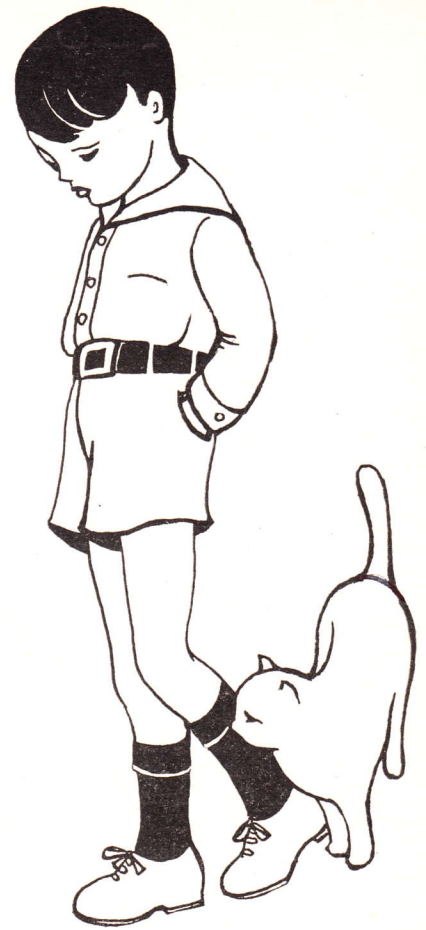
"Nardo!" scolded Mrs. Gello. "What is the matter with you? He's been reading a lot of crazy books lately and I think they are making him bad."

"Boys will be boys," churned Mrs. Schroeder with a sweetness that was positively souring. To anyone else, but Mrs. Gello, it was apparent that Mrs. Schroeder's greatest desire at that moment was to have Nardo over her knees. Her manner didn't deceive Nardo. He made a move as though he were going to leave the room, but stopped shortly and faced Mrs. Schroeder squarely, with the demeanor of an accusing district attorney.

"Mrs. Schroeder," he said slowly and deliberately, "I wish my uncle Robin Hood was here to take a sock at you."

SOMETHING like a growl came from Mrs. Schroeder. "You fresh brat, you. If I had my hands on you..."

The "Americani" left in a hurry, Mr. Schroeder following his wife like a shadow, Mrs. Schroeder puffing with the indignation of a fat woman. Mrs. Gello ran after them in short



frantic steps, wringing her hands and promising retribution. Meanwhile, Nardo, realizing that his mother was in no mood to listen to explanations, escaped through the back door. Mrs. Gello stormed about the house, moaning and screaming with the zeal of an operatic character, while Tina and Sara, frightened out of their wits, kept in a corner of the living room, pretending to be engrossed in their dolls. It was Tina who finally summoned up enough courage to tell mamma that it was getting dark. Letting out one more scream, Mrs. Gello fled to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal for her husband and two sons who would soon be home from work.

II

NARDO did not appear for supper. To disguise their anxiety the family was more talkative than usual at the table. Most of them loquaciously agreed that "the kid was getting too smart and needed to be taken in hand." They enlarged on this theme till 8 o'clock; still there was no sign of Nardo. Mrs. Gello began making trips to the front room windows, peering out anxiously for

any sign of the boy. Angelo and Sam took short turns around the block, hoping that Nardo might be loitering in the neighborhood. When 9 o'clock passed, Mrs. Gello was almost hysterical. She called Mrs. Schroeder all the names she could think of; she scolded her husband and her sons for speaking of Nardo as harshly as they had.

Mr. Gello was just getting on his coat to ask the help of police headquarters, when they heard a patter of steps on the sidewalk. The door sprung back suddenly, revealing Nardo, his eyes shining with life and, obviously a satisfied appetite.

"Hello, folks," he said cheerfully, tossing his cap on the piano.

His mother rushed forward and put her arms about him, sobbing with relief.

"Where have you been?" asked his father sternly.

"At Aunt Theresa's. She has asked me to come over to dinner lots of times and I thought tonight would be a good time to go. I knew I'd get a licking from you if I came home right away; so I thought I'd wait a while. Do you want to lick me now?"

MR. GELLO turned away with a hopeless gesture. His brothers stared at him with disgust. Nardo felt too talkative to pay any attention to them. He wanted to make up to his mother for the embarrassment he had caused her that afternoon; so he launched on a long-winded monologue in which he tried to impress his mother with the perfect manners he displayed at his aunt's house.

"...It was a grand dinner, Mom, but the spaghetti didn't taste as good as yours. I didn't say anything about that though. I just ate everything Aunt Theresa gave me. Johnny and Joie got her mad because they didn't like the *minestra* and wouldn't eat it. But the thing that got her most mad was the noise they made all the time. Mom, it was terrible. Why, the house sounded like a bordello ..."

There was a sudden clamor.

"What did you say?" shrieked Mrs. Gello.

"The house sounded like a bordello," repeated Nardo, staring at his mother in surprise.

Mr. Gello made for the strap in the kitchen. His wife rushed after him to stop him. The others stood there motionless, doing their best to look horrified.

"What's the matter with what I said?" asked Nardo, still puzzled.

"Shut up if you know what's good for you," snapped Angelo.

Nardo didn't know what was good for him. "Why do you all act as though I'd said something awful?" he inquired.

"Shut up!"

NARDO let out a long sigh that expressed all the disgust he felt for grown-ups. He saw nothing wrong in his use of the word "bordello." To Nardo it was an exclamation, an idiom his father, and sometimes his mother, had used time and time again when anything impressed them as being too noisy. A deep feeling of revolt against their blind authority came over Nardo; but, wisely, he did not try to give expression to it in the intense, antagonistic atmosphere that now surrounded him.

In one corner of the living room his father was pretending to read the newspaper, but his black, sharp eyes would dart over to the top of the pages to glare at Nardo. His mother rocked in a wicker chair with a zest that was alarming; each creak of the chair sent shivers up his back. Tina and Sara were too afraid of their mother to side with Nardo in any way; while Angelo and Sam brooded as they listlessly played a game of cards, hating Nardo for ruining an

evening they might have spent with their girls.

The silence was terrifying. Nardo went into the kitchen, pretending to pour himself a glass of water, but actually, to hear the friendly splash of the water falling into the sink. He stroked the cat under the sink and found some comfort in listening to it purr. The cat looked hungry. Nardo opened the icebox to see if he could find her a piece of meat. His father's piercing voice came out of the next room. "Quit slamming things and go to bed!"

Nardo went to bed. Upstairs in his own room, he felt more cheerful. Undressing himself quickly, he fixed the lamp so that it would shine on his pillow, and slid himself between the cool, soothing sheets. From underneath the mattress he fished out a tattered copy of "King Arthur." Five minutes later he was sitting around his "boss's" round table, listening respectfully to a leader whose orders he understood perfectly. His side-kick Tom Sawyer was sitting next to him, and his uncle Robin Hood was whispering in his ear, telling him to straighten out his armor. Downstairs, his father still scowled; his mother still rocked her wicker chair.

THE NEW AMERICAN-ITALIAN STUDENT

(Continued from page 85)

tleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." The Cardinal made this statement in one of his discourses. From this we can see what a high premium he put on being considerate. A tempestuous reformer might not agree, but the Italian student adheres to what has stood the test of centuries: traditional and balanced civilization. Some things never change. Perhaps there is a need for alterations in our plans of government, but the old definition of a gentleman is just as good now as it ever was, and will continue to be until the end of time.

But the Italian-American student is taking part in the youth movement. He enters into it only after he has removed from his mind all doubt. When he does declare himself publicly he is altogether convinced that he has overlooked very little. His declarations are honest and spoken with the full force of his conviction.

His letters are printed in the newspapers because they are not those of an agitator. It is neither from restlessness, nor from adventurousness that he delivers a speech on a street corner. It is rather, because he feels there is a wrong to be righted or a neglect to be pointed out.

Balance and Maturity

MORE often than not the authorities and the public commend him for his expressions. He does not make a spectacle of himself, and is not, therefore, reprimanded.

A mature person who takes into account more than just the few most obvious considerations, regards with veneration all the social institutions that have stood the test of time. He would "rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others which we know not of." It is not his attitude to be satisfied with the state of things, and

desire nothing better. But, at the same time, he is not so rash as to think that any change will turn out to be a good change. He knows that social and political policies in book form are hardly recognizable when put into practice.

The Italian student has understood enough about history to have well-balanced opinions on statesmanship and government. He is not a reactionary, perhaps not even a conservative, but his liberal theories are always tempered with intelligence and soberness. He is a most wholesome citizen, not an eccentric and dangerous radical.

He Is Not a Radical

THOSE of us who have tried it, have found it difficult to argue with radicals. Their points are true. We hear them say that the present distribution of wealth is grossly unfair to the majority of the population, who own a small minority of the wealth. There is no way of denying this. It is a plain and well-known fact. This condition is being corrected, however, and a bloody revolution did not occur because calm men are directing our destinies.

Mussolini's reforms in Italy are vast enough, and complete enough, to give him the title of "liberator." But his greatest greatness was his reservation and his care in carrying out his policies—no reign of terror was ignited, and the people obtained what they wanted without paying the usual revolutionary price.

In brief, the American-Italian student is alive to the needs of the people, and, at the same time, he remembers the lessons of the evolution of civilization, a fact which compels him to pay due respect to the established order of things. This means that he is more mature than other students and counterbalances their rashness.

The Importance of College Training

WE have observed that the Italian student is taking part in the new youth movement. We have seen that his attitude is a sane one. Now there is left only the question of public interest in this movement. It has already been said that it is something important. Well then, in what way is it important?

The students now in college will soon graduate and take their places in various posts of our society. They will conduct private commercial en-

terprises; they will enter into politics; they will be teachers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, judges, publishers, artists, writers, musicians, and scientists. In other words, they will form the top layer in our social structure. They will have the responsibility of caring for the world so that successive generations will find it a better place in which to live. Knowing, as

we do, the magnitude of their task, we wish to know how they are preparing themselves for it—also, how they are beginning their work. We are encouraged to see that they know what they must do. They are ready to make use of their health and vigor. Their time in college was not wasted. This is especially true of the American-Italian student.

AGAIN, THE NORDIC MYTH

(Continued from page 90)

"The Starting Point is Italy"

MANY scientists found only in Italy the opportunity for scientific studies. We find mention of Vesalius, a Belgian, the father of anatomy, of Bishop Stenson, a Dane, a famous geologist, of one of the founders of ethnology, Father Kirchner, a German.

One finds many quotations. Says the great Jewish Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, "The chief contribution that the American of Italian extraction may make to our democracy is to remember that while his goal is America, his starting point is Italy; that he is not to submerge his Italianism in America but to merge it with Americanism at its highest. He is to bring to America consciously and of purpose that Latin reverence for law which must underlie the democratic order."

There is material in it for a huge volume. Let us hope that many will be inspired to write a book, after dipping into this engrossing pamphlet.

An article in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Dec. 31, 1933 caused the reflective mood. Mr. Charles Edward Russell stressed the fact, familiar to every student of history, but perfectly neglected by many of our contemporaries, that "To its remotest bounds wherever it may be, our civilization is chiefly Italy." The author dwelt humorously on the battle cry of the ancient Nordic. After surveying the cultural patrimony of every nation he found that this artistic heritage had been transmitted from Italy. In this scholarly article Mr. Russell stepped gracefully on Nordic toes. He is a true Nordic, perhaps, of those who love Italy almost like their native land, and whose friendship has always been so dear to the Italians. He also stressed that race quality of the Italians, their inherent good nature and

vivacity. In every era he sees a manifestation of recurrent geniuses, Dante, Michelangelo, da Vinci, Saffi, Cavour, Marin, Verdi, Bellini. Almost in cycles they come, the great minds of Italy.

Nordics Who Understand Italy

MR. RUSSELL'S article, then, was in the best Nordic tradition. And the Italians will never cease to admire the Nordics who understand the creative genius of Italy.

And also apropos of another *Homo Nordicus folio*, Melville J. Herskovits wrote in the *"Nation"* of January 10, 1934, "Such works, however, are apparently still being written."

A great English historian once wrote, "—we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity, and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters, and the sufferings of a degraded peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened States of Italy, to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort or luxury, the factories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan." Macaulay was writing on Medieval Italy. The illustrious historian also put it on record that, "During the gloomy and disastrous centuries which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, Italy preserved, in a far greater degree than any other part of Western Europe, the traces of ancient civilization."

The Educational Horizon

By PETER and SYLVIA SAMMARTINO

Piero Parini

THE visit of His Excellency Piero Parini to the United States during the months of January and February has been of particular interest to those interested in the teaching of Italian and in the dissemination of Italian culture. The outstanding purpose of the visit was to study the American educational institutions and to make the cooperation of the Ministry in charge of the cultural activities in other lands as efficient as possible. Shunning, almost entirely, public appearances, banquets, sumptuous receptions and all such similarly devastating public functions which are usually filled with generous phrases often unaccompanied by physical action, Mr. Parini has been quietly observing all sorts of educational activities whether they be high school or college classes, community centers or cultural conferences. Along with him has been his secretary, Dr. Franco Montanari.

On February ninth, he attended the presentation of a silver medal to the newly-elected Superintendent of Schools of New York City, Harold G. Campbell. The presentation was made on board the steamer Roma.

On the twelfth, he attended a tea at the home of Dr. Filippo Cassola, the publisher of *Atlantica*. At the tea were the representatives of the various circoli of the high schools and colleges of the metropolitan area. Dr. Cassola introduced the guest of honor to the various students and to the faculty advisors of the circoli.

The Italian Teachers Association

THE twelfth annual report of the president of the Italian Teachers Association has been issued by Dean Mario E. Cosenza. Among the highlights of the report are the increase in the number of cards in the bibliography kept by the president and which is housed in the Casa Italiana, bringing the total to 22,156, (3,205 more than last year), the work of the

The Generalist in Education

The "generalist" in education does not think of subjects primarily. He considers the student as a human being who must do three things; achieve personal happiness, be a useful member of society and lastly, earn a living. To reach these ends he must participate in certain activities. The "generalist" teacher is, therefore, interested in the boy or girl and not in advancing the registration in any particular learning process. Opposed to this view is the "specialist" in some field, who maintains a narrow concept which rarely transcends the boundaries of his classroom. His one great concern is to teach his subject well to as many students as possible.

Happily, the pedagogic tendency is towards the "generalist" who is at the same time a "specialist" in some particular field. In other words, let us think of the human being first but at the same time, when we decide he needs certain informational knowledge or some special skill, let him acquire these from someone who is capable in the particular field. Since, in a school, we cannot have a staff of generalists who think only of the students, and another staff of specialists who teach, as a practical necessity the teacher must be both a generalist and a specialist.

This is particularly true in the teaching of Italian and of Italians, and has been the guiding philosophy of the newer school of educators. Dr. Covello, for instance, both in his treatment of students and of would-be teachers, has continually stressed the dual emphasis; on one hand consider the child himself, on the other hand, teach what you teach. Both are important if the educative process is to be a meaningful one.

Let us go still further and consider the educational philosophy of Angelo Patri, one of America's really great educators. Angelo Patri realized that the failure of students in particular subjects not only did not mean anything, but it was working havoc in that it produced a feeling of inferiority in the child which in turn found its escape often in very undesirable ways. And so, he takes the child and considers him from a "general" view point. However, when it is decided that the child can participate in certain definite activities, then the teacher must assume the role of a specialist and be an efficient guide to the pupil. That is why we have men like Professor Spaulding of Harvard and Professor Cox of New York University, who realize that a study of Italian by children of Italian origin is usually one of the most efficient means of building the character and of training for life.

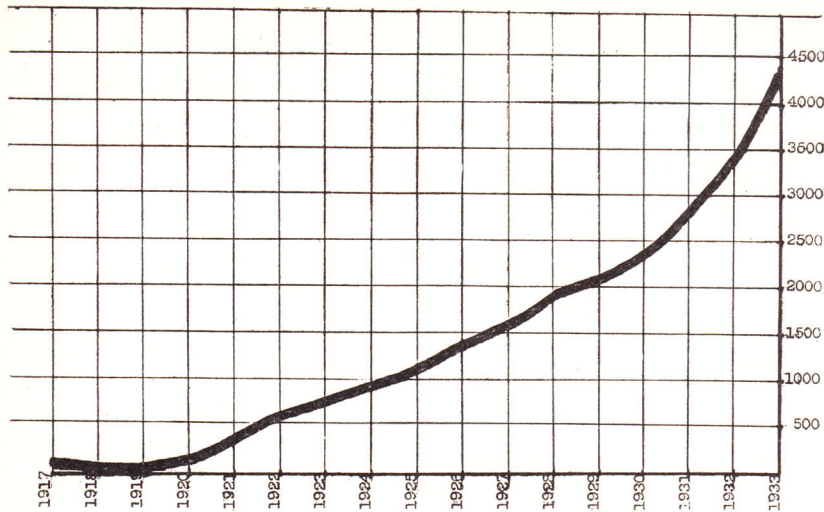
Peter Sammartino

various committees, and the registration of Italian in the high schools and colleges of the United States. In the high schools there are now 17,287 students as compared with 13,607 last year. The five states having the highest registration are: New York, 8,146; California, 2,547; New Jersey, 2,304; Rhode Island, 1,088 and Pennsylvania, 941. A new addition to the list of states offering Italian is Colorado, with 112 students.

The colleges and universities do not present quite as attractive a picture,

reports lacking for a good many. The San Francisco College for Women and New College are the two institutions offering Italian for the first time. Interesting also is the fact that so far there have been 95 different plays produced by school circoli.

Part of the report has been prepared by Dr. Leonard Covello. It covers discussions on textbooks, Italian clubs, licenses for teachers in training, and for assistant teachers and for first assistants, pupil teacher training and language syllabi.



How the Study of Italian has increased in New York City's High Schools

At the February meeting of the Italian Teachers Association held in the auditorium of the Casa Italiana, the members were delightfully entertained with an informal talk by Remo Bufano, celebrated for his marionettes. Mr. Bufano went to Italy in 1929 on a Guggenheim Fellowship to continue his studies of the Marionette Theatre, and he has written several books on puppets and marionettes. Anyone contemplating work with marionettes will find his books indispensable.

The Association will give a dinner and dance jointly with the Italian Historical Society on the Conte di Savoia on Friday May the eleventh. The committee is composed of Dean Mario E. Cosenza, Dr. Leonard Covello and Dr. Peter Sammartino.

Newly elected members of the association are: Miss Jean Pizzicara, Miss Hyacinth Riggio, Miss Louise Brunn, Miss Amalia Di Donato, Miss Anne Spica, Mr. Francis D. Saitta and Miss Antoinette Finocchi.

New Courses in Italian

WITH the beginning of the spring term, several of the colleges in New York have introduced additional courses in Italian to meet the increasing demand for such courses. Two courses are now offered at Hunter College without any prerequisites and are open to both men and women. Formerly, students at Hunter were obliged to complete three semesters of French or German before being permitted to elect Italian. Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope wrote to Dr. Colligan about the situation and was pleased to receive the reply that the matter was to be remedied at once. Columbia University has added three new courses in Italian which are open to

all those over eighteen, and without previous requirements. At New York University Courses in Italian are offered to teachers of the language. Messrs. Covello and Corsi and Miss Giacobbe are giving the courses which are of great value in preparing teachers along pedagogical and sociological lines.

Two of the "Free" Schools of Italian have found it necessary to offer additional courses, namely the Free School of Italian at Jamaica and the Dante School in the Bronx.

From out of town sources we hear encouraging news of the spread of the Italian language. In Providence, Rhode Island, Italian as a major study has taken its place in the school curriculum, and this was brought about only through the indefatigable efforts of the Italian people in that state.

In Chelsea, Massachusetts, after working for about three years, School Committeeman Sebastian N. Tanguiso has finally succeeded in having Italian introduced in the Chelsea Senior High Schools. Other cities which are offering Italian courses to students for the first time are, Cleveland, Ohio, Asbury Park, N. J., Torrington, Conn. The University of Akron, at Akron, Ohio and the Utica Free Academy at Utica, New York, have also found it necessary to introduce courses in Italian.

The Growth of Italian

IN the report issued by the Director of foreign languages in the high schools of New York City, it is particularly interesting to note the rise of Italian. The figures cover the last seventeen years and show a rise of 4300% during that time (see graph).

At the Casa Italiana

ACTIVITIES at the Casa have been going on full force during the month of February. On the eighth there was a tea in honor of President Colligan of Hunter College. On the ninth there was a meeting of the Graduate Club at which Mr. Francesco Grilli spoke on Spaventa. On the fifteenth there was a tea in honor of Maestro Sandro Benelli. On the following evening there was a concert under the direction of Maestro Albert Bimboni.

On the seventeenth, both the director of the Casa, Professor Prezzolin and Dr. Leonard Covello had the pleasure of witnessing the splendid debut of the Coro d'Italia which started at the Casa almost two years ago. The first unit was the Italian Choral Society. Then came the Verdi Choral Society at Washington Irving High School, the Puccini Choral Society in Brooklyn and the Choral Society connected with the Harlem House. The speakers at the reception included Prof. Prezzolini, Dr. Covello, and the Hon. Antonio Grossardi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York City. The united Coro will hold a concert and supper dance on board the steamer Augustus on June 15.

Teachers!

Six months subscription to Atlantica given free to deserving students of Italian

Continuing the offer made in the February issue of *Atlantica*, a six-months subscription to *Atlantica* will be given free to the boy or girl of any nationality in each class who has shown the most interest and progress in the study of Italian during the first half of the school year.

Only one prize subscription can be awarded to each class studying Italian. *Atlantica* offers these prizes to stimulate interest among the younger generation in the arts and culture of Italy.

Teachers should forward names and addresses of the students they select to Awards Editor on or before March 31, 1934.

ATLANTICA
33 West 70th Street,
New York, N. Y.

The Newer Trend

AMONG the schools now participating in what we have termed the "newer trend" is the Italian Educational Society, an outgrowth of the LaGuardia Progressive Club. The Society is doing very fine work in a section heretofore somewhat neglected as far as educational advantages were concerned, the Italian community which comprises roughly Eleventh street to Fourteenth street and Avenue A to Second Avenue. At the head of the organization is Mr. Anthony S. Cuffari, an instructor of languages at Stuyvesant High School. In actual charge of the educational program is Mr. Nicholas Millella, also an instructor of languages at the Townsend Harris High School of the College of the City of New York. Aiding him is a staff of volunteer workers who conduct classes in many branches of learning. The Society recently gave its first dance at the Casa Italiana. It uses the quarters of the LaGuardia Progressive Club at 316 East 14th Street, New York City.

News From Italy

THE Central Institute of Statistics of Rome has made a survey of foreign language study in Italy. Of the hundred thousand students pursuing foreign language courses, sixty thousand have chosen French, twenty thousand English, fourteen thousand German and two thousand Spanish, while a few hundreds are studying Serbian and Slavic. This survey covers the public and private institutions of teaching in Italy.

From Milan comes the report that eight American students have enrolled in the G. W. F., the Fascist Student Association, having received membership on their own application. The students are: Catherine Schraff, of Boston; Della Benning of Milwaukee; Bernice Beren of Chicago; Frances Gnaegi, Adelyn Pitzell, Bruce Spencer King and Madalena Gnaegi of New York; and Giovanni P. Dettura of Buffalo.

A Bureau of Assistance and Cultural Information for Americans has been organized by the Italo-American Association in Rome. The new bureau is designed to meet the requirements not only of these Americans who visit Italy on tours, but also for those who plan to pursue regular academic work in Italy. Students will be given introductions to libraries, institutions, societies and

professors. Application may also be made to the Bureau for publications, translations, photographs and reproductions of works of art. The address of the new bureau is Corso Umberto I, 271, Rome.



Anthony Cuffari

President of the Italian Educational Society

Colleges

THE departments of Italian and Music of Barnard College presented a concert of Italian Madrigals and Cantatas at the Casa Italiana on March 2nd. The participating artists were Mary Walker, Helen Taylor, Pauline Pierce, Edward Fuller, Lawrence Filson, Stanley Dittmer, Bert Fund, Hinde Barnett, David Robison, Robert Von Boehhoff. The director is Professor Lowell P. Beveridge, assisted by William H. Reese. The proceeds of the concert were donated to the Students Loan Fund of Barnard College.

The Italian Alumnae Association of Hunter College recently gave a dinner and dance at Martha's Village Garden. Doctor Vittorio Ceroni and Prof. Arturo Sergio both extended their good wishes to the club. It can truthfully be said that this Association is the most active among organizations of a similar nature, and has been particularly useful in bolstering the work of the undergraduate circolo at Hunter College.

Crane College

WE note with interest that the efforts of Dr. Francesco Ventresca in securing the re-opening of the

Crane Junior College in Chicago are about to be realized. Dr. Ventresca was the first to bring his wholehearted support to the movement and he has been assisted ably by the Hon. George J. Spatuzza, Cav. Vincent Ferrara, Cav. Dr. Eugene Chesrow, Cav. G. Castruccio, Cav. Paul Colianni, Judge Lupe, Cav. Dr. Pagano and Cav. Volini. The Italians in all walks of life in Chicago have responded to the plea of Dr. Ventresca to work toward the restoration of the College. If the final petition presented to the Mayor of Chicago and the Board of Education is granted, The Crane Junior College will again be opened as a two-year liberal and free pre-professional college for the students of the city who are in great need of such education. Again, we wish to extend our sincerest hopes for the success of the movement.

Receptions

THE Italian Teachers Association of Chicago gave a dance at the Hotel Stevens on February 19. Miss Roma Ricci is chairman of activities.

At Detroit, Michigan, Miss Angelina Di Martino held a reception for the Italian Teachers. The guest of honor was Cav. Giacomo Ungarelli, Royal Italian Vice-Consul at Detroit.

High Schools

THE students of the Italian department of DeWitt Clinton High School entertained at Hamilton House for the Workers Committee on Unemployment Local 16, with a comedy in Italian "Il Digiuno e la Vita." Miss Italia Petrillo, graduate student at New York University and Charles Razzari, a student of DeWitt Clinton were the speakers.

Professor Leonard Covello of DeWitt Clinton High School addressed the Columbian League of Kings County at a dinner which was attended by 150 members. Prof. Covello made a plea to the parents to cooperate with the teachers in meeting the practical problems of youth. He stressed the fact that teachers cannot solve the problems of adolescence without active assistance from the parents.

An Italian program was arranged for the Parents Association of Public School 212, Brooklyn, New York, under the supervision of the DeWitt Clinton High School. The Program

consisted of speakers, music, community singing and a short play. Dr. Leonard Covello gave a brief talk on the relation between the parent and the schools. This Parents Association is one of the few composed of Italian parents and it is hoped that other groups will be formed, and the membership of existing groups will be increased. The most effective way for the Italian parent to educate his child adequately is to tie up closely with the public school or the high school which his boy or girl attends.

Raymond C. Baldassarre and Ernest R. Catenacci were chosen president and vice-president respectively of the Italian Club at James Monroe High School. Marie Sanna was chosen secretary and Rita DeSimone historian. Plans have been made to hold an Italian Serata, a visit to the Casa Italiana, to an Italian newspaper and to an Italian liner. Mr. Catenacci, incidentally, is also editor-in-chief of the Monroe Mirror, the official organ of the school, while Mr. Baldassarre is also president of the Latin club.

Literary

It is very pleasing to note the appearance of the Bulletin of the Italian Young Folks League of America. The newspaper is edited by Miss Emma G. Sutura, who is assisted by Mr. Gennaro Rea and Mr. S. Alfredo Ascitutto. Dr. Maurice P. Yuppa is the president of the League. The organization holds Italian classes which are taught by a faculty composed of Miss Bertha Durso, Miss Anita Ligorio and Mr. Dominick Fanelli.

A new literary monthly magazine has been officially sanctioned for publication in the College of Arts and Sciences of St. John's University. Contributions to the magazine, to be called "Sequoia," will include short stories, interpretive articles, essays and verse. This is the first literary magazine to be published as a regular publication. We note that Anthony Durso and Anthony Stigliano are on the staff.

Professor Henry Grattan Doyle of the department of Romance Languages at George Washington University recently published an article

in the *New York Herald-Tribune* on the "Importance of the Study of Italian Language." In the article Professor Doyle makes a plea to Americans of Italian origin to do their utmost to give their interest and support to the cultivation of a proper interest in the Italian language and culture." He considers that the achievements of Italy in the past and in the present in the fields of pure and applied science as well as in music, letters and art, should rightly command the attention and study of other nations. Through the study of Italian in the secondary schools and colleges, students may become aware of the rich store of knowledge Italy holds for them, and the offering of courses in Italian at out institutions of learning should be encouraged and promoted.

A second drive has been started to raise funds for the Italian Memorial Room in the Cathedral of Learning to be erected under the auspices of the University of Pittsburgh. Of the twenty-five thousand dollars needed for the fund only \$3598.65 has been subscribed. It is hoped that this second plea will reach those who have neglected to contribute. As the situation stands now the funds for the Italian Room are considerably less than those already subscribed for the Memorial Rooms of other nationalities.

Awards

The following students of the James Monroe High School have received awards for excellence in Spanish and Italian; Anne Derrico, Orlando Manna, Joseph Prudente and Frank Sabato.

Six art scholarships and seventy-five medals have been awarded to the art pupils of the New York City High Schools by the School Art League. The six winners of the scholarships were chosen from the 221,000 students in the city's forty-two high schools. Henry Bausili of Newtown High School received the scholarship to Pratt Institute. Medals for good draftsmanship were received by the following; Alfred Zingaro, Philip Scandura, Peter Chiapterini, Anthony Campesarcone, Rocco R. Riso, Carmela Caruso, Beatrice di Martini, Salvatore Sagona and Cath-

erine Esposito. Medals were given to the following for outstanding work in the elective art courses; Mary Di Giacinti, Mame Lo Pinto and Gertrude Garni.

Among the students to receive awards from the American Association of Teachers of Spanish are Louis Pagano of Boys' High School, Catherine Lamberta of Bushwick High School, Gilda Iamiceli of Evander Childs High School, Vincent Di Marco of Manual Training High School, Augusta Vaccaro of New Utrecht High School, Anthony Romeo of Stuyvesant High School, Ofeilia Adorno of Washington Irving High School, Dorothy Nicoletti of Bay Ridge High School, Josephine Palmeri of Bryant High School, Nicholas Tantillo of Bushwick School, Joseph R. Vegara of Far Rockaway High School, Carlotta Rossella of Girls Commercial, Pauline Insogna of Haaren High School, Anthony Altieri of James Monroe High School, and Angelo Ramagnino of New Utrecht High School.

Carolina M. R. Laudati of Providence, R. I., a student of Sargeant's College in Boston, received highest honors on completion of her studies. Miss Laudati was president of the "Black Masque," director of the Glee Club and head of publicity for the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Twenty three freshmen at Berkeley University, San Francisco, California, received prizes of \$50 each for excellence in scholarship during their first year at college. Beppino John Fontana was among the winners.

Assignments

The following teachers-in-training have been offered assignments in the New York City High Schools; B. J. La Marca, Wadleigh; Felice Manzelli, Mary Saponara, and Grace Esposito, New Utrecht; Albert M. Cirelli and L. R. Montalbano, Samuel J. Tilden; L. M. D'Ambrosio, Thomas Jefferson.

Under the new ruling permitting teachers of more than twenty-five years service to take an additional term of Sabbatical leave, Ida F. Desiderio of P. S. 73, Brooklyn, has been granted her requested leave of absence.

Books and Authors

By CAMILLE DE BORRELLO

PRIMA. (La repubblica della verita').
By Aldo Mayer. With a preface by
Alfredo Panzini. Bologna: Licinio-
Cappelli. 380 pages. 12 lire.

Until very recently in Italy there have not been published a great number of romances or other light prose.

Due to the profound political interest which writers obtained there have been many manuscripts devoted to the political, intellectual rise of the Italian nation. Volumes have been devoted to recording the historical evolution of the new Fascist civilization in Italy. It is but a proper and natural course that the compatriots of Mussolini should put aside, for a while at least, the light verse and dutifully write praises to their country.

However, now that the Mussolinian government has become a world-recognized achievement which is daily enstrengthening, pens are retracing the fiction era, although in a newer and more thoroughly political atmosphere.

One of the foremost writers of this new era in Italy is the celebrated and nationally known writer and journalist, Aldo Mayer. Gr. Uff. Aldo Mayer, son of the eighty-seven year old senator and financier Theodore Mayer, has achieved great prominence in Italy both for his activities in the field of journalism and through his humanistic romances. His journalistic achievements belonging in an entirely different regime, we shall speak of him only literarily.

His most recently published book "Prima" was written before the March on Rome. With a long preface by S. E. Alfredo Panzini, it is a human satire of demagogical regimes. Having a premonition of the future, the author delayed bringing out this book until a post-struggle period when he could carry his readers back to the time of the March on Rome. Another purpose is to demonstrate what an absolute necessity it is for the world to have men like Benito Mussolini. The didactic writer, having come into contact with so many varieties of personalities, lends to his personages universal characteristics. Giving us

*The Ethical and Artistic Teaching of Carducci**

By ETTORE ROMAGNOLI

We have now, I believe, a criterion for judging who was more in the realm of truth, Giosue' Carducci, his detractors, those who were indifferent after his death, his parrot-like flatterers, or the many who attach a grimace of benevolent compassion to his works.

And let us understand each other. Here we do not propose to reflect on the value of the good and genuine literary work that is done today in Italy. We would be satisfied if all literary productions were given no more and no less than the place they deserve; from those shapeless and stammering works which do not even approach the field of poetry, to those that, as they go on, enrich themselves more and more with high and diverse attributes and attain the vertex where the poet-bard flashes.

If one wishes a solemn concrete example: Dante Alighieri.

Now we can repel those superficial theorists who prate that where there is concept, where there is eloquence, where there is noble motion, there is no poetry. For meditation no less than magnanimous apostrophe or any other attitude of the human spirit, once they enter the incandescent smithy of a lyrical mind, become poetry . . .

*"Quando l'idea nell'anima rovente
si fonde con l'amore,
divien fantasma, e ai regni della mente
vola fendendo il cuore."*

For poetic splendor is none other than the ardor of that spirit. Poetry is the free projection of a spirit in symbolic forms. And not the splendor in it, nor the harmony of these symbols, nor even the faculty of dominating and unfettering it—like Zeus of old his thunderbolts—forms the grandeur of poetry; but certainly the moral grandeur which, mediating through those essential gifts, expresses itself.

This is why humanity greets Dante foremost of its poets.

This is why Italy, 26 years after his death, in an ethical, intellectual, political climate entirely changed, still greets Giosue' Carducci as her greatest modern poet. And he is the poet not of yesterday but of today.

For the poet was a bard and the bard is prophet. Carducci released from his apollinean bosom the true prophecies concerning Italy's destinies. In 1898, shortly after the sedition of a populace which seemed to reverse the fortunes of Italy, he wrote:

"And do you not feel that if Italy will shake off those shackles of indolence, in which your narrow souls have entangled her, if she comes to extricate herself from that barren rhetorical network in which your small wisdom has intricated her, if she were, I say, absolutely freed of all these entanglements, she would 'return Queen for the third time'?"

He continued, saying: "I am not one of those who foolishly or foolhardily dream that sorrow and misery are to end; but I am one of those who firmly believe and wish that misery be alleviated and sorrows eased. I have been, and I am, one of those who dreamed that this would come to pass in Italy and that this would be the rebirth of Italy."

*During the Poetry Week recently celebrated in Italy, Ettore Romagnoli, a member of the Royal Italian Academy, spoke on Giosue' Carducci. The excerpts given here may interest our readers as an expression of the literary and political views of an eminent Italian writer and scholar.

The best comment, the best apology of these magnanimous wishes, can be rendered by the very words which Benito Mussolini addressed yesterday to Italy and to the world: "Fascist Italy arises at the midday of the 20th Century as the only nation having a word and a doctrine of salvation and life to give to all the people of the globe."

Let us now return to our original discussion. From the dis-sension, which I have revealed for love of truth, there cannot emerge danger for the destinies of Italy. Moreover, inasmuch as the evaluation of art must be exalted, and can never be overdone, it is not settled that its absolute excellence is an indispensable factor for the historical importance of any given period in the political life of a nation.

Carducci also says, apropos of the long years before the Trecento, when Italy had no literature: "And what does it matter? At any rate she has given to her communes a republican framework; she has weakened the empire; and she is already a menace to Papedom. Is not all this an epic poem of mono-rhythmic stanzas? She has restored the codes of commerce in federal Europe; through commerce, dominatrix of Europe, she blankets the Mediterranean with sails: dispenser of the riches of the Orient, she spurs her peregrinations to the far lands of China and Malabar: this more than makes up for a lack of original ballads."

We can repeat to those who might lament that our present day literature is not equal to our political achievements. It may be true. But the thousands upon thousands of marvelous roads constructed throughout the peninsula, the waters harnessed through the Alps to deliver light and power near and afar, the reclamation of vast lands, the cities that spring up as if by magic, the new ordinances which prevent dissensions and unite all the people in a drive toward a single goal, those who alleviate suffering and want, not in Italy alone, but also in some neighboring nations, the molding of all the inhabitants of the different sections of the country into a new type of Italian, and the patterns of social reorganization, offered to the world and widely accepted, are well worth some lyrical strophes, or a moving drama, or a picturesque romance.

Today, therefore, with unflinching faith we can proudly hail Giosue' Carducci, "l'altissimo Poeta," the poet-prophet who had already sung the achievements of a reborn Italy in verses more everlasting than bronze.

(Translated by C. D. B.)

a composite representation of customs, manners, instincts, and emotions of worldly beings, this romance clearly shows that it was born before a date which divided two civilizations of the world.

"Prima," therefore, is the true romance of the Mussolinian Age. Convincingly written, it departs from Pessimism to arrive at Optimism. It transports us from dull, common, familiar situations to the ideal. Aldo Mayer in his *Repubblica della Verita'* gives us the commandments of life, continually doting on the virtues of truthfulness... "L'onesta' è la maggiore delle astuzie. Il lavoro è la più grande voluttà."

To return to the story itself, let us enter Eleuteria, the most corrupt and false democracy in existence. S. E. Prosionto, the unfortunate leader who is at his wit's end, finally finds refuge one day while perambulating with his friend Kri-Kri. Chancing upon a trainer of fleas, the bright

thought occurred to him that, succeeding in a task such as this, why could not this gentleman be able to dominate over human beings? No sooner said than done. Instead of dominating over fleas... he will dominate over human beings and destinies. All would have gone well, though, if there had not come a menacing war from Aleteia. Prosionto begs the new leader, Toribopoio, to create a law which would save the Republic.

Toribopoio has a very genial idea. He proclaims a law that all the inhabitants of the republic of Eleuteria should resort to nudism (a thing hardly realizable at the time of writing the book), so that in this way he would be able to know the truth of his subjects. Humorously, the story goes on to say that the citizens, Prosionto among them, would not stand for this and they threatened to pillage the municipal buildings. At this point the author's imagination

has reached its zenith. The new leader even goes so far as to say that he will pluck the very souls of his citizens in order to get real truth... Toribopoio is excellent.

The public is infuriated. But there arrives on the scene Apleti Enipmione, the man who was to save the republic... revealing Mayer in his prophetic mood.

This synopsis of the book should instill in the readers the anxiety to enjoy a story so ironic, so satirical and humanistic as "Prima."

—Camille De Borrello

LA FORMICA SU LA CUPOLA DI SAN PIETRO. By Lucio D'Ambra. Milano, Mandadori. 1932. 12 lire.

A brilliant novel of contemporary times, written in feverish style by a master who can both feel and reason; and who can soar, Icarus-like, toward the sun, and then rise from his fall, with singed wings, to tend his garden.

It is the story, told autobiographically, of the pygmy with high ambition who, through a train of favorable circumstances, rises to wealth, fame, and power, only to show his inherent pusillanimity when he is to become the head of the government. Jacopo Fieschi tells the events of his hectic days to three card-players, at the little inn on Piazza San Pietro. The three retired chance acquaintances, an old explorer, an old banker, and an old *don Juan*, never say a word throughout the book: Jacopo does all the talking and even interprets their reactions. Day by day he tells of his ambition, his accumulation of wealth, his love for Giovanna (a married woman), his uninteresting wife and children, his scaling the heights of power, and his climbing the *Cupola di San Pietro* just before delivering the speech that is to seat him at the head of the nation... But from the cupola he sees how ant-like are men (including the very Pope) and their works. He imagines himself below, looking up at himself on the dome, and, how ant-like he, too, is!... His speech is a mess, his ambition vanishes, Giovanna proves to be just another ant. He finally begins to appreciate the worth of his wife and children, and decides to be another ant in the ant-hill. In his little garden he finds his true relation. No more wealth or power or *grande passion*. From now on, he says, "Cercherò, come ogni formica operaia, di ben meritare del formicaio."

The events move in rapid pace as they are related in short sentences,

full of sentiment and meaning, by the narrator who starts out as Don Quixote and returns home as Sancho Panza; or better still, who begins to rise as "the man of tomorrow," a kind of semi-god, and ends by taking his place in the ant-hill.

The author presents an old philosophy in a new garb. His work is brimful of interest, and provokes thought. We may not agree with all the arguments, but we are sure to agree with most of them, and enjoy the reading, which, most likely, will not be extended to more than one or two sittings.

—Donato Internoscia

VITA DI ALDO PONTREMOLI. By Gian Pietro Giordana. Preface by Alberto De' Stefani. A. F. Formiggini, Rome. 282 pages, 1933, 12 lire.

The ill-fated Nobile expedition to the North Pole in 1928 is again brought to the reading public in this biography of one of its victims. The subject that gave rise to so many polemics but a few years ago is here treated both ably and disinterestedly.

The purely biographical part of this book, however, is only mildly interesting, though one senses that the young author has, in his first essay in this genre, put forth all his talent. He has, indeed, meticulously recounted the life and struggles of a precocious youth who was destined to attain to the chair of advanced physics at the University of Milan at the age of twenty-seven and disappear in the dismal expanses of the polar regions at the age of thirty-two.

The first half of the volume is replete with particulars of the boy's life which are of doubtful interest. And, as if this were not enough, the author tends to magnify every little action of the youth and cries, at every banal incident which may in some way be linked with the fatal end of Aldo Pontremoli, "Destino, destino che si matura." Giordana has also the unfortunate habit of imposing upon the reader the wisdom of his judgments on the events of the early part of the twentieth century.

The latter part of the book, the part which treats of Aldo's life after the war: his post-graduate studies in Italy and in England, his spiritual and religious travail, his unhappy "liaison sentimentale," is the part which is truly worth reading.

Of vast interest indeed is the contrast (ably brought to light by the author) between Aldo's vocation i.e.: thorough, painstaking, lengthy physico-mathematical studies and his dreamy propensities in life.

The author's sane and capable evaluation of the Italia disaster which form the closing chapters of the book have already been mentioned. It is the opinion of this reviewer that if the first 125 pages were condensed to about one fifth of that number, the biography as a whole could be recommended as quite readable.

—Anthony M. Gisolfi

MUSSOLINI IMMAGINARIO. By Franco Ciarlantini. Second Edition. Milano: Sonzogno Publisher. 3 lire.

Franco Ciarlantini is now well-known on both sides of the Atlantic. Hence, having become familiarized with him through his many other works, it is unnecessary to tell about the author himself. He is now completing his latest book—"Roma, New York e Ritorno" (a tragedy of Americanism) which is bound to be interesting to many Italo-Americans.

The idea of writing *Mussolini Immaginario*, a legend of the poor people, first occurred to the author about three years ago, while lunching in a Parisian restaurant and discreetly, unsuspectingly and unwillingly listening to a conversation in which the Duce's name was cautiously mentioned frequently. The concept again occurred to him in Brussels, where there had arisen a fervid discussion about Fascism and its leader. While in America about a year ago, overhearing an anti-fascist group convinced him most strongly that an imaginary Mussolini existed in the Americans no less than in those of others.

The book is composed in the main of humorous dialogues which were either overheard by the author or related to him by such eminent personages as Judge Freschi. Many interesting phrases and direct quotations from men, women, and children of the laboring class—those who are furthest away, both directly and indirectly, make this a really vivid animated volume. Due to the author's many international contacts and visitations, it may be termed an epitomization of the world's attitude

toward a Mussolini known yet unknown, heard yet unheard, seen yet unseen, spoken of yet unspoken to.

ICARO. By Lauro De Bosis. Translated from the Italian by Ruth Draper. With a preface by Gilbert Murray. 201 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.

THE STORY OF MY DEATH. By Lauro De Bosis. With the original text in French and a biographical note. 32 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.

It is difficult, even futile, to discuss "Icaro" and "The Story of My Death" without bringing in a discussion of the author as well, for as a matter of fact he is far more interesting than his works. The question of his political beliefs aside, Lauro De Bosis was an idealist who thought enough of his ideals to die for them.

"Icaro," a lyrical drama written in 1927, received the Olympic Prize for Poetry at Amsterdam in 1928 and was published in Milan in 1930. It is the familiar story of the son of Daedalus, Icarus, who, exultant in his man-made wings, flew too near the sun and thereby met his doom. How like De Bosis himself!

"Tomorrow at three o'clock, in a meadow on the Cote d'Azur, I have a rendezvous with Pegasus. Pegasus is the name of my aeroplane." Thus begins the letter De Bosis posted to a friend of his just before he set off on a trip from which he never returned. With his plane he darted out from somewhere in France to Rome's sky, where he dropped anti-Fascist propaganda pamphlets. "The Story of My Death," which is a translation of the letter from its original French into English, therefore becomes literally that.

Marred as it is by the propaganda that seeps through in every paragraph, it is nevertheless fascinating reading from a poetic and romantic viewpoint. Unfortunately, the poetic and philosophical bent of mind of the author's brilliant intellect could not make him see that hard, realistic statesmanship was what Italy needed after the war, and got in Fascism.

—D. L.

AUGUSTEA

Rivista quindicinale di Arte,
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Franco Ciarlantini

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ITALY AND THE ITALIANS IN WASHINGTON'S TIME. By Richard C. Garlick, Jr.; Angelo Flavio Guidi; Giuseppe Prezzolini; Bruno Roselli; Luigi Russo. With a foreword by Edward Corsi. 131 pages. New York: Italian Publishers.

This volume, prepared under the auspices of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University on the occasion of

the Washington Bicentennial, authentically reveals to us that the Italians in Washington's time did not lend manual labor alone but participated in events which later demonstrated the virtuous, intellectual and ambitious character of those men, who, for their many contributions to their adopted land, received but little or no recognition.

Now this work of collaboration brings to light names of Italians hitherto almost unknown, who have done their share in the affairs of a new government. Each writing his separate article and installing a bibliography, the authors have concomitantly given us an exceptional record of Italian glories in America.

ROMA IMMORTALIS—ROMA UNIVERSALIS. (A comparative study on Rome, based on the "metempsychosis" of a poem born in Italy in 1552). By Vittorio F. Ceroni Litt. D. Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: V. F. Ceroni, Publisher. \$0.50.

Vittorio Ceroni, in this study, acquaints his readers with the poem "De Roma," written in 1552, by Ianus Vitalis, which he discovered while doing research work. Finding in it the spirit of the modern day and the surprising coincidence of the close of the poem with the motto of life and government of Mussolini and Fascism, the author wrote the English and Italian interpretation of the biographical notes as to the life of Vitalis, and revealed that whereas his life was not marked by unusual events, his poem, "De Roma," has had a unique career, which may be called a real metempsychosis.

Dr. Ceroni realizes only too well that in a study of comparative literature one discovers that great mottos of geniuses are not new among men, and have never passed away: they call for their echo in the generations of centuries. Phraseology and terminology may be different, but minds and hearts of mortal men meet in the same thought and love of immortal humanity. Interestingly, he traces the variation of the expression and imagery of the thoughts of Vitalis, giving us a collection of poems and quotations by various authors of different nationalities, throughout several centuries. Among the most impressive quotations are these:

"Italian youth, endeavor that the twentieth century may see Rome, center of Latin civilization, queen of the Mediterranean Sea, lighthouse for all peoples!"—Benito Mussolini.

"The secret of Rome's fortune and

immortality is in that little thrilling word: will.

Roma redit—Redi Roma. Rome is returning—Return to Rome."

—Piero Parini.

"What would be the modern world, should we take away from it the Roman Civilization?"—Nicholas Murray Butler.

—Camille De Borrello

COME GLI AMERICANI SCOPRIRONO L'ITALIA. By Giuseppe Prezzolini. Milano: Fratelli Treves. 241 pages. 12 lire.

Dr. Prezzolini, head of the Casa Italiana in Columbia University in New York, has just published another interesting book of American travel to Italy, with a bibliography of fifty pages. In this pioneer work the author has collected letters and memoranda giving impressions of Americans visiting Italy from the time of Washington up to and beyond 1850. Although the path of travel seems, in our age, always extending toward Italy, it may be revealingly interesting for us to know of the distinguished Americans — Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Fenimore Cooper, Emerson, among them, who have trodden this path.

After reading this book we derive from it the fact that visitors who have "visited" Italy without study have sometimes done more harm than good to the relations of the two countries, whereas, American visitors who have studied Italian life and culture as integral parts of their visits have found their love for her constantly increasing.

"ALL MY YOUTH"

Another printing of the volume of verse "All My Youth" by Fredericka Blankner was published last month by Coward McCann. Readings from the poems were given recently by the author at meetings of the National League of American Penwomen, and the Chicago Woman's City Club.

ITALIA FASCISTA

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Miss Blankner has also recently lectured on Italian literature and culture at the Midland Authors, the University of Missouri, Chicago Woman's Aid, and the University of Chicago International House. Other lectures on Italy will be given shortly in the Town Hall series in Cleveland, at the Cenacolo Italiano in Cleveland, at Western Reserve University and the College Woman's Club of Milwaukee.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Books received are acknowledged in this department in return for the courtesy of the sender. Selections will be made for review in the interest of our readers and as space permits.

Prima (La Repubblica della Verità).

By Aldo Mayer. 380 pages. Bologna: Licinio-Cappelli. 12 lire.

Mussolini Immaginario. By Franco Ciarlantini. 208 pages. Milano: Sonzogno, Publisher. 3 lire.

Comanda noi Ubbidiremo, (Romanzo). By Aldo Mayer. 294 pages. Milano: Fratelli Treves. 12 lire.

Roma Universalis—Roma Immortalis. (A comparative study on Rome, based on the "metempsychosis" of a poem born in Italy in 1552). By Vittorio F. Ceroni, Litt. D., Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: V. F. Ceroni, Publisher. \$0.50.

The Defence of Poetry. (Variations on the theme of Shelley). By Benedetto Croce. The Philip Maurice Denche Lecture delivered at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, October 17, 1933. Translated by E. F. Carrit. 31 pages. New York. Oxford University Press. \$0.40.

Minute Wonders of the World. By Alfred Skrenda and Isabel Abbot Juergens. Illustrated by Alfred Skrenda. 160 pages. New York: Grosset and Dunlap. \$1.00.

Cocaine. By Pitigrilli. New York: Greenberg, Publisher. \$2.00.

Eighteen-Carat Virgin. By Pitigrilli. New York: Greenberg, Publisher. \$2.00.

Idleness and the Health of a Neighborhood. (A study of the Mulberry district). By Gwendolyn Hughes Berry, Ph.D. 93 pages. New York: New York Clinical Association.

The School for Husbands. (Adapted in Rhyme from Moliere's Comedy, "L'Ecole des Maris"). By Arthur Guiterman and Laurence Langner. Illustrated by Massaguer. 161 pgs. New York: Samuel French, Publisher. \$2.00

One Sunday Afternoon. By James Hagan. New York: Samuel French, Publisher. \$1.50.
Plays from American History. Vol. 3. By Olive Price. New York: Samuel French, Publisher. \$1.75.

Is Fascism the Answer? (Italy's law of the union compared with the NRA). By S. Alfred Jones, K.C., L.B. 226 pages. Hamilton, Canada: Davis-Lisson, Ltd. \$2.00.

PROVINCIAL OPERA IN ITALY. By Paul Wilstach. *Etude*, Feb. 1934.

JOY BELLS RING IN NEW YORK'S NEW DEAL. *The Literary Digest*, Jan. 13, 1934.

LA GUARDIA TAKES THE REINS. By P. W. Wilson. *The Review of Reviews*, Feb. 1934.

LA GUARDIA TO DATE. *The Nation*, Feb. 7, 1934.

SO NEW YORK CITY HAS A NEW MAYOR. By S. T. Moore. *The New Outlook*, Jan. 1934.

THE FASCIST IDEA IN BRITAIN. W. E. D. Allen. *The American Review*, Jan. 1934.

A discussion of the fascist idea in Italy, Germany and Britain.

ITALY'S PLANS FOR THE CORPORATE STATE. By William E. Lingelbach. *Current History*, Jan. 1934.

A concise summary by this professor of European history at the University of Pennsylvania of the recent steps whereby Italy "is apparently about to carry closer to completion the development of its Corporate State."

THE TEACHING OF ITALIAN IN MALTA. *School and Society*, Dec. 23, 1934.

REMAINS OF MISA GOVERNMENT PROPERTY. *Art & Archaeology*, Sept. 1933.

BUILDING A NEW ITALY. By S. A. Clark. *Travel*, Jan. 1934.
 By the author of "Italy on \$50."

FASCIST ECONOMIC POLICY AND THE NRA. By W. G. Welk. *Foreign Affairs*, October, 1933.

ITALIAN FASCISM AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION. *The Literary Digest*, Dec. 9, 1933.

ORDERS ISSUED TO ITALIAN NEWSPAPERS. *The Nation*, Dec. 27, 1933.

POETS AND DICTATORS. By M. M. Colum. *Forum*, Jan. 1934.

LITVINOFF VISITS MUSSOLINI. *Christian Century*, Dec. 13, 1933.

THROUGH TUSCAN VINEYARDS. By H. D. Eberlein. *Travel*, Oct. 1933.

DANTE'S BONES. *Science*, November 3, 1933.

HOW THE PRINCIPAL FOREIGN DICTATORSHIPS ARE OPERATED TODAY. *The Congressional Digest*, Nov. 1933.

STATUE OF DANTE. A poem by W. P. Stafford. *The Commonweal*, Dec. 15, 1933.

THINGS ITALIAN IN AMERICAN PERIODICALS

A Bibliography of Recent Publications of Interest to Italian-Americans

TOWARD ROME? By George N. Shuster. *The Commonweal*, Dec. 29, 1933.

In which the author discusses the possibility of a trend toward Catholicism in Germany.

A NORDIC ON THE ITALIANS. By Charles Edward Russell. *The New York Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine*, Dec. 31, 1933.

One of the finest and most understanding articles concerning the Italians ever written by an American. The author's thesis is that it is fortunate for America that our immigration quotas have not kept all Italians out of "our many-blooded land."

The immigration law "has effected its purpose of reducing Italian immigration, but that is an injury, not a benefit, for it has made virtually an end of the source of supply most valuable to the America that is to be. In the racial chemistry from which we are to evolve here a nation of enduring and unimpeachable worth, we really had no need of more of the indurated Nordic material. Of that element we already had enough, and if the events of the last four years demonstrate anything, we had far too much . . . I think just one line has compressed the whole extraordinary story:

"Italia . . . mother of the souls of men!"

NEW COLLEGE. By Peter Sammartino. *Banta's Greek Exchange*, Jan. 1934.

THE MAYOR WHO REFUSES TO TAKE A LICKING. *The Literary Digest*, Feb. 17, 1934.

Says the subtitle of this article: "La Guardia, faced with staggering task of rebuilding nation's largest city, dashes from Washington to Albany cutting red tape and amazing citizenry by activity."

MOTHER CABRINI. By Cecilia Mary Young. *The Commonweal*, Jan. 26, 1934.

A preliminary hearing for the beatification of Mother Cabrini, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is the occasion for this article on her life and works.

CROCE ON LIBERTY. By Alice Rohe. *The New York Herald-Tribune, Sunday Magazine*, Feb. 18, 1934.

The subtitle summarizes the article: "Benedetto Croce, the famous philosopher and historian, holds no malice toward the Fascists who wrecked his Naples Home . . . He still believes in the eternal youth of liberty. Its present eclipse in many lands, he feels, is but a passing phase of history."

CAN BALBO UNSEAT MUSSOLINI? By John Hearley. *Liberty*, Feb. 3, 1934.

A shoddy article, done, with considerable use of the imagination, on the unfounded assumption that, "although each wears a mask in public, Balbo and Mussolini have long been relentless private enemies." *Liberty*, knowing the circulation possibilities of a muckraking article, calls it "A surprising revelation of the long hidden rivalry that lies behind the fascist hero's humiliating 'exile' to Africa."

The article is answered elsewhere in this issue of *Atlantica* by a letter to the Editor.

SHOES. *News-week*, Feb. 17, 1934.

Concerning Fred Macarone, an Italian shoemaker who invented a process to take the squeaks from women's shoes.

LA GUARDIA GOES TO THE PEOPLE BY RADIO. *The Literary Digest*, Feb. 10, 1934.

EVANGELICAL PROGRESS IN ITALY. *The Missionary Review of the World*, Feb. 1934.

OUTLINES OF FASCISM. By C. Fowler. *The New Outlook*, Feb. 1934.

WHAT IS FASCIST? *The World Tomorrow*, Jan. 18, 1934.

ITALIAN GARDENS FOR AMERICAN ESTATES. By F. W. C. Peck. *Country Life*, Jan. 1934.

CINDERELLA IN CITY HALL: LA GUARDIA. R. Tucker. *Collier's*, Jan. 20th, 1934.

IMMIGRATION AND RECOVERY. *The National Republic*, Jan. 1934.

PORTRAIT OF LA GUARDIA. *The Literary Digest*, Jan. 20, 1934.

The Art World

By IONE DELLA SALA



The Romanos at Home

Umberto Romano, Italian Painter

AT the proverbial tender age, he showed none of the artistic traits which mark the little boy as a future Michel Angelo, nor did he show the least inclination towards art until he was almost ten.

Umberto Romano was born in Braciliano, in the province of Salerno, Italy, of well-to-do parents who traced their ancestry to Julius Romano, disciple of Raphael. The Romanos, however, explains the artist, are a family of bankers, brokers and musicians, and Umberto's art was as much a surprise to them as to the artist himself.

When he was nine he came with his family, to live in America. They made their home in Springfield, Massachusetts, and when he attended public school, the child was first made conscious of color and

form by the reproductions of paintings the teacher showed him, and the encouragement for individual expression. Awakened to these new possibilities, he showed himself an eager pupil; and, delighted in his new-found work, he spent his evenings studying art in the evening high school among much older people, while during the day he attended elementary school. His talent soon became obvious; he progressed rapidly; and at sixteen, after having received many awards, he was enrolled in the National Academy at New York. Upon completion of his courses in this institute, he received the Suydam silver medal, the Tiffany Foundation Fellowship, and the Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship which enabled him to spend a year in his beloved Italy.

From then on, he won many major prizes: in 1930, First Prize of the Springfield Art League, Chicago Art Institute Peabody Prize, and the Art

Guild Medal of the Tiffany Foundation; in 1931 and 1932 he won both Springfield Art League first prizes again, besides the Atheneum Prize of the Connecticut Academy, and the Crowninshield Award.

His works are among many fine collections, both here and abroad. The Worcester Art Museum, Springfield Museum, Smith College Museum and the Fogg Museum have purchased some of his canvases for their permanent collections. In the Cathedral of Prevezzo in Italy, hangs his beautiful "Portrait of a Madonna."

Umberto Romano remains unchanged despite his brilliant success. He bears a striking resemblance to his paintings, giving a strange illusion of one of his characters come to life. This, he explains, may be due to the fact that for the most part, he uses his two brothers (who are themselves fine musicians) as models. He is what most people would like to believe a painter to be like. His dark hair and expressive eyes mark him unmistakably as an Italian; his voice is singularly pleasing and compelling; he is a good conversationalist and makes friends quickly.

At home there is a charming Mrs. Romano, who is well-known in the world of art as Miriam Whitlock. Her work is as unlike that of her husband as is her Nordic and his Latin personality. She is less conservative than her husband in the handling of the brush, yet her work has an unmistakable quality and flavor which make it none the less pleasing.

During the winter they both work in their colorful studio overlooking the Park in the West Seventies, and their summers are spent in travel through New England, especially Gloucester. It is one of Mr. Romano's hopes that they may spend a year in rural Italy, where, he firmly believes, the most beautiful spots in

Mrs. Romano confided to us that her husband possesses a very rich singing voice which, she hopes, some day may be cultivated. Besides this, the painter also writes some free verse.

While we talked, two sleek aristocrats of the feline family joined us; and were duly introduced as Stephen Hopkins I, and Stephen Hopkins II. "Hop I" is a magnificent tortoiseshell-striped gray, and "Hop II" possesses a curious golden orange pelt. Their company manners were of the very best, even to condescending to sit in our laps and purr under our caresses. "Hop II" loves olive pits. "This, explained the artist, "must be an indi-

cation of his Italian blood." And "Hop I" demonstrated by chewing on one for the entire length of our visit.

Umberto Romano is an outstanding specimen of our Italian youth. At twenty-eight, he is, today, already acclaimed a master in his own right. His canvases show a mature, yet fresh outlook on his subjects. He is among those who put forth their ideals in their paintings. His work is somehow reminiscent of the old Italian masters, perhaps for the extreme feeling of the pose. At his recent one-man show at the Empire Galleries, his portraits brought forth much favorable comment. "My Grand Uncle Gaetano," "Portrait of the Artist as a Hunter" and "Diana," which is a portrait of his wife, are among his best offerings to the art world. With such a magnificent beginning at the age when most painters are yet in complete oblivion, we can only speculate on the laurels the future holds for this young man, who above all else, is proud of the fact that he has the ancient heritage of the Romans behind him.

Peppino Mangravite

THE Rehn Galleries are now conducting an important exhibition: that of the recent work of Peppino Mangravite, another Italian painter of fame. Mr. Mangravite will be remembered for his "Silesian Mask and Grapes" which created quite a stir in the art centres last year. After a year of creative painting in France, made possible through the Guggenheim Fellowship awarded to him last year, he once more returns to New York with a new exhibition. There is much to be discussed in his new offerings. One of the most striking pictures at the exhibition is his "Girl Combing her Hair" which shows complete mastery in form, and harmonious breaking up of solid space. The soft tones of red on the girl's sweater relieve the monotony of his grayed colors and produced a pleasing effect of warmth.

His canvases are subdued almost to the point of dullness, and then we meet with startling vermillion highlights, as in "Pigeon and Pine Cones" where the pigeon's feet are so treated "Denise with Artichoke" was one of our favorites. Here, too, the artist introduces his amazing highlights, one in a turquoise shade in the child's eyes and the other in the intense white of the shirt against the brown flesh tone. This last canvas is one of the most interesting of his work, and brings us a true-life portrait of the child.



"The Hunter" by Umberto Romano, which won the Springfield Art League Prize, 1930

—Courtesy Empire Galleries

Included in the show are some drawings which show Mr. Mangravite's brush and ink technique at an advantage. We preferred the black and white rendering of Spring to the larger painting, perhaps because of the simpleness in the drawing's background, which accentuated the reclining figures.

Henri Matisse

AT the Pierre Matisse Gallery, one is made conscious of the true talent of Matisse by his varied exhibition. The progress of the artist is traced from his earlier work to his more recent paintings. The canvases are all very gay and colorful; the area is broken up into lyric patterns; the colors are fresh and spontaneous. Backgrounds play as much a part in his compositions as do the figure themselves. "Odalisque au Magnolia," "Dans la Pose de Bouddha" and "Fruits et Fleurs de Nice" illustrate this. The artist's brush remains unmuddied throughout, giving his figures that decorativeness and beauty which otherwise would be lost. In his "Jeune Femme sur un Tabouret" he is surprisingly a bit sombre. In "Composition Decorative" he is undoubtedly at his best, showing to a full advantage his decorative style, which would make of him a good mural painter.

Malvine Hoffman's Sculpture

A GROUP of distinctive sculptures is being shown at the Grand Central Galleries. These bronzes, executed on a small scale, show "The Races of Man" which Miss Hoffman has completed for the Field Museum. The work is a result of her difficult work among savages. The collection is an anthropological set which as yet is unparalleled in rendition of specimen types and her admirable techniques. Miss Hoffman has employed different techniques throughout, which make the exhibition very varied. Beside the simple figure, she endows her bronzes with an expression which is not wholly facial. One can see the bust "Hamite—Abyssinia," and through it glimpse the model, who must have been of a proud carriage and high position among his fellowmen. There is little one can add about the sculptor, who is accepted as one of the greatest contemporary artists.

Memorial Show

MAURICE PRENDERGAST died ten years ago, in February 1924. Today his work is shown at the Whitney Museum to the same people who loved him years ago, but a greater tribute is now paid him.

The collection consists of about 150 water colors and oils, stressing his singularity of style. His work is original, not retaining any traces of his French discipline, nor of the influence of Cezanne, whom he greatly revered. If his are to be compared to any modern paintings, it is more to those of Monticelli than any one else.

His paintings are mostly of people, in large groups, in motion, in the promenade. His pictures are filled with his own feelings concerning his characters. He makes them appear to us as he himself saw them, festive, gay and innocent. "Campo Vittorio Emanuele, Siena" shows the typical city life: the people hurrying through the rainy streets. "The Promenade" is on the same basis, that of a pattern of people. Maurice Prendergast belongs to an era that is gone, that of romanticism; and his paintings fill their purpose in bringing it, if only momentarily, back to us.

Charles S. Chapman

THE Intimate Gallery, Pratt Institute, offers an interesting show of the works of Charles S. Chapman, former student of the school. Included in this are the artist's first

(Continued on page 112)

The Theatre

By JOHN A. DONATO

Concerning Oats (Wild)

IN the summer time, when the good angel of the theatre will have tucked this season's bright mantle among its protective moth balls, we shall sometimes look back fondly. And with the fussiness of a fastidious old woman, we shall grope among these dusty pages, seeking to recall all too sadly what eludes our dulled memory. For here we have written of a lovely little escapade. Perhaps we have not treated it with the mellowness it deserves. Probably, with the dotting sentimentality of that old woman, we have become blinded to harsh reality. It's just as well.

Maybe there have been written more skillful plays or plays more tenderly moving than this "By Your Leave"; but we have seen none as delicately tinted with as charming a freshness, as enduring an intimacy. The authors, Gladys Hurlbut and Emma Wells, may have given to their work a slightly feministic tinge; and since this seemed a very normal procedure, all things considered, we didn't seem to mind.

The really touching sequences of life that grow from the simplest root, as simple and unworldly as suburban domesticity, seem to us of a more faithful and useful mold than the problems of our snottier brethren of the model drawing rooms. The difficulties of just Mr. Smith are a less ideal yet more sincere cross-section of life than are those of his so-called social superiors.

Our Mr. Smith is author turned actor—Howard Lindsay—whose brilliance bred the riotously successful "She Loves Me Not." Few are there who can turn a humorous line and utter it without muffling its effect. Mr. Lindsay must be counted among those few, stalking about as he does with the mildest of domestic irritabilities, much in the manner of Roland Young. So we disgracefully slapped our thighs as he went resolutely but warily about sowing his belated oats when the tedium of suburban monotony and the dread of encroaching middle age had begun to rankle. Sharing this witty fiasco as the reluc-

tant but sly Mrs. Smith, Dorothy Gish adds the charm of her whimsical smile and dimpled chin to the reticence of Mr. Lindsay, and there you have it.

Sitting there in the kind darkness of the Morosco, you somehow didn't care if your neighbor heard your indiscreet snuffle or your suddenly radiating glow of pleasure. That Ellen Smith, willing to aid her husband in his abruptly conceived week's fling, took a romantic, bold yet somewhat wistful glee in it, didn't shock your moral structure but rather tugged at your heartstrings; that Henry Smith, the easy-going suburbanite suddenly gone Lothario, folded up at the prospect of an illicit affair and bolted for home before his week of freedom was but five days old, and wasn't set down as a fool for weakening; these didn't matter. All that evidently did matter was that the wanderers came home to their nest and that plain Henry Smith could still say "I love you, Ellen." Upon its simple charm we stand, or fall. It still doesn't matter—and the Lord help us!

Miraculous O'Neill

AMERICA'S foremost dramatist seems to have put his face in the fire again. The occasion is the Theatre Guild's fourth play of this, their sixteenth subscription season, which Mr. O'Neill chose to call "Days Without End," a "modern miracle play." Seeking to justify our humble stand in the matter, we slipped into the Henry Miller just before its producers decided to close it. Having satisfied our curiosity, we feel disposed to ask, "Why all the fol-de-rol?"

Whose business is it if Mr. O'Neill should suddenly wish to repent of his former excesses? Why, ours, of course! That an almost ceaseless round of murder, incest and adultery should culminate in a surging readmission of faith is an event of sufficient moment to ponder over. No small wonder that the Catholic Press took up the cudgels in defense of O'Neill's revelation!

Dramatically, the play fell below the O'Neill standard, religious theme or no. It seemed a prodigal waste of ability to this observer, who, finding in it neither extraordinary imagination, nor pulsing vitality, nor, even, the usual excellence of character analysis typical of the author, was disposed to distrust his sight.

John Loving, as the story unfolds, is having a deuce of a time with his alter ego. The former is played by Earle Larimore; the latter by Stanley Ridges, who, possessed of a grim, greenish mask which, we supposed, was indicative of the blacker side of John Loving's nature, did a remarkably efficient job. Our hero, stricken by the death of both parents, becomes bitter, hating the love of his God to the point of giving his soul to perdition. Having wandered through a period of atheism followed by the adoption of almost every known deity, he finally believes he has found his escape in marriage. But one flight in infidelity having nauseated him to distraction, fearing the loss of his wife's (played by Selena Royle) love, he endeavors to create a novel to discover himself. Telling its plot is the author's method of resolving the play into its component parts. Loving, explaining his theme to a visiting uncle, who is a Catholic priest (Robert Loraine), and to his wife Elsa, is forced by that masked figure who stands beside him to reveal through his novel the sordid, morbid life he has led, the hate he nourishes for love of any kind. Being sneeringly urged on by that other self to bring about the death of his wife as a final mockery to the God he has denounced, he actually brings his wife almost to death's threshold. In a last desperate gesture, driving his unclean soul before him, he enters a church and prostrates himself before a large crucifix and, miracle of miracles! his wife is saved, forgives him, and his alter ego lies groveling.

The third act was a magnificently conceived thing, but somehow rushed to be finished. As the curtain rang down we were still wondering at the mighty struggle that must have consumed O'Neill before he decided to exhibit such a revolutionary defy to the traditions of Broadway. It was our curfew impression that there will be much to be discussed pro and con before this season calls it a day's end. It is just possible, if you'll forgive a sneaking notion, that Mr. O'Neill's startling reversion to faith was designed to placate the Catholic Church and restore him to their good graces.

The Not So "Joyous Season"

NOT as fortunate as her sister, but able to hold her head up proudly for a spotless performance, Lillian Gish came forth in the newest of Philip Barry's plays. "The Joyous Season," as Mr. Barry dubbed it, didn't what you'd call grace the stage of the Belasco, as later events proved, which can tersely be summed up in the very frigid term "closing." It wasn't fair for Barry to hide his usually bright light under a bushel, but it was probably just as well that the vehicle, for such it was, languished in the snow drifts off Broadway. The general conception seemed to be that it served him right for going religious on the unsuspecting souls who sat in judgment.

The mind of a writing man is like a fruit orchard, luscious phrases and ripe, golden word forms hanging by slender threads from their background of experience. When they become overripe with weary waiting they drop, useless and mildewed, to the ground. It is from among such meagre store that Barry has filled his vehicle, and the truth must be told, the harvest came in poor season. And not so very joyous. Neither for the cast nor for Mr. Hopkins, who gave it expression. It must be disconcerting to a veteran cast such as was assembled by the producer to have to stand about doing next to nothing and occasionally mumbling a useless line. It was so to us and, what's more, we had to watch the thing expire.

Mr. Barry's lofty purposes could not, in all honesty, be denied. The story of faith and its healing powers is a beautiful story. As it was unfolded for the benefit of an egregious Irish family by the name of Farley, which had cast off Mother Church for the more worldly pursuit of social prestige in Boston's Back Bay, it was tiresome, somehow inconsequential, and rather loosely knitted together. We don't feel that both ends could ever meet, at that, in spite of the spritely anxiety of the good Sister Christina Farley (Miss Gish) to cover the hollowness occasioned by the strangely muted histrionics of such able troupers as Eric Dressler, Moffat Johnston and Jerome Lawlor.

Although it was bruited about that Mr. Barry's play had been intended originally as an exhibition of Maude Adams' talents, it is inconceivable that such a wealth of dramaturgical powers should have gone to pot with as sincere a theme. It is much more possible that in his zealously to present a stirring problem Mr. Barry

ignored the tricks and gewgaws that make any play a play at all.

"Pow-wow" Healing

MOST remarkable about the somewhat cryptically entitled "Broomsticks, Amen!" is the insight it gives into the fanatic sincerity, but sincerity nevertheless, of the belief in "hex" doctors and "pow-wow" healing on the part of certain Pennsylvania Dutch communities. In this—shall we say?—expose, written by Elmer Greensfelder and presented by Thomas Kilpatrick at the Little Theatre, one gathers that faith in the healing power of Emil Hofnagel—"Professor Emil," they call him—convincingly and almost messianically played by William F. Schoeller, is even stronger than religion.

When Crista (Helen Huberth), daughter of Emil, marries a young medical student, trouble begins in the Hofnagel household, for doctors are anathema to Emil, who is otherwise a sincere, kindly and intelligent father. And matters come to a head when the young couple's baby is sick and Emil insists on going through his incantations over the baby, even after Dr. Lambert, her father, becomes impatiently furious over Emil's red string, wax applications, brew from a frog's throat, and a broomstick laid across the threshold to determine who is "hexing" the child. Passionately certain he is trying to save the baby, Emil shoots his son-in-law to prevent the latter's treating his own child according to ordinary medical procedure. Subsequently the baby dies of exposure, brought about when his clothes are hung in the crack of the door, as per the "Professor's" orders.

It is when Emil is being taken away by the Law that his steadfast belief is at its highest, for he still believes that he did his best for the child, and that had it not been for the doctor's treatment, she would be well.

In the role of a gaping-mouthed country oaf, Victor Kilian provides a good play with the necessary leavening of humor, as does also the odd dialect spoken.

Fish and Alimony

LEST you sniff alarmingly at the above title, let us hasten to explain. It seems that we happened in on two supposed works of art, now mercifully interred in whatever mysterious limbo whither go deceased plays—heaven only knows—after we mortal cadgers have done with them.

The fishy one, and the term is here used advisedly, bore the title "Mackerel Skies." The other, a travesty, farce, or what have you, run on the American plan, went by the name of "Hotel Alimony."

To think that we liked mackerel so much! This piscatorial description of the firmament, our gracious scout informs us, presages a sudden change of weather coming. So with this piece, except for the fact that the author, John Haggart, left his audience wondering when and if ever the change was to occur. Just a wee oversight. He evidently forgot to heed the storm warnings and was washed overboard, play and all, as the treacherous waves of criticism engulfed him.

As the promise of change was largely unfulfilled, it would be unreasonable to expect the fulfillment of anything else. The cast must have sensed this and was apparently averse to being involved in the fishy business. Miss Violet Kemble Cooper, in negligee most of the time, played the role of a mother jealous of her successful daughter in a manner disappointing, to say the least. Tom Powers, as her first and last paramour, was little better. The play served, besides putting an envious mother in a bad light, as a sort of debut for Carol Stone, the youngest of the family, who need cause her father no undue worry. Phew!!

The other play, overrun with grasping wives, complaining spouses and Harvard lawyers, if it was with any truth at all depicted, may be taken as an object lesson to warring mates, more particularly the male, and paying end, to remember the evils of alimony jails and the idiocies of New York State's laws on the subject. If it was intended as an airy poke at the alimony rackets in this State, it surpassed its parent's (in this case A. W. Pezet's) fondest hopes. It was positively a most cockeyed spectacle, spilling phoney divorce raids, bedroom pranks and alimony patients all over Mr. Golden's Royale Theatre. When our particular sufferer's (James Shelbourne) new fiancee (Marjorie Dille) in answer to his wife's (Nancy Evans) query: "and who are you?" says, "I am the virgin beneficiary of your adultery," you gather what sort of business is going on. You also get the general goofy drift of the whole thing. You, in addition, get some fine comedy by Robert Emmett Keane, specially in his drunk scene in the last act. That is, you would get it if the play had not chased itself around so much that it quit short of breath.

Plays for Reading

AS a worthwhile supplement to tender memories of pleasant evenings spent in the theatre, the firm of Samuel French offers to the conscientious theatregoer the opportunity to keep them verdant and alive in the printed word. Among the more recent Broadway successes now available in book form, appears the quaint love-tale that lives by the soothing alchemy of James Hagan's genius, "One Sunday Afternoon" (\$1.50).

Combining, from the storehouse of rural America, the wistful sentiment and crude camouflage that is small town so truly, it is not difficult to place the play in its rightful niche among the first ten of last season. When one gathers to himself more time with which to scan the perspective which the book, more than the witnessed drama, effects, one realizes quickly the advantage of a bookshelf for such things; and this play, ripe

with the homespun directness of the American idiom, belongs.

Arthur Guiterman's and Lawrence Langner's adaptation in rhyme of "The School for Husbands" (\$2) is a glib tribute to the wit of Moliere. Mr. Guiterman has given us a brilliantly formed barrage of couplets, done with an eye to the American lingo that scarcely detracts from the effect of the original. What is more, it adds a new luster, a keener and more delightful flippancy to the love scenes, ably attended to by Mr. Langner, who has contributed through many of the stanzas some of the most incisively humorous hit lines.

Whether you have seen the Theatre Guild's presentation or not, this attractive and companionate little volume is a willing subject for reference. The fun is not of an ethereal flavor that fails to survive the first sampling. You will go back to the book, grateful to the publishers for making the manuscript public.

Fittingly dovetailed between the two acts of the play proper, there is a ballet interlude in the form in which it was presented on the stage. It is the dream of Sganarelle, taken from Moliere's "Le Mariage Forcé," a most diverting means of transition between the acts. The Messrs. Guiterman and Langner may be assured that they have certainly done Moliere no injustice; in fact they have, by this transposition, made the comedy of Moliere more attractive to its American audience, in a purely American manner. And yet it is not too much Moliere.

A third volume of Olive Price's "Short Plays From American History" (\$1.75), an effective method for school presentation of patriotic themes, is offered by Samuel French as a supplement to the author's first two. Each play stands by itself, constructively perfect and educational as well. It should prove a handy reference for school dramatic societies.

Homes and Decorations

Country and Vacation Homes

By GIO PONTI

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been going on, both here and in Italy, concerning week-end houses for the summer, although it must be admitted that there are not so many of them as the discussion would lead one to believe. For many, a week-end house was the satisfaction of a vanity, an illusory form of social prestige ("We have a city home and a country home, you know"), and this has led to many ridiculous villas imitating miniature castles, with idiotic ramparts and turrets.

This type of dwelling, reflecting a particular kind of mentality, is something of an epidemic we must correct. Did the little villa ever really exist in the past? The ancients built, nobly, castles, palaces, villas, and homes; if in the country they constructed little temporary residences, they still called them hunting or fishing lodges, or the like; and still it was an architecture, of a minor kind, all its own, always country-like and noble, never banal. Are you never ashamed, good citizens, when you go "to your villa", to mas-

querade so ridiculously by strutting architecturally as baronets or lords? Remember that your own children grumble at this atmosphere, which is attributed to the whole family! They feel its weight and ridicule, they feel that this is the most foolish and dangerous testimony of not belonging to the upper and educated classes; aside from this—how define it?—social modesty, they feel disgust at all the faking, the belittling of those things, and of this conception of life in the country.

WE want to be more sincere: we are in a less innocent age—in this field—than our fathers, and more modest. We love the green things, the sun, the air, the water, the light, the mode of living with more direct communion, with greater confidence in the spirit and the body. By means of hygiene, travel, races, sports, mountain-climbing, navigation, the automobile, and with today's light clothing, we are receiving a solar education which has revived our color as well as our muscles.

To this beautiful generation of ours and to those whose spirit has not grown old, our modern architects offer, for the country and for vacations, simple constructions in the way of vacation homes, which, first of all, are what they are (but are nevertheless at the same time so much more attractive); can be constructed in but a short time; cost, in the third place, comparatively little; and serve, finally, our healthiest desires for an independent and simple life in contact with nature.

THEY have their own new and independent architecture, which in its best examples is beautiful and gay, and it is useless and out of place to discuss them academically according to the canons of immortal architecture. The old terror has been, if at all, in having wanted to transport these extremely solemn criteria to be used for minor and modest habitations, as has been done in the case of some villas. Here we are treating of a social and economic problem of habitations, to be solved with honesty and modesty, which means, of course, with good taste.

The favor that has met some pretty and comfortable little vacation houses designed by such Italian architects I know as Griffini, Faludi and Bottoni, together with that exemplary carpentering artist, Bonfiglio, and a group of excellent decorators, gives me comfort, and it is indeed a great pleasure for me if these few lines contribute to their success.

Music

By JOHN LIONE

"Merry Mount" Has Premiere

THE world's operatic premiere of the new opera "Merry Mount," with libretto by Richard Stokes and music by Howard Hanson, took place in February at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lawrence Tibbett as protagonist. A capacity audience, including many distinguished people, attended the performance, and at the end of the second act both composer and librettist received a warm reception from the enthusiastic listeners.

Mr. Giulio Setti, chorus conductor, Wilhelm von Wymetal, stage director, Tullio Serafin, conductor, Lawrence Tibbett, Goeta Ljungberg, Rita Laporte, who staged the dances, Rossina Galli, ballet director and Edward Johnson, all were acclaimed and received a number of curtain calls. The entire opera was broadcast over the NBC network.

The story of the opera is based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Maypole of Merry Mount" and takes place in the Puritan New England of 1625.

As to the music, the choral writing is the best part of the score, and a few passages of Bradford's are next. The Maypole dance is of the style of Rimsky-Korsakoff in "Scheherazade." In the episode of Hell, certain syn-copations resemble American jazz. Altogether, the work seems to be more of a Gregorian oration than an opera. Harmonically and rhythmically we find Americanisms. Solo parts are missing, but the orchestration shows skill and resource, with striking characterization.

In the role of Bradford, Lawrence Tibbett has won another great personal success. His makeup was remarkable, his acting was fervid, and he sang with vocal beauty and equal intensity.

Scenically and in the matter of costumes, "Merry Mount" achieves a triumph.

The San Carlo Opera

Fortune Gallo announces a limited engagement of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company at the Casino Theatre, beginning February 22nd, with "Hansel and Gretel," sung in English.

A series of 15 operas will be given, consisting of "The Barber of Seville," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Secret of Suzanne," "Madame Butterfly," "Mannon," "Rigoletto," "Martha," "Aida," "Gioconda," etc.

Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints"

Virgil Thompson's opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," with text by Gertrude Stein, recently had a performance in New York with an all-Negro cast impersonating Spanish saints with a background of cellophane, and under the direction of Alexander Smallens, assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Philharmonic-Symphony Society

A public meeting of subscribers to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society and others cooperating in the campaign to raise half a million dollars to guarantee the continuance of the orchestra's schedule for the next three years, was held last month at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The speakers included President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Mrs. John S. Sheppard, Mrs. Vincent Astor, chairman of the women's committee of the campaign; and Mr. Harry Flagler, president of the society.

Mayor La Guardia, who has been a subscriber to the organization for the past 22 years, wrote a letter to Mr. Flagler confirming and amplifying his endorsement of the drive. "I am especially impressed," Mayor La Guardia wrote, "by the work of ensemble musical training and scholarship, which has been of inestimable benefit to talented children. The concerts for young people are of importance; also several thousand tickets sold at reduced rates to students of the public schools and colleges of Brooklyn and New York. Altogether the work of this society is remarkable from an economic as well as a social and musical standpoint."

Geraldine Farrar, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera House, made public her personal appeal for the

orchestra, to the officials of which, the former opera star declared, New York was indebted for "a widespread awakening and appreciation" of music in recent seasons. "But now this mission must be sustained by us, who have so richly profited by this altruistic gesture, without their responsibilities ... Therefore, to our radio public I reiterate the S.O.S.: Save Our Symphony."

Scotti

Though he retired about a year ago after singing in prominent roles for 33 years at the Metropolitan Opera House, Antonio Scotti recently arrived from Naples on the Conte di Savoia to visit his old friends and admirers. He denied he intended to resume his career as a singer.

In Philadelphia

The Philadelphia Italians are becoming "symphonically minded" and are really manifesting a genuine appreciation for symphonic music, thanks to the dynamic efforts of Maestro Guglielmo Sabatini who, as the founder and conductor of the Italo-American Philharmonic Orchestra, was recently made an honorary member of the Musical Academy of Milan in appreciation of his indefatigable work in behalf of Italian Culture.

When interviewed about the Orchestra, which has entered upon its fourth season, the youthful Maestro said, "Judging from the cultural and musical heritage of the Italian nationality, music and Italians should be synonymous. Unfortunately we cannot hope for such an ideal state in the face of the present day industrial reverses. Four years ago I noted that the Italians loved and patronized the opera more than any other form of music. With this preference in mind, a group of fellow-musicians and I organized an orchestra of sixty outstanding musicians for the special purpose of offering the Italians the gems of symphonic music, thereby arousing in them a love and appreciation for this type of music. Needless to say, we have succeeded admirably but not without our little woes and tribulations. Our efforts have merited public attention and the Italians' appreciations of our work is being repeatedly evinced through their earnest cooperation in subscribing to our series of five monthly concerts as well as interesting their friends in our cultural project."

The Italians have realized that they have a force of artistic importance in the Italo-American Philharmonic Orchestra. There is no doubt that the

pressure and materialism of modern life and industry too often ignore the necessity for aesthetic exhilaration but the City of Brotherly Love has something which, through careful encouragement and appreciation, can give the Italians that cultural enlightenment which offers a rejuvenation of spiritual warmth, beauty, joy and peace.

"I feel sure," continued Maestro Sabatini, "that the Italo-American Philharmonic Orchestra has found an

appreciative audience in Philadelphia, and I earnestly hope that all who have enjoyed it and have derived many intellectual benefits from it will continue to give it their wholehearted support.

"Our programs have always been highly musical. We have tried to offer our public the standard symphonic works as well as the efforts of contemporary Italian composers. At each concert we feature several novelties which usually include the

presentation of new compositions or the revival of some old and inspired works of the past. We also present at each performance either a vocalist or an instrumentalist of note, thereby adding interest and variety to our program."

The Orchestra, which has attracted widespread acclaim and admiration, has always been, since its foundation, under the inspiring baton of Maestro Sabatini,

Letters to the Editor

An Answer to "Liberty"

(Editor's Note: In the Feb. 3rd issue of "Liberty," John Hearley asks "Can Balbo Unseat Mussolini?", and then goes on to make some sensational and unfounded charges. Although this weekly is known for articles of that type, which we all know are published purely for circulation purposes, it is unfortunate that it must resort to such methods to substitute for the saner circulation methods. The following communication is an answer to the allegations made).

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

"**W**HY is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Alice sighed wearily. 'I think you might do something better with the time,' she said, 'than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answer.'"

The question proposed in "Liberty" some time ago: "Can Balbo Unseat Mussolini?" is even more alluring than the Hatter's. Of course the answer hinted by the writer is obvious enough. Not so obvious is the lurking suggestion, quite unsuspected, perhaps, by the casual reader, that only more relevant, complete and truthful evidence can attempt to offer a solution to this recent riddle. The resultant answer might be disconcerting to the anti-Fascist Hatter.

The points that the writer attempts to prove in this "surprising revelation," are the hatred and rivalry between Mussolini and Balbo, (the "recent Libyan humiliation" being the climax of this "twelve-year-old duel between the two men"), and the existence of an anti-Mussolini, pro-Balbo "machine" that betrays Balbo's growing popularity, with the inference that this popularity assures Mussolini's downfall.

We are reminded that "Balbo was a quadrumvir of the historic March on Rome in 1922"; "that Mussolini significantly ignored him in selecting his first Fascist cabinet." The truth is that of the fourteen portfolios, only three were assigned to regular Fascisti, besides Mussolini, and not one of them a quadrumvir. Michele Bianchi, the only one not "ignored," became an undersecretary. "Repudiation" is hardly the word to be used. This policy of a coalition government, in which only the Socialist Party was excluded, was a disappointment to most Fascisti and a pleasant surprise to Parliament. It was only the beginning, however.

TO be sure, the leader of Fascism has "characterized Italy's young as the living ferment of the Fascist present and the essential hope of the Fascist future." And this not only because youth has greater strength and enthusiasm for action, but because it is not bound irretrievably, through habit, to political doctrines that Fascism rejects. But how can this frank reliance upon the youth of Italy cause Mussolini to hate and fear Balbo because he happens to be younger than himself? And why should we believe that "the singing words of Giovinezza have returned to mock him"?

"At Chicago he (Balbo) publicly announced that he was no longer thinking in terms of a flight around the world." It had been sufficiently proven that mass flight is possible. But what are the "indications" that Balbo intended by this perfectly reasonable announcement that Mussolini should be informed by him, as the writer insists, "that his winged Mercury had grown into divine maturity"; that "as a full-fledged statesman he would never leave Italy's Mount Olympus again"?

A GAIN, Libya can hardly be called "inconspicuous" nor the governorship unimportant. The intensive work of development so essential to Italy's welfare has been carried on under General Badoglio, now to be Minister for Defense. That Balbo has desired to be offered the governorship has been heard many times and from reliable sources.

In conclusion, here is Balbo's article, "Aeronautics," published in Milan, in which he extols Mussolini's work in the following paragraphs:

"In reality from the end of the war, victorious aviation had suffered slow but continuous decadence. The March on Rome found the two classes of aviation reduced to the lowest terms, civil aviation non-existent, the workshops empty, material damaged, fields deserted, the staff scattered and wandering in search of other occupations, distrust and discouragement spread everywhere among the pilots, the engineers, the artisans and as many as felt in their hearts the fascination and importance of aviation.

"Il Duce in truth gave wings to the country. It can be said that he created aeronautics, uniting the body of fliers, increasing the budget, organizing the Ministry of the Air, constructing airports and new machines. With wings restored to the country, il Duce launched them in flight throughout the world. But first of all, he restored faith to the aviators. And he said, 'This wing has been banished for two or three years from the adorable sky of our land. This wing today resumes its flight. This wing shall never again be broken. As an aviator and as Head of the Italian Government, I take a formal and solemn pledge.' The pledge was kept."—Italo Balbo.

—E. Lenore Shaw
Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The Cathedral of 145 Pinnacles

By JOSEPH G. LAGNESE

CHRISTMAS cards often bring its picture into the home. They tend to familiarize the average man with the mass of buttresses and pinnacles, overtopped by statues, that make it so striking. It has a uniqueness of construction, without imitator, that is different in every way from cathedrals the world over.

There is beauty in the exterior only when the moon shines on the white marble of the walls to light them brilliantly, as the mass rises heavenward to end in its stalagmite-like spire effect against the background of the darker sky.

Daylight takes away the enchantment of the night. It shows the pooriness of the mouldings, the coarseness of the ornamentation and the lack of a definite architectural style. The buttresses, so bold and so striking, give way to natural weakness in design; the pinnacles are revealed to be puny against the immensity of the heavens.

The architect finds it a puzzle. The average man admires it, unconsciously realizing what it is:—an expression, through the centuries, of a people to their God.

Milan was in the pathway of invasions from the North and West; it was constantly harassed by wars. First it had been the Goths; then it had been the Longobards; afterwards had come the Franks; and now there were the periodical incursions of the various German rulers.

It was subject to destruction and all the ravages of sword and fire. Its buildings, its churches, were being destroyed and re-built regularly. It was in the year 1386 that the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore had been destroyed again. In the meanwhile, cities over Europe were building one principal church, which they called—a cathedral.

Its Origin

SOME say that the Duomo of Milan owes its construction to the ambitious Gian Galeazzi Visconti, ruler at the time; others disprove it successfully and show that its inception

was due to a desire of the people themselves to have a principal church like other cities.

Local and foreign artisans were called into consultation and were entrusted with the building of the Duomo upon the site of the partially destroyed Santa Maria, which they used for the original base.

All classes in the city joined in its construction. It was something to glorify their God, and rich and poor joined hands.

Donations were not all in money or work. One poor woman brought a shabby fur, which she laid upon the altar of the Madonna. It was immediately taken and raffled, and the money secured, placed in the book of records as her offering. It merely goes to show the enthusiasm with which the citizens regarded its erection.

Within a short time services could be held in it. It was by no means completed, nor did it look as it does today. In fact, work is constantly being done on it; and citizens of the city still leave donations to the "Fabbrica del Duomo," which takes care of additions and improvements.

The Duomo has five front entrances. Its front door, a magnificence in bronze, is more than thirty feet in height. It has a tree sprouting at its sill, whose trunk forms the division of the halves. In turn, the branches divide the various depicted scenes.

On one side are represented the glories of the Blessed Virgin. It has for its center-piece a picture of the Assumption, profusely garlanded with flowers. The other side pictures the sorrows of the Mother of God with Mary holding the Body of her dead Son.

"The Grandest Interior In the World"

BUT it is the interior of the Duomo which has a beauty all its own. The very features that should detract from that beauty, because of the immensity of the scale on which they are attempted, make it outstanding.

According to the famous English architect, the late George Street, it is "the grandest interior in the world."

Color, against the whiteness and the grayishness of the marble, work hand in hand with each other in the half-light that constantly fills it.

Its long nave is of extreme width. It has two aisles on each side of it, separated by a total of fifty-two columns, the vast majority of which have capitals at their top with niche-like panels in which statues, not necessarily of saints but of religious conception, repose. There is a slow gradation in its height toward the sides with their exquisite, full-length stained glass windows.

The main altar rises at the foot of the nave. Its prominence is accentuated by lack of competition from many side-altars. Choir-stalls and organs are joined to it. And to one side of it there stands a tall, bronze candelabrum shaped like a tree and known as the "Albero."

It has four dragons for its base, whose tails entwine to form the stem. Branches, with bronze leaflets, sprout from it. Symmetrically spaced among them are figures symbolizing multitudinous subjects.

It is the dissimilarity of subjects with their incongruity that lend the whole a singular charm, and that make the Duomo so distinctive from other cathedrals.

There are pictures of the Temptation and the subsequent expulsion of the first parents from Paradise, the sign of the Zodiac, figures illustrating music and kindred arts, intermingling with statues and scenes of strictly religious nature, over the entire church.

The cupola is supported by four huge pillars. Two of these have bronze pulpits extending out from them. The pulpits rest upon statues of Evangelists and doctors of the Church, who give a most realistic impression of supporting them, bent forward as they are depicted with them on their backs.

A People's Monument To Their God

A GAIN in the stained glass windows is found a characteristic peculiarity of this Cathedral. They, too, not only have painted on them scenes in the lives of Jesus and those close to him, but often have taken lives of saints or symbolic representation of some virtue for their theme. It is the work of artists of different periods, of different tastes and of different schools, all jumbled together

adding to the general dissimilarity.

There is crudity in some; while in others one is forced to stare and stare at them, held by something he cannot quite express and which in artistic circles is known as possessing life. Yet, the list of their creators has on it only the names of men of average ability. It is further proof of the fact that, unlike other cathedrals, the Duomo is a monument of the simple veneration of a people to their God.

One can imagine the Da Pandini, the De Mottis, and others labouring, labouring long hours upon the picture of the Crucifixion, the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem, the Annunciation, St. Bernard, St. Jerome and the rest, with a passion that is of the soul.

Not all the artists, artisans, or all the donations, have been Milanese. Popes, foreign potentates have contributed to enrich it. Bits of wealth

here and there is theirs; but the Milanese have infused it with life, living breath, and made it their own. It is in that manner that it should be enjoyed.

It was created, and is being improved, by individual and collective bursts of enthusiasm on the part of the people of Milan or others that have been affected by it. And it will continue, ever, to be so.

The copings of the Duomo with their carvings and artistry rise before the eyes. The one hundred and forty-five pinnacles, in a lancet-like effect with their statues, bewilder and confuse; arrest and prompt admiration even as in photographs.

The Duomo of Milan is a complexity, without plan and without architectural definiteness. It is individualistic and alone, the soulful expression over a period of five hundred years and more of a people to the Supreme Being.

a very brilliant little salon of their own. Two of the exhibitors, both New York women, were the recipients of prizes awarded for meritorious work in sculpture. The George D. Widener Gold Medal was awarded to Concetta Scaravaglione for her "Mother and Child" whose purity of sentiment and harmonious form claimed wholehearted attention. Miss Scaravaglione is the second Italian to win the Widener gold medal. Her confrere Attilio Piccirilli, celebrated Italian sculptor, received the award in 1917. Hilda K. Lascari was the fortunate winner of the McClees Prize of two hundred dollars for the most meritorious composition in sculpture. Her "Pueblo Indian Mother and Child," executed with impeccable finesse, drew sterling enthusiasm as well as the admiration of Philadelphia's austere art connoisseurs.

Other significant works on display in the sculpture group included the delicate figure of a "Young Girl" by Alfred Lenzi; "Mother and Child" and "Child" and "Reclining Figure" by Oronzio Maldarelli; "Anna" by S. F. Bilotti, "Medallist Society's Medal" and a characteristic study of a "Peasant Head" by Gaetano Cecere, who won the McClees Prize in 1930; "Bust of St. Francis of Assisi" by Pietro Montana and "Marble Head" by Victor Salvatore.

Adjoining the sculpture gallery was the painting salon where the writer was confronted by a host of canvases boasting of different artistic affinities and registering various phrases of the vibrating world. Luigi Settanni struck a jubilant tone with his "New Year's Parade" which represented a veritable symphony of vivid splashes of color, while Antonio P. Martino indulged in the rustic wistfulness of his "Hillside" and the awakening beauty of his "Spring."

A subtle landscape depicting the frosty charms of "Winter" was the contribution of Michele A. Cafarelli and adjacent to his painting was a picturesque study of "Sicilian Spring" colored with warmth and realism by Paul J. Gattuso. Nearby was the solemn "Funeral at Woodford" by O. Louis Guglielmi, which drew a profusion of eulogies, as did also Anthony Sisti's clever "Rhapsody in Steel."

In the same salon were other important paintings which included "Curator," "Donne Mie" and "Polly" by Justin A. Pardi; "Arrangement of White" by Luigi Lucioni; "Still Life" by Raphael Sabatini; "The Negress" by Letterio Calapai; "Horses in the Night" by Valenti Angelo; "Weariness" by Enzo Baccante and "1914" by Joseph Capolino.

THE ART WORLD

(Continued from page 105)

crude sketches, his school work, and his present work. He has some fine water colors, showing good use of color and lines. The most striking piece is a winter scene in delicate blues, executed in oils.

Zandomeneghi

ZANDOMENEGHI was renowned among his countrymen when he died in 1917. This show, like that of Prendergast, is in memory of another artist who has died. His work consists of pastels and a few oils, at the Caz-Delbo gallery. His work is sensitive and delicate, and his color very pleasing. His interiors are remarkable for their rich, warm color, and throughout the same gentleness of tone is felt. Zandomeneghi, too, was of a generation; and that makes his work seem weak in relation to our bolder moderns.

A Future Artist

FRANK D'AUTILIA, JR. was only seven when he won a medal in Wanamaker's Children Annual Drawing Contest. His prize picture, "After the Storm," showed a three-masted ship, outlined against the sunset, and the dark hulk of the vessel lulled on the evening waters with an air of uncanny mystery. The artist had almost scrawled it with crayons on store-wrapping paper, to the great astonishment of his teach-

ers, and it was submitted in the contest without his knowledge. Now, in Public School 74, he is known as "The Little Artist." Having reached the mature age of nine years, he is looking forward to a "one-man show" in a New York Art Gallery. His attitude toward art is that of the born artist, who is almost unaware of the importance of his calling.

Italians at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

TO exhibit at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, is considered an enviable privilege and to be honored by this old and famous institution is about the most substantial commendation that an artist can receive for his or her work. So one can well imagine the gratification of attending the 129th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts last month and seeing, among the many ingratiating paintings and pieces of sculpture that adorned the lofty walls of the several salons, the conscientious efforts of our Italo-American artists, who not only came in for a goodly portion of acclaim but also shared awards with some of today's outstanding painters and sculptors.

About twenty-six canvases and sculptural figures, representing the contribution of some twenty-two artists from New York, Philadelphia and Chicago were on view—constituting

ATLANTICA

in Italiano

MATERNITA' E INFANZIA

Di ADA NEGRI

(Dall' "Augustea")

MATERNITA' è passione, e il più delle volte Via Crucis. Lo spirito mistico del Fascismo ha saputo comprendere la gravità, la difficoltà, la bellezza, l'altezza del compito delle madri. Mai come sotto il governo di Benito Mussolini la "Madre" è stata difesa, onorata, illuminata della luce che le spetta in quanto è madre.

La protezione della Maternità e dell'Infanzia, che una volta era spontanea opera privata—se pur organizzata—di coraggiose donne verso altre donne più ignoranti e povere di loro (potrei fare i nomi delle pioniere, e uno solo basta per tutti: Ersilia Maj-

no) nel nostro tempo, con Benito Mussolini, è un vero e proprio ministero, emanante direttamente dallo Stato, e investito di poteri che esercita con amore in tutti il Paese: ottenendo stupendi risultati di miglioramento materiale e d'evoluzione spirituale nelle famiglie del popolo.

Credo che un'anima di donna, già in apparenza scomparsa dal mondo visibile, sia giunta a compiere, trasfusa nella volontà e nell'energia realizzatrice del suo grande figlio, questo lavoro essenzialmente fraterno verso le madri, materno verso i fanciulli d'Italia: l'anima di Rosa Maltoni Mussolini.

SCRIVERE VERSI

Di "TANTRIS"

(Dall' "Italia che Scrive")

VI sono strane frasi abituali che si ripetono sempre, per quanto non corrispondano affatto alla realtà.

Per esempio: almeno ai tempi nostri avviene molto di rado, forse neppure una volta al mese, che si abbia bisogno di fare attaccare un bottone. Non è un fatto abituale, è una disgraziata eccezione, non più frequente, press'a poco, che uno strappo in una stoffa o che il distacco di una copertina incollata. Eppure si continua a dire, come frase proverbiale, che si ha bisogno di una donna per "attaccare i bottoni," come se questo fosse un fatto elementare della vita. E non si prende mai l'esempio invece di quello che davvero purtroppo si deve richiedere tutti i giorni: far accomodare le calze.

Un caso analogo avviene quando

la gente vede uno scrittore scrivere; la gente dovrebbe sapere che al mondo esistono migliaia di persone che sono più o meno giornalisti, scrivono piccoli schizzi e piccole recensioni. Versi, invece, non si scrivono quasi più, in ogni modo non si scrivono ogni giorno. Eppure, come per il lavoro femminile è rimasto tipico l'attaccare i bottoni, così per il lavoro della penna continua a rimanere tipico lo scrivere versi. E non appena uno si mostra a scrivere una qualunque sciocchezza o a prendere alcune note in un taccuino, i vicini si precipitano a domandare sorridendo: "Lei scrive versi?" quando sarebbe tanto naturale domandare: "Lei è giornalista?"

E' che la tradizione continua a mantenere in vita lo scrivere versi,

come se almeno vi fossero tanti poeti quanti pittori.

In Germania della parola "Dichter," poeta, si fa abuso: si adopera per qualunque scrittore e per i più mediocri romanzieri.

In altri paesi invece, poeta è rimasto colui che fa versi; ma allora si finge che i versificatori siano numerosissimi. E si noti che questi "versi" sempre immaginati, è sottinteso non siano versi comici, facili, burleschi (come invece sono oggi per lo più i versi che si stampano). Si dice versi, e si sottintende versi lirici o epici.

E si sottintende anche quasi: bei versi—mentre quando qualcuno ne vede per caso un volume, stampato a spese dell'autore, senz'altro presume: versi brutti.

Già: perchè la psicologia del pubblico profano è più propizia agli scrittori che ai pittori. Quando vedono un pittore dipingere, subito pensano che non possa essere uno dei grandi pittori, e presumono di solito che i suoi dipinti valgano poco. Per lo scrittore avviene il contrario: sono disposti ad ammirarlo, anche se non lo hanno mai sentito nominare. E soprattutto se ha veramente scritto alcuni versi, sono immediatamente pieni di interesse e di buone disposizioni.

Ora tutto questo non è soltanto un errore di fatto. E' un sintomo. E' un'affermazione che la poesia lirica non è così estranea alla vita, al gusto, alla sete del pubblico, come gli editori credono e vogliono far credere.

Come e perchè avviene questo fatto: che tanta curiosità si protenda verso i versi di un poeta: che tanto consenso accolga, fra i conoscenti, proprio questa speciale manifestazione —la poesia— e che invece la pubblicazione di versi sia considerata senz'altro un fallimento?

Qualche cosa è evidentemente sbagliato, nel modo con cui i libri sono presentati al pubblico, quando — come i libri di versi — non vanno a un pubblico specializzato o a una richiesta pratica determinata.

Tutti gli amici italiani o che sa-

pevano l'italiano hanno desiderato di udire la lettura dei versi, se ne sono interessati, hanno desiderato di possederli stampati.

Perfino tanti stranieri, che dovevano farsi tradurre il senso dei versi, hanno voluto udarli, per amore del bel suono della lingua italiana: tedeschi, inglesi, olandesi, francesi, portoghesi hanno richiesto, ascoltato una lettura di versi italiani. E tutti sempre hanno domandato di vederli stampati.

ORA non è possibile che il consenso schietto dei conoscenti incontrati per caso, non corrisponda a un consenso possibile di altrettanti individui sparsi in mezzo a tutte le lontane moltitudini di ignoti.

Si apre un libro di note, e vi domandano: "sono poesie"? Si scrivono appunti sul libro letto, e domandano: "scrive poesie?"

Nè i saggi critici certo, nè gli articoli e neanche i racconti li attirano tanto come i versi. C'è proprio, si direbbe, nel mondo, sete di nuova creazione di poesia.

E nella impossibilità effettiva di lanciare al pubblico un libro di versi, si riprova la disorganizzazione attuale di tutto il rapporto fra il pubblico e gli scrittori, l'inadeguatezza di comunicazione fra coloro che stampano e coloro che leggono, o che potrebbero leggere.

La poesia è stata sempre, ed è ancora una espressione che agisce sugli spiriti più facilmente che la prosa.

Onde anche il pubblico popolare più greggio, il lettore cioè che non ha l'educazione della cultura o l'educazione dell'artificio sociale, domanda in generale, subito dopo il romanzo interessante e divertente (con fatti), il libro di poesia.

Mi sono meravigliato in principio che persone alle quali non si poteva certo dare neppure una biografia-romanzo, un libro di pensieri, di impressioni di viaggio, amassero invece libri di poesia, fossero anche liriche di poeti antichi. Non sopportano una descrizione, anche variata e vivace, di un luogo (a meno che lo conoscano) ed invece si diletano di un poemetto, delle poesie di Schiller, soprattutto di racconti in versi, da "Ero a Leandro" ai Nibelunghi e alla Saga di Fritjhof.

Scrivere versi è necessario in ogni tempo. E' naturale scriverli, leggerli: tanto più naturale leggerli ad alta voce: e la radio dovrebbe essere oggi un mezzo di diffusione più adatto alla poesia che la stessa stampa.

Bisogna coltivare, per il rinascere di una diffusione di poesia, due cose: la bella dizione, la bella stampa.

La bella dizione può rinnovellare la vita dei nuovi versi, declamandoli con tutto il loro ritmo e l'intrinseco colore all'udito: la bella stampa deve porre fra i libri da regalo, nuovamen-

te, il libro grazioso di versi, che il pubblico accoglierà con gran gratitudine.

C'è la sete. Ci sono, forse, le fonti; mancano le fontane.

IL PRIMO MARTIRE DEL LAVORO ITALIANO IN AMERICA

DI ANGELO FLAVIO GUIDI

(Dal "Progresso Italo-Americano" di New York)

IN questi giorni si sono compiuti centotrentacinque anni dalla morte del livornese Carlo Forni, avvenuta per impiccagione a San Pedro de Mosquito, in Florida, non molto lungi dal punto dove sorge la prima città americana che sia stata fondata da europei, St. Augustine.

Nel momento in cui la grande nazione americana affronta, grazie alla opera di Franklin D. Roosevelt, la suprema missione di organizzare il lavoro in modo di conciliare i datori di esso e gli operai, non deve sembrare inutile il richiamo a questo primo martire del lavoro italiano negli Stati Uniti e non soltanto di quello italiano.

E' poco tempo, in verità, che l'Italia, assurta a nuova forza ed a grande dignità grazie a Benito Mussolini, anche all'estero va raccogliendo le disperse pagine della sua storia gloriosa e delle sue affermazioni. E nel raccogliere le disperse pagine di quella che è la vita e la passione degli italiani in questa grande terra di loro adozione, noi non solo troviamo gli italiani antesignani d'ogni movimento progressista e culturale, ma li troviamo anche primi nell'opera di civiltà e di conquista nel campo del lavoro.

Ricordare Carlo Forni, inoltre, è anche riabilitazione della memoria di questo italiano che, mal conoscenza dei fatti o natural diffidenza verso tutto quello che sapeva d'italiano, aveva fatto passare fino a poco tempo fa quale un "villain" o comun malfattore, per il quale la pena della forca era stata ben meritata.

Coloro che oggi vanno in Florida a trovarvi la primavera eterna e forse la fonte tanto ricercata della perpetua gioventù; che vanno in aeroplano, in treno od in automobile, non credano che essa sia stata sempre quel paradiso terrestre che sembra. Essa un tempo, poco più di un secolo e

mezzo fa, era la tomba e l'inferno dei vivi; il segno della morte e della malaria, di fronte al quale le Paludi Pontine e la Maremma non erano che macchie solari in confronto dell'astro maggiore.

In questa terra, umida ma fertilissima, l'avidità della corona britannica, che vi coltivava lo zucchero e l'indaco, gettava i poveri sventurati che andava raccogliendo nei porti europei a morir di sofferenze e di malnutrizione, pur di caricare le stive del prezioso prodotto che i mercati inglesi monopolizzavano per il resto del mondo.

Il più pauroso sito quello chiamato San Pedro de Mosquito. Basta la parola Mosquito, che in ispanico significa zanzara, per far comprendere come quello fosse il regno della malaria e della morte.

Là, una spedizione capitanata dal Dott. Trumbull, nell'anno 1768, si fermò e per quanto composta di poco più di duemila anime, comprese donne e fanciulli, in nove anni vi morirono novecento fra esse, mentre i nati, come risulta dal registro dei battesimi tenuto dal Padre Bartolomeo Casanova, del Convento del Toro di Minorca, nelle isole Baleari in Ispagna, furono nello stesso periodo soltanto centotantatre!

Spagnuoli, greci ed italiani componevano la spedizione. Gli Italiani, imbarcati a Livorno, erano poco più di

LA NOTIZIA E IL COMMENTO

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cento. Non vi erano case, non ospedali, non acqua potabile. La vita era un inferno ed i soprastanti disponevano della vita di quei miseri come della vita di bestie inferiori. Per la più lieve mancanza erano punizioni corporali ed un marito fu costretto a dare cento frustate in pubblico alla propria moglie, colpevole di avere asportato dal deposito coloniale quattro patate per sfamare i figli morenti d'inedia! La uccisione di una vitella fu punita con l'impiccagione del . . . colpevole!

Più feroci fra i soprastanti erano un certo Dottor Stork ed un tale Cutter, vera iena in sembianze umane.

Dopo tante e così atroci sofferenze una parte degli sventurati decise di scappare di notte, su di alcune zattere, sperando di raggiungere Cuba. Scoperti e fermati furono sottoposti a torture inaudite le quali, colmando il vaso della pazienza degli emigrati, originò la rivolta. A capo dei rivoltosi si mise il Forni. Sprezzando ogni pericolo, egli riuscì ad infiammare il coraggio degli altri, e chiedendo soltanto lavoro umano e giustizia, cacciarono Stork e Cutter e gli altri soprastanti.

Ma non molto distante vi era una guarnigione inglese, che, accorsa sul posto, mise ordine prontamente ed arrestò il Forni ed altri suoi compagni.

Subito dopo un tribunale militare condannò tutti a morte. E qui accadde il fatto mirabile. A Forni fu offerta salva la vita se avesse acconsentito ad impiccare i compagni, perchè lo sceriffo, Woodbridge, si rifiutò di funzionare da boia.

Ma Forni, nobilmente, sdegnò l'infame offerta e con un atto di disprezzo per la morte, si passò il capestro intorno al collo con le proprie mani, penzolando, subito dopo, morto, nel vuoto.

Uno spagnuolo, cui fu fatta dopo di lui, l'offerta, l'accettò e fece da boia ad altri due suoi compagni. Altri due furono graziati dal Governatore Grant e i rimasti della colonia internati in altri siti della Florida dove, purtroppo, se ne persero poi le tracce e nessuno saprà mai dove quei primi italiani della Florida siano andati a soffrire ed a morire.

In un piccolo libro, rarità unica della Public Library di New York, scritta dal Capitano Romano, che fu uno dei componenti del Tribunale di Guerra che condannò Forni ("Concise Natural History of Florida," New York, 1776) è scritto che "lo sceriffo Woodbridge restò attonito al vedere che quell'uomo (Forni) preferiva morire invece di uccidere i propri compagni, e di questo provava gran-

de perplessità." E più sotto aggiunge: "Mi son rattenuto a lungo su questo soggetto, perchè il pregiudizio nativo dei comuni inglesi ha rappresentato la sventura di questi miseri in una luce troppo nera. Si dice che il Dottor Stork, che era sul posto quando scoppiò l'insurrezione, moriva di paura e che Cutter morisse qualche tempo dopo di lenta agonia, avendo provato oltre alle proprie ferite, il terrore del codardo al potere, sopraffatto dalla vendetta."

Queste le parole di un nobile ufficiale inglese, difensore spassionato di Carlo Forni, parole che sarebbero restate nascoste se, chi scrive quest'articolo non le avesse scoperte per puro caso fra le pagine ingiallite del piccolo volume.

Oggi, a distanza di circa due secoli, gl'italiani in patria e in America possono considerare Carlo Forni non più quale un "villain" ma quale il vero e primo martire del lavoro italiano negli Stati Uniti d'America.

GIOVINEZZA

DI ELIGIO G. BARBERIS

(Insegnante d'Italiano a Washington Irving High School, New York)

Io sognai, in un'alba di maggio,
Un giardino coperto di fiori,
E l'oriente di cento colori
Al lontano apparire del raggio.

Poi i fiori, in un cerchio danzando,
Si levaron nell'aria festivi,
Profumati, leggiери e giulivi,
Dolci note d'amore cantando.

"Io son fede!"—diceva un bel giglio;
"Io son speme!"—cantava una rosa;
"Io son gioia!"—gridava festosa
Una dalia dall'occhio vermiglio!

Poi dall'alto del cielo, repente,
Una stella discese fra loro;
Ogni fiore danzava nell'oro
Della stella che venne lucente.

Una voce di messo celeste
Disse allora, soave cantando:
"Siete gioia e la speme di quando
Della fede più pura si veste.

Or che Dio v'ha donato il Suo spiro
Con la luce che tutti v'indora,
Fiori belli, che siete in quest'ora,
Bei colori di vita desiرو?"

"Giovinezza!"—una musica bella
Di quel coro rispose dei fiori;
"Giovinezza di tutti i tesori!"—
Su nel cielo rispose ogni stella!

Poi veloce nell'alba spari
Ogni fiore, nell'alba di maggio
Che il bel sole baciava col raggio,
E in quel bacio il mio sogno spari.

Mi destai, ma in un'estasi pia
Io rimasi, col cuore rapito;
Fissai l'occhio dov'era sparito
Il bel sogno dell'anima mia.

Fissai l'occhio e il cuore a levante,
Sulla via che sa il mio dolore
Dell'esilio e la fiamma d'amore
Per l'Italia, dolcissima amante.

"Dov'è andata?"—pensavo—"la stella?
Dov'è andata, con tutti i tesori,
Giovinezza su l'ali dei fiori,
Creatura di Dio la più bella?"

Un fragore dal cielo, tremendo,
Un gran giorno rispose al mio pianto:
Era tuono, era carne, era canto,
Era inno di forza stupendo!

Il mio cuore comprese quel carne;
Lo cantava di Balbo lo spiro,
Con la fronte d'alloro e di mirto
Coronata e il braccio senz'arme.

"Siamo cento d'Italia guerrieri
Giovinezza di speme e di fede
E' nostr'arma che il Cielo ci diede,
Con la gioia dell'esserne fieri.

Siamo i fiori del sogno dorato,
Benedetti dal messo di luce
C'ora è spiro nel petto del Duce
Che l'Italia all'Italia ha donato!"

Poi riprese la via dell'Oriente
Quella schiera e disparve veloce,
Mentre il cuore gridava a gran voce:
"Gloria eterna per l'Itala gente!"

The Italians in North America

The Press

The *Italian News* of Boston celebrated its 13th anniversary this month with a special anniversary number. The weekly is published in English at 193 Hanover St. P. A. Santososso is editor and Joseph A. Di Pesa is associate editor.

Luigi Barzini, nationally known Italian journalist, and the founder in New York of the Italian daily *Corriere d'America* in 1922, has been appointed to the Italian Senate by King Victor Emmanuel. Born in Orvieto on Feb. 7, 1874, he began his career as London correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, and gradually built up a reputation as one of the foremost Italian war correspondents. He is the author of more than 20 books, many of them containing his journalistic writings. After having left the *Corriere d'America* in 1931 he was for a while its political correspondent from Italy, till he became editor of *Il Mattino* of Naples, the largest daily in Southern Italy, a position which he filled for two years. He is now a collaborator with the *Popolo d'Italia* of Milan, the daily founded by Mussolini.

Due to the death of Anthony R. Rizzuto a few weeks ago, those in charge of his estate recently announced that they found it advisable to discontinue the publication of *The American-Italian Progressive*, the weekly organ of the National Italian-American Civic League founded by Mr. Rizzuto.

Volume 1, Number 1 of *The Bulletin* of the Italian Young Folks League of America, with headquarters in Brooklyn, recently made its appearance. A small four-page monthly, it is edited by Emma G. Sutura, with Gennaro Rea and S. Alfred Ascitutto as associate editors. The object of the League, of which Dr. Maurice P. Yuppa is president, is "to foster and promote educational, social and welfare work among Italians and those of Italian descent."

Comm. Angelo Flavio Guidi, editor of the recent *Corriere d'America della Sera*, was guest of honor at a reception recently held at the Stratfield Hotel in Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Guidi, who is now in Italy, also spoke recently on "Italians throughout the World" before the Circolo Italiani all'Estero at 256 West 23rd St.

Prof. Giuseppe Chiodi-Barberio has recently published a book: "The Progress of the Italians in Connecticut," a volume of 800 pages. He resides at 68 Pearl Street, New Haven, Conn.

H. E. Piero Parini, together with the Italian Ambassador, August Rosso and the Italian Consul General, Antonio Grossardi, were guests of honor at a lunch tendered early last

month by Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, and its editors.

In a recent editorial in *La Stampa Unita* of Rochester, Clement G. Lanni, its editor, defending the changing of names, says: "Some of the hardest names to pronounce today are a lot of Italian names, and certainly no Italian should take offense at another Italian who modifies his name to the extent that it at least becomes pronounceable in the English language." He concludes: "... it's a wise family that has enough courage to change its name so that it can be pronounced by the average person. After all, who has a better right to change his name than the person who isn't satisfied with the one he now bears?"

The *Italian Echo* of Rhode Island, of which Nicholas Ruggieri is editor, last month flayed Father Coughlin, of radio sermon fame, for his "outburst before the Senate committee during the hearing on the birth control bill. Father Coughlin's greatest objection to birth control was that he feared that such inferior breeds as the Latins would not practice it, and that by multiplying rapidly they would eventually overwhelm the Celts and the Nordics in this country. This he construed as a real menace because it threatened the purity of the American strain, or something like that." The editorial answered that, if birth control were to be legalized, Americanized Italians would practice it in the same proportion as others. Yet, it continued, if the Italians would go on propagating their kind without restrictions, "it would be a great boon for America to have a few million more of that sturdy, intelligent, loyal and thoroughly desirable breed!"

Societies and Social Life

H. E. Honorable Augusto Rosso, the Royal Italian Ambassador to the United States was the guest of honor at a meeting of the Italy America Society of Washington at the Mayflower Hotel, recently. Mr. Walter D. Davidge, the president, presided, and Colonel George B. McClellan, recently elected first vice-president, gave a most interesting talk on "Present-Day Italy." Colonel George B. McClellan is well versed on the subject for his most recent book "A Short History of Italy" was published this year. He is also the author of "Venice and Bonaparte," "The Hell of War," and "The Oligarchy of Venice."

Dean Roy J. DeFerrari of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., was the speaker at the Feb. 5th meeting of the Italian Historical Society of Massachusetts, held in the Lecture Hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square. His subject was "St. Augustine," and the meeting was open to the public.

In a bulletin recently issued by the Italian Welfare League of 345 Lexington Avenue, New York, excerpts from the reports given at the annual meeting of the League, held at the home of Mrs. Lionello Perera on Jan. 9th, were included. Among the reports were those of the President, Mrs. Perera; the Executive Secretary, Miss Carlotta N. V. Schiappelli, (who has been asked by the Secretary of Labor, Miss Perkins, to act as consultant to the committee now making a study of Ellis Island and immigration work); the Social Service Chairman, Mrs. George L. Beer; the Membership Chairman, Mrs. Stefano Berizzi, who reported that the \$2,489 collected for membership was below last year's sum; the Ellis Island Representative, Miss Katherine M. Schiappelli, who said the League last year handled 5,764 cases at the Ellis Island office; and the Sewing and Clothing Chairman, Mrs. Emanuel Aufiero, who reported distributing 1,363 pieces of clothing in 1933.

The total number of cases assisted by the Italian Welfare League during 1933 was 13,039.

"The Re-awakening of Italy" was the subject of a talk recently delivered by Comm. Villari, as guest of the National Council of Education, for the Italian Week, held in Convocation Hall of the University of Toronto, Canada.

Declaring that Americans had no reason in the world to feel that persons of foreign extraction who live in our midst were fortunate to get here, Mrs. Elizabeth Newell, of Medford, Mass. told those attending the Junior Red Cross Conference at the Hotel Statler last month that Americans should feel grateful to these people, who have brought so much to our country.

There are hundreds of instances where people from foreign lands have made real contributions to art, literature and science of which Americans must be well aware, she said.

A Scholarship Fund which would enable a worthy and deserving girl or boy to go through high school or college was among the fondest dreams of L'Aurora Society of Philadelphia when it was founded four years ago. Today this drama has been translated into a tangible reality. Through the White-Williams Foundation, an educational agency, located in the Philadelphia Administration Building of the Board of Education, L'Aurora Society has offered funds which will enable an industrious but poverty-stricken high school girl to complete her courses. Without this financial aid, points out the White-Williams Foundation, the girl would undoubtedly be destined to join the armies of disillusioned and embittered youth now drifting aimlessly throughout the country, looking for work and shelter.

L'Aurora Society, which is made up of some thirty-five professional business young women interested in cultural pursuits, is the only organization of its kind in Philadelphia. Their aims include: first, to encourage the spirit of American-Italian friendship; second, to acquaint the Italo-Americans of the present generation with the Arts, Literature, Music and the Italian Language, and the culture that is essential to gain them proper recognition; third, to participate in all civic, educational and social activities to promote Italian welfare in this Country; fourth, to establish a Scholarship Fund, to provide for the education of any American-Italian boy or girl (preferably a girl), who shows an inclination for higher learning, but who is unable to obtain that learning without financial assistance.

L'Aurora's efforts have won widespread attention and favor. Their "Open Nights" to which the public is invited are always highly entertaining. An "Open Night" program usually consists of an academic symposium by a noted lecturer, a dramatic presentation or a musicale, and dancing. Then before the season is over the Scholarship Dance, usually one of the most exclusive social events, is given at the Warwick Hotel. Elaborate preparations are already under way for this year's affair to be held at the same hotel on Friday evening, April 6th. Under the sympathetic guidance of its president, Miss Josephine Carano, L'Aurora Society continues to thrive. Assisting Miss Carano are Emma Cangro, vice-president; Mickey Mongelli, recording secretary; Mildred Carano and Olga Magnavita, corresponding secretaries, and Emma De Gaetano, treasurer. The Board of Directors includes Emily Iampieri, Marie Mazzoli, Theresa F. Bucchieri and the officers. Miss Mazzoli is chairman of the Scholarship Fund Committee, Miss Bucchieri heads the Program Committee and Miss Flora Cappy is president of the Fellowship Committee.

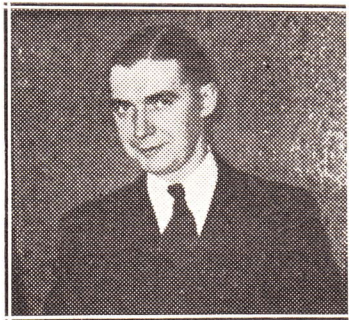
The Esquire Club was recently organized in the city of Newark by Ernest F. Masini, Deputy Athletic Commissioner of the State of New Jersey, and former Assemblyman.

The new Club aims to bring together the young professional Italian-American element in Newark and to promote a better understanding of the Italian people.

The officers of the Club are: Leonard San Filippo, President; Michael Nole, Vice-President; J. Cervasio, Secretary; Pellegrino Pellicchia, Jr., Treasurer.

The tenth anniversary of the Reindeer Friends, an organization of young Italo-Americans of the Stuyvesant district of New York, was celebrated last month by a ball at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn. Joseph Passamonti and Joseph Spallina headed the committee in charge of the affair. The officers are: V. J. Mina, pres.; Dr. F. J. Ciofalo, v. p.; M. Galati, treas.; S. Bocchieri, fin. sec.; V. Fertitta, rec. sec.; and A. Mina, corr. sec.

The Italian Civic League of West New York, N. J. was recently founded with Attorney A. Armore as president, F. Papa, vice-pres.; Atty. J. Castellani, treas.



Edgar F. Thompson

(See "Public Life")

Hon. Augusto P. Miceli, Assistant Attorney General of Louisiana, recently spoke on Italian literature before the Pomeriggio group of the Italy America Society of New Orleans, at their monthly meeting at Mrs. F. P. Vaccaro's home. Mrs. Lamar Quintero is president of the Pomeriggio group.

A group of talented and enterprising artists, musicians and writers in Philadelphia have associated themselves into what has been appropriately called the Da Vinci Alliance. Nicola D'Ascenzo, the noted artist of stained and mosaic glass work, has been chosen president of this new art association, which covers the various fields of fine art and is divided into three distinct categories: art, music and literature. Under art come painters, sculptors, architects, photographers, etchers, illustrators, cartoonists and the like. In the music section are included composers, instrumentalists and vocalists. With literature are identified novelists, dramatists and literary journalists. There are also three types of membership: active, associate and honorary. The active include all individuals practicing their respective artistic endeavors, while those only interested in the fine arts may become associate members. And under honorary membership come those who have achieved outstanding success in any of the arts.

The aims and purposes of the Da Vinci Alliance are: first, good fellowship and social relationship among members; second, to inspire further appreciation for the fine arts; third, to take a keen interest and active part in any project of artistic and cultural significance, and fourth, to foster as many new artists, musicians and writers of Italian extraction as possible.

As master artist of stained and mosaic glass work Mr. D'Ascenzo has produced a wealth of art which is unique and which has formed an indispensable part of many a church, edifice, institution and residence throughout the country. In addition to Mr. D'Ascenzo other officers of the Alliance include Severo Antonelli, vice-president and Armando T. Ricci, secretary and treasurer. The Board

of Directors is composed of Joseph Cappolino, Cesare Ricciardi, Antonio Martino, Frank Lapetina and the officers of the Alliance.

The "Dante" and the Leonardo da Vinci Art School of New York will hold their annual Italian Festival on March 16th aboard the Conte di Savoia. Under the patronage of Ambassador Rosso, Mayor La Guardia and Consul General Grossardi, the affair will include dancing, entertainment and supper. Heading the honorary committee are Gr. Uff. Genesio Pope and Mrs. Giuseppe Gerli. Tickets may be obtained at the school, 149 E. 34th St., New York City (Ashland 4-6176).

The Italian American Citizens' Club, Inc., the first political organization of its nature in Arlington, was recently formed, with Atty. Michael A. Fredo as president. The other officers are: Joseph Dente, vice-president, who is Exalted Ruler of the Arlington Lodge of Elks, Amedeo D'Auria, treasurer, and Edward Guarente, secretary.

On the evening of Monday, January 5th, Dr. Nicola Tucci of the University of Florence gave a lecture to the members of the Italy America Society of San Francisco, at the Fairmont Hotel. The subject of his lecture was "Italian Youth and Politics."

The Italian Welfare Society of Reno, Nevada, held a ball recently for members and their friends. The new president of the organization is Antonio Sala.

Dr. Leonard Covello, head of the Department of Italian at DeWitt Clinton High School, recently spoke on "You, Your Children and the School" at the Haarlem House under the auspices of the Haarlem House Citizenship Club, followed by a presentation of the play "Il Digiuno e la Vita" by alumni of the school's Italian club. Miss Italia Pietrillo also spoke on the reasons for learning Italian. The evening was under the chairmanship of Gaetano Restivo, the club's president.

The new officers of the Cenacolo Club of San Francisco are Guido Musto, pres.; Gastone Usigli and Renzo Turco, vice-presidents; Edmund A. Rossi, treas.; Rino Lanzoni, sec.; and N. Comel and S. Reina, directors.

Public Life

Mayor Andrew A. Casassa of Revere, Mass. has been re-elected as president of the Mayors Club of Massachusetts.

After a fight on the part of the Italo-Americans in and around Wakefield, Mass., Felix Pasqualino, 34, was appointed postmaster of the town by President Roosevelt, and confirmed by the U. S. Senate on the recommendation of Congressman Wm. P. Connery of Lynn, Mass. He is the youngest man and the first Italo-American ever to have held the post.

Commissioner Anthony F. Minisi of Newark recently spoke before the Columbus Club of West New York, N. J. Cesare Cerritelli is president of the club.

Dr. Filippo Cassola, chairman of the medical board of the Columbus Hospitals in New York, and publisher of *Atlantica*, was one of seven noted physicians appointed last month by Mayor La Guardia to the newly-formed Advisory Council of the Department of Hospitals to assist Dr. S. S. Goldwater, Hospital Commissioner. Dr. Cassola for many years has taken an active interest in the Italian medical organizations in New York City.

Judge Felix Forte, Grand Venerable of the Order Sons of Italy in Massachusetts, was the guest of honor and principal speaker at the monthly luncheon of the Professional Women's Club of Boston, held at the Statler Hotel recently. His topic was "Italy of Today."

Cav. Antonio Botti has been appointed Judge of the First Criminal Court of Jersey City, N. J. From 1921 to 1925 he was an Assemblyman, and until recently he was Assistant District Attorney for his city.

The Italian Vice-Consul in Detroit, Cav. Prof. Ugo Berni Canani, was recently transferred to Mersina in Asia Minor, and his position filled by Cav. Giacomo Ungarelli, transferred from Florianopolis, in Brazil.

James R. Caruso not long ago was elected Public Improvement District Commissioner in the Township of Mount Pleasant, Westchester County, New York.

Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian Consul General in Chicago, has been made a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Dr. Castruccio already possesses the high order of the Italian Government's Gold Medal.

Hon. Florio De Simone, first Italian Judge of Probate in Rhode Island, was recently given a banquet at Mariaville, R. I., by friends and admirers on the occasion of his appointment. John J. Pastile was the toastmaster,

and speakers included Judge A. A. Capotosto, Rev. B. De Mascolo, Prof. Alfonso Di Salvio of Brown University, J. M. Glen, president of the Town Council, and Councilmen J. E. Pitochelli, A. Zambarano, L. Jackvony and J. L. Curran.

Dr. Peter F. Amoroso, Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Correction, last month appointed Dr. A. William Annucci to the position of visiting Dentist of the Welfare Island Penitentiary. Dr. Annucci, 37, lives with his wife and 3 children at 175 E. 116th St., New York. Graduated in 1923 from Columbia University's College of Dental Surgery, he was for the next two years an instructor in operative dentistry at the same school. Following this he was with the Board of Health till 1926, and he has also been General Dentist in the Children's Clinics and at the Judson Clinic.

An expert in investigation work, as for many years he was an agent for the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and for the past ten years chief investigator for the National Surety Company, Edward Schiapelli has been appointed special investigator in the Office of Commissioner of Accounts Blanshard. Schiapelli has been a friend of the Mayor for the past twenty years and during the past mayoralty campaign he was in charge of the publicity office at the Fusion Headquarters and the Mayor's special bodyguard.

Edgar F. Thompson, the 32-year-old executive secretary of the NRA organization in Newark, heading a personnel of almost 200, is popular with the Italians there because of his Italian background and the fluency with which he speaks Italian.

After graduating from Seton Hall College in 1924, Mr. Thompson went to Rome, where he entered the American College to study psychology, political economy and sociology. He then took a special three-year course in philosophy at the Accademia di San Tommaso. At the Università di Perugia and at the Collegio Don Bosco in Maroggia he took summer courses in Italian language and history.

Attorney A. Michael Lepore of

Union City, N. J., has been appointed Police Recorder in his city. He succeeds Hon. Modarelli, who recently resigned that post to become Assistant Prosecutor of Hudson County. The new Magistrate Lepore was formerly president of the Municipal Council in Union City.

Miss Theresa F. Bucchieri, whose occasional articles in *Atlantica* are read with interest by our readers, is being recommended by the Italo-Americans of Philadelphia, where she resides, for the Pennsylvania State Legislature, in recognition of the services she has done her community through her newspaper and social work. A testimonial dinner will be tendered her soon for the purpose of officially announcing her candidacy, and petitions are being circulated throughout South Philadelphia.

For the past six years, Miss Bucchieri, through her newspaper, civic and club activities, has been associated with many movements tending to better the status of the Italians in Philadelphia. She is especially interested in the problems of the Italo-American youth, especially the women, and it was for this reason that she organized L'Aurora Society a few years ago. At present she is busy organizing a political club of Italo-American women, and speaking at political clubs a few times every week.

To Miss Bucchieri, *Atlantica* wishes success.

Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization at Ellis Island for the past two years and a half, last month announced his resignation, to take effect immediately.

Two reasons were given by officials in the Immigration Bureau for the resignation of Mr. Corsi. One of them is that his appointment had not been made permanent and the other is that the Democratic leaders have one of their own party slated for the post. The retiring commissioner declined to confirm either report.

Last August Mr. Corsi was requested by the Roosevelt administration to merge the Bureau of Naturalization with the Immigration Division and to assist in the investigation by the Ellis Island committee appointed by Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor.

Mr. Corsi took an active part in the Fusion campaign last Fall and is a close friend of Mayor LaGuardia. The retiring Commissioner has long sought a liberalization of the stringent immigration laws and more humane treatment of the aliens detained at Ellis Island.

He said that Secretary Perkins and Colonel McCormack were thoroughly in accord with his belief that the immigration laws should be more lenient.

Mr. Corsi said he would devote the next few months to writing a book, entitled "In the Shadow of Liberty," in which he will advocate humanization and liberalization of the immigration laws.

The retiring Commissioner is 37, and is the youngest man ever to have held that post. At the time of his

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appointment, he was head of Harlem House and a leader in social welfare activities in the city.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. Corsi has just been appointed director of the Home Relief Bureau of the Department of Public Welfare in New York City, to take effect on March 15. In making public the announcement, Commissioner Hodson said, "It is fortunate indeed that a man of Mr. Corsi's training and experience should be available . . . to guide the home relief work, affecting as it does more than 125,000 families with more than 500,000 people. His appointment is in line with the policy of Mayor La Guardia to place qualified persons in responsible positions in the city government without regard to politics or political considerations."

Attorney S. V. Albo of Dormont, Pa., formerly associated in the general practice of the law with Judge M. A. Musmanno, has announced his candidacy for the Pennsylvania State Legislature, as a representative of the Twelfth Legislative District.

Religion

In the auditorium of the Church of St. Michael the Archangel at 230 Concord St., Brooklyn, N. Y. recently, the annual congress of the Italian Catholic Union of Brooklyn was held. Carlo Mariani is president general of the society.

During his recent visit in this country, H. E. Piero Parini, Director General of the Bureau of the Italians Abroad, visited many Italian churches and parochial schools, among them the Sacred Hearts Church and Parochial School in Brooklyn, headed by Mons. Alfonso Arcese; the Parochial School of the Church at East 33rd Street in New York of which Rev. Giuseppe Congedo is head; the Villa Lucia in Morristown, N. J., where Mother Superior Teresa Sacussi greeted him; the Orphanage of the Order Sons of Italy at Nutley, N. J.; St. Joseph's Church at 185 Suydam St., Brooklyn, headed by Mons. Ottavio Silvestri, and many others.

The 25th jubilee of the priesthood of Rev. Comm. Francesco Grassi, pastor of the Church of St. Anthony in the Bronx, N. Y., was celebrated by a banquet recently at the Biltmore Hotel in New York.

In his column "Italo-Americana" in *La Voce del Popolo*, Italian weekly of Detroit, Edoardo Marolla points out that the Italian Catholic press in this country does not comprise a daily, and only four weeklies, *Il Corriere della Domenica* of New York, *Il Crociato* of Brooklyn, *L'Unione* of San Francisco, and *La Voce del Popolo*, of Detroit. Pointing out the uncovered field, he advocates the establishment of a Catholic weekly for the Italians in this country.

A banquet in honor of Father Oreste Trinchieri, S. C. and Provincial Father of the Order of Salesian Fathers for the Pacific Coast, was held last month by his friends and admirers at the Salesian Audi-

torium, 650 Filbert St., San Francisco. Father Trinchieri has been active in that locality for more than 20 years, and he is particularly well known for his work for the benefit of the children of North Beach.

The committee for the banquet was headed by Sylvester Andriano, Reynold J. Bianchi and Angelo A. Fusco.

The weekly feature, "Catholic Heroes of the World War" by D. J. Ryan, in *La Voce del Popolo*, of Detroit, recently spoke of Anthony Fiorentino of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel's Parish, Braddock, Pa., who gave his life in the World War with extraordinary bravery, thereby posthumously earning the award of the Distinguished Service Cross.

Business, Professional, Occupational

At the recent elections of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York, Comm. Ercole Locatelli was re-elected president. Others elected were Comm. Lionello Perera, 1st vice-president; Capt. Domenico Angiola, 2nd vice-president; and Comm. Pasquale Simonelli, treasurer.

The Italian Professional Men's Club of Rochester held its annual meeting and election of officers last month. Attorney Charles J. Mondo was re-elected president for the year 1934. Other officers elected are: First vice-president, Deputy Attorney General Paul Muscarella; second vice-president, Dr. Anthony J. Guzzetta; secretary, Attorney Christopher H. D'Amanda; treasurer, Dr. Lewis Tomaselli; chairman of the board of governors, Prof. Domenic Di Francesco.

The following were elected for one year as members of the board of governors: Dr. Guzzetta, Dr. Charles W. Caccamise, Dr. Victor Fumia, Thomas Gugino, Lawrence Culliano, Clement G. Lanni, Dr. Frank Gianforti, Charles Lambiase, Anthony Salamone, Anthony Cotroneo.

The following committee chairmen were appointed by President Mondo to serve for the coming year: Dr. Joseph C. Spoto, finance; Dr. Angelo Cassetti, entertainment; Dr. Joseph L. Guzzetta, speakers; Dr. Charles I. Maggio, auditing.

Clement G. Lanni, editor of "La Stampa Unita" and County Commander of the American Legion, delivered the principal address before the club. His subject was "The Rochester Centennial."

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Sicily Trust Co. of New York, held in January, Dr. Bruno Rovere, executive vice-president of the company, and Dr. Giuseppe Filippi, were elected to the Board of Directors. Atty. Joseph Carlino was elected to the vacancy caused by the transference of Cav. Luigi Scala to Providence, R. I. as president of the Columbus National Bank of that city. Besides the above-mentioned the directors are now Rosario Candela, chairman; Atty. Jerome S. Hess, and Dr. Domenico D'Angiola.

Dr. Arcangelo Liva of Rutherford, N. J. has been elected president of the Bergen County Medical Society. Dr. Liva is already president of the State Board of Medical Examiners, and a member of the American College of Surgery.

The Association of Italian Physicians in America, Inc., of New York City, held its annual banquet and ball last month at the Hotel Plaza. The organizing committee was headed by Dr. Gaetano Mecca and the Ladies' Committee had as its chairman Mrs. Angelo M. Sala. Guests of honor included Consul General and Mrs. Antonio Grossardi, Dr. Peter F. Amoroso, 2nd Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Corrections; Dr. Vincent Anello, president of the Brooklyn Italian Medical Society; Dr. Arnold A. Costabile, president of the Bronx Italian Medical Society; Dr. Pellegrino A. D'Acerno, president of the New Jersey Medical Society; and Dr. W. T. Dannreuther, president of the New York County Medical Society. The president of the Manhattan organization is Dr. Angelo M. Sala.

The Italian Chamber of Commerce of Detroit held a dinner dance last month at the Barlum Hotel in that city. At a business meeting previous to the affair, the members were addressed by Cav. Giacomo Ungarelli, the new Italian Consul, and Hon. Frank D. Fitzgerald, Michigan Secretary of State. Anthony A. Esperti is secretary of the organization.

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In Chicago last month, the annual dinner dance of the Arcolian Dental Arts Society, composed of Italian dentists, was given at the Lake Shore Athletic Club. Officers of the organization are Michael De Rose, pres.; A. J. Lendino, vice-pres.; J. De Larco, sec.; and J. F. Porto, treas.

Francis Romeo, 75, a prominent Italian banker and honorary vice-president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, died last month of bronchial pneumonia at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn.

He was a leading figure in the Italian community of New York, and was chairman of the board of directors of the Bank of Sicily Safe Deposit Company, Manhattan; president of the F. Romeo and Co., Inc., importing firm, Manhattan; and president and director of the Brooklyn Macaroni Company, 19-31 Richards St. He was also a director of the Bansicilian corporation, Manhattan, and of the Bank of Italy Trust Company.

All the officers and directors of the Banco di Napoli Trust Co. of Chicago were re-elected recently at the annual meeting. The following board was re-elected: Eduardo Maglione, chairman, Dr. Italo Volini, Dr. Aurelio Pagano, Cav. Frank Bragno, Cav. Pietro Russo, Cav. Domenico Campana and Giuseppe Melchione. The re-elected officers are Eduardo Maglione, pres.; Ciro Scognamiglio, vice-pres. and cashier; S. Lubrano and D. F. Volini, assistant cashiers.

Lewis S. Lauria of Waterbury was elected Executive Secretary of the National Association of Beer and Liquor Vendors at the organization's convention recently held in Washington, D. C. In this capacity he is also editor of its national monthly bulletin.

Dr. Guido Milani last month spoke before the San Francisco branch of the Italian World War Veterans on "Italy's Contribution to Medicine."

One of the worst-directed organizations in the United States, was the characterization made of the Home Owners Loan Corporation recently by Frank Bellucci, former president of the Queens County Bar Association, in a letter to President Roosevelt.

An organization sponsored by leading business and professional Italian-Americans of Trenton, N. J. has been formed under the name the Italian Federation of Mercer County. Those behind the movement include Michael Communi, Dr. Joseph Pantaleone, Dr. Rosario Cottone, Ralph Di Donato, Arthur Salvatore, Peter DiAntonio, Natale Masciantoni, George Calisti, Antonio Benedetti, Dr. Anthony J. Lettiere, Joseph Plumeri, V. Giuliano, S. Caltagirone, John Boscarelli James Marolda, A. Ciabbanoni, Peter Peroni and Samuel Naples.

The Italian Barbers Benevolent Society of New York held its annual dinner dance on Feb. 25th at the Hotel Commodore in New York. Cav. Giuseppe Susca is president general of the organization.

Attorney Luigi Colombo appeared recently as counsel for Edsel Ford during the investigation into conditions in Detroit by Ferdinand Pecora, counsel to the Senate committee, making for a meeting on opposite sides of two eminent Italo-American lawyers.

Fine Arts

Under the auspices of the Patronato Scolastico of the Bronx, founded by Dr. Pasquale Badia, a festival was held in P. S. 45, the Paul Hoffman High School in the Bronx, on Washington's Birthday, on the occasion of the presentation of a bust of Leonardo da Vinci, the work of the noted Attilio Piccirilli, to the director of the school and a nationally known educator, Angelo Patri.

The affair was under the patronage of the Italian Ambassador, the Consul General, and Mayor La Guardia. The speakers were Angelo Flavio Guidi, former Immigration Commissioner Edward Corsi and Prof. Patri.

A bust of Giuseppe Verdi, the work of the sculptress Florence Malcolm Darnault, was unveiled recently in the grand salon of the Hotel Plaza in New York. The bust was done for the Verdi Club, of which Mrs. Florence Foster Jenkins is president. The program included speakers and entertainment.

Mayor and Mrs. F. H. La Guardia were the guests of honor last month at the opening of the semi-annual exhibition of the Da Vinci Art Club at the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School, 149 East 34th St., New York City. The Mayor was one of the original donors for the founding of the school. He was greeted by the school's director, Attilio Piccirilli, noted sculptor, and by Michele Falanga, head of the painting department, and Giuseppe Caggiano, head of the architecture department.

Previously the Da Vinci Art Club held a dance at the Empire Hotel in New York, attended by the directors, trustees and students. The officers of the Club for the new year are Antonio Scarfi, pres.; Giovanni Bertolini, vice-pres.; Vincenzo Campanella, sec.; and Miss Gertrude Goodrich, treas.

Leone Calabrese of 1779 W. 6th St. Brooklyn, received an honorary diploma recently for a sporting clothes model designed by him and exhibited at the International Style Show, and his work was praised by the Clothing Trade Journal.

The Juventus Players, a group of Italo-American actors in Baltimore, and rated as one of the best non-professional groups in the city, are presenting the Pulitzer prize play, "Street Scene" by Elmer Rice. The direction is by James Legambi and among the cast are Cora Mariotti, Clara Cedrone, Fanny Montecavallo, Philip Talvacchia, Raymond Martelle and Minnie Fertitta.

The "Cenacolo" of San Francisco last month held a luncheon in honor of Maestro Bernardino Molinari, director of the San Francisco Orchestra. It was attended by the Italian Consul General, Comm. Manzini, and J. Musto, the club's president, spoke.

One of the few Valor Medals for distinguished service in the Italian Army is held by Captain of Infantry Angelo Giliberti, who explains the Italian sequences in the official World War motion picture, "Forgotten Men" now playing in American theatres. Among the other decorations held by this distinguished soldier are the Cross of War with four stars and the Independence medal.

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