

COLUMBUS Balbo Review

Elviro Di Laura, Editor

Birmingham, Ala., April, 1934

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THE COLUMBUS-BALBO REVIEW

The Columbus-Balbo Review is the only magazine of its kind published in the Southern States. It is the best medium for advertisers to reach the Italo-Americans of this territory.

We solicit your patronage. Our aim is to bring a mutual understanding among all people. Your co-operation, both moral and material, will be appreciated.

Articles are also welcomed by the editor. However, the magazine cannot assume the responsibility for the views of the writers.

A. M. (Tony) Romeo

A. M. (Tony) Romeo is another interesting figure who is running for the Legislature from Jefferson County. There should be no mistake among the Italo-Americans in sending Tony to Montgomery. This is the first opportunity for the Italians to redeem themselves politically and vote solid for Tony.

MY HEART

My heart is a stab within my breast;
It is hot; it is cold in its unrest.
It is like the wind that blows here,
Then here, then almost everywhere. I fear
It is like waves that dash out of the sea,
Frollicking to and fro merrily!

My heart is like a pendulum, guiding me,
Then it is music swaying—so you see.
It is like a fire; it is like a key,
It leaps and swells—acting congruously,
Holding realms of enraptured love through
A steady reckoning of delight—for you!
—Lucia Musso.

GIVE ME

Give me a day, one day,
When skies are rich in blue,
And fields are set with green,
Give me one day, with you.

Give me a day, one day,
When April dreams come true,
And sunshine greets the earth,
Give me one day with you.

—C. P. Bartolini.

TO AN OLD PICTURE

Was it the brush of Leonardo,
Or Raphael's touch that brought,
To us such beauty rich and rare,
Above our human thought?

From one of these great hands it came,
To glorify the earth,
For loveliness there reigns supreme,
And Art has a new birth.

—C. P. Bartolini

PLAY ON

Play on your thrills of melody,
And let my heart but dream,
Just play the tune that is my own,
Which holds a radiant gleam.

Play on to rosy-tints of day,
On symbols Verdi wrote,
I think with pride of loveliness,
That flows from note to note.

—C. P. Bartolini.

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MRS. CARMEN E. DI LAURA.....Associate Editor

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EDITOR'S PAGE

McCord Next Governor of Alabama

After scrutinizing the political horizon of the present campaign and the qualifications of the three candidates for governor, the editor of The Columbus-Balbo Review finds that Judge Leon McCord is the best qualified to be governor of the State of Alabama. He will receive the full support of this magazine and also the support of many of our readers.

THE OPPOSITE REACTION

For months, and even for years, a section of the influential newspapers of this country—serving the mammon god on their editorial pages—have become contaminated with Long-hydrophobia disease.

Their vituperation and vilification against the United States Senator from Louisiana has created just what was to be expected: the opposite reaction among the very people which the press is supposed to mould public opinion.

It is disgraceful for the newspapers, which are supposed to be the mirrors of life, to become such rabble.

The mission of the newspaper is to give the people true facts. Misrepresentation and distortion of the facts cannot be hidden very long and the result will be the loss of confidence of such high an institution, so-called journalism.

Even the Senate of the United States has denounced the slanderous foes of the Louisiana Senator. The Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate condemned the enemies of Senator Long last week as slanderers whose charges were not worthy of consideration by the Senate, charges which had been filed by the Louisiana foes of Senator Long.

We do not consider that Senator Long is immaculate, but we are not such ignoramus to believe the attacks upon him by the so-called "free press" are true facts.

Less than two thousand years ago Christ came upon the scene. He saw the injustice that prevailed in His day and made efforts to educate the people to avoid it. For that crime "against society" he was tried, convicted and legally murdered.

Today the modern Scribes and Pharisees are crying out, "Crucify Him!" (Long). And why? BECAUSE he is an "undesirable" citizen who is able to see and make others see through the sham and hypocrisy of the existing order, wherein the producer, through a "legalized system," is despoiled of his product.

MODERN CIVILIZATION

Modern civilization is a sham. A world of fools is upon its knees before the tin gods of cant and custom; hypocrisy, behind the mask of meekness, proclaiming its brazen falsehoods from press and pulpit; and arrogance, clothed in the purple of authority, grasps with mailed hand the scepter and the sword. A civilization that has for its chief supports the cannon and the bayonet is nothing but barbarism gilden with conventional cant.

Professional charlatanism was never so much in evidence as it is today. Despite all of our boasted enlightenment and advance, mankind was never so guilelessly, gumptionless, so prone to fish in the rain-barrels of credulity and to grovel with gaping gullibility

before the tinselled throne of gilded humbugery. The market quotation of gold brick stock was never more bullish, and facts were never farther below par. The public stands around with its hands in its pockets, and its mouth open, looking for a chance to be taken in.

Any idea or ism will command a multitude of followers if it be only sufficiently idiotic and absurd. A merchant who neglects to lie about his stock of goods would not command trade enough to pay his rent. A candidate for public office who gave out his real opinion of public issues wouldn't stand as much show as a wood-pecker on a tin roof. The society puts a premium on falsehood. Truth is represented as a woman, robed in white. She is provided so with covering because she is the only woman men don't like to see in her naked reality.

"Weave us bright webs of pleasant fancies, in the loom of credulous imagination," cry the multitude. If you have the plain truth, cry it from no housetops, unless you have a penchant for bucking against buzz saws. Your truth is bound to disturb somebody's pet superstition and raise the dickens of a rumpus. A man's faith is his mental corn. Whenever you find an idea or a system of faith bulwarked by parasites, know for certain that it is false.

Ever superstition has its parasites—those who live and fatten upon it. The priests are the parasites of religion. The politicians are the parasites of the state superstition. The capitalist exploiter is the parasite of the superstition of property. Church, state, and property are the three great falsehoods of the ages, and their survival is due to the fact that they support a brood of parasites who can not afford to let them perish. Look, now, at the stock idea and popular phrases that constitute the world's store of lore and learning. Compare precept with practice; fit fancy to fact. Summed up and boiled down, the net total of popular teaching amounts to about half a pint of humbug. The world preaches high ideals, but it does not believe in them. It talks of love and peace and human rights. Selfishness is decried and altruism is the ideal; but every "right" buttressed by popular sanction is right only because it has a cannon behind it. The footpad has no right to hold up society on the highway, because he has not the strength to make good such a pretense, but the armed footpad man, called the state, may and does hold up society on the highway and in the sanctuary, and none presumes to question its right. The world is dominated by humbug and modern civilization is a sham.

(Note: The above was written by Elviro Di Laura to the Editor of The Tennessean and American, Nashville, Tenn., on September 8, 1914. And the same thing holds true today as well as at that time.)

LETTER FROM STATE'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE

MR. ELVIRO DI LAURA, Editor,
The Columbus-Balbo Review, Birmingham, Ala.

DEAR SIR:

I wish to thank you for your letter of March 6, enclosing magazine clipping. It was thoughtful of you to send this.

With best wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,

B. M. MILLER, Governor of Alabama.

A NORDIC ON THE ITALIANS

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Blaine of Maine," "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas," Etc.

(Editor's Note: We reproduce below an article written by Charles Edward Russell which appeared in the Sunday issue of The New York Herald-Tribune. We make no comments, as the article itself is self-explanatory.)

Profitably we may remember now that if certain hard-boiled and gloom-ridden racial fanatics could have had their way, Fiorello LaGuardia would not be mayor-elect of New York, but a gardener, perhaps, or something like that in the obscure by-paths of Italy; Ferdinand Pecora would be an unsung toiler in the fastness of Sicily; Mr. Toscanini would be as alien to New York as the Sultan of Sulu; and even the great Balboa would have been received here with frozen face and icy hand—if at all.

If we have any thanks to give, let us give them that Nordicism run mad did not have all its way. Long it had carried on an intensive campaign to make the United States exclusively—and disastrously—an Anglo-Saxon country. To achieve this, it pointed to the terrible menaces to our life, liberty and pursuit of happiness involved in the flood of immigration from what was called "Southern Europe." The term was merely dishonest camouflage. What was really meant was Italy; what Nordicism really desired was to shut all Italians from our shores. Glory be that the attempt only partly succeeded. If it had gone the limit, not only would Congress have missed one of its most interesting, courageous and dynamic members, the Senate Committee an ingenious and skillful investigator, and music in America its most popular expositor, but the great, composite, many-blooded America would have missed a most valuable element, the element that in the eventual mixture will help to salvage all the rest.

For there is no blood like the Italian. We of the proud and arrogant Nordic strain are always unwilling to admit the fact, but there it is, incontrovertible, in history. When we rant and roar against the lowly, despicable "South European" we are biting at the hand that saved us. Our shaggy ancestors, or some of them, skin-clad and staring wild-eyed through masses of low-growing hair, came down in hordes from the jungle and supposed they had conquered Italy. They did but dream. It was Italy that conquered them, overwhelmed them, led them as vassals and bondmen to the fountain and compelled them to drink. Physically, they overran the country; intellectually and spiritually, which alone count in any just estimate, they were the vanquished. To the strange, mystical, wonderful, indomitable, persisting spirit of Italy they surrendered language, customs, culture and even psychology; yes, as they gave up their skin clothes and rude hatchets. Italy did not become Goth; Gothland became Italian.

There is nothing in history or philosophy more wonderful or more instructive, when we stop to think of it. Yet it is only the beginning of the story. Out of the southern periphery of Europe sticks a peninsula of no great size nor physical importance, largely filled with mountains, a stretch of land in no way better than many another terrain, and, compared with the continent's bulk, a thing inconsiderable. Yet out of that little peninsula has come a force that has dominated the entire Western world and made that world what it is.

For the whole of what we call Western civilization is, in its origin, anatomy and essence, the ancient Roman Empire. To its remotest bounds, wherever they may be, our civilization is chiefly Italy.

"Curse the damn dago" was the battle-cry of the furious Nordic, obsessed about what he was pleased to call his Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Well, in culture, in art, in letters, in law, in institutions, we are all "damn dagos." The spirit of Italy, the indomitable, the mystical and strangely persistent, spreading through

northern forests, crossing seas as easily as rivers, radiating out of the insignificant Campagna to the Farallons and beyond, is the substance of the best we have—aside from soup bones and frankfurters.

Like it or not, there is no escaping the fact. How do you account for it? Other nations have arisen and shone and made a loud noise in the world and vanished—"risen from eastward, fallen to westward and forgotten," sings Swinburne. This Italy alone shines on from century to century, spiritually undimmed amid the wreck of empires and the clash of thrones and that sort of thing. Bad governments and good governments, dictatorships and democracies, absolutism and freedom, trampling armies and crooked statesmen have not quenched nor essentially changed it. Now on the map a nation, now partitioned among international bandits; now, in Metternich's cynical phrase, "a geographical expression," and now united, free and in the front rank of battle; and all the time intellectually, culturally, esthetically one thing—the first cultural influence of the world.

And not by any mixture of force of arms, at that. The physical structure of the Roman Empire that once cast its shadow over the known world went long ago with Osymandias, "king of kings." Dwell on that fact, O blethering imperialist, and try to be wise. Nothing else is so fragile and so evanescent as those glittering empires you built out of so much blood and pilferings. The human highway is lined with their fragments and heavy with their dust. But the true empire of Italy was never physical; it was mind and spirit, and nothing is better worth the world's attention than just this fact of the bewildering vitality of that empire.

Let us see some of its most prominent phases, remembering that it is, in reality, not geographical but universal. We think much of our form of government. It is the Roman Senate and Forum. We base our government upon the ballot; we got the ballot through Italy. We think highly of our common law. It came from Italy by way of England. We cherish the names of heroes that have died to establish the principles of human freedom. The principles for which they strive were developed largely though not primarily by way of Italy.

I skim a few of the high places; to catalogue all would require a book. Think for a moment of the cultural aspect. Where did the renaissance come from? Italy. Who taught, inspired and led the painters of Flanders and Holland, Germany and France? Italy. Who organized modern music and sent it on its beneficent career around the world? Italy. Who founded the whole temple of English letters? Italy. Whence came the inspiration of Father Chaucer? Italy. Who supplied the plots of most of the Elizabethan dramatics, conspicuously of Shakespeare Italians.

If you are a musician, you deem the symphony to be the highest expression of the soul of man. It came from Italy. You like the opera. It was developed by Italy out of the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. If you cherish good literature you adore the sonnets of Shakespeare. The sonnet was invented in Italy. Keats, Longfellow, de Vere, Aldrich, Fawcett, George Sterling, every master of the sonnet form has been diligently copying Petrarch and Guittone. Possibly you prefer prose romances. The modern novel came from Italy.

Our turn next to phases of the subject that may have more intimate appeal to a more materialistic sense.

How many times making the western passage have sputtering Nordics stood forth to blast—with words—Italy, swarming there in the steerage. "Think of trying to make Americans out of these!" cried Nordicus, bursting with rage. Well, we did it. We made Americans out of them and in most instances did a first class job. There are no better Americans today than second generation Italians. I had rather take my chances with them any day than with an equal number of the descendants of the sacred Mayflower; much rather. I never hear a second generation Italian deriding the country of his birth or sneering at democracy or intimating

that the American Revolution was carried on by a gang of rascals. That kind of imagery, in my observation, has been confined to members of our pure old Nordic ancestry. Other peoples come over here and hold, often with rigid persistence, to the traditions and psychology of their forebears. Second generation Italians can respect the land of their forebears without in the least interfering with their whole-souled devotion to the land of their birth.

The plea of the Nordic extremist was that these chattering, strangely garbed people massed in the fore-castle could never be assimilated. In my observation they have proved, of all immigrants, the most easily assimilable. I have known hundreds of Englishmen who have lived in this country all their lives and have fiercely declined to be naturalized. Italians seeking their first papers crowd into the naturalization office almost as soon as they land. I have known Englishmen who refused to allow their children, born on this soil, to give the school pledge of loyalty to the American flag. I never knew of an Italian of that disposition.

One reason why Italians are so easily adaptable to our ways is that they are in spirit and by inheritance among the best democrats in the world. Yet, even now, misled temporarily in acceptance of an absolutism, the old Italian spirit of democracy is still there. Other peoples acquire it more or less, the Italians are born with it. Live for a time in an Italian town, mingle with the people, note their kindly ways and genial psychology, their delightful absence of self-consciousness, their native friendliness to strangers. You will see what I mean. Just as the taint of snobbery clings to the Anglo-Saxon, the urge of democracy, inheritance from the Forum, is native in the blood of the genuine Italian. And now the son of an Italian immigrant has climbed into the Mayoralty of New York City.

Our stupid immigration law, with its pernicious and ill-founded quota arrangement, was hailed by fanatics as a boon and salvation. Rather it should have been mourned by all others as a calamity. It 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 not 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.

Expert about many things, of one thing the Nordic has no command. He can build fortunes, plan skyscrapers, capitalize railroads, invent machinery; but he cannot live. Of the whole art of living in its true sense, the art of gaining from the earthly passage some profit of joy for the spirit, he is as ignorant as a child. It was this element that Italy was contributing to us and this that our club-footed immigration law excludes.

To think back over the achievements of the ever curious Italian spirit is to be filled with as much wonder as pleasure. Age after age it has reappeared. What was manifested in the medieval epoch through Alighieri, Angelo, da Vinci, was in the nineteenth century Mazzini and Aurelio Saffi, Cavour and Manin, Verdi and Bellini; in the twentieth, Marconi and Toscanini. Outward and visible signs of it may change with the times; at heart it is one.

In some way, by some inscrutable provision, some combination of sun, atmosphere, soil or what else, the shores of the Mediterranean had produced among men this singular spirit that presses toward notable doing, now along one line, now another, but always pushing forward. Now it invents new arms and uses them, now it creates a nation or an immortal opera, now it breeds a great discoverer, now it cleans up its cities, now drains the pestilential marshes, now produces a great contender in the lists for democracy, now wins New York by a thumping plurality, now explores the North Pole, now conquers the air, now builds great steamships, while generation after generation after generation shows to the world the infinite capacities of art and beauty to cheer and sustain the struggling race of men. I think just one line has compressed the whole extraordinary story:

"Italia—mother of the souls of men!"

ITALO-AMERICAN POETS

In the American literature of today there is beginning to appear much poetry of importance composed by Italian-Americans.

The first and greatest poem that was ever produced in the English language was the poem of Arturo Giovannitti, "the dreamer who did not turn out a murderer."

"The Walker" is its title. It challenges comparison with the "Ballad of Reading Goal" by Wilde, and is fully as vital and soul-stirring as anything Walt Whitman ever produced.

Another poem, "The Cage," by this same writer, will surpass the popularity of "The Walker" in the opinion of many readers.

Arturo Giovannitti came into prominence during the great strike at Lawrence, Mass., in 1912-13. Giovannitti was arrested for a murder that he did not commit, the killing of Anna Lopizzo, a striker.

While Giovannitti was in jail he wrote the poem, "The Walker," and it is more than a poem. It is a great human document. It begins as follows:

"I hear footsteps over my head all night.
They come and they go. Again they come
And again they go all night.
They come one eternity in four paces, and
They go one eternity in four paces, and
Between the coming and the going
There is silence and the night and the Infinite.

"For infinite are the nine feet of prison cell,
And endless is the march of him
Who walks between the yellow brick wall
And the red iron gate, thinking things
That cannot be chained and cannot be locked,
But that wander far away in the sunlit world,
In their wild pilgrimage after destined goals.

"Throughout the restless night I hear
The footsteps over my head.
Who walks? I do not know.
It is the phantom of the jail, the sleepless brain,
A man, The Man, THE WALKER."

Another extract, equally graphic and poignant, follows

"I, who have never killed, think like the murderer;
I, who have never stolen, reason like the thief.
I think, reason, wish, hope, doubt, wait
Like the hired assassin, the embezzler, the forger,
The counterfeiter, the incestuous, the raper,
The prostitute, the pimp, the drunkard.
I—I who used to think of love and life, and
The flowers and song and beauty and the ideal.

"Beyond your eyes and mind and blood,
Nothing there is to live or do.
There is no man, there is no God—
There is no anything but you."

Giovannitti was born in the city of Campobasso, Abruzzi. He came to the new world before he was 20 years of age, first going to Montreal, Canada, where for a time he wielded a pick in a coal mine. While working in the mine, he studied the English language and was placed in charge of an Italian mission as a Presbyterian minister. In 1904 he was sent to Brooklyn, New York, in charge of a Presbyterian mission there.

Giovannitti is a master of several languages, and his poems have been translated into several of them.

There were many nights when he slept on a bench in City Hall Park. He became editor of "Il Proletario." His room on West 28th Street, New York City, was a sort of center for the "intellectuals" of various nationalities. (Continued on next page.)

The first speech he ever made in the English language was before the jury in the court house at Lawrence, Mass., in 1912. It held all his hearers spellbound. A veteran reporter with twenty years of experience said: "I have never heard the equal of this speech." Addressing his remarks to the court, Giovannitti said:

"So solemn is this moment, so full with clashing emotions am I now, that I do not know whether I ever will conclude what I have to say.

"I have a wife who loves me, a mother who loves me, an ideal that I love. Life is so wonderful. I feel the passion of living. It is wise to live. I do not want to die, to go away as a martyr. Though life is dear to me, there is something holier and grander; that is my conscience and loyalty to my comrades and my cause.

"If you say that we shall live, I want to say that in the next strike that breaks we will go our humble way, soldiers in the mighty army of workers of the world. If it be that our hearts be stilled in the same electric chair as wife murderers and homicides; if our hearts be that black, you think—then tomorrow we will pass into a greater judgment, into the presence of the Almighty, and history will give its last word to us."

Primo Bartolini, Another Italo-American Poet

Born at Fanano, Prov. di Novara, Italy, Primo Bartolini came to America in the beginning of the twentieth century and landed at Galveston, Texas, where he was in charge of a little Presbyterian mission.

In 1908 Bartolini was sent to Nashville, Tenn., by the Mission Board. It was there his struggle for existence began, receiving only \$11.00 per month to pay for his board and lodging. It was in the year of a great panic.

In 1910, Bartolini quit the missionary work and started working as a stonemason with great success. He later became a cook, working in one of the largest hotels in Nashville. In 1912, he got a position in the Boscobell College teaching Latin and French. He held that position over a year. When the World War broke out he was sent as instructor to Camp Vancouver, Washington.

In a poetry contest sponsored by The New York Sun in 1921, and open to citizens of the United States and Canada, Bartolini was awarded first prize, and the great American poets sent him letters of congratulation.

He speaks many modern languages fluently. He has produced two novels in Italian and two books of poetry in English.

For years he was a teacher at the Nashville Conservatory of Music. In one of the most solemn occasions in May (Italy Day), 1918, in presenting Italy's flag to Mayor William Gupton of Nashville, Tenn., Bartolini said, in part of his speech:

"I see thousands and thousands of boys, handsome, young and strong, marching to the battlefields, with a smile upon their lips.

"The Stars and Stripes wave side by side with the Tri-Colors and those of the Allies. The silent army of the heroic dead cry out to us. I hear the voices of Washington and Lincoln speaking with those of Mazzini and Garibaldi.

"I hear the dead of Mentana greeting the dead of Bunker Hill. Italy today is fighting for the same principles for which she fought under the banners of Mazzini and Garibaldi. In presenting this flag to you it stands for democracy. The red symbolizes love; the green, hope; the white, purity; and the cross in the center typifies the spirit of the nation and its patriotic sacrifice."

Miss Lucia Musso, Italo-American Poetess

Like most all of the poets who have produced many great poems in moments of great disappointment in life, so this young Italian girl, born in Alabama, soon will be honored with a crown of laurel.

Miss Musso's poems, dealing with the most passionate love, are widely read. We wish her great success in her literary endeavors.

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(Pd. pol. adv. by Hobart Lasseter, Gadsden, Ala.)

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Candidate for

Circuit Judge, No. 2

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A NEW LADIES' STORE IN GADSDEN OPENS

Under the management of Mr. Louis Klein, Gadsden has a new store, opened on its popular business thoroughfare, Broad Street. The new firm is Moore & Klein, and specializes in ladies' ready-to-wear. For 17 years this firm had a store at Carrollton, Georgia. Mr. Klein stated it was moved to Gadsden because this city offered more opportunity for business.

The new store is in the heart of the city and you will find the best quality of material for your wife and daughter's dresses.

You must not miss the opportunity to visit this new store, where you will find the manager and the clerks very courteous and the merchandise the best at very economical prices and of the latest style.

HISTORICAL GADSDEN

Gadsden has a number of historical monuments. One of these is placed at the foot of the Coosa River bridge and Broad Street. It was unveiled some years ago in memory of the Gadsden heroine, Emma Sanson, who, when the bridge across Black Creek had been burned by the enemy, mounted behind General Forrest and showed him the ford where his command could cross safely. Gen. Forrest pursued and captured the enemy, and saved the city of Rome, Georgia. This was during the Civil War (1861-1865).

PROHIBITION, DEPRESSION, AND OUR YOUTHS

Prohibition, prosperity and depression have contributed to render most difficult the problem of controlling the exuberant nature of our youngsters. Bootlegging showed them how easy it was to defy the law; prosperity gave them a feeling of economic independence and moral laxitude; poverty has included them to recur to unlawful and iniquitous methods in order to appease their thirst for enjoyment.

Every eighteen-year-old boy who is out of work and out of paternal control, becomes a potential criminal. There is no denying the fact that some of youth's rowdism is due to the connivance or indifference of the police and the protection of political bosses.

The fundamental problem is not to suppress crime, but to prevent it—How?

Boys who go astray are divided into three classes:

(1) Those who find no restraint to their distorted tendencies in their home.

(2) Those who, having no wholesome place of recreation, gather in pool rooms or places of that kind, where they associate with unworthy characters and become spoiled.

(3) Those who, being deprived even of the necessities of life by poverty, give vent to their rebellion against society by stealing or committing other kinds of misdeeds.

So that the solution of the problem calls for two steps: First, give the boy a job; second, give him a place for wholesome recreation.

It is possible for the Citizens' Committee to suggest other ways of preventing juvenile criminality, but we stolidly believe that no solution taking consideration of those two important factors, WORK and RECREATION, will better fit the situation.

DO DAISIES TELL?

You're a bud on the wayside,
I'm a daisy passing by—
I saw you drop your weary head,
I stopped, heard you sigh.

I lifted your sweet drooping face,
Kissed the tears—smoothed it fair,
While my heart swelled—raced!
For in my nonchalance I care!

—Lucia Musso.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Andrea Cesalpino, one of the noted Italian doctors of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, made the great discovery of blood circulation at Bologna and Padua universities.

The universities of Padua, Bologna and Pisa were still far in advance of any other university of medicine in Europe in the fifteenth century when William Harvey of Folestone, England, won his first doctor's degree. Having gained all that Italy had to teach him, he returned to England and taught and practiced in London, being personal physician to King James I.

Christofori di Battista, an Italian, made the first piano in the world in Florence, Italy, in the year 1709. It was called a piano-forte because it could be made to play either soft or loud tones. Only two pianos are still left of the number of pianos Christofori made, one in Florence Italy, and the other in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Marco Polo, an Italian and who was the first European traveler to see the Argali, visit China, Japan and Central Asia, described Chinese coal and petroleum in the year 1273.

The first telescope was invented by Galileo Galilei, an astronomer, who was born at Pisa, Italy, in February, 1564. Galileo also invented the thermometer, the pendulum, and discovered the law of falling bodies. He was on trial before the Inquisition and died near Florence in the year 1642.

Giovanni da Verrazano, an Italian sailor under King Francis I of France, in 1524 was sent up the American coast. He visited Florida and sailed on to the coast of Maine and took formal possession of the country in the name of his royal king and called it "La Nouvelle France." He was also the first man to enter the New York harbor, some 85 years before Hudson. A fine statue of Verrazano stands now in Battery Park, New York City.

John and Sebastian Cabot, also Italians, commanded an English ship in 1497, discovering and conquering Newfoundland or Cape Breton. A year later they sailed down the shore of what is now known as Labrador.

The first negro slaves in America were sold by a Dutch ship captain in the year 1619 when he stopped at a port in Virginia to buy provisions. The colonists used the negroes to work in the tobacco fields.

ITALY, AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

One of the great events in Europe last month was the signing of political and commercial treaties between Italy, Austria and Hungary.

This friendly understanding between the three parties was generally acclaimed by all the people of the three nations, and also many others outside the circle with the exception of France, who has always been the obstacle of every progressive movement of Italy's rehabilitation.

But these treaties will stop her arrogance of being the only arbiter and usurper of police power in Europe.

France, in the Near East and the Far East, has displayed intrigues and a hungry desire for domination. She has gathered vast quantities of murderous munitions to protect her expansion and exploitation.

France secretly persuaded Poland to push on beyond the Curzon line in the direction of Lithuania, and the creation of little Balkan states into the "triple entente." The imperialism of France has rendered acute all political relations in Europe. France will not disarm, and her policy to keep Germany in a state of servility and disarmed eternally is absurd and an illusion.

CURRENT EVENTS

"The king is dead. Long live the king." King Albert of Belgium lost his life while climbing a high peak in his own country. The king loved the life of out-of-doors and had ascended many high mountains in Europe. His son, Leopold, was crowned king in his place. Will he be like his father?

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E. L. HURST Candidate for Re-election PROBATE JUDGE

Etowah County. Subject Action Dem. Primary, May 1, 1934

"Running on My Record as A Servant of the People"

(Paid political advertisement by E. L. Hurst, Gadsden, Alabama)

J. FRITZ THOMPSON

Candidate for

**Circuit Judge
No. 7**Subject to action of Democratic
Primary, May 1, 1934**Will Appreciate Your Vote
and Influence**(Pd. pol. adv. by J. Fritz
Thompson, B'ham, Ala.)**JUDGE HARRINGTON P. HEFLIN**

Candidate for Re-election

CIRCUIT JUDGE No. 3

(Criminal Division)

JEFFERSON COUNTYSubject Action Democratic Primary,
May 1, 1934**Your Vote and Influence Will Be
Appreciated**

(Pd. pol. adv. by H. P. Heflin, B'ham)

**VOTE AND WORK FOR****WALTER
Brower****YOUR CANDIDATE FOR
CONGRESS**(Pd. pol. adv. by Dr. W. M.
Jordan, B'ham, Ala.)**Richard V.
EVANS**

Candidate for Re-election

CIRCUIT JUDGE, No. 8An expression of your continued
confidence and support in the
coming Democratic primary will
be greatly appreciated.

(Pd. pol. adv. by R. V. Evans, Birmingham, Ala.)

**WASHINGTON—LINCOLN—ROOSEVELT**

General—Emancipator—Humanitarian. These three names will be the spirit of true manhood, kindness and nobility of the soul with the sublime incense of national esteem.

America need go to no higher tribunal to find counsel and inspiration for her children. These three great Presidents came in three different periods of American history.

Washington, the soldier, general and the patriot, freed America from the oppression of the rule of King George of the astute Albion in the Revolutionary War. He was made the first President of the new republic, the United States of America.

Lincoln, "Honest Abe," the emancipator, who freed the slaves in the period of the Civil War. In giving his country the immortal Emancipation Proclamation by which four million human beings were delivered from the cruel bonds of slavery, he proved that God's mighty purpose did not fail, for he was, above all, typically a true American.

Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg Address," which every school child should learn by heart, is probably the greatest tribute ever offered to commemoration throughout America, being the unanimous sentiments once uttered by a majestic figure. Just before his assassination, he said: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. Corporations have been enthroned, an era of corruption in the high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudice of the people until the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Humanitarian, comes in the period of one of the worst economic depression in the history of America. With the "New Deal," President Roosevelt will deliver the American to a speedy recovery, and a healthy America means a healthy world.

MORE NEWS OF THE FREE PRESS

Did you know that President Roosevelt favors the adoption of the Child Labor Amendment? Probably not, because the newspapers have given little publicity to a letter written by him on January 25 to Mrs. La Rue Brown of Boston, Mass., stating: "Of course, I am in favor of the Child Labor Amendment." The letter was given to the Associated Press in Boston on February 6. It failed to appear in the New York papers on the following morning. Inquiry revealed that the A. P. "did not relay it outside of New England." The story was then sent out by the National Child Labor Committee, but was either buried or not printed at all by most of the papers; in some cases, personal protests were necessary to cause its publication.

Of course, it is mere coincidence that most of the newspaper publishers are opposed to the amendment, that they fought a child labor provision in their own code. Of course, it is merely sound judgment of what constitutes news which made them feature long statements against the amendment by Nicholas Murray Butler, ex-President Lowell of Harvard and Cardinal O'Connell, but not to see any news interest in a lively letter from the President of the United States concerning an issue of national importance.

Or is The New York Daily News correct when it says editorially that the behavior of the press generally in this instance was "a darned piffing, shabby performance"?—The New Republic.

COMMUNICATION FROM MAYOR LAGUARDIA

MR. ELVIRO DI LAURA, Editor,
The Columbus-Balbo Review, Birmingham, Ala.

DEAR MR. DI LAURA:

Please accept this as an acknowledgment of your kind article appearing in The Review. I appreciate your good wishes and sincerely thank you for your thoughtfulness.

F. H. LAGUARDIA, Mayor of New York City.

MUSSOLINI'S SPEECH

On Sunday, March 18, Premier Mussolini addressed a great audience at Rome, including many notable personages from all over Italy, on the occasion of the friendly treaties signed between Italy, Austria and Hungary. During the course of his address, he said:

"In this age of plans, I want to lay before you a plan, not for five years or ten years, but for sixty years, carrying on into the twenty-first century, at which time Italy will have the primacy of the world.

"The objectives of the Fascist problem will be the immediate completion of swamp reclamation for the year 1940; rebuilding of 500,000 houses and repairs to 930,000 rural houses a work of thirty years.

"Every person in the rural district will have a clean and healthy houses. This will stop the rush to the city by the rural people.

"Fascism must become universal. Machine can subjugate the individual but it will be bent to the will of the state, which will reconstruct it to the service of man as an instrument of liberation, not an accumulation of miseries.

"Venality means death to any nation. Europe has need of mutual comprehension or it is heading for its twilight.

"Peace will be secured by friendly relations between Italy and other people. Reform of the League of Nations has been almost universally accepted, and also the revision of the Versailles treaty.

"Italy has no imperialistic ambition nor conquest of territory thought, but desires natural expansion. We demand that nations which have already arrived in Africa do not block every step of Italian expansion. (Meaning France in particular.)

"The principles of the last century are dead. Democracy, Socialism, Liberalism, Masonry are finished. They mean nothing to the new generation. We are marching toward a new form of civilization in politics and economics.

"The state has taken again its right and its prestige as the only supreme interpreter of the necessities of national society. The people are the body of the state and the state is the spirit of the people.

"Before long the corporations will begin their existence. In the corporative state work is no longer an object but the subject of economy, because it is work which forms and accumulates capital.

"The creed of the bourgeoisie is egoism, while that of Fascism is heroism, work and happiness to the people."

SHOULD WE BAR FOREIGN ACTORS?

The Dickstein bill, barring all foreign actors from this country's stage and screen save those of "superior talent," has the laudable purpose of increasing employment for American players. Nevertheless, it is a highly undesirable manifestation of nationalism. The educational value of seeing foreign troupes is great, and their visits have contributed greatly to the development of our own theatre.

Further, it can be shown that imported actors have helped furnish more engagements for our own players than they have taken away. Under the terms of the bill, such personages as Nazimova, Chaplin, Pickford, Le Gallienne, Valentino, Lynn Fontanne and Leslie Howard could never have been seen by American audiences, for all were comparatively unknown when they came to this country. They attained fame here, and gave employment to hundreds of native actors in their supporting casts, often for long engagements.

We hope Congress will let well enough alone, and will refuse to enact a mistaken measure that would impair the American drama while seeking to assist it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE TRAGEDIA OF FIRE

On March 10 Birmingham suffered one of the most disastrous fires in the history of the city.

The pioneer building of Loveman, Joseph & Loeb was entirely devastated by an uncontrolled fire with a loss of \$2,000,000. In addition another million dollars in damage resulted to surrounding buildings in the fire zone. It was one of the most spectacular fires in Birmingham.

The Loveman building, which for about half a century has stood as a landmark of the city and had served millions of people, crumbled to the dust.

From the smoking ruins of the old building there will soon arise a new imposing, modern architectural building which will be a credit not only to the Loveman firm but also to the city.

The members of this firm have courage, faith and perseverance and the great loss they have suffered by the fire will not dismay them in the business field.

The temporary new home of Loveman's is in the old Parisian Building, corner Third Avenue and Eighteenth Street. Birmingham people and the district generally will stand by them, and wish them great success in the temporary home.

Judge John Denson

Candidate for Re-election

Circuit Judge No. 9

Subject to Democratic Primary, May 1, 1934

Your Vote and Support Will Be Appreciated

(Pd. pol. adv. by John Denson, B'ham, Ala.)

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WHO'S WHO IN THE POLITICAL HORIZON

Judge Harrington P. Heflin

To be a judge of any court, and especially in a criminal court, a person must be a judge with many kinds of qualifications. Not every lawyer can fit into such a place, and a judge must have such tactics that when he charges a jury he will not leave any doubt or prejudice which will create resentment for one side or the other, with the consequence of miscarriage of justice at the expense of the public and society in general.

A judge should be impartial, with an open mind, and let no loop-holes or technicalities interfere for a slick lawyer to miscarry justice.

When a man in public office has shown his competency to discharge his duty, he should not be removed and replaced by some unscrupulous and incapable politician. That is the trouble today in the public administration of our city, state and national affairs—too many politicians looking for "pie."

We should not look to a man's political, religious or fraternal affiliation, but see if he is honest, impartial and liberal-minded, without the taint or greed or lust.

Most of our ills are due to bad citizenship, which gives the professional politician an opportunity to get away with what should be spent for your benefit.

There is a man in Jefferson County that should be re-elected to office. His record on the bench is one of the best, and it will be folly to replace him with someone without any experience.

Judge Harrington P. Heflin, of Circuit Court No. 3, Jefferson County, should be re-elected to the bench without fail. He is thoroughly qualified for the place, is unprejudiced with an open liberal mind, and has conducted his court economically.

Hobart Lasseter

Mr. Lasseter, a young, genial and energetic man, is a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Etowah County. For the past 10 years he has been in business in Gadsden and will make a good clerk. He has a large acquaintance and is well liked among all the people. His business qualifications will justify you in voting for him.



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Tune in on "Perfection Half Hour"
Station WBRC Every Evening

Judge Roger Snyder

Most all judges are good, but not all judges have the same manner or the same tactics to run the court for the interest of justice and economy.

Judge Roger Snyder, for the last six years holding judgeship No. 10 in the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, has shown his efficiency to handle the place to which the people elected him.

The people should re-elect Judge Snyder to the office of Circuit Judge No. 10 for the following reasons:

For the enforcement of such rules and regulations which save unnecessary cost and delay.

Lawyers and parties in his court have not been permitted to "loaf" and "kill time" at the expense of the taxpayers.

The time set aside for court has been used for that purpose, and the business of the court has been dispatched promptly and without delay.

Less delay in the trial of all cases. (Delay is the criminal's refuge, and means heavier costs for litigants and taxpayers.)

He has speeded up his court to relieve the congested condition of the docket and save the parties and taxpayers thousands of dollars annually in court cost and witness fees.

An opportunity has been given lawyers and litigants to present equity matters in his court.

Patient, courteous and sympathetic understanding with all parties, but with a firm determination that equal and exact justice shall be given to all insofar as it shall lie within his power.

Out of the thousands of cases tried by Judge Snyder, only 235 appealed and only 82 reversed. No better record in the court house.

Judge Romaine Boyd

Judge Romaine Boyd, presiding judge of the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, is a candidate for re-election in the Democratic Primary to be held May 1.

Judge Boyd first was elected to the bench in 1916, was re-elected in 1922 by a majority of 13,639 votes, and again re-elected in 1928 by the overwhelming majority of 16,233 votes. His Supreme Court record on cases appealed to that high tribunal is said by attorneys to rank with that of any jurist in the state.

Judge Boyd was a resident and city attorney of Ensley from 1903 to 1908, and when Greater Birmingham was created he was elected city attorney of Greater Birmingham in the Democratic Primary in 1910 and served six years with distinction in that capacity until chosen by the people as Circuit Court judge.

Judge Boyd was graduated from the University of Alabama law school in 1899, prior to which he had been a hardware merchant and traveling salesman. He raised and commanded a company of Alabama volunteers in the Spanish-American War, and also was a midshipman in the navy.

A little more than a year ago Judge Boyd became presiding judge, which office requires executive and business ability as well as judicial knowledge, and under his administration as presiding officer the courts have made substantial progress in reducing the number of pending cases and the time necessary to obtain trial of a case after it is filed.

Under his direction, the Circuit Court of Jefferson has been using the system known as the "Cleveland Plan," which has materially reduced the cost of handling cases in the court to the benefit of the taxpayers and litigants.—(Paid political advertisement by Romaine Boyd, Birmingham, Alabama.)

E. E. Forbes & Sons

Sells Pianos, Player Pianos, Radios, Electric Refrigerators, Washing Machines and Everything in the Small Musical Instrument Line, as well as Sheet Music and Teachers' Supplies. Be sure to see the Grunow Electric Refrigerator and Radio before you buy.

1922 North 3rd Avenue

Wholesale and Retail

Arthur Greenwood

One of the most picturesque figures in the campaign for member of the Legislature from Jefferson County is Arthur Greenwood, proprietor of Greenwood's Cafe.

Mr. Greenwood was born at Fano, in the land of mythological Greece, also the land of Perseus, Danae, Hesperides, Mercury, Iris, Archimedes, Aristotle, Homer, Dionysus, Minerva, Apollo, Diana, Venus and Phidias.

Mr. Greenwood landed on the shores of America when he was only 14 years old. He has taken an active part in public life and has been true to his adopted country. He joined the army in the World War, serving with distinction, and has since been honored by being elected commander of Birmingham Post No. 1 of the American Legion in Birmingham. For the past few years he has grown very popular.

Arthur Greenwood is not what is commonly known as a "college man," but he has plenty of common sense, and will make a good legislator. We hope he will be elected. Good luck, Arthur.

Judge W. G. Rains

Reared on a small farm in DeKalb County, Ala., received his education in the rural public schools of that county and graduated at the University of Alabama. For 20 years he practiced law at the Gadsden bar, and for the last seven years has been solicitor of circuit court for the Gadsden district.

Today Judge Rains is a candidate for Circuit Judge No. 2 of the Sixteenth Judicial Circuit, composed of the counties of Blount, Etowah and St. Clair.

His fitness for the office is eminent. His splendid record as solicitor and in other capacities attest his efficiency in public office.

Impartial, with an open, liberal mind, patient, courteous and sympathetic with all people, Judge Rains is very friendly with the Italians in the Gadsden district. The people of Etowah County should vote unanimously for him, as he is a man who will not permit lawyers and litigants in court to loaf and kill time at the expense of the taxpayers.

It must be conceded that training and experience are essential qualifications of a Circuit Judge, and we believe Mr. Rains has earned the right of promotion.

Judge J. Fritz Thompson

Judge J. Fritz Thompson is the youngest judge in point of service in the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, having been appointed last year to fill the unexpired term of Judge Hail, deceased. Judge Thompson was reared in Bibb County, and has an enviable record as a member of the Legislature and Solicitor of that Circuit. He is known as a friend to every man, no matter what his station in life.

As to his qualifications, all but 33 of the lawyers in the Birmingham district gave him the highest rating as being the best qualified man for office in the Circuit Court judgeship race for Judge No. 7.

Judge R. E. Wright

Judge Wright is well known among the many Italians in the Gadsden district. He is a candidate for Circuit Clerk. His knowledge of law and the duties of the office he seeks make him particularly qualified.

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The products of this company are among the very best and are sold at economical prices, and produce the best of results.

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LUCIA SAYS:

Some figures look like hypocrites.

An acquaintance says there's no place like Rome.

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Most men, no doubtless, look doubtful at women of doubtful agess.

Unk Carlo said that if he knew he had an enemy he'd treat him like a friend.

Romance seem insincere when they do not culminate in marriage.

Sometimes a itty-bitty thing can alter matters.

The reason some men don't like to walk is that they don't have a horn to blow at pretty girls.

Punctuality always counts.

A lady is one who still closes her eyes when lovers kiss on the screen.

Even though some dogs are all right, we don't like their bark.

Some girls adore that calm attitude of man.

Sometimes a moustache gives a man a distinguished look.

When someone is doing splendidly some one else starts finding faults.

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HUMANITY AND PROFITS

By J. C. MESSINA, Italo-American

The Washington Administration is attempting one of the most difficult tasks ever thought of in the history of this country. It is attempting to inject ethics in business. It is attempting to bring about as a motivating force a point of view quite the opposite of that which has motivated the business of the past. In the past the chief question asked has been: "How much money can I make out of this enterprise?" Today, and in the future, the chief question to be considered is: "How much happiness for others can I create from this enterprise?" This is the point of view that our chief executive, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, is asking Capital and Industry to assume in their relations with labor. No longer is labor to be used, abused, exploited to build up Industrial Empires, and pyramids of gold, but pyramids of gold and industrial empires are to be built for the happiness of labor. He said in his speech of March 5: "It is sufficient for me to point out once more, that the difficult and dangerous situation into which the United States has got itself, was due to the general attitude, 'Every man for himself; he devil take the hindmost'." The President goes on to state: "No one is opposed to sensible and reasonable profits, but the morality of the case is that a great segment of our people are in actual distress, and that as between profits first and humanity afterward, and humanity first and profits afterward, we have no room for hesitation." That is the new philosophy that President Roosevelt has thrust upon the American citizens—upon Capital and Industry. It is so opposed to the old, that the greater part of the public, especially capital and industry, are still gasping—and it will take a long time before they will grasp the full meaning. Indeed, it may never be understood by many of the older men. Such a viewpoint is best created through training and education, and not through legislation. That is what makes the Administration's task difficult. For those who have had training in ethics, who have been shown how to arrive at what is just and equitable through a process of reasoning, for those individuals it is simple and natural to follow the code regulations. For the others less fortunate, you might call them, who have never had such opportunities to develop their conscience, but who, on the other hand, have been taught to live on the principle of "every man for himself: the devil take the hindmost" for those it will be extremely difficult to follow the code regulations.

Industry alone cannot successfully carry out the provisions of the code. It must have the assistance of capital. A great deal of capital already has come to meet the exigencies of the situation. But that has been from the government, who by example has been endeavoring to show the way. Private capital still lags behind. It is here, primarily that an educational drive is required. Capital must have its conscience developed. It must be taught that the primary and only reason for its existence is to oil the wheels of industry to the end that it in turn may keep men gainfully and happily employed.

We have had and still have a type of man who looks entirely on the percentage of returns that an investment will bring. If his capital is invested in a business that at the moment may not be yielding sufficient returns, he summarily decides to withdraw. He takes no account as to what his withdrawal may mean to the men employed in that business. To throw out of employment from the manager to the porter means nothing to the man who follows the old philosophy of business. This type of man under the new philosophy which our President is asking us to follow

would be branded as immoral, unpatriotic and as of no use in the upbuilding of community happiness. He destroys, but does not create.

The new type of man demanded by the new philosophy will consider it his moral obligation to keep men gainfully employed—to prevent the disintegration of going concerns, and to make some provision for the re-employment of his men in the event that certain enterprises must be discontinued. That is the moral consciousness that President Roosevelt is trying to awaken in capital and industry through the NRA codes. He has told them plainly in his speech of March 5 that that is the objective of the New Deal. He has told them to get to work now toward the realization of this ideal. He has not told them how to do it, but it must be done. He takes for granted that if they want to do it they are intelligent enough to find the method. If they cannot find a method, the implication is that the government will. In other words, this new high plane of business conduct must be placed in operation voluntarily or through government compulsion. Herein lies the weakness of the present code system. While as stated above we fortunately do have in business men of high moral responsibilities, men who do and always have followed the highest code of ethics in their business relations with others, we unfortunately do have too many of the other kind, unscrupulous, and unmoral. It is these men particularly that don't know what the codification of industry is all about. It is for these men that the Administration should start an educational program to the end of arousing their moral responsibilities to the community and to the country. Thus, and thus only, can the NRA Codes achieve their end, and successfully help the people toward prosperity and the pursuit of happiness.

PIANO TECHNIQUE TRACED TO SCARLATTI'S SON

Alessandro Scarlatti was born in Trapani, Sicily, in 1650 and died in Naples, 1725. Of his early life and training little is known, but he produced his first opera, "L'Onesta nell'amore," in the palace of Queen Christina (daughter of Gustavus Adolphus) in Rome in 1680 and another a year after he received the title of Maestro to the Queen.

He wrote during his life 115 operas in the then Italian style, but they are now known only to the historians.

He was, however, a master of orchestration and the first composer to produce effects by distributing the instruments in separate groups. He also made other bold innovations in the art of instrumentation and gave to the customary Italian Aria a new form in repeating the initial theme at the end, a style which has been used by all later composers.

Alessandro is considered to be the founder of the Naples School, which later had so many talented representatives in Italian music.

He wrote a prodigious number of oratorios and other religious music, besides secular pieces, madrigals and instrumental compositions.

Domenico Scarlatti, the son and pupil of Alessandro, was born in Naples in 1695, and died there in 1757.

He became a great master of the harpsichord and, as a virtuoso, he visited and was hailed in many capitals, notably London, Paris and Lisbon.

He is supposed to be the father of modern piano technique and introduced in his compositions for the harpsichord many new effects that no one before had thought possible. He is also credited with being the inventor of the Sonata form which so many composers in later years used and developed.

Many of Domenico's works are well known to pianists of today and form part of every piano student's curriculum. His music is highly original, beside spossessing great sprightliness and grace.

Domenico was also for a few years organist at St. Peters in Rome, but resigned in 1719 to go to London as conductor of the opera "Narcisso."

He received during his life many honors from princes and potentates and music bodies all over Europe.

LIGE LOY

FUNERAL DIRECTOR—AMBULANCE SERVICE

900 S. 20th St.—Phone 7-2111—Birmingham, Ala.



The above photograph was taken at Blount Springs, Alabama, on June 10, 1884, on the occasion of the annual picnic of the First Methodist Church of Birmingham, at which time Rev. Hardie Brown was pastor. The band was organized in the fall of 1883 by Prof. F. L. Gramb. The only members of the band living today are Prof. Gramb, Henry Erler, J. F. Graham, Henry S. Jones, and S. E. Thompson. (Cut courtesy of Bob Baker.)

HITTING THE BREADCRUMB TRAIL

Three weeks from today more than two million Americans will hit the back trail to the breadline.

Many of the seven to eight million now unemployed will be there ahead of them. The brief respite of two million families from charity will be over. C. W. A. will be disbanded.

Mayors of ten American cities, in replying to a questionnaire of *The Record*, are unanimous. They view the C. W. A. abandonment as a CALAMITY.

What will become of the four million enrolled in C. W. A.? About 1,500,000 will be accommodated by the new "work relief" plan. But instead of \$15 a week, they will be paid less than \$8 a week.

Two and a half million will remain. Private industry is not expected to absorb more than five per cent of them. P. W. A. is still slow and even when in full swing will not be able to carry the load.

The rest—more than two million—will go back on charity.

C. W. A. is being jettisoned at the very time its benefits are making themselves felt.

President Roosevelt has left it to industry to take up the burden. It is obvious by this time that industry, with the best of intentions, cannot do so.

Even if industry could absorb a million men in the next two months—there still would be a million C. W. A. workers idle; there still would be the seven million jobless who never have had the benefit of C. W. A.

The situation clarifies daily. Either the Administration must go back to C. W. A., for the duration of the depression, or more and more Americans will be going back to the breadcrumb trail!—*The Philadelphia Record*.

Gen. Hugh S. Johnson made a suggestion, and an order, that would relieve this situation in the Alabama coal fields, but the Coal Barons do not care to co-operate. What is true in the coal mining industry is true in practically every industry in America.

PASCAL (PASQUALE) D'ANGELO, ANOTHER ITALO-AMERICAN POET

This son of Italy came to America when he was a youth. His parents could not read nor write, but D'Angelo, once in America, took a deep interest in observation of American life and learned to write with a naive and charming simplicity.

Working as a laborer in the pick-and-shovel gang on the Erie Railroad and state roads in New Jersey, D'Angelo became interested in poetry and was called "The pick-and-shovel poet." D'Angelo was born at Introdacqua, Abruzzi. Here is what he had to say to a newspaper man:

"We of the uplands of Abruzzi are a different race. The inhabitants of the soft plains of Latium and Apulia, where in winter we pasture our sheep, consider us a people of seers and poets. And our race, the ancient Samnites, is said to have sprung from those sunny altitudes and spread their power over all Italy, making even Rome tremble."

The first poems of D'Angelo were published in the magazine, "The Nation," in January, 1922. His first, "Let Me Free! Let Me Free!" almost immediately found sympathetic response, and the editors of two influential weekly publications in America became interested in this work, and letters of congratulation poured in.

"The Autobiography of Pascal D'Angelo—the Pick-and-Shovel Poet," is a 185-page book, published by The Macmillan Co., New York City, and sells for \$2.00.

MARIA BRANCATO, NEW STELLAR SOPRANO

Only 20 years of age, this Italo-American girl of Kansas City shared one of the most notable personal triumphs in the Chicago Civic Opera season last month. Miss Brancato, in the role of "Gilda" in Verdi's "Rigoletto," attained the brilliance with which she passed her first test.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS SHOULD STUDY ITALIAN TO A GREATER DEGREE

By HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

Professor of Romance Languages at George Washington
University, Washington, D. C.

Many people believe that the chief value of the study of modern foreign languages lies in the acquisition of a broader viewpoint in the ability thereby gained to estimate more fairly—if not more sympathetically—the foreign civilizations concerned, to understand better the life, culture, customs and racial and national psychology of other countries. If this be true, as I believe it is, certainly Italian should be studied to a far greater degree than is now the case in American schools and colleges.

Italian is the language of more than 42,000,000 people. It is the native tongue of one of the great cultural races of the world. Millions of people of Italian birth or parentage are scattered throughout the globe. Italy is one of the great powers, important in international affairs, both politically and economically. Her financial, industrial and commercial regeneration is one of the striking phenomena of the post-war period. But, side from all this and looking only at what we may call non-nationalistic activities, the Italian civilization is a most significant aspect of modern life. Italy has taken a leading part in the development of science, both pure and applied, just as she has in the fine arts, in music and in letters. Her people represent much of the best of traditional Latin culture, combined with modern energy, progressiveness and industry. Surely, a knowledge of this great race and of its language, literature and civilization is worth having; surely there is a place for it in American education commensurate with its importance.

No one who is familiar with conditions can possibly believe that the study of Italian has yet attained its rightful place here. In spite of recent encouraging improvement, the relative lack of interest in Italian is little short of a disgrace in a national that produced such lovers of Italic culture as Longfellow, Lowell and Charles Elloitt Norton, and that today can boast of such Italian scholars as Grandgent, Wilkins (recently called to the presidency of Oberlin), M. McKenzie, Vaughan, Altrocchi and a host of others. It is little short of a disgrace in a national that annually sends thousands of pilgrims to Italy's great shrines of art, archeology and architecture; that annually spends hundreds of thousands of

dollars on Italian music and musicians; that annually does a great and growing business, import and export, with Italy and with Italians. It is little short of a disgrace in a national that has a large number of good citizens of Italian birth or descent.

Our customary indifference—not to say obtuseness—and lack of vision in educational matters would seem to be the only explanation of this distressing state of affairs were there not another factor in the situation—the rather general feeling among Americans of Italian blood that it is a sign of true Americanism not to attempt to keep alive in the second and later generations a knowledge of their ancestral language and a respect for the ancient culture of their forefathers. This attitude from one point of view is a splendid evidence of their fine qualities as citizens, and is greatly to their credit; but it is based upon a false assumption.

Every American, native or naturalized, should speak English as his first language. Every American child should have a predominately English language consciousness. There is only one real American attitude on that. But it is possible to be a good, loyal, upstanding American citizen without rooting out every trace of affection for the language and culture of one's ancestors, every vestige of pride in their accomplishments. Such affection and pride ought to be the heritage of Americans of Italian descent.

If Americans of Italian blood would merely give their interest and support to the cultivation of a proper interest in the Italian language and culture existing classes in Italian would soon be crowded and new ones formed in many secondary schools and colleges, in which has not hitherto been offered. Competent teachers are available and more would be trained to meet the demand.

In the sciences, Italians are eminent, not only in such basic subjects as mathematics and physics, but in electrical and hydraulic engineering, in radio, in aeronautics, in the application of chemistry to modern industry; they not only excel in philosophy, psychology, psychiatry, criminology. They are on their way to an important position in shipbuilding and operation. Not only advanced students in many scientific fields, but young men preparing for careers in foreign services would find in Italian a great professional and social asset—or at the very least the students, for whom no practical reason for such study could be advanced, would gain through the study of the Italian language and literature a sympathetic appreciation—or at the very least a fair standard for judgment and interpretation—of one of the great races of the world.

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OUR SUPREME RULER

We have spent and yet spending millions of dollars in research work and a great deal more in time and space, which our upright newspapers are willing to offer for the triumph of the cause. And we are so infatuated with our conception that we are unable to see the cause of our troubles a few inches away from our scrutinizing eye. People of wealth offer some of their money to help in investigating matters and are looking for the small straw which irritates the other fellows eyes, while they seem to be utterly helpless to remove the log that makes them almost blind.

That our criminality is larger than ever, nobody is willing to deny. And only a few are willing to deny that the moral issue is the controlling one. The moral issue in plain terms means merely war against corruption. And the source of corruption is money. Now, we have built to money the most imposing monument human hands and ingenuity could build, and have been unable to discover, or to conceive, that it is just the love of money that has plunged this country in the condition it finds itself today.

Why do bootleggers, professional criminals, political fixers, and other morally unfit persons succeed in bribing and corrupting public officials? In the first place because they have the money to bribe and to corrupt. Secondarily, because they find people who are perfectly willing to offer themselves to corruption and bribery. In other words, because there is a lack of moral sense in both, the giver and the taker.

We have praised, and are still willing and prepared to praise, the person who has been able to amass money. Money is the password to hell and to heaven, people say. In fact, the crook and the religious fanatic alike believe in the power of money. What good would money do to a crook unless it was stronger than the door that keeps people in hell, therefore permitting the crook with money to escape, or to the door that bars admission to heaven, so that a generous use of it may cause its opening to let the fellow well provided with it to step in? This seems to be the impression of the moneyed people. Their conduct and actions reveal it conclusively.

Why do police officers, judicial officers, executive of high political officers fall to the lure of money? Because they price money more than they price their conscience or their duty. They may have no conscience. But they should have at least the conception of their duty, which, were we honest and prepared to apply strictly the law of more would be the foundation upon which their tenure of office rests.

And why are church people, almost without exception, willing to forego any moral conclusion or duty in the attempt to grab money and give honors a clean bill of health as to the methods employed to amass it? Church goers are generous with their money not because they like to help the cause but merely because they are interested in helping themselves. If they go to church, their neighbors, who are little conversant with their records, may believe in their uprightness and trust them. And money very often is the creature of trust. In fact, many people make it by betraying somebody else's trust and confidence. In addition to this, people of wealth believe money would grease out their way to heaven, as if it was a place of barter and exchange like an ordinary board of trade.

A renowned French writer, Xavier Montepin, entitled one of his most successful stories: "His Majesty, Money." And "His Majesty, Money" seems to be the ruler of most of our public officials and moneyed people. Money, money, money. It is a high fever pitch which permeates and conquers almost every living person. Why is such a fever so popular or contagious? Because the press is general, and public men in particular, have adopted the new philosophy of greed, discarding the old philosophy of uprightness.

Crooks are persecuted as long as they are poor. But the moment they make money and can offer some of it in exchange for praise and protection, they are no longer crooks. They become

recognized leaders and, as such, are given the freedom of the city, state, or nation.

Exploiters may remain in contempt until they amass wealth. The moment they succeed, they are no longer exploiters. They give a few dollars to a so-called charity and are transformed overnight into philanthropists. The press dispenses to them columns of praise and the general public, who is unable, without light, to size up their morals and their qualifications, gets the impression that there is no other ideal in life outside of money. This theory, as almost everybody admits, makes more criminals in a single day, by environment and example, than mental deficiencies and hereditary tendencies may make in ten years.

We are trying to find out the cause of crime. Without appointing commissions, or disturbing the public with conclusions and guesses, we can positively point out that the causes of crime are mostly moral and that the sole remedy against crime is the punishment and the disgracing of the dishonest and corrupt.

"Uselessly we try to build in the school while we demolish outside," stated a famous Italian philosopher, Giovanni Bovio. And uselessly we attempt to study the cause of crime, if we keep on advancing and rewarding corrupt politicians and public servants.

Why is justice a failure? Because it is corrupt. Why is government a mockery? Because people are interested merely in their own welfare. Those who are in power undertake to serve their own interest. And honesty is a deterrent to success. Corrupt politicians buy and sell votes. They buy them cheap and resell them at high price. The press is praiseful, the public is indifferent, and the higher up is ambition and a slave of political expediency. If the crook can offer him votes, his friendship is a valuable asset. If the corrupt can offer him votes, his friendship is a valuable asset. If the corrupt can offer him money to finance his campaign, why difference does it make if such money was stolen or taken away from others forcibly or corruptly? It serves equally to finance political campaigns and to buy votes, therefore it is acceptable because it helps to win.

We invest millions in the effort to find out what the people who populated this planet thousands of years ago contributed to mankind. They contributed mostly corruption. And this is the reason why they fell in ruin. Thousands of years from the present time others shall look into what we did ourselves. And they shall discover equally that we dispensed, accepted, and encouraged corruption.

We have been classed as pessimists. Perhaps we are. But pessimists have never destroyed countries. In fact, they have retarded destruction by calling attention to the danger and by inducing citizens to ward it off. Many people organize optimist clubs. These could be most appropriately defined camouflage clubs. They operate for the single purpose of helping people to believe that they are wonderful in spite of their sins.

If we desire to do constructive work, let us try to establish the kingdom of justice, morals and uprightness. Corruption is decay. And the survival of the fittest is generally admitted. Sane organism are never found in decayed or degenerated tissues. Neither progress nor safety can be found in corruption and brobery and in the toleration and praise of those practices.

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BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

April, 1934

ASSOCIAZIONE NAZIONALE COMBATTENTI

SEZIONE DI NEW ORLEANS

Distinzioni Onorifiche Di Guerra Termine Per L'Inoltro Delle Domande

AGLI EX-COMBATTENTI:

Si rende noto a tutti gli ex-Combattenti che con Circolare No. 515 del Giornale Militare 1933, il Ministero della Guerra ha fissato il termine ultimo perentorio per l'inoltro delle domande, in quei casi eccezionali per i quali e' ancora consentito di sollecitare le distinzioni onorifiche di guerra.

Tale termine e' fissato **non oltre il 30 giugno 1934.**

Le distinzioni che tuttora si possono sollecitare sono:

- a) "Medaglia Commemorativa della Guerra 1915-18."
- b) "Medaglia Commemorativa Francese."
- c) Croce al Merito di Guerra solo per quei combattenti gia' decorati al Valor Militare o gia' autorizzati a fregiarsi del distintivo d'onore di mutilato o di ferito.
- d) "Medaglia Interalleata della Vittoria."
- e) Domande di concessione del distintivo d'onore di mutilato nei casi di aggravamento o di giustificato ritardo o in quei casi in cui ne risulti evidente il titolo.

Informazioni sulle norme per la domanda delle decorazioni possono essere ottenute presso qualsiasi Sezione Combattenti o presso gli Uffici Consolari.

Tutte le applicazioni dovranno essere trasmesse al Direttorio Nazionale della Associazione Combattenti e debbono portare il Visto Consolare in data anteriore al 30 giugno 1934.

New Orleans, La., 6 Marzo, 1934—XII.

IL PRESIDENTE DELLA SEZIONE.

Dott. J. C. Menendez.

SAFETY RECORD OF W. M. HUBBARD

W. M. Hubbard, better known as "Shorty," entered the services of the Wofford Oil Company as a truck salesman in October, 1923, and has been driving the largest tank trucks in the South since that time with only one accident charged against his record.

Mr. Hubbard drove five years without an accident, and in his sixth year he was charged with an accident, which few people would consider an accident. Mr. Hubbard was driving down the street in the fast traffic lane toward the center of the street when a negro with an old Model T Ford turned out of the slow lane and the hub cap of the left wheel struck the right hub cap of Mr. Hubbard's truck, the only damage being the denting of the hub cap of the Ford. However, due to the safety rules of the Wofford Oil Company, Mr. Hubbard was charged with an accident, although it was not deemed his fault.

To have driven a truck for eleven years with only one accident, as explained above, charged against him, Mr. Hubbard has set an example and record which proves that "Safety First" is best.

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LOVE ME A LITTLE

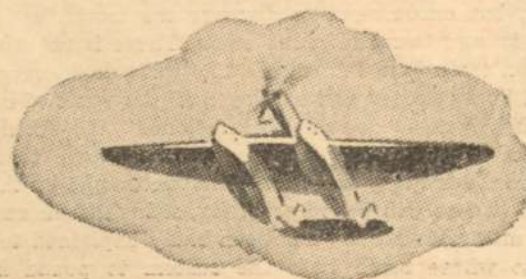
Love me a little bit,
Oh—love me a lot!
While I serenade with
A poet's mind of love.

Love, my good lover, is
Loving you and you alone!
I grasp stars to kiss
After you are gone.

A glance into your eyes
Tells dreams that are deep,
So if you do love me
I shan't ever weep.

Oh! Tell me you love me,
Tell me if you must call,
But if you're insincere—
Don't love me at all!

—Lucia Musso.



RANDOM THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION

The greatest fallacy of prevailing educational methods is that they depart from the promise that man is vile; that he begins life naturally inclined to insubordination and to idleness, and that nothing but a system of rewards and punishments will bring good out of him.

In this way the acquisition of knowledge has been made a torture; our brains have been worked as mercilessly over books as manual labor has over-taxed the workman. Our teachers have been changed into such men as in old days stood over the galley-slaves with scourges; their mission is to cramp the intelligence of the children by running them all into the same mould without regard to their different individualities. They thus become murderers of originality; they crush out the spirit of criticism, of judgment; they hinder any awakening of personal talent; they smother it under a mass of ready-made ideas of officially accepted truths. And the worst part of the system is that the character of the pupil suffers as much as his intelligence, and that this kind of instruction will turn out incapables and hypocrites. The teacher should have no task before him except to awaken the energies of his pupils. He must teach them in individual energy; his mission is to discover a child's attitude by asking him questions and by developing his personality.

Children have an insatiable desire to learn and to know, which ought to be the only spur to study; not punishment or reward; and it is evident that we ought to facilitate for everyone the study he is not inclined to. It should be made attractive to him; he should be induced to engage in it, and to go on with it by the force of his own comprehension, and from continual discoveries. To make men by straining them to be men—is not the problem of education!

The purpose of our schools should be to turn the natural instincts of each to some good purpose, instead of repressing them. Thus naturally idle children should be treated as if they had been sick; teachers should try to rouse in them emulation, and so strengthen their will power by making them take pains to study subjects chosen by themselves—things that they can understand and love. The strength of the turbulent can be utilized in hard work; the careless shown a love of method; the proud and jealous, who are generally endowed with much intelligence, urged to triumph over others by accomplishing the most difficult tasks. Thus what the world has been wont to call a man's lower instincts will become fuel on the glowing hearth whence life derives its inextinguishable flame. Thus all the living forces will be put to their proper use, and all creation will be regulated by the law of order which flows over human existence and is conducive to bringing humanity to a happy state. After having imparted to children such elements of general knowledge as would be of use to them in life, teachers should especially familiarize them with facts and things that they might understand what is real in the world; they should also endeavor to awaken in them a sense of order, and by daily experience make them learn the value of method; without method there can be no useful work. It is method which classifies, which enables us to accumulate knowledge without losing what we have already acquired, and learning from books, if not exactly set aside, should be relegated to a place of less importance; the child learns thoroughly only what he can see, what he can touch, and what he can understand.

We should not oblige him to bend slavishly over incomprehensible dogmas, and make him dread the person and tyranny of the teacher, but encouraged to discover the truth for himself, to understand it, and to make it his own. There is no other way in which we can train boys into men. The individual energy of each child should be awakened and employed in the work of his own instruction, thus making mistakes educational. We should give up the system of rewards and punishments or recourse to threats or caresses to make the lazy work since no one taught by this method will be lazy. There will be, occasionally, sick children and children who do not understand what has been badly explained to them, or children into whose brain it is the custom to pound knowledge

with a ferrule for which they were not prepared. By utilizing the great desire which glows in every human heart, the inextinguishable curiosity a child feels about everything around him, so that he is always tiring grown people with his questions, instruction will cease to be a torture and become a constantly renewed pleasure as soon as it is made attractive. The teacher should endeavor to stimulate intelligence of the children and so direct them to make fresh discoveries, for everyone has the duty and the right to inform himself, and thus be prepared to go out into the vast world in which he will some day take his place as a man. Thus trained, he will have energy for action and a power of will by which he would be directed how to act and to decide. Let us give them notions to begin with, then scientific truth to be acquired by a logical and gradual emancipation of the intellectual faculties. Their best instruction must come from life itself, for the ultimate purpose of all science should be to teach how life should be lived. To give them an idea of human brotherhood—the common brotherhood of man. Love should be the bond of their union, of justice and happiness, it is the indispensable bond; if they love one another, peace will reign among them; the strong will watch over the weak; their games will be in common; their studies, their quiescent passions. Then there will be a future harvest, men strong by reason of bodily exercise, educated to understand the processes of nature, drawn closely to one another by heart and intelligence—because they are brothers.

ELVIRO DI LAURA.

ITALO-AMERICANS COMING INTO THEIR OWN

By ANTONIO PETRONE

The Italian genius in matters of government has made a distinct contribution to mankind for more than thirty centuries. That genius cannot fail to lend the American civilization an impetus for higher ideals and amore progressive spirit in the civic life of the nation. The sordid revelations since the Teapot Dome down to the nefarious manipulations of our financial institutions, indicate the necessity of a new civic philosophy which shall teach the future generations the tenets of the Rights of Man rather than theory of greed and profits.

The Italians in the past have played an unimportant part in American politics. A few have served their apprenticeship in partisan organizations and occasionally gathered a few crumbs of patronage. They were never permitted to portray an important role. Newcomers are intruders and are not looked upon with favor by those who have pre-empted the political field. The Italians, of all the foreign-born elements of our population, have been granted less consideration in the past from the two major political parties for no reason other than that the ruling class arrogates to itself the indisputable right to rule, irrespective of the rights of others to participate in the honors and civic responsibilities.

However, times and conditions have changed. Young men of Italian origin forge ahead and are rapidly attaining to eminence in public life.

Exceptional abilities and talent have been unfolded in individuals when the opportunity of serving the people was accorded them. Behold Pecora, Rossi, La Guardia, Corsi, and many others.

An honest wage-earner won't admit that anybody has a sacred right to inherit luxury and idleness, to be paid for forever by the sweat and weariness of underpaid labor. A fair-minded man won't approve of cheating and chicanery in business, though it lies within the law. Neither does the NRA.

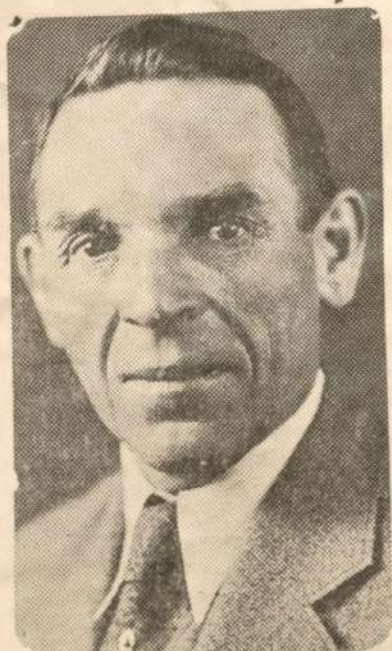
OUR CHOICE

For United States Congress: Walter Brower.

For State Legislature: V. L. Adams.

For State Democratic Executive Committee: Mrs. Louise O. Charlton and Mrs. Lucy J. Wideman.

GREETINGS FROM THE EDITOR TO ALL



ELVIRO DI LAURA
Editor and Publisher of Columbus-Balbo Review

Born in the City of ALFEDENA, Italy,
January 3rd, 1881, came to U.S. of
America, July 3rd, 1898, landing
in New York. My father was son of
prominent artisan, and my mother was
a daughter of a prominent Doctor of
my County (Aquila) Dr. Nicola Lombardozzi.
My father name was Nicola Di Laura, my
mother name Anna Di Laura-Lombardozzi.

Elviro Di Laura

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RANDOM TH

The greatest fallacy they depart from the pro naturally inclined to ins nothing but a system of out of him.

In this way the acq torture; our brains have l manual labor has over-t been changed into such n slaves with scourges; the children by running tli gard to their different i derers of originality; they ment; they hinder any aw it under a mass of ready- And the worst part of the pil suffers as much as hi struction will turn out i should have no task before his pupils. He must teach is to discover a child's at developing his personality.

Children have an insat ought to be the only spur t it is evident that we ought is not inclined to. It shou be induced to engage in it, own comprehension, and fr by straining them to be m

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Doctor Charles T. Tallaferra, one of the ablest p and surgeons of Conecuh County, Alabama, is the County of Caroline, Virginia, on March

His parents immigrated to the United States in 1840, of English descent.

He Doctor's grandfather, William T. Tallaferra, five of Caroline County, Virginia, and had

son; Hay, William, Charles, Lucy and Robert. named the doctor's father, was born in Car

ty, Virginia, in 1780. He was a planter and in his County, where he was very busy doing a religious work, being a member of the

with the Baptist Church. He was a state

in 1810, and in 1812. After the father's death, he moved to the rest of

to Conecuh County, Alabama.

Dr. T. Tallaferra, Jr. attended the com

and at the age of twenty-three studied med

at the University of New Orleans, where he

received his medical diploma in 1840. He

in 1840, from which institution he received

in the summer of 1840.

He was a laudable desire to increase his k

of medicine, the Doctor afterwards entered the

Medical College at Philadelphia, where he

born in the City of New York, Italy, January 10, 1841, came to U.S.A. in 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 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