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**Margherita Sarfatti**  
 A MODERN WOMAN - by Mary Iacovella

The brief sojourn in Toronto of Donna Margherita Sarfatti, Roman authoress, on her way to Montreal after an extended lecture tour in the United States, is the occasion for the reproduction of the following article which appeared in the April issue of "Atlantica"

Margherita Sarfatti is an outstanding figure in the world of contemporary successful women. A writer of deep insight and powerful realism, her name is known far and wide. This representative woman of Italy is also the author of a picturesque biography, the official "Life of Mussolini." The book has achieved world-wide popularity in its many translations.

How natural then that her arrival on American soil should focus our attention on the modern women of Italy. This outstanding woman, smartly dressed with the simple elegance of her Italian sisters, has the straight, piquant gaze of the intellectual woman. This author had told us, in her best-known book, of a far-away, obscure school teacher, who toiled incessantly, gladly, that her son's chances in life might be improved by education. She wove pathos and tenderness around the little hamlet of Romagna and the gallant mother who forged a man's destiny and unconsciously sketched the symbolical future of her native land. The freshness of her prose has the leaping surge of a waterfall. In that sensitive portrait of Rosa Maltoni Mussolini, the inspirer of an epoch, her son assumed his rightful place of a man of the people born to an unforgettable destiny.

The writer was offering a memorable tribute to the many mothers of Italy, dreaming beside a cradle. An explanation was offered. The mystery was explained. In the memory of the famous son stirred the winged soul of the mother, above a pedestal of love and struggles.

**Her Early Life**

Margherita Sarfatti, the daughter of Amedeo Grassini and Emma Levi, was born in Venice of a wealthy family. Her graphic style and vigorous intellect stamped her as a woman of the day, when she was still very young. An ardent, progressive soul, intolerant of social injustice, she combined her aptitude for culture and esthetics with a bold concern for the welfare of the masses. She soon found herself an art critic with the Socialist paper, "Avanti". The death of Edith Cavell, the heroic Englishwoman and martyr of the late War, upset the structure of her philosophy. It was her tribute to this noble nurse which lost her membership in the Socialist party. She had commemorated Edith Cavell in the Milan Conservatory. She went to the "Popolo d'Italia", the paper founded by Mussolini, a paper which was to have enormous influence in the shaping of modern Italy. But she was ever conscious of her duty towards the afflictions of mankind.

In an article that is almost a prose poem in the intensity of style and coloring, she describes what to her was once a childhood nightmare: stretches of fields, peopled by downcast peasants, ravaged by the deadly disease, malaria. The prose has the vividness of a page from Gorky, and the simplicity of Jack London. No wonder that she declares proudly, "The youth of Italy has bread today, air, exercise, care, and sunshine." Her voice is confused

with the joyous satisfaction of Mother Earth.

Margherita Sarfatti, mother novelist, critic, political writer, must be paid a spirited tribute by a younger generation. And sure is, it is clear, a feminist in the universal sense that humanity is her concern. Like Jane Addams, her world is the world of life.

**Her Concern for the Welfare of Mothers**

Her extraordinary gifts have been developed in the cause of society and progress. One of her chief concerns is the welfare of the mothers. "Family life is considered a fundamental cell of the state, the first one," she reminds us. "Of course, in Italy as elsewhere, by the complexity of circumstances, often of the economic sort, the solidity, stability, and welfare of the family rest on the woman — also on the daughter and sister — uppermost on the wife and mother of a family. Let us say the word: they rest on the sacrifice of the mother, daily, forever, obscure—"

Today the women of Italy are conscious more than ever of the importance of race survival. Today motherhood is glorified. The vote is not their goal. Only the goddess of life is the emblem of the New Italy. A new cult is on the land, but an ancient cult just the same.

"Italy," says this great woman, "asks cooperation from the Italian woman of today, fervid application to the welfare of the race. It will be said, 'What shall be her reward?' She must give all, without asking anything for herself. After all, realistically speaking, such is Man's destiny and that of almost every Woman. The happinesses of women are reflected joys, reflected by love, marriage and motherhood. Italy, mother of adoration for the Madonna and the Sacred family, pays to maternity a conscious homage of veneration and pride."

Margherita Sarfatti has inspired women with the ideal and goal of a reborn fatherland.

**The Significance of Margherita Sarfatti**

She is a contributor to the "Popolo d'Italia", as well as co-editor of "La Nuova Antologia", one of the most important Italian magazines, and of "Gerarchia", the magazine founded by Mussolini fourteen years ago. She is a director of the committee of the "Novecento", an artists' league, and editor of "Gli Annali del Regime Fascista". Among her books are "La donna nella beneficenza italiana," "La milizia femminile in Francia," "La fiaccola accesa," "I vivi e l'ombra," "Gobineau," "Tunisiaca, segni, colori e luci," "Achille Funi, pittore," "Dux," etc. Her novel "The Big Palace" has been translated into many languages, and her "History of Modern Painting" has already become a classic.

But of equal importance with her literary and political writings is the influence she has exerted in the shaping of legislation relating to the welfare of Italian womanhood. While it is true that the Italian women have no vote and no "feministic" organizations, they are no less happy than their sisters in other countries.

And notwithstanding the fact that they are considered minors politically, they can give just as great a contribution and cooperation in the uplifting of their sisters and of their people.

Donna Margherita Sarfatti proves this contention.

**Thousands Pay Last Tribute to Archbishop Neil McNeil**



After a grim struggle to overcome his recent illness, Archbishop Neil McNeil passed away last Saturday morning. With the passing of our late Archbishop, the Catholic church lost one of its strongest adherents. Fr. McNeil was well beloved by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He was a fearless defender of right, a great lover of children and administered to his flock in a generous and unbiased manner. His work in connection with the Separate Schools was untiring, his building of churches for the foreign people so that they could hear the word of God in their native tongue was outstanding.

The tribute paid to this great Catholic prelate was tremendous. Thousands of people passed by his bier to view the last remains. Men, women, and children from all walks of life lined up for hours for the privilege

of seeing for the last time the beloved Archbishop.

The funeral which was held Wednesday morning, was the largest held in Toronto. Loud speakers were installed outside St. Michael's Cathedral so that the overflow crowd could hear and follow the services. Civic, state and government officials attended while ecclesiastics from all parts of Canada and the United States attended in great numbers.

The Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by His Excellency Most Reverend Andrea Casullo of Ottawa, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, in St. Michael's Cathedral, where the remains had lain in state since Sunday, following which interment of the widely loved prelate was made in St. Augustine's Seminary grounds.

His work is completed. Now he goes to claim his reward in Heaven.

**Rocco Maroni Laid To Last Rest**

Last Monday morning, Mr. Rocco Maroni, well known and beloved Italian pioneer, passed away. Mr. Maroni was in his seventy-seventh year. He came to Toronto from Laurenzina when as a comparatively young man and has lived here continuously since settling in this city. The late Mr. Maroni was held in high esteem by the Italians of Toronto, as well as his numerous friends of other nationalities.

A devote and staunch Catholic, he died peacefully with the last rites of the Church. The esteem in which he was held by all those with whom he had come in contact was amply shown by the large number of Mass cards sent.

The funeral was held Wednesday morning in Mount Carmel Church with Rev. Father Auad officiating. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. May his soul rest in peace in the arms of Jesus!

**MR. AND MRS. F. TENUTE BEREAVED**

Mr. Frank Tenute, prominent boxing promoter, was bereaved last Friday, when his daughter, Dorothy, died in Weston sanitarium in her twenty-second year.

At the funeral held last Mon-

day in St. Agnes church, a large gathering composed of representatives from all branches of sport, attended Mass. The late Miss Tenute had been ill for some time. She was very popular and held in high esteem by her many friends.

Rev. Father Baló officiated at the Mass after which interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery.

The Bollettino extends to the sorrowing parents its profound sympathy.

**Special Club Meeting**

A special meeting will be held for all the members of the Circolo Colombo in the club-rooms, 202 St. Patrick Street, next Thursday evening, June 7th at 8:30 P. M. sharp.

The purpose of the meeting is to hear the auditors' report on the Club activities for the last six months. It is imperative that all members be present.

Secretary

Il mio Luigino non si contenta mai. Io gli dico: — Ti piace il "Corriere dei Piccoli"?

Ed egli risponde: — Ma io voglio anche il "Corriere" dei grandi!

— Ma tu sei piccolo!

E allora perché nel "Corriere dei Piccoli" ci sono anche i grandi? Arcibado è grande, Bomba il cuoco è grande e Fanfarino è diventato grande anche lui!

**Serata Musicale**  
 AL CITY DAIRY AUDITORIUM

Mercoledì sera, al City Dairy Auditorium, gentilmente offerto da quella Compagnia, ebbe luogo l'annunciata serata musicale pro Opere-Assistenziali del Fascio, sotto gli auspici delle Giovani Italiane, diretto dal Sig. Ruggero Sperapani, membro del Direttorio del Fascio.

Il concerto era di violino, pianoforte e canto. La prima parte fu svolta dalla Sig.na Assunta Sperapani, che suonò "La Follia" di Corelli, la "Sonatina XII", il "Capriccio XIII" e il "Moto Perpetuo" di Paganini.

La Sig.na Sperapani brillò ancora una volta nel "Moto Perpetuo", in cui rivelò la sua abilità tecnica pregevolissima. Anche "La Follia" è piaciuta assai. Suonò, con non meno impegno di questi due brani, anche il Capriccio e la Sonatina.

La Sig.na Betty Grobba fu ottima accompagnatrice della Sperapani e si distinse nella "Sonata in Re Maggiore" di Scarlatti; piacquero di più al pubblico in "Mickey Mouse" di Castelnuovo-Tedesco. Suonò inoltre l'"American Step" di Montani.

Il canto venne eseguito dalla soprano Eileen Kelly e dal tenore Giuseppe Tomasicchio.

La prima fu felicissima in "Mattinata" di Leoncavallo, e piacque anche in "Quando m'en vo", aria di Musetta della Bohème, anche se non fosse perfettamente appropriata per la sua voce. Cantò con non meno impegno di queste due "Un bel di vedremo" della Butterfly e la "Serenata" di Toselli con una certa precisione.

Il sig. Tomasicchio stonò, non nelle note, ma nella scelta del programma, perché in un pro-

gramma di musica prettamente italiana introdusse la bellissima romanza "M'appari!", che cantò con molto impegno. Riuscì assai meglio nel bel brano "Canta pe' me", di De Curtis, in "Torna a Sorrento" e in "O Sole Mio" cantato, quest'ultimo, a richiesta del pubblico quale chiusura del programma.

I cantanti furono accompagnati al piano dalla Signora A. S. Coffey e dalla Sig.na D'Orazio.

Molti ben meritati applausi si ebbero gli artisti tutti.

Dopo il concerto, le Giovani Italiane servirono un lauto rinfresco offerto dalla City Dairy per cortese interessamento del Sig. Tomasicchio.

Il simpatico trattamento lasciò grato ricordo nell'animo degli intervenuti.

Questo avvenimento, oltre alla cronaca, merita qualche parola di rilievo per il fatto che esso è lì a dimostrare, la necessità di creare a Toronto un Dopolavoro che sia palestra di diplo e educativa per i nostri Italiani.

Si è atteso per ciò molto, onde raccogliere il massimo possibile dei consensi, ma ci sembra che il volere inviare dispettamente in Paradiso a dispetto Dio e dei Santi, sia un errore, e che invece valga meglio seguire la rettilinea politica tracciata dal Console Generale nel suo discorso del 6 Novembre u. s. a Toronto, quando disse: "Noi non rinuncieremo a un briciolo della nostra coscienza fascista".

Tanto vale: schermaglie, approcci, tutti buoni propositi di cui è sempre lastricato l'Inferno dei ritardatari.

—E perché? — chiedo io.  
 — Questa notte ho fatto il voto di non andarci più per due anni.

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**Lezione di galateo**

— Signorina, il suo viso non mi giunge nuovo. Mi pare d'averla già vista...

— Sì, in tram. Lei stava seduto, e io in piedi, davanti.

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**Effetto della correzione**

Un monello aveva l'abitudine, passando davanti alla bottega del lattivendolo, di gridare al padrone: — Buon giorno! ho visto che avete messo dell'acqua nel latte.

Seccato, il lattivendolo andò a lamentarsi dal padre del ragazzo, che s'ebbe una solenne correzione.

Il giorno dopo, ripassando davanti al lattivendolo, il monello, infatti, disse soltanto: — Buon giorno! Ho visto... quel che sapete già!

**La serva che non si lascia infiocchiare**

— Come hai fatto a prendere questo pezzo di carne? Non senti che puzza?

— Glie l'ho detto io al macellaio, che se fosse stato per me non l'avrei mai preso!

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**Poesia igienica**

Un giovane, che nutriva una passione non corrisposta per le Muse, aveva scritto una poesia in lode di un Ministro. Prima di spedirgliela, la portò a vedere a un illustre poeta. Questi, dopo averla letta, disse:

— Va bene. Solo modificherei la dedica.

— In che maniera?

— Così: "A Sua Eccellenza il Ministro per il suo gabinetto".

**THE ITALIAN VANGUARD**

By Frank A. Scandiffio

The Italian Vanguard submitted his manuscripts too late for publication this week, but his column will appear in next week's issue.